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LETTERS

Veblen updated

Congratulations on bringing Veblen ("The Easy Chair," by Lewis H. Lapham, November), properly amplified and annotated, to today's readers. Being from the supposedly Third-rate World, I found it highly illuminating. Surprisingly, our Third-rate World is avidly adopting the leisure-class models. The art of assembling an arsenal is now the hottest hobby of this submerged part of the world. If America does it, it must be good for us too—so, perhaps, the reasoning goes. As to the "exotic species and grotesque effects" that a leisure state can patronize, supplemental information has been adequately supplied by T. D. Allman

("America's Innocence Abroad," November) and Christopher Hitchens ("The Faded Laurel Crown," November).

It would be pertinent to connect this wonderful piece with the question: Who made cities like Calcutta into Golgothas? According to Geoffrey Moorhouse, "The story of Calcutta is the story of India and the story of the so-called Third World in miniature."

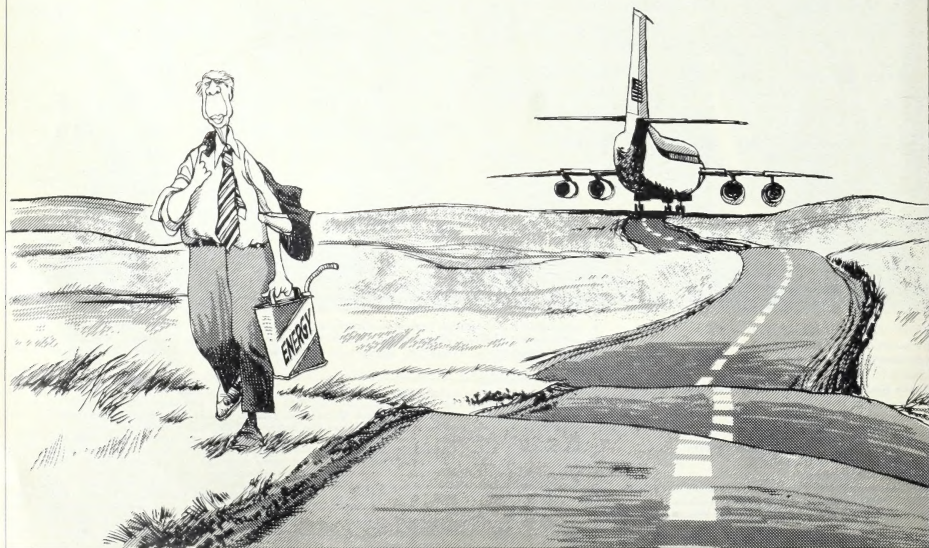
In 1966 an American university appointed me to a research assistantship. I resigned my lectureship in English at Delhi and was within a week of flying for the States. Then came a cable: "Regret. Appointment cancelled. Due to Vietnam war universities defunded by the federal government. Letter follows."

I wonder if the Vietnam war really ended. The greatest regret that it cost America far more than men and munitions. The generous impulse that America symbolized for was snuffed out forever. This is something for the whole of humanity to grieve over.

In the Third World countries there are ersatz "leisure states," and they are becoming obstinately and obscenely lethal. They have had their liturgy and ritual prepackaged for them by the West. If the leisure class spawns Philistia in the West, it is brewing pandemonium in the Third World. What has been mere trumpery in the West has grown into tragedy in the Third World.

I. K. SHUK
San Francisco, Cal

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LETTERS

Thorstein Veblen, whose namesake was presumably Thorstein Codditer of tenth-century Iceland, is surely one of the most neglected and misunderstood intellectuals of the recent past. "Conspicuous consumption" seems to have been his only lasting contribution to the sociology of wealth, better known as economics, whereas in fact he covered the whole field more comprehensively than any other writer before or since, and was midhusband to the birth of two of the nation's leading departments of economics—those at Stanford and the University of Chicago. He is always considered to have been some sort of socialist-technocrat, whereas in fact he would probably have been entirely pleased by Mr. Lapham's applications of his criticisms to the modern welfare state. PAUL STEPHENS
Boulder, Colo.

Many missions

Your decision to publish William F. Buckley, Jr.'s piece on Yale ("Giving Yale to Connecticut") puzzles me. If it is meant seriously, the "modest solution" that provides a title for his contribution and an attention-grabbing cover for your November issue is preposterous. Connecticut is not California. Anyone who knows even a little about our budgetary problems and the fierce political infighting over public higher education knows that Connecticut could not accept Yale as a gift.

But of some eight pages in the article, only one is devoted to "giving Yale to Connecticut." The rest is an apologia for Mr. Buckley's first book, "adapted from the introduction to a forthcoming reissue." Does *Harper's* usually give an author free space, or perhaps pay him, to advertise his own books? The question in this case is especially acute since the apologia consists so largely in reprinting, with self-serving comment, ridiculously extreme statements pro and con made by reviewers twenty years ago. There is no attempt to defend the book's intended thesis with current evidence.

The intended thesis, moreover, is ill-conceived, and the argument for it is ill-constructed and badly aimed. Yale University has, in fact, "a mission," though not an exclusivist, partisan mission. Granted the flaws that mar any human institution, and the

diversity of gifts among its members, Yale provides for all who share its life access to "the great concepts which have been traditional to the Western world...rooted in a reasoned view of the universe and man's place in it," with "a place for the spirit" much more capacious than Mr. Buckley would prefer.

If you could get from Father Heshburgh or Clark Kerr a contemporary statement on "the idea of a university," you would have something really interesting. ROBERT L. CALHOON
Professor
Department of Historical Theology
Yale University
New Haven, Conn.

Academic defenders of academic freedom are too often their own worst enemies, as William F. Buckley, Jr., illustrates with quotations from reviews of *God and Man at Yale*. Liberty, yes; but license, no, although the latter frequently seems to be allowable by the most vocal advocates of academic freedom. Mr. Buckley's position is, however, surely a far more dangerous threat to academic freedom, whose essence is the right of university faculty to teach and do research in the absence of administrative coercion so long as by doing so they do not infringe on the similar rights of other faculty and students.

Of course, alumni have no obligation to contribute to alma maters of which they have come to disapprove. Equally, they have every right to try to influence the directions of the institution, what Mr. Buckley calls its "mission." But they should do so in the full understanding that any success they may achieve would inevitably diminish the institution's exercise of academic freedom. Mr. Buckley might be happier if education at Yale was built around his ethical, religious, and economic ideas, but it would no longer be Yale.

It is surely shoddy journalism to give an article a sensational title which hardly describes what it is about and to give it a subtitle which it is not about at all. Knowing the breed, I suspect the fault is not Mr. Buckley's but an editor's. ANTHONY RALSTON
Chairman
Department of Computer Science
State University of New York
Buffalo, N.Y.

It was heartwarming to see *Irish Comic Tradition* quoted so conspicuously on page 106 ("Sins Commission," by Judith Rascoe, the November *Harper's*—one of many magazines that failed to review the book on its first appearance fifteen years ago).

Heartwarming, too, to observe Liam O Buachalla is still close enough to his Irish roots not to be able to resist the joke of suggesting a political socialist solution for Yale's problems.

By the way, the classic review of Mr. Buckley's *God and Man at Yale* was spoken by an Irish barman at the Commodore Hotel: "What's a fellow with an Irish name like Buckley do looking for God at Yale? Why can't he go to Fordham, where he's sure to find Him?" VIVIAN MERRILL
Santa Barbara, Cal.

Oh, come n

Aside from the fact that Joseph Epstein ("A Conspiracy of Silence," November) is clearly a raging reactionary, a zealous jingo, and a tool of the Wall Street conspiracy (there one there, too, you know), he is also a damnable literary spoilsport.

How dare that apologist of anti-Semitism challenge the prevailing cognitive dissonance which intuitively demonstrates unalterable American nastiness and proves to the emir's satisfaction of all the alienated and noscenti that, indeed, the love of America is the root of all evil!

How can Professor Epstein persist in his obsequious Establishment apologetics in the face of delusive (or I mean "conclusive") evidence that FDR bombed Pearl Harbor, Joe Foster Dulles invaded North Korea, and LBJ fought the innocents in North Vietnam for want of something better to do!

Professor Epstein's paranoid insistence upon some faint measure of respect for what formerly was called scholarly integrity (which is, as modernist literati know, a ludicrous anachronism) marks him as the Cuckoo sidekick he surely must be.

Besides, I'll bet he's just not a person! JAMES HUGH TONN
Northfield,

DEADLY VIRTUE

willful innocence of Jimmy Carter

by Lewis H. Lapham

*Remember to what a point your
uritanism has brought you. In old
ys nobody pretended to be a bit
etter than his neighbors. In fact,
be a bit better than one's neigh-
or was considered excessively vul-
ar and middle-class. Nowadays,
ith our modern mania for moral-
y, everyone has to pose as a para-
on of purity, incorruptibility, and
ll the other seven deadly virtues
—and what is the result? You all
o over like ninepins—one after
e other. Not a year passes in
ngland without somebody disap-
earing.*
—Oscar Wilde
An Ideal Husband

SOMETIME DURING the early au-
tumn the complaints about Pres-
ident Carter's character and Ad-
ministration began to acquire
oppressing uniformity. For the first
ral months of Mr. Carter's first
r in office, the criticism was diverse
familiar. The usual people raised
usual objections against the foreign
domestic politics of a newly ar-
ed President. Advocates of specific
ncial or ideological interests com-
ined about the absence of federal
ney or the damage done to articles
faith and doctrine. None of this was
any way surprising. But in the sec-
nd or third week of October, some-
e between the disappearance from
ashington of Mr. Bert Lance and the
ouncement of Mr. Carter's dream of
palestinian state, it began to be said
t Mr. Carter didn't know what he
s doing and that perhaps he should
ign his office in order to give more
his time to his Sunday-school teach-
is H. Lapham is the editor of Harper's.

ing and his Bible studies. All of a
sudden everybody seemed to be mak-
ing the same observations, not only in
the press but also in the exchange of
confidences among those people whom
the newspapers like to identify as oracles
of informed opinion.

What was unusual about the com-
plaint was its unanimity. Wherever I
went in New York I met somebody
who had just returned from Washing-
ton, and who offered yet another proof
of Mr. Carter's incompetence. People
talked about the "parochial" attitude
of the White House, about the "ama-
teurish" way in which Mr. Carter ap-
proached the Soviet Union and the
United States Congress, about the nai-
veté of "the Georgians," who had trou-
ble remembering which countries be-
longed to which spheres of influence.
Somebody mentioned Mr. Carter's in-
ept betrayals of the traditionally dem-
ocratic constituencies (the unions,
the minorities, the intellectuals, the
poor, et cetera); somebody else de-
scribed the President as a profoundly
ignorant man. One night I heard a
lobbyist explain that Mr. Carter had
decided against the deployment of the
B-1 bomber because he had asked God
about it, and God had told him that
the bomber could do nothing but harm.
Economists acquainted with the energy
question pointed out that Mr. Carter's
program was so poorly conceived that
even if it passed the Congress it would
accomplish none of its declared objec-
tives. Other people preferred to talk
about the incoherence of Mr. Carter's
mumbling about human rights, about
the foolishness of his welfare and tax

reforms, about the trouble with the
Panama Canal treaties and the falling
off of the President's ratings in the
public opinion polls. No matter what
the policy or issue under discussion,
all the informants agreed that Mr. Car-
ter relied on mediocre advisers (both
at the staff and Cabinet levels) and
that he lacked the knowledge and ex-
perience to conduct the business of
government.

SO MANY PEOPLE brought so
much bad news that I found
myself coming to Mr. Carter's
defense. Although I had no
doubt that most of the reports bore
a reasonable similarity to the truth, I
didn't think that Mr. Carter should
be made to suffer so general and so
incompetent an indictment. Most of
my informants were either journalists
or political job-seekers, and I remem-
bered them in the autumn of 1976
talking about Mr. Carter's moral vir-
tue. What else could they have ex-
pected of a man who presented him-
self as an "outsider" (a newspaper
epithet temporarily confused with an
existential state of being) and who
professed to know nothing of the per-
versity of human nature? Mr. Carter
was elected to redeem the country, not
to govern it. The press, as well as a
majority of the electorate, chose to
believe that Mr. Carter's spiritualiza-
tion of the issues conferred the high-
est possible benefit upon the republic.
His supporters had persuaded them-
selves that they didn't want material
results, that the rituals for atonement

THE EASY CHAIR

(for Watergate, the Kennedy assassinations, Vietnam, the CIA, and the environmental damage to God's green earth) took precedence over the more difficult business of providing people with jobs, housing, money, and law. Given the evangelical context of Mr. Carter's election, I don't know how anybody can reasonably expect him to do the work of government. Nor do I think that the press has much cause for complaint when it finds that instead of policies Mr. Carter has revelations.

All reports, both published and unpublished, suggest that Mr. Carter dwells peaceably within the fastness of himself, a more remote and walled-off presence than Richard Nixon. The newspapers give accounts of the long hours that Mr. Carter spends with official papers, seeking to penetrate to the essence of the last little bureaucratic secret. His obsession with detail apparently compels him to approve the lists of players who ask permission to use the White House tennis courts. The travelers from Washington make similar observations. An inward-look-

ing man, they say, a complacently self-improving man who believes that, like St. Thomas Aquinas, he can comprehend all science, all art, all knowledge. I take it for granted that no President can be particularly well informed, but Mr. Carter seems to place an extraordinary faith in his misinformation. It is said that he prizes his own ideas, and that he does not gladly suffer contradiction. His assistants, of sufficiently minor stature to hold the President in awe, do not engage him in debate. People take instructions, and so the White House remains a placid and oddly listless place, impervious to criticism and assured of its righteousness. The various narratives and accounts to which I have had access convey the impression of a man sitting in the study adjacent to the Oval Office, listening to opera (preferably *Tristan and Isolde*), working late into the night correcting the spelling mistakes on memoranda submitted by junior officials, struggling to reduce the storm of the world to an offstage noise in a puppet theater.

THE IMPRESSION of inwardness coincides with what I have heard of the Baptist habit of private meditation on the Word. The devotees apparently set great store on the vividness of personal experience and on the God-given capacity to choose and declare oneself. Salvation reveals itself as an inward force and a sudden recognition of truth. To those members of the congregation fortunate enough to have been "born again," Jesus appears the savior who guarantees admission into a state of grace. If Mr. Carter believes himself rescued by Jesus, a figure somewhat comparable to the Southern banker who lends unlimited amounts of money without charge (interest), then I can well imagine he would find it difficult to take any of an interest in a world elsewhere. What other good news would Mr. Carter find it necessary or profitable to hear? I began to wonder about Mr. Carter's detachment from the world in November, when he postponed his diplomatic journey to Latin America, and Europe in order to remain in Washington to preach an occasional sermon on the text of energy. It occurred to me that Mr. Carter could decide to go abroad and then suddenly renounce the decision because the world doesn't hold much interest for him. For a pilgrim already assured of God's grace, what would be the point of making a pilgrimage? Nor could I understand Mr. Carter's reason for staying in Washington unless he perceived of himself not as a politician but as an exemplary hero whose presence in town might cast a redeeming light on the squalid bargains in the Congressional conference committees. If he has revelations instead of policies, then it is equally possible that he identifies the temporal with spiritual authority. I'm told that Baptist tradition blurs the distinction between public liturgy and private devotion, and so it is possible that Mr. Carter imagines that he can apply tidying up of systems analysis to more complicated matters of death, fate, and human destiny.

No wonder his critics can make little sense of the man. Having interpreted his moralizing as a clever political device, they now find it hard to believe that Mr. Carter means what he says, that he takes seriously

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professions of piety. His self-righteousness and presumed innocence, perceived as useful attributes in a candidate, appear as bungling hypocrisy in the man who holds office. The newspaper columnists continue to write about "the enigma of Jimmy Carter" because they find it difficult to admit that the President might still think of himself as a prophet crying in the wilderness.

The people who talk about Mr. Carter's incompetence do him an injustice. They fail to understand that Mr. Carter considers it his business to bring visions from the desert. If the lost tribe chooses not to act on the news that Mr. Carter brings them (at a small cost to himself and only after much labor in the desolate watches of the night), then the lost tribe has nobody to blame but itself. Mr. Carter has done his part, and if that is not enough, well, then, that is too bad, it is certainly isn't Mr. Carter's fault. Having already been absolved of sin, Mr. Carter obviously can do nothing wrong. He might express disappointment in people who still make the mistake of judging him as they would judge ordinary men (i.e., the few invidious voices in the press not yet responsive to Mr. Carter's aura of grace); he might even go so far as to become annoyed with people who persist in their wickedness (i.e., the greedy oil companies stealing all that money from the collection plate), but neither his disappointment nor his annoyance interferes with his good opinion of himself. Nor does he feel moved to do anything political that somehow might implicate his visions in the corruption of the world. He offered his energy proposals as a summons to repent and as an expiation for the massacre of the innocents in Southeast Asia and the destruction of the American wilderness. But if the congregation doesn't choose to repent, then there is nothing for it but that everybody will be made to suffer God's vengeance. Thus the complacency with which both Mr. Carter and Mr. James Schlesinger remind their audiences that if the Congress fails to pass the energy legislation the country will suffer the consequences of unemployment, worthless currency, depression, and so on. They remind me of Puritan schoolmasters ordering the nation to stand in the corner.

MR. CARTER'S interest in revelation also would explain why he can disregard the rumors of incompetence. In late October Mr. John Osborne of *The New Republic* paid a visit to the White House to inquire about the attitude of the staff toward the rising volume of criticism. To Mr. Osborne's surprise he found that nobody seemed much concerned. He was informed that it was not in Jimmy Carter's nature to do things any differently, and that if there was one thing that nobody presumed to question it was "Jimmy Carter's nature." What, after all, would it profit such a man to gain the whole world (or even so small a part of it as an energy or a tax bill) if he should lose his own soul?

A number of other visitors to the White House have remarked that the less Mr. Carter knows about any particular subject, the more stubbornly he insists on his command of it. When listening to such reports, I sometimes think Mr. Carter expects the world to be inhabited by hardly anybody over the age of twelve. He must recognize at least a few of his own lies and sleights of hand: he must remember that he didn't take a degree in nuclear engineering and that he has only a dim comprehension of American history. And yet he remains determined to present himself not only as a man for all seasons but also as master of all knowledge. Perhaps he believes that he is the only corrupt man in an innocent world. Perhaps it comes as a great shock to him to discover the world as being even more corrupt than himself.

Mr. Carter remains pure and inviolate to precisely the degree that he doesn't address himself to the contradictions of the empirical world; by so doing he preserves himself within a realm of abstraction in which it is enough to say the magical words and wish for something pleasant to happen. But this is a habit of mind that Mr. Carter unfortunately shares with many of his countrymen, and so it is surely fitting that he should have been elected President. His administration of virtue stands as a testimony to the vice of the times, which, as even schoolchildren know by now, is the preoccupation with self. In most sectors of American opinion the looking inward takes precedence over the

looking outward. Feeling supersedes thought, complexity bows down before simplicity, science gives way to sorcery. Mr. Carter's self-contentment corresponds to the collective narcissism of what Tom Wolfe has characterized as "The Me Decade." His clattertrap autobiography *Why Not the Best?* corresponds to the best-selling tracts of spiritual and physical self-improvement—*I'm O.K., You're O.K., The Joy of Sex*, et cetera, et cetera. If large numbers of people believe that they can learn to play the piano in ten easy lessons, then I don't think it surprising that Mr. Carter believes he can learn Soviet and Chinese diplomacy as easily as he can learn speed reading.

If Mr. Carter was not elected to do the work of government, it is because the country as a whole has yet to be convinced that the work of government needs doing. The country prefers to look inward and brood upon the condition of its immortal soul rather than to take up the burdens of thought and study. The President's energy program stirred an enthusiastic response precisely because it was understood as a washing away of sin. So also his declaration of human rights was recognized as having nothing to do with the Second or Third Worlds but as reflecting instead an uneasiness toward American blacks and the American South. Mr. Carter's idea of self-sufficiency corresponds to the popular belief that the country, like a successful individual who believes the lessons of Michael Korda's *Power: How to Get It, How to Use It*, must not be dependent on anybody for anything.

Of all the nonsense associated with the Carter Administration, this strikes me as both the most foolish and the most dangerous. Only madmen believe themselves existing in a vacuum. All living things depend on one another. This is the lesson taught by the environmentalists as well as by the practitioners of *Realpolitik*, by marriage counselors as well as by poets. How else can life be defined except as the vast play of interdependence among nations, molecules, sexes, species, cells—everything combining and recombining in the theater of light, space, and time? Most men tell lies to themselves and to other people, but the worst lies have to do with the hope of escape into the mirror. □

THE PARABLE OF THE TALENTS

Liberal anxiety over the Bakke case is based on utopian visions.

by Ben L. Martin

IS THIS THE day of reckoning? You might think so if you've been reading the Justice Department's brief against Allan Bakke. Last October, the U.S. Supreme Court heard arguments in what could turn out to be the most important civil-rights case in a generation—*Regents of the University of California v. Allan Bakke*. In 1973 Bakke, an engineer from Sunnyvale, California, applied to a dozen medical schools. They all turned him down. Among the rejections was one from the University of California at Davis, which had reserved 16 places out of 100 in each class for members of minority groups. Bakke's record, based on all the standard criteria—scholastic records and test scores—was better than that of many of the minority students enrolled.

Bakke went to court, claiming that the university practiced racial discrimination in violation of the "equal pro-

Ben L. Martin teaches politics at the University of Missouri at Kansas City.

tection" clause in the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution. (His case was upheld, 6-1, by the California Supreme Court.) Bakke's opponents, however, claim that admissions officers in professional schools have the right to consider an applicant's race, and in presenting the case for the university before the U.S. Supreme Court, Archibald Cox argued that "the answer which the Court gives will determine, perhaps for decades, whether members of [racial] minorities are to have meaningful access to higher education."

The decision in the Bakke case may affect more than access to coveted places at schools. Also at stake may be millions of jobs affected by federal affirmative-action programs. In other words, the Supreme Court's decision is widely regarded as crucial to future standards of racial fairness in this country. Writing in a recent issue of the *Atlantic*, McGeorge Bundy, president of the Ford Foundation, contend-

ed that the California Supreme Court decision "indirectly but forcefully . . . threatens the constitutionality of all forms of affirmative action that are aimed explicitly at helping racial minorities. . . . It is not the fault of today's laws or of the Supreme Court that racism should be our most destructive inheritance. But that reality makes the effort to overcome it a matter of the most compelling interest."

Even more important, perhaps, than the outcome of the case, is what Bundy's argument, and others like it, say about liberal thought in America. The arguments contained in dozens of *amicus curiae* briefs opposing Bakke's claims, and in the Carter Administration's brief, amount to a contemporary parable, including the idea that this is the day of reckoning. Parables—series of premises, logics, and lessons—often underlie policy disputes, and the Bakke case is no exception. In this case, as in so many of the most important accepted by the Supreme Court, precedents conflict, and the Constitution as a document is practically irrelevant. The words "equal protection of the laws" do not explain themselves, and definition requires an initial choice of parable. That is why it is important to understand fully the contemporary parable on which the challenge to Bakke's claims rests.

THE LESSON of that parable is a need to "remedy the effects of past discrimination," by taking race into account in assessing individuals' credentials. Bakke's opponents insist that it is a question of *which* qualified applicant should be accepted, not *whether* better qualified applicants are being excluded. Defining (or redefining) "qualifications" is obviously crucial.

The formal credentials relevant to the Bakke case include scholastic re-



Larry Weil

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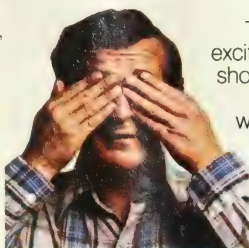
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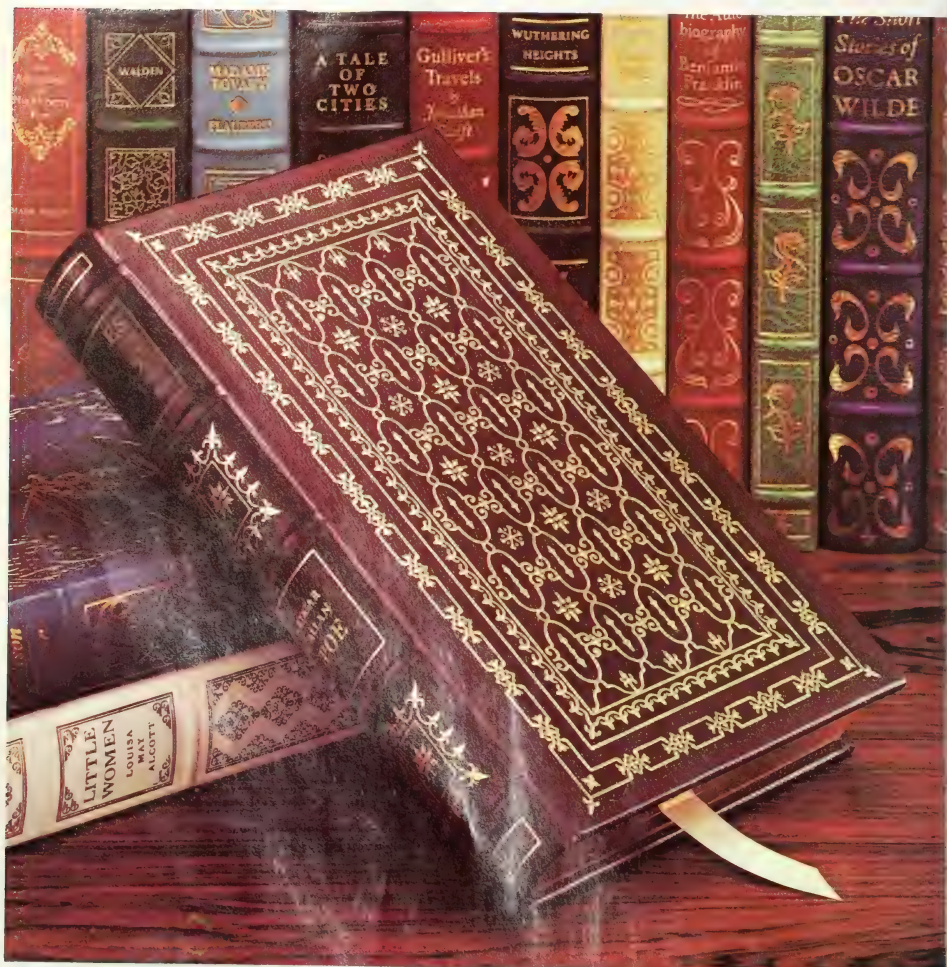
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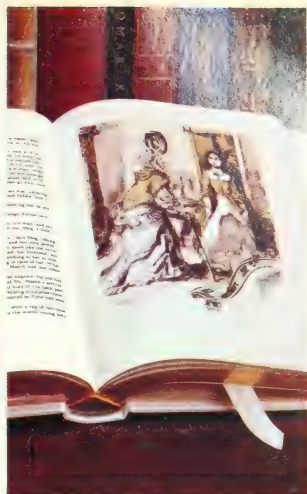
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THE PARABLE OF THE TALENTS

ords and achievement on the Medical College Aptitude Test, combined with the results of personal interviews. Of course, the scores of some minority applicants are high enough to assure their selection without special treatment. But, because there are not enough of these to go around, the selection process gets interesting when the scores of a minority applicant are significantly lower than those of a white applicant for the same seat.

At this juncture the government brief argues that traditional credentials, "standing by themselves, do not fully reveal the applicant's abilities and potential." Why? Because of the "lingering effects of past discrimination." How are these lingering effects discovered? They are not; rather, they are inferred from the disparity in formal credentials. Racial discrimination produced a set of conditions—inferior schools, lack of supportive home environments, poverty, nutritional deficiencies, et cetera—which thereby prevent disadvantaged minority applicants from revealing their true potential through test scores and grade-point averages. "When a government agency undertakes to ensure that the effects of past discrimination are not allowed to mask an individual's merit, it necessarily takes race into consideration." This is done by a sliding scale of compensation to minority applicants' qualifications. "A grade-point average of 2.6 produced by a minority applicant may indicate every bit as much potential to be a physician as a 3.0 average by a white applicant, because the minority applicant demonstrated not only the ability to succeed in obtaining grades but also the determination and ability to overcome non-academic hurdles." As a result, "race... gives information that will be helpful in understanding the meaning of the credentials that an applicant presents."

But if a white applicant can show that he endured the same particular disadvantages, is he entitled to the same compensatory attribution of qualifications? If a white applicant can show that he overcame identical, specific "non-academic hurdles," is he entitled to be considered in the same pool as the disadvantaged minority applicant? No, say Bakke's opponents, because racial discrimination has had deleterious effects upon minorities, regardless of specific conditions of dis-

advantage. "Previous discrimination may handicap economically disadvantaged black and Chicano applicants even compared with other disadvantaged applicants," so comparisons among the disadvantaged cannot be fair without considering race. The government insists that "race has an importance of its own in this context that is not dependent in any way upon being a proxy for other things," such as class or poverty. Racial discrimination is set up as social prime mover, powerful even in the absence of its specific symptoms.

A minority applicant is therefore considered a victim of discrimination by definition, his individual circumstances notwithstanding. Yet Bakke's opponents would not allot a standard unit of compensatory credit to each such victim. Rather, a sliding compensatory scale is recommended. On what basis should the scale slide? Not by looking at individual conditions of hardship and disadvantage, as we have seen. No, the scale is made to slide inversely to a minority applicant's scores; the lower his test scores, the greater the compensatory credit for discrimination. Minority applicants with high test scores are just assumed to have suffered less discrimination. This is why reliance on traditionally measured merit alone "means that a professional school will admit only those minority applicants who have suffered the least from discrimination." And although the Justice Department admits that Asian-Americans have been discriminated against in the past, it says they should not be included in the special admissions program because they are admitted "in substantial numbers even without taking special admissions into account." Asian-Americans "compete successfully," so they should not be considered victims and are not entitled to compensatory credit for having endured racial discrimination.

The Carter Administration, in its "very narrow" brief against Bakke, has had to rely on this argument because of previous Supreme Court decisions involving discrimination in public schools and employment. The 1954 *Brown* decision established color blindness as the norm for public policy (as the definition of "equal protection"); exceptions were justified later only in order to remedy the *specific* effects of

past discrimination in clear government action. The Court has approved taking race into account for bus, student and teacher assignment, et cetera, only after *de jure* segregation has been shown. In employment cases the Court has approved "affirmative action" remedies when clear discrimination could be shown, and it has proved restitution when individual victims could be identified.

In order to justify taking "cogizance of color" in professional school admissions, then, the Justice Department has had to try to show a need to remedy the effects of past discrimination. But the circumstances of the Bakke case are awkward in several ways. Evidence of past discrimination in overt state action is scarce. The Carter Administration notes lamely that "many black California residents live in the South while it was still largely segregated," and then quickly generalizes that "minorities educated in California were subjected to widespread discrimination." The medical school at Davis has been in operation for about ten years, and there is no record of discrimination against minorities. Moreover, it is Bakke who is claimed to be the victim of racial discrimination in the case, and the university concedes that it cannot show that without the special admissions program Bakke would not have been admitted.

THE RIGHT TO CLAIM the status of victim is at stake here, and in arguing that minorities are the *real* victims, Bakke's opponents must suggest that he and his kind are the real perpetrators of discrimination against minorities. This cannot be shown of Bakke, of course, any more than it can be shown of the medical school, so it is laid to the feet of society. As the Administration's brief puts it, "Although it may be practical to require an institution to address the results of its own discrimination on a case-by-case basis, it is necessary to use another approach when an institution tries to cope with the effects of discrimination by society as a whole." The Supreme Court has approved taking race into account to remedy the effects only of past discrimination in clear government action. After all, the amendments to the Constitution were written to *limit* the po-

rs of government. In the past few decades, the Court has widened the notion of "state action," but it has resisted the argument that every social condition ought to be attributed to state action. That argument, though, is a major theme of the parable of contemporary liberalism, which holds that society, or "the system," is responsible for everything, and, since the government is the agent of society, everything is the responsibility of government. Drawing on the contemporary parable, then, the Carter Administration's brief can ignore the careful distinctions of previous Court decisions, observe that societal discrimination may have left minority applicants with credentials less impressive than they would have possessed if they (and their forebears) had not been subjected to discrimination, and conclude that the white majority (and their forebears) are liable before the law.

But consider for a moment an earlier parable of achievement, reward, and equity found in the New Testament. In the parable of the talents in Luke and Matthew, a departing master apportioned talents among his servants equally (in Matthew, "to every man according to his several ability"). On the day of his return, the master demanded an accounting of his servants, rewarded those who had multiplied their gifts, and punished those who had failed. In this story and in the competitive market model (another parable), inference of achievement is drawn from outcome. Positive qualities are attributed to the successful. In the parable of contemporary liberalism, however, inference of villainy is drawn from outcome, because the outcome is unequal. Equity is still considered synonymous with equality—an enduring liberal tenet—but the notion of equality has been steadily redefined from equality of opportunity or treatment to equality of outcome.

The outcome from which villainy is inferred in the case against Bakke is the relatively small number of minority applicants that would qualify but for the special admissions program, and the low percentage of minority physicians compared with the proportion of minorities in the general population. This concept of representation is another element of the parable of contemporary liberalism upon which the case against Bakke relies. Call it the "sen-

sory" theory of representation. Only personal qualities crude enough to be obvious to sense perception, such as skin color, language, or sex, are acceptable bases of representation. This notion of representation lay behind the quota system imposed on state delegations to the 1972 Democratic National Convention, for example. The Carter Administration brief calls for "numerical targets" and "flexible goals." Yet that brief assumes that distinctions among applicants cannot be made above a threshold; there are "qualified" and "unqualified" applicants, and among the "qualified," distinctions are not useful. But this assumption, together with the sliding scale of compensatory credit for past discrimination, automatically produces enough "qualified" minority applicants to reach any "numerical target," and "flexible goals" quickly become easily filled quotas.

There is another premise of the contemporary parable—shared with the story in Luke—of an original age of equality. In the beginning, the master distributed talents equally among his servants. Bakke's opponents ask us to imagine what things would be like if discrimination had never appeared in human affairs, and they ask the Court to approve the reestablishment of that world. Of course, the Justice Department's brief does not insist that racial discrimination is solely responsible for present inequalities, but "to the extent we are still a nation of 'haves' and 'have-nots' the dividing line is in part a function of race," and the emphasis is understandably on the importance of that part. Therefore, "in order to restore victims of discrimination to the position they would have occupied but for the discrimination, and to make a fair assessment of their achievements and potential, it is proper to credit them with having surmounted obstacles not faced by nonvictims" (my emphasis). The contemporary parable does not view discrimination as a cognitive necessity, nor as an inevitable historical constant, but as a venal option, an avoidable intrusion upon human affairs, whose unnecessary effects can be ameliorated if we begin today.

The period since the time when discrimination was unknown must then have been an era of rapacity. The New Testament parable featured an open

economic system; the servants did not trade only among themselves. The contemporary parable, however, assumes a more nearly closed economic system; the "haves" prospered at the expense of "have-nots." The perpetrators of discrimination gained at the expense of their victims. If growth has provided an increment, the contemporary parable implies, entitlement to its parts is naturally determined—again, not from the market model but from the norm of equality of outcome. Here again, "haves" appear more as pirates than as producers. Minorities are assumed to be disadvantaged if they cannot compete successfully—disadvantaged, not undadvantaged. The disadvantaged, dispossessed, and disinherited, in the contemporary parable, must once have been heirs to rightful possessions.

WHAT I HAVE CALLED the contemporary parable underlies liberal positions on a lot of issues, not just the Bakke case. For example, that parable commands sympathy for Algeria's call for a "new economic order" globally, achieved by redistribution of wealth from "have" to "have-not" nations, which are considered victims of colonial exploitation by definition, regardless of individual circumstances. In this and many other ways, that call is the Bakke case writ large.

The contemporary parable assumes a bounded abundance. The limits of abundance are stressed when it is assumed that "haves" prosper mostly at the expense of "have-nots," rather than by adding to the storehouse of values. Yet abundance itself is emphasized when reparations for past injury are prescribed. Objections—that it would be physically impossible for the West to raise the billions of victims of colonialism even to the level of comfort of the poor in Europe, much less to that of the poor in America—are waved away. Citing the cost of reparations just to the American disadvantaged—the costs of busing, of retrofitting all facilities for the physically disabled, of affirmative-action paperwork, of rejecting competitive bidding for government construction contracts—is considered petty and graceless.

The parable of contemporary liberalism implies that modernity would have appeared in any case, even if history

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had been different, free of the blight of discrimination and injustice. "The white race is the cancer of history" is how Susan Sontag put it, too vividly for polite argument (or for a "very narrow" brief). And, presumably, the body of humanity would have prospered even more, but for its cancer ("restore victims of discrimination to the position they would have occupied but for the discrimination"). Then too, presumably, just as nice a canal would have been dug by the Panamanians if the Americans had not horned in; the skyscrapers in South Africa would be just as high if the whites had never showed up at all.

These strong, morally censorious themes fuel the sense of urgency that races through the contemporary parable and between the lines of the case against Bakke. For more than a decade, many of our leading journals of opinion have been warning that the Third World is arising and our cities are aflame. Is this the day of reckoning? You bet it is. Throughout the Bible, there are descriptions of the approach of the kingdom of heaven, featuring moral regeneration, vindication and liberation of the righteous, and punishment of wrongdoers. Zephaniah described the day of the Lord as a day of sacrifice, when crimes will be punished and cries of disaster will be heard all over Jerusalem, a day of wrath and distress, darkness and gloom, trumpet and battle cry.

This captures just slightly too poetically the flavor of the sense of the present in the parable of contemporary liberalism. The approach of the new age is not a time for charity or mercy but a day of judgment, condemnation, and restitution. Such a vision belies Archibald Cox's distinction between "benign" and "invidious" discrimination, the former supposedly lacking any moral stigma of inferiority. As we have seen, when minorities are cast as victims, and "society" as the perpetrator of discrimination, moral condemnation of the latter is strong and pervasive. Charity is not requested; long-withheld justice is demanded.

Liberals are often reluctant to admit that public policy decisions inevitably distribute benefits and deprivations. They are more comfortable with the idea of a "public interest," shared by all. Some of Bakke's opponents deny

at first, then, that special admissions programs hurt nonminority applicants. When pressed to admit the obvious, though, Bakke's opponents rely on moral condemnation of the perpetrators of discrimination to justify their deprivation. To reward the righteous, it is both necessary and just that wrongdoers also get what is coming to them.

Many of these themes are apparent also in another version of the contemporary parable—the foot-race analogy. Lyndon Johnson used it in his speech at Howard University: "You do not take a person who, for years, has been hobbled by chains and liberate him, bring him up to the starting line of a race, and then say 'You are free to compete with all the others,' and still justly believe that you have been completely fair." In a fair race, none is disadvantaged at the starting line. But if all begin with equal advantage, then all should finish together, because contemporary liberalism leaves virtually no personal quality—not character, personality, motivation, self-discipline, or any other personal trait—as the responsibility of the individual. The government brief against Bakke refers to the suffering of minorities "because of discrimination, either in their personal lives or because it influenced their upbringing, career aspirations, or intellectual development." And, of course, inferring from outcome, if all competitors do not finish together, then the losers must have been disadvantaged, and the race unfair.

THE RECENT HISTORY of changing racial values in American life can be shoe-horned into five stages:

1. *Color blindness in state action.* After the *Brown* decision in 1954, overt racial discrimination in clear state action began slowly to be eliminated. *Remedying* government discrimination meant ending it.

2. *Color blindness in society.* Produced by the Civil Rights Act of 1964, but more vigorously by mass-media treatment of race as a moral issue in the 1960s, public opinion generally accepted the norm of color blindness in American society. A change of opinion occurred, first among the liberal elite and the upper middle class, then in polite middle-class society, and

last, more imperfectly, in the lower middle class and the stable working class. Vocabularies changed, and individual norms and perceptions shifted on a scale that would have been considered impossible twenty years before. In 1942 only 30 percent of a national sample thought that white and Negro students should go to the same school, but by 1965, 67 percent agreed with that statement.

Political and media leaders engineered this revolution in opinion on racial matters by making use of other traditional values in the American political culture. They appealed to elementary notions of equity, stressing individual merit as the standard of personal worth and making equal treatment and equal opportunity matters of simple fairness. Sex discrimination became unfashionable slightly later but more quickly than racial discrimination, through calls for the same standard of fairness—equal treatment based on merit.

3. *Charity on the basis of race (and sex).* A charitable impulse accompanied the vast opinion change of the previous stage, first, as before, among liberal elites and then by diffusion throughout much of the country. Many, though by no means all, private institutions began to search and compete for well-qualified members of minority groups, often establishing financial-aid programs in the process. Others, with less well-developed social consciences, followed, if only for public-relations purposes. Nearly everywhere, from television to textbooks, racial and sexual stereotypes changed. Even tokenism was no mean tribute to the sweep of the opinion change of the previous two decades. And even tokenism added so much to the demand for well-qualified members of minority groups that it began to press the supply.

4. *Implicit compulsory discrimination.* In the last ten years, regulations of the Departments of Labor and HEW and the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission and a few acts of Congress have forced abandonment of the principle of color blindness in public and private action. The Supreme Court has approved taking race into account to remedy the effects of past discrimination, but only when there is evidence of clear state action or when private discrimination is proven by traditional means and individual vic-

as identified and given relief. *Remedying* the effects of past discrimination has been redefined as *reversing* those effects, in those cases.

In addition to these very limited court decisions, however, federal bureaucrats have encouraged discrimination by public and private institutions through enforcement of affirmative-action programs. Equal opportunity gave way to affirmative action, in which institutions were compelled by bureaucrats to consider minority status in recruiting searches. The discrimination quipped by affirmative-action programs remained limited, however, as long as a distinction was made between "targets" or "goals" for minority representation and "quotas." Merely aiming at a target figure for minority presentation allowed employers to maintain clearly job-related requirements, and if no minority applicants satisfying those requirements could be found, then qualified nonminority applicants could be hired. Filling a quota, however, would require hiring the requisite number of minority applicants, however unqualified.

In the last decade, though, federal bureaucrats have tended increasingly to prefer quotas. The pressure, though very real, has been kept implicit—first, requirements imposed on public and private institutions for figures showing minority representation in every category. Inferring from outcome, is-than-proportional minority employment across the range of job categories is taken as *prima facie* evidence of discrimination. Second, the compulsory nature of quotas has been kept implicit in the bogus voluntarism in bureaucratic directives and "guidelines," which typically describe what institutions "may" do to improve their minority representation. And the federal bureaucrats loosen and tighten the loose strings for institutions receiving federal money to encourage them to stop just aiming at and start hitting those targets.

5. *Fully explicit compulsory discrimination.* This is the stage which Bakke's opponents urge us to enter. They are right on the mark when they say that ten years' worth of affirmative-action programs are at stake. The Court is being asked to approve the bureaucrats' steady resort to quotas in the last decade and make it explicit in the law of the land. Bakke's opponents are

Fermentation: The miracle that turns the juice of the grape into wine.



Although it is an oft-proclaimed truth that fine wine is a living growing thing, nowhere is this more evident than during that critical, and still somewhat mysterious, process called fermentation.

Yeast: The Catalyst

It is possible that a quantity of fine grapes crushed and left to themselves in an open container will, in time, ferment and yield an acceptable wine.

It is probable, however, that these same grapes will yield a wine not so pleasant.

Which it will become depends on the vagaries of simple, one-celled plants called yeasts which are found naturally in the bloom on the skins of grapes.

A Louis Pasteur Discovery

Until 1864, wine-making was a matter of uncertainty. But then Louis Pasteur discovered that these yeasts were, indeed, the agents that caused fermentation.

Equally important, he discovered that specific strains with desirable characteristics could be isolated and substituted for the wild yeast in the wine-making process, a major step toward predictable excellence.

Today, our winemakers are devoted to the study of yeasts and to their improvement. Because no one yeast works equally well in every case, we are constantly striving to isolate the ideal yeast for the different varieties of wines.

This development of the specific yeast which maximizes a grape's natural flavor potential is a primary study we have pursued for years.

To achieve a wine of predictable excellence year after year, we developed the first successful dehydration of pure wine yeast. The dehydrated form maintains the consistent purity from year to year

and provides us with a "cleaner" wine that is truer in flavor and fragrance to the grape.

Some Like It Cold

During fermentation, heat is created. If we permit the fermenting juice or "must" to attain a temperature of only ninety degrees, the yeast can be injured. At one-hundred degrees, most yeast will die.

Over the years, we have developed precise cooling methods for keeping the fermenting liquid at the optimum lower temperature. This varies from grape to grape. For example, the Sauvignon Blanc, French Colombard, Chenin Blanc, Riesling or Chardonnay we use for our white wines are far more delicate and sensitive to temperature than their more robust red cousins.

We determined that fermenting them at a cooler temperature slows the change from juice to wine and protects the delicacy of the resultant wine.

In this cooled state, the juice can ferment as long as fourteen days rather than three or four.

The Test Fermentation

Knowing the precise moment to draw the wine is a combination of the skill and art of our winemakers.

In some cases we actually take grape samples a few days before harvest and, on a small scale, proceed with fermentation. This gives us a preview of what to expect, and, we then make whatever adjustments necessary to produce the most consistently excellent wine.

The Reason For All This Care

It is only by utilizing all the skills gained in many years of work and study that we can achieve our intent: to bring you the finest wines that we, or anyone else, can provide.

THE PARABLE OF THE TALENTS

asking the Court to ratify the awkward, implicit compulsion of the past and issue the bureaucrats full license, reducing *bogus* voluntarism to *no* voluntarism. But to do so the Court must be persuaded to abandon its precedents and accept the premises of the parable of contemporary liberalism—infering from outcome, treating history as melodrama, demanding equality of outcome, extending “state action,” using “sensory” representation, abandoning traditionally measured merit, and according special treatment to minorities as a Constitutional right.

BUT A FEW questions linger, such as, Why this generation, now? In the contemporary parable, history has been hurtling toward the day of judgment that is now upon us. White students today owe minority students; the weight of centuries of discrimination sits on their shoulders. They are moral heirs to the suffering and sins of their fathers. And Bakke's opponents argue that frustrating minorities' aspirations could be politically explosive. It is true that expectations have been raised skyward in the last fifteen years, far higher than any attempt to meet them could possibly reach. But even so, aren't older members of minority groups worse victims, and older whites heavier debtors, than young people?

And how long shall reverse discrimination be the rule? According to the Carter Administration's brief, “as long as prior discrimination has present effects, mere neutrality to race is insufficient. As long as the effects of past racial discrimination persist, the employment of race-consciousness should not be abandoned.” Try to figure how long that will be. Try to imagine Bakke's opponents' agreeing after, say, twenty years that prior discrimination no longer had present effects. How likely is even rough equality of outcome for *all* minorities, even after several generations? In the words of the California Supreme Court, upholding Bakke's claim, “preferences once established will be difficult to alter or abolish; human nature suggests a preferred minority will be no more willing than others to relinquish an advantage once it is bestowed.”

And, finally, how many minorities are to be advanced? The government's

brief fails to specify all victims of discrimination, but this would have to be done sometime, if Bakke is defeated. blacks and Chicanos are included for sure, and there is also reference to “racial and language minorities,” but which ones? Indians and Eskimos are probably in, but national origin and ethnicity are probably out as categories. Asian-Americans are included as victims at one point in the government brief, but then they are cut out because they “compete successfully.” The compensatory-credit formula means that any group that competes successfully is excluded from victimhood, so women and Jews are out. If Bakke's claim is denied, we can expect genealogical disputes reminiscent of Germany in the 1930s or the antebellum South, as octoroons fight in court for a place among the disinherited. Whites with greater ambitions than grade-point averages may try to pass, but strict screening procedures can no doubt be devised.

Patronizing? Insulting to minorities, especially to individuals most deserving respect, who “compete successfully”? Of course. According to a recent *New York Times* headline, “83% IN POLL OPPOSE REVERSE BIAS PLANS—Ability Rather than Preferential Treatment Favored on Hiring and Admission to College.” Most people, having accepted amazingly quickly the principle of color blindness in society, just don't buy the latest extension of the parable of contemporary liberalism. Most citizens don't see themselves as racist oppressors by definition, and they are not willing to call unsuccessful members of minorities victims by definition. Reaction to the bureaucratic prod for affirmative action in the past ten years has included a little wailing and gnashing of teeth (as advertised on the day of retribution), but most protesters have bent to the threat of litigation or a tightened federal purse string. And most Americans probably would submit, if the Court were to grant the bureaucrats full license to force reverse discrimination explicitly.

Even so, the costs of Court approval would be levied in several ways. The Court itself would pay a price in lower esteem among most Americans, especially all those who worry already that government has eluded popular control. The general population would sustain the cost of being served in every

job category by a corps relatively less able than if the racial criterion did not control placement. Bakke's opponents say that minority professional people are needed to serve the slums. It is true that the availability of professional care is uneven around the country and particularly scarce in rural areas. But an ideological test would probably be better than a racial test to identify those selfless enough to practice in poor, isolated, or dangerous areas. White liberals would probably be more likely to set up storefront offices in the slums than minority graduates who have been there and worked hard to escape.

Minority graduates collectively would pay the price of public suspicion, and this would be particularly unfair to those who did not need racial preference. Moreover, for every successful applicant there are hundreds of disappointed ones who will no doubt find it convenient to think they are victims of reverse discrimination. Each year millions in all job categories will be embittered thereby, rightly or wrongly, and this is surely a cost.

In 1883 the Supreme Court held that “when a man has emerged from slavery, and by the aid of beneficent legislation has shaken off the inseparable concomitants of that state, there must be some stage in the progress of his elevation when he takes the rank of a mere citizen, and ceases to be the special favorite of the laws, and when his rights as a citizen, or a man, are to be protected in the ordinary modes by which other men's rights are protected.” That conclusion proved premature, but perhaps it is appropriate now. The rapid leftward cycling of liberal thought in the past decade has accorded minorities a special moral allowance which, paradoxically, is insulting and reactionary. For in the contemporary parable, as Midge Decter has noted, “the message they are given, in short, is that they are not fully enough human to be held morally responsible for their own behavior. They are children, as the Southerners used to say.” Now the Court must decide whether this is to be a day of reconciliation, when people fully human enough to bear individual responsibility are treated equally under the law, or the day of retribution, when the first shall be last and the last shall be first. □

WRITING ON THE PARTY'S TERMS

Establishing the boundaries of Czech intellectual life

by Charles Sawyer

ON JULY 30, 1975, the heads of state of thirty-five nations gathered in Finlandia House, Helsinki, to ratify the Final Act of the Conference on European Security and Cooperation. Under the Ford Administration, this act was the foundation of détente, but the Carter Administration used the human-rights provisions of the same agreement to frame American foreign policy in a new style.

On January 26, 1977, the Carter Administration publicly charged the Czechoslovak government with violating the Helsinki accords by harassing 100 Czech dissidents who had signed a human-rights manifesto called Charter 77. The manifesto cited the Helsinki agreement as one basis for its complaints. Human rights became a key world issue, and once again Czechoslovakia was a test case in international affairs.

The trouble in Prague last winter was perhaps not so dramatic as the events of 1938, when England bought a brief peace from Nazi Germany by sacrificing Czechoslovak independence, nor as clearly defined as the trouble of 1968, when the Soviets invaded Czechoslovakia to put an end to the liberal reforms of the Dubček government. But any trouble in Prague reverberates throughout Europe because of Czechoslovakia's special status as an East European country whose culture and traditions are West European. Thus, while Russian tanks rolled through the streets of Prague in 1968, Czech films

were playing in movie houses in Paris, London, and New York, and, even more significantly, Czechoslovakia, among East European countries, still had the strongest modern democratic tradition.

When normal channels of political expression are blocked in any country, its writers, in most cases, take up the role of social critic. In Czechoslovakia this has so long been the case that Czech writers traditionally see

themselves this way. They, as much as any faction, were responsible for the brief liberal period after the Dubček government replaced the atavistic regime of Antonín Novotný.

I went to Czechoslovakia to find out how conditions have changed for its writers in the nine years which have passed since the last Soviet tanks left the streets of Prague for more discreet locations, out of sight in the countryside. The government gave me a four-week journalist's visa. The Government Press Office in Prague provided me with a translator and arranged one interview after another with government officials and authors ready to dismiss dissent as sour grapes and to vouch for the regime's fairness in managing cultural affairs. Even on my last day in Prague, the Press Office telephoned my hotel at 7:00 A.M., summoning me to one last-minute interview. Meanwhile, intellectuals from Prague's dissident literary circles were besieging me in their excitement over an opportunity to have their views heard in the West. In one instance, three of them risked a stiff prison term for what they did for me, all the while insisting it was I who was doing them a favor by taking an interest in their struggle.

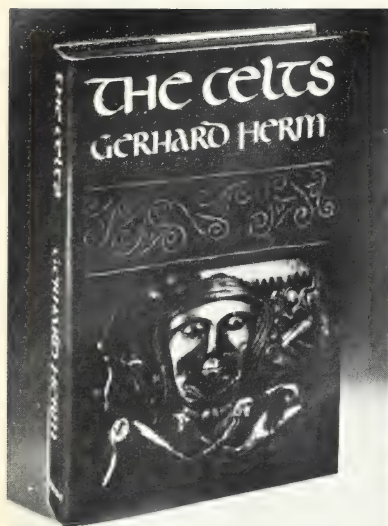
I had a rare chance to glimpse the cultural life of Prague from both sides of the looking glass. My conversations on both sides gave a picture much more subtle than the simple one of Heroic Dissident v. Party Apparatchik most often seen from the distant and

*Charles Sawyer has published a collection of photographs, *Alonograph: 18*. He is currently at work on a novel about the espionage background of the 1973 Arab-Israeli war.*



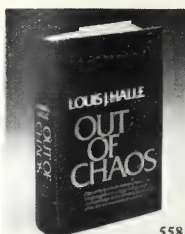
A "Crumblage" by Jiří Kolař. Collection of the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, N.Y.

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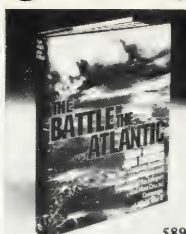
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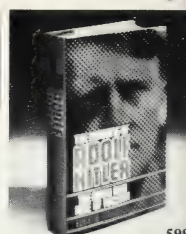
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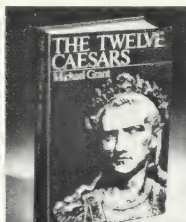
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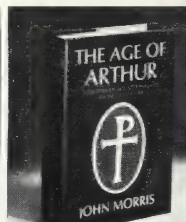
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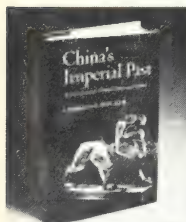
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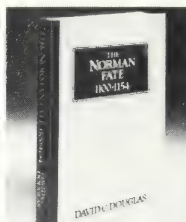
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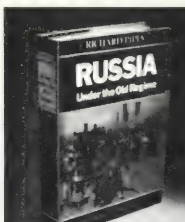
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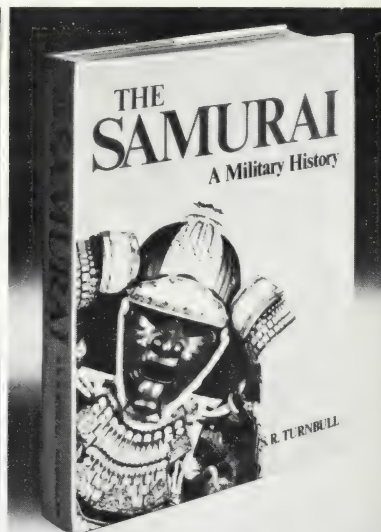
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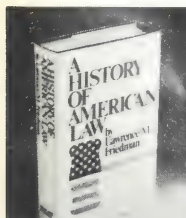
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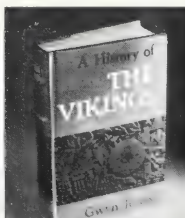
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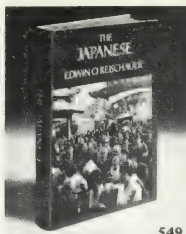
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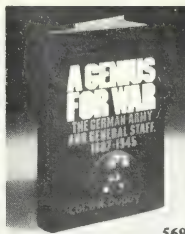
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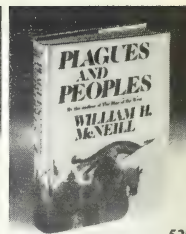
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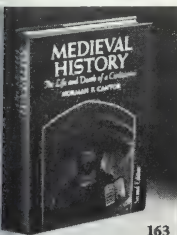
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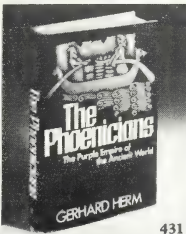
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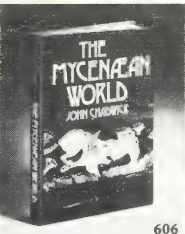
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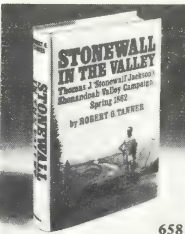
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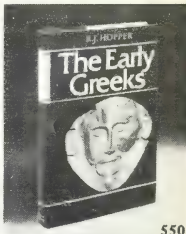
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comfortable vantage points of open societies. There are subtle shades of dissent and assent in Czech life today, and the secret police are a constant, major influence upon every individual who must choose a tolerable role.

At the ends of the spectrum are, on the Left, Ludvik Vaculik, the *enfant terrible*, and, on the Right, an old party soldier named Donát Sajner, the present First Secretary of the Writers' Union. In between are two former leading dissident writers: Jiří Sotola, a gifted poet/novelist who, in the mid-1960s, was First Secretary of the then rebellious Writers' Union, and has recently changed from contentious outcast to rehabilitated dissident; and Dušan Hamšík, a journalist/historian, who, after nearly a decade of anathematization, tries now, desperately, to redefine his place.

OF THE TWENTY-ODD dissidents I knew by reputation before arriving in Prague, I most wanted to meet Ludvik Vaculik. Vaculik had been an important figure in the Dubček era—in fact, a key figure. He and his colleagues had, for years, experienced the intolerable situation of sharing a silent consensus about some ills of their society and being unable to refer to them in public. At the Writers' Congress in the summer of 1967, Vaculik gave a blunt and vehement speech that released a torrent of antigovernment criticism. Although the proceedings of the congress were, of course, not published at the time, every detail of what he said was quickly known all over Prague. In the spring of 1968 public criticism emerged in Prague; Vaculik had been the first to take his courage in hand.

In the years after 1968, Vaculik and others began a quasilegal publishing organization, called Padlock Press, to publish the works of Czech authors who were regarded as untouchable by the legitimate publishing houses. Produced entirely by typewriter, its *samizdat* editions range from a dozen copies to 300. Circulation is strictly by hand. Over eighty books have been published by Padlock Press, of which Vaculik is de facto editor in chief.

In order to reach Vaculik I went to see a mutual friend, an author who, I had reason to believe, was not under police surveillance. I asked him

to carry my request to Vaculik, and he agreed without hesitation. He told Vaculik that I would eat breakfast every morning in the *kavarna* of the Hotel Europa, a seedy place with shades of Old World elegance where waiters in threadbare tuxedos serve a mixed clientele of East German tourists, Arab students, and gypsy whores. The days were on, and Vaculik did not appear; I sent more urgent requests. One thing I knew: his reticence to meet me was not from fear of police reprisals. From the sketchy stories I heard about his recent difficulties, I suspected he was stalling out of embarrassment. Eventually he sent word to meet me in the apartment of another mutual friend.

Vaculik is often called a Moravian peasant to distinguish him from Prague sophisticates. True, he looks the part, with his bushy hair, thick, soup-strainer mustache, chunky hands, and stocky build. He is a man of blunt gestures, and he seeks refuge from pretentiousness in self-ridicule. But his shrewd eyes and agile protagonism don't fit his peasant image. He was in a good mood, full of wisecracks and his favorite American slang ("Don't give me any razzle-dazzle"), clearly in no mood to get down to business, and quick to demonstrate his friendly attitude. When I prodded him to tell me about his difficulties with the secret police, he swung around on his swivel chair, shouting into the void that his troubles were a bore. Then, without losing his good humor, he told the story.

On April 26, 1975, agents of the State Security Police searched Vaculik's apartment, and, empowered by a warrant to confiscate "written materials as evidence of subversion of the Republic," they took an unspecified number of photographic negatives. The photographs showed Vaculik and his mistress lying nude upon adjacent graves in a cemetery and in bed in erotic poses. The graveyard photos were ironic sight gags, and the bedroom photos were romantic "mementos." On September 14, 1976, Vaculik was summoned to Bartolomejska Security Police Headquarters and offered the following blackmail proposition: either emigrate, or remain in Czechoslovakia but stop Padlock Press and stop criticizing the regime. Otherwise, he could expect not only that

the photographs would be published, but also that he would be prosecuted on criminal charges of desecrating a graveyard.

He told them to publish and be damned.

Last January 21, a weekend family magazine, *Ahoj* (roughly, "cheers") published two of the graveyard photos with a commentary ridiculing Vaculik as a compulsive exhibitionist. At roughly the same time, packets of the bedroom photographs began appearing in mailboxes in Prague and abroad. Among those who received them were foreign diplomats, foreign journalists, and dissident friends of Vaculik. For Vaculik the worst time was the first months after the negatives were stolen by the secret police, when he made his peace with his family and friends so that there was no surprise in it for them.

Vaculik wrote an essay on the whole affair, called "Pass the Word to the Doctor." The situation in Czechoslovakia, he wrote, reminded him of the horse opera in which a Wyoming town is terrorized by a gang of desperadoes, the citizens having no recourse in the law because the sheriff is crooked, too. The crooks control the town newspaper and the judge as well. What the citizens need is a lawyer beyond the reach of the crooks, yet one who belongs to the Wyoming bar. In the case of Czechoslovakia there is such a lawyer, a man with a Czechoslovak law degree who is, nonetheless, beyond the reach of the crooked gang. He is Kurt Waldheim, Secretary General of the United Nations. The difficulty is to get his attention. "So I would ask any of you who are still fully clothed to go to him and tell him the whole story," writes Vaculik in his closing lines.

Vaculik's troubles leave us to puzzle why a man in so delicate a position would court scandal in so seemingly blatant a fashion. His friends express the opinion that it was his means of escape from the burden of playing moral hero for a beleaguered culture.

AS FIRST SECRETARY of the Writers' Union, Donát Sajner is a leading official of Czechoslovakia's most powerful literary institution. He administers

fund that would make most Western authors blanch. Independent from Czech publishing houses, the union grants handsome advances to authors, sponsors trips abroad on comfortable expense allowances, sends authors on extended retreats at literary colonies, and has its own publishing house to boot.

Before 1968 the union was one of the most independent bodies in the country, reflecting a tradition of political activism among Czech writers which extended back to the nineteenth century, when the Czech national revival was led by poets and novelists writing in their native language. After the Soviet invasion, the union was dissolved and re-formed with new, politically acceptable leaders.

IN 1972 THE JOB of First Secretary went to Šajner, a literary nonentity who had worked in the Ministry of the Interior in the last years of the Stalinist era. This last fact would lead most Czechs to assume that Šajner's first responsibility is still to the secret police, though all would acknowledge that in such a closed society as theirs and evidence is nonexistent.

Šajner is a heavyset man in his early sixties with beefy hands. His gray hair is slicked back, and his manner is grand and gracious. "We welcome all journalists who come with good intentions," he began our interview, "because we are glad to have the chance to show people that we are not such scarecrows as we are portrayed." He continued with rhapsodies to the glories of socialism. On the uses of literature as a vehicle for social criticism, he said, "We welcome criticism, but who would criticize a social system that guarantees that no farmer will have to sell his farm to pay for gall-bladder operation?" When I reminded him that 600 of his fellow citizens, including prominent professionals and intellectuals, had thought their social progress so incomplete they had signed Charter 77 at the personal cost of police interrogations and, in many cases, the loss of their jobs, he stiffened visibly and defiantly. The price we paid for our social system in blood on the battlefield and suffering in the concentration camps was too high for us to allow such attacks."

IN THE MID-1960s, when Jiří Šotola was elected First Secretary of the Writers' Union, he was a literary star, one of the country's most promising poets, and a leader of the writers' campaign to liberalize the political system. After the union was dissolved, he did not join the new one which replaced it. During the early 1970s, he was one of the handful of Czech writers—including the novelists Ivan Klima, Milan Kundera, Ludvík Vaculík, and the playwright Pavel Kohout—who managed to find steady foreign outlets for their works. To Czech publishing houses they were untouchables. Eventually Šotola began to brood over having no native audience, and he worried about the future of his artistically talented and ambitious children. Applications to universities, conservatories, and specialized high schools for promising young artists al-

ways included a section on the political history of the applicants and their families. A point system awarded bonuses to applicants who belonged to Communist youth organizations and those whose parents were party members, and penalties were applied to the children of dissidents. Only school officials were allowed to know the scores on this part of the application, one which often decided a young artist's future. Šotola's former close friends told me that the secret police repeatedly threatened him that his children would be barred from pursuing their ambitions unless he cooperated with them. He suffered from poor health, I was told.

In 1975 Šotola published an essay in a Czech journal denying the writer's role as social critic and blaming himself and other writers of the 1960s for "political meddling." Since then

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WRITING ON THE PARTY'S TERMS

his career at home has been thriving, and the regime calls on him to talk to foreign correspondents on the subject of human rights. For our official interview at the press office, we were invited to use the office of the director, who sat throughout at his desk in the corner, reading his paper. I had expected to meet a sick and broken man, but Šotola, in his mid-fifties, is robust, overweight, and very lively. He is witty, urbane, and abundantly charming. His hands were in constant motion stirring his coffee, lighting one cigarette the moment the last was smoked down to a butt too hot to hold. I had to admire the way he managed to keep his dignity in a difficult situation.

"One becomes a 'domestic emigré,'" he said, describing his situation in the early 1970s with a term common in policy statements of party organs. "I was as much an outsider as if I had actually left the borders. It was an intolerable situation both as a man and an artist. Then there was a change in the political climate. President Husak made a public statement that to 'those in the cultural sphere who are seeking their own position in the national collective a helpful hand will be extended.' I took him at his word. I wrote an essay expressing my desire to rejoin the cultural life of our country and then had discussions with leading members of the Writers' Union. Now all doors are opened to me. My essay was published in March 1975, my novel appeared in 1976, I have a play in performance now in a Prague theater, a second novel is at the printer, and a film based on one of my books is being shot."

I asked about his colleagues from the 1960s who have not made peace with the regime and remain without opportunities to have their works read except in *samizdat*.

"I can only say about people in this situation that they put themselves there; it is a situation of their own choosing."

"Do you, then, put the responsibility for their situation entirely on the outcasts?" I asked Šotola. He chuckled when he heard the translation.

"It is not so simple; no one person is responsible for history, and none of them chooses to live in the twentieth century."

He denied emphatically that his

self-criticism of 1975 was written under the duress of the secret police.

DETAILS OF Šotola's case are disputed among his dissident friends with whom he has broken relations. One told me that, as a former prominent outcast, Šotola was such a big fish that a simple self-criticism was enough to regain him access to outlets for his work, but another insisted that he knew for certain that Šotola had been obliged to give much more. Everyone I spoke with assured me that the negotiations are long and difficult and involve three parties: the author, the Writers' Union, and the State Security Police. The police are the final judges.

IN 1967, DUŠAN HAMŠÍK was one of Czechoslovakia's better-known writers and editor in chief of *Literární Noviny*, the weekly journal of the Writers' Union. Its circulation of 800,000 corresponds proportionally to that of *Life* magazine in its heyday, but in other respects there is no American parallel because *Noviny* was high art and political dialectics combined, and everybody read it. As editor, Hamšík led the constant struggle with the Censor's Office. In late 1967, the government suspended publication entirely, and the journal remained shut down until Dubček took office; then it resurfaced, more outspoken than ever, under a new name, *Literární Listy*. Hamšík's book *Writers Against Rulers*, describing the events leading up to the 1968 liberalization, impressed me greatly, so when I heard that he had recently signed the resolution of the Union of Artists expressing solidarity with the regime, I went to his Prague address to ask for an interview. Across the threshold I put my request to him.

Hamšík stared at me for a very long time before he turned his head to the side and, speaking to me from profile in a low voice, without emotion, he said, "I am very sorry. It is not possible. In my position, it is not possible. I am very sorry."

In the following days, I questioned my sources for more information. During my interview with Sajner, I asked him about Hamšík's status.

"Hamšík has shown an interest in rejoining the cultural life of our country," said the First Secretary of the Writers' Union. "Discussions are under way."

On the eve of my departure from Prague, I was invited by Pavel Kohout to join him and others for a night at a restaurant in the fashionable M. Strana district of the city. In his youth Kohout was a romantic apostle of Stalinist socialism; later, as he matured artistically, Kohout spent a decade winning the respect of Czech intellectuals and living down his poetry about the glories of life on a tractor at the collective. In the Dubček era, he was one of the most outspoken writers calling for political reform and since then he has been a "domestic emigré," as Šotola would say, during which time he has had 250 opening nights in West Europe and none in Czechoslovakia. One of his plays had a run on Broadway. Kohout is a pure show biz, a man of gesture, the only glamour boy among the earthy Czech literati. The restaurant where we met had heavy draperies drawn back over brocade-paneled walls. Obedient waiters kept our glasses filled with Russian champagne, and a four-piece orchestra played slightly funky Ames Brothers. Kohout wore a velvet tuxedo. In a moment of candor that seemed out of place in the setting, Kohout told me what he knew about Hamšík's delicate situation.

"Around 1970 many of us who were politically active in 1968 gave up hope of finding Czech publishers and began looking for foreign outlets. [Ivan Klima and I made long-term contracts with a Swiss publisher. Šotola, Václav Kundera, and [Milan] Kundera all found foreign publishers. Hamšík tried, too, but for reasons unrelated to his talent, he proved to be unexportable. Now he has finished a long, ambitious study of Heinrich Himmler. He has probably no hope of finding a foreign publisher, and so the only possibility of seeing it in print is to make peace with the regime."

I told Kohout and the others what Šajner had said about "discussion being under way" and looked around the table for a reaction.

"That means they haven't finished squeezing the poor man's balls," someone said.

UTOPIA IN TROUBLE

the problems of Sweden's superdevelopment

by Bjorn Kumm

"It must be nice to be in Sweden now. The girls are so sweet," he observed yearningly. "And the people are so advanced."

—Joseph Heller, *Catch-22*

FOR SOME TIME now Sweden has had a slightly saintly aura: as a dreamland, a model country, and the "international conscience of the world." Over the past generation the country has been seen as paragon of political virtue, and as a useful example of both the positive and negative in public life. The late President Eisenhower used to talk about a small nation in Europe where a socialist state had so cushioned its citizens that they committed suicide out of lack of stimulation. On the other hand, the late President Pompidou used to say that he wanted France to become

Bjorn Kumm is a Swedish journalist.

another Sweden, but with more sun.

Hubert Humphrey, I believe, often praises Sweden, and not only to ingratiate himself with his Swedish-American constituents in Minnesota (who tend to become conservative Republicans after a generation or two on American soil and would not vote for a Democrat in any case). Considering that the great-grandfathers of these Swedish-Americans left the old country because of famine and general underdevelopment, there is understandable pride among them now, a century later, over Sweden's industrial achievements. This pride, however, is tempered by the fear that Sweden has "gone socialist." Humphrey does not see it that way. To him, Sweden has merely gone Social Democrat, and in so doing has managed to blend technological achievements with a livable social system, a nice dream for

the Senator who would like to see something similar in the unlivable United States.

Ever since Marquis Childs, the New England pundit, set out—a sort of Alexis de Tocqueville in reverse—to explore Sweden and its experimentation in social welfare and social engineering, Sweden has been subject to these preconceptions. Childs is one of the early mythmakers. His book *Sweden—The Middle Way* was written in the mid-1930s, when it seemed very important to find a moderate solution between unwanted Communism and disastrous capitalism, a solution which did not have to include either political commissars or miles on miles of unemployment lines.

When Childs visited Sweden the principal carriers of the myth, the Social Democratic party, had as yet spent



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only their first four-year term in office. But much of what he found praiseworthy in the Swedish setup had been solidly established long before, by the trade unions, the cooperative societies—in short, by the various Swedish “movements” which had relied on their own organizational power rather than on state intervention to achieve their aims.

Abhorring ideology and too much theory (Descartes found an early death in Stockholm), the Swedes had worked things out with a good deal of horse sense and mutual give-and-take. The important thing was to organize. So the workers had got organized in trade unions (and the early strikes in Sweden were inspired by holy-roller religion rather than by socialism), and when the workers got organized so did the capitalists, and then they started sitting there once a year, facing each other in long, drawn-out sessions, hardly ever raising their voices, meeting organized power with organized power, and most of the time working out some sensible kind of compromise.

Childs was impressed by the Social Democratic housing schemes and with the new architects who were building functional-style apartments for workers. He saw a national power system which had been built up within the framework of state planning but with scope for private enterprise—a kind of Tennessee Valley Authority predating FDR's conception by some thirty years.

Childs himself doubted whether the Swedish example could be repeated elsewhere. The significance of Sweden's achievements, he said, might be extremely limited. But in the darkening Thirties, in a world torn between extremes, he was happy to have found one small country which had managed to find a moderate solution to its problems. Maybe that in itself was important, he said.

Thus the myth was created, and it has been steadily nurtured ever since. Over the years there has been a steady flow of foreigners visiting Sweden to look for a freedom, sexual and otherwise, which was not there, and for a political utopia which was debatable and, at the least, extremely doubtful as a product for export. The Swedes have entertained these strange visitors, the prime minister granting extensive interviews, top bureaucrats hemming and hawing, and a number of average citi-

zens desperately trying to live up to the outside world's expectations of Swedish sin. In a kind of sociological mimicry which often takes place in cases like these, the Swedes too have started believing that there is indeed a Swedish middle way, a unique solution to the world's problem.

HAD HE RETURNED to Sweden in the early 1970s to write *The Middle Way Revisited* or *Son of the Middle Way*, Marquis Childs would have found a small, heavily industrialized country, in many ways very Americanized and tough, with what, paradoxically, looks like capitalist laissez-faire at its extreme. The U.S. government regulates the country's major industries with a much heavier hand than the Social Democrats ever did or their non-socialist successors are likely to do. Not only is almost 90 percent of industry still, forty years after Childs, privately owned and privately controlled, but financial power is still heavily concentrated, with the Wallenbergs, mentioned by Childs, very much in the forefront. The major Swedish industries are rapidly becoming multinational, using Sweden as their platform for adventures on an international scale over which the government has very little say and against which those powerful “movements,” trade unions and cooperatives, are not the “countervailing powers” that John Kenneth Galbraith fondly speaks of, but at most manage to fight a rearguard action.

This does not mean that those great movements which Childs identified with the Swedish “middle way” have disappeared. They have become, if anything, even more successful, and carry a lot more weight than they did in the 1930s. But to a very great extent, they seem to have coalesced with the machinery of the state and the monoliths of big business, which in Sweden are very big. One would be hard put to see any difference today between huge cooperative supermarkets and their privately owned counterparts: you need traffic lights in both not to collide with your fellow consumer's shopping cart between overloaded shelves. It is difficult at first sight to note any difference in economic outlook between big industrialists and leading trade unionists—both are in the growth business, accept

an ever-increasing GNP as their totem and fertility symbol, and have been slow in appreciating the limits to continued economic growth.

A feeling of helplessness in the face of these huge organizations was a contributing factor in Olof Palme's and the Social Democrats' political defeat in 1976, after the party had been forty-four years in power, and it is significant that the Center party—whose leader, Torbjörn Fälldin, is now prime minister—used to be the small-farmers' party and still maintains links with its rural past (Fälldin is a sheep farmer). The Center party managed to cash in on the average Swede's feelings that he was being left out of major economic and political decisions, such as the growing number of nuclear power plants in the country. The Social Democrats did a bad job on the nuclear issue, haughtily dismissing those who feared more plants as stupid conservatives, people who, one minister said, “would have been afraid of the railway train” had they been born 200 years earlier.

There is serious doubt in Sweden—and not only among the young—whether the achievements of yesteryear, the welfare state, the cooperatives, the housing schemes really constitute a solution to the new problems of superdevelopment—industrial pollution, stress, workers' diseases—that afflict Sweden as much as they do other industrialized countries. It could be argued that what once looked so deceptively like a peaceful, harmonious compromise was no compromise at all, but rather acceptance on the part of the trade unions, the cooperatives, and the other “movements” that economic growth was something good in itself and that Sweden as quickly as possible ought to join the consumer society, U.S.-style. This in effect was the Social Democratic “ideology” as pronounced in the 1950s by Palme's predecessor, Tage Erlander. The Social Democrats, said Erlander, wanted “a society of free choice.”

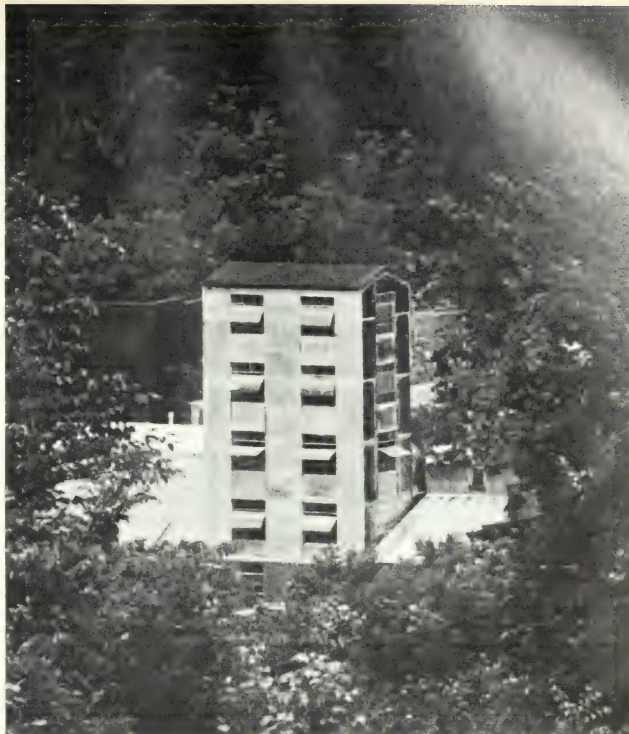
At no point was it seriously questioned by those sensible, practical men, the un-ideological Swedes that Childs so much liked, the men of the middle way, why it was necessary also for Sweden to have forty different types of toothpaste, why Sweden had to aim for more cars per capita than any other country in Western Europe, why the city centers had to be knocked down to

the way to superhighways and shopping centers.

Instead of offering alternatives, Sweden's Social Democratic politicians have literally helped to build the consumer society. They developed the new suburbs and housing estates which have been shown to the world as models of planning and social engineering which are actually constructed around their commercial functions. There is very little real community life in these new suburbs—theaters are nonexistent, movie houses show the cheapest, youths hang around the subway station drinking canned beer and abusing their elders. Building youth clubs and community centers would have taken too much valuable space from the shopping centers, both the privately owned and the cooperative ones. Until recently, much more space was devoted to parking lots than to playgrounds, more thought expended on the elegant solution of traffic problems than on the problem of day care for children whose mothers wanted—or had—to go to work.

As productivity in Swedish industry increased and Sweden became richer, raising those Volvos and those ball bearings all over the world, the strain on the workers also increased. There has been speed-up on the production line, and new products and new work methods have been introduced with the worker treated practically as a guinea pig. Consequences have been slow in appearing, like silicosis, asbestosis and cancer take a few years to develop. In this decade, however, people are beginning to die in statistically and socially significant numbers, and there is consequently an increased demand that the trade unions take more interest in the usual work situation, not looking only at the pay packet.

Those new farseeing experiments in Swedish car factories, doing away with the old assembly-line work and replacing it with almost artisan teamwork, might look like the outcome of radical thinking by warmhearted company managers. But the changeover was necessitated by purely economic considerations. Not even the foreign-born workers who were slower than native Swedes protesting working conditions would stay on the job as work was being accelerated; when labor turnover reached astronomical proportions, Volvo and its sister, Saab, decided that it would



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UTOPIA IN TROUBLE

make economic sense to "humanize" the work process.

THE MYTH of Sweden as the international conscience took some time to develop. During the second world war, I myself was not very articulate, and more apt to eat than to read the newspapers; older and more sensible friends have told me that Swedes were a great deal more subdued, not to say muffled, in their pronouncements about what Big Brother Germany was then doing than we were a generation later when another Big Brother was carrying on a war in Vietnam.

In the case of Germany, the Swedish government did not breathe a word about human rights or protest genocide; it diligently muzzled a few newspapers that dared speak up, and even delivered anti-Nazi political refugees back to the Gestapo, with which the Swedish police had a working relationship through most of the war. The German war machinery was well supplied with Swedish iron ore, shipped from the ports of occupied Norway. Our hearts were with the Allies, but our bellies solidly sided with the Germans.

A generation later, when the United States was rampaging through Southeast Asia, it turned out that criticism of it was quite safe, resulting at worst in some angry huffing and puffing and the withdrawal of a few ambassadors from Stockholm. The Swedish export industry was worried for some time, but the prime minister's pontificating on the war in Vietnam did not hurt our exports to America—rather, it helped to create a new market, since, for a time, certain Americans thought it a chic antiwar protest to buy a Volvo.

Criticizing a big democracy for its wrongdoings is much nicer and safer than biting the German eagle or the Russian bear—particularly if you are the representative of a small, fat, industrialized country whose inhabitants have the approved skin color and are endowed with a favorable myth.

While the protests on the international scene over Vietnam and related issues proved safe and ultimately beneficial even to the Swedish export industry, the youths who initiated the protests certainly did not experience their actions as safe. As soon as they got into the streets—when the early

demonstrations started in 1965—they met the old Prussian-style Swedish police establishment head-on. Free speech and the right to free assembly are still a relative novelty in Sweden, where you need a police permit to organize a demonstration and the Free Speech Corner in downtown Stockholm is looked upon as an exotic import from foreign lands. It is decidedly easier to carry placards outside the White House in Washington than outside the U.S. Embassy in Stockholm, and, for several years, students and police fought bloody battles on the streets leading to the embassy before it was finally established that demonstrators had a right to present petitions to the ambassador.

The original response among leading members of the Social Democratic party in Sweden to the early Vietnam demonstrations was one of irritation (Olof Palme, then only a lowly Minister of Transport, was one of the remarkable exceptions). There was a tendency, also among members of the trade unions, the cooperatives, the "movements" that Marquis Childs so much liked, to see all street demonstrations as somehow undemocratic, as troubling the outside the framework of parliamentary debate.

There was a feeling, too, that Vietnam was a somewhat exotic issue for young Swedes to get excited about. Granted, the critics said, the United States seemed to be doing a few nasty things in Southeast Asia. But what business was that of Swedes?

Quite clearly there was a streak of exoticism in those early protests. There was a time in Sweden when anybody who claimed to be a guerrilla fighter, fighting for liberation in whatever obscure country in the Third World, would automatically get a hearing and an audience in Stockholm. An extraordinary number of books on liberation struggles, colonial and neocolonial exploitation, and guerrilla warfare were being printed. The major newspapers for the first time sent correspondents outside the safe Anglo-European hemisphere, to Latin America, Africa, and Asia (but, strangely enough, no Swedish newspaper ever had a regular correspondent in Vietnam—the Swedish public was awakened to the war mainly through the students' demonstrations and the reports from Vietnam in the U.S. mass media).

American black-power leaders, such

as Stokely Carmichael, got an enthusiastic reception in Stockholm in 1965 and 1968. The ovations seemed to confirm one aspect of the Swedish myth: there were no longer any great causes to fight for in the Scandinavian utopia itself. Bored youngsters needed outlets. Few Swedes actually joined the Third World liberation struggle, however, the way people had joined the International Brigade in Spain a generation earlier, or the way some Swedes of different persuasion had gone to join the Finnish neighbors fighting against Russia during World War II. Black-power movements of various kinds obviously had little use for blue-eyed devils, except as distant supporters or as source of funds and shelter when the leaders were crisscrossing the world. It never seems to have occurred to the Swedish supporters of the liberation struggle in southern Africa that they would constitute a perfect fifth column, either as visitors or as infiltrators in key jobs at key installations.

Practically all the young demonstrators stayed at home and fought a verbal war, but thanks to the rigidity and sometimes sheer brutality of the Swedish police, that war did not become as boringly peaceful as it could have. So it also turned out that the seemingly exotic issue of Vietnam had various ramifications which did indeed strike closer to home.

It is a fascinating and crucial question why the Swedish Vietnam demonstrations started when they did, in the middle and late 1960s. The cause was not merely subjective boredom, a sense of isolation, a justified feeling that Sweden was utopia, far removed from the strife and pains of the world. Rather, it seemed that the Swedish students were responding to trends and development that caused similar rebellions all over the Western world, where an enormously swollen student body became radicalized by the unemployment which tended to make nonsense of their aspirations and their dreams. The Swedes did not have to worry about the draft, but it became very clear that many would get their academic degrees without a chance of getting the high-paying, liberating jobs toward which education was supposedly a stepping-stone.

By the early 1970s, it was not only the antiwar demonstrators who were out in the streets. The Swedish myth of harmony, compromise, and common

...se was suddenly coming apart at the
ams. In the North, the miners were
rking not only the state-owned min-
g company but also their own top-
heavy, bureaucratized, immobile trade
union and the government whose pol-
y for years, they said, had been to
populate the North and let it die. In
e South, Volvo and some of the other
gger companies rapidly granted big
ty increases when their workers went
wildcat strikes, unheard of in Swed-
labor relations, in which traden-
hierarchies and their capitalist
 counterparts had been working out
se polite compromises over the years.

AT TIMES it is nice to be small
and seemingly neutral. When,
because of the limitations on
its war industry imposed at
Versailles, Germany had to look for
ms supplies elsewhere, Bofors and
her Swedish arms factories took up
e slack. The economic depression
me later and hit Sweden less severe-
than it did other countries. During
e second world war, Sweden con-
nued as a major supplier of raw ma-
terials to the Germans—and, after the
war, got a head start on competitors
sewhere, since our industry had been
naffected by the war and could pro-
uce in the vacuum left by devastation
sewhere. (We also gained a lot of gold
medals in the London Olympics in
948, since other countries' young ath-
etes were by that time moldering in
their graves.)

Sweden has for some time man-
aged to hang on to the coattails of
bigger industrial powers while seem-
ingly staying independent and neutral.
First it was as major suppliers of semi-
processed iron and timber that the
Swedes managed to cash in on the En-
glish Industrial Revolution, staying one
step behind so we did not have to be
painted by the slave trade and the col-
onizing effort of the Empire. (We had
a few insignificant colonies, but even
the Danes were better slave traders.)
Then, as the British were getting tired,
we switched over to the up-and-coming
Germans. Now it seems we shall be sell-
ing sophisticated telecommunications
equipment and consultancy services to
the Arab countries and other newly rich
Third World nations, talking softly of
brotherhood and the new international
order while we charge them outrageous

prices for our goods and services.

Sweden is a small country, with 8 mil-
lion inhabitants, which consumes as
much electricity as the whole of India,
with 600 million people. Sweden uses
more energy to heat its houses, pro-
vide light for its population, and run its
industries than the whole of indepen-
dent Africa (excluding South Africa).
Swedish politicians may tour the world
and talk of human equality; their main
concern, however, is to get energy and
raw materials as cheaply as possible
and sell Swedish manufactured goods
as expensively as possible. Even Olof
Palme with his Third World popular-
ity had to engage in this kind of dou-
ble-talk, discussing foreign-aid schemes
with needy low-income countries while
throttling their manufactured exports to
Sweden to safeguard Swedish jobs.

Sweden has managed to stay neutral
in successive world conflicts, neutral
during the two world wars, neutral
during the Cold War, highly popular
as a progressive friend of liberation
movements even during the beginning
confrontation between the North and
South, between the industrialized na-
tions and the Third World.

It is most probable that the myth
about Sweden's neutrality is just about
to be punctured. As the North-South
confrontation escalates, Sweden, having
a smaller margin than many other in-
dustrialized nations, will increasingly
join the side of the Western world.

Other industrialized nations, such as
the U.S., Canada, and the Soviet Union,
can in a crisis situation fall back on
their own raw materials and even rely
on their huge internal markets. The
smaller industrialized countries outside
major groupings, and Sweden the prin-
cipal one among them, will not have
that choice.

Palme could talk about Sweden's
common interests with small nations—
such as Chile, Vietnam, Cuba—in the
face of the big industrial powers, East
and West. His successors will finally
have to adjust their rhetoric to their
stomachs and move closer to a com-
mon position with the industrialized
world.

The middle way was a narrow path
to tread back in the 1930s, when Mar-
quis Childs was visiting. But neutrality
—at a price—was still a possibility,
and it paid off. In the future, there can
be no middle way. □

HARPER'S/JANUARY 1978



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A mother's love. A doll to cuddle. Tina knows nothing of these things. But she does know fear, rejection, and hunger.

For just \$15 a month, you can help save a child like Tina.

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Children, Incorporated, P.O. Box 5381,
Dept. HM17, Richmond, Va. 23220 USA

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☐ Africa, ☐ USA, ☐ Greatest Need.
☐ I will pay \$15 a month (\$180 a year).
Enclosed is my gift for a full year ☐, the
first month ☐. Please send me the child's
name, story, address and picture.
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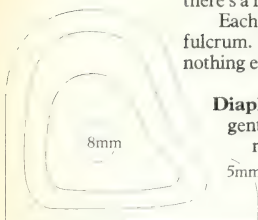
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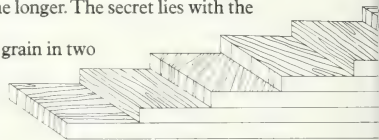
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MR. HAYAKAWA GOES TO WASHINGTON

On learning the legislative dance

by S. I. Hayakawa

BECOMING A United States Senator is a startling experience. Suddenly, after Election Day, the world around you changes. People who used to quarrel with you and disagree with you and give you a bad time start saying, "Yes indeed, Senator!" "Right away, Senator!" "I couldn't agree with you more, Senator!" For the first time in your life, people begin to treat you as being as important as you always thought you were. It is a very gratifying experience. I recommend it very much. But you mustn't let it go to your head.

At the beginning of the Congress in January 1977, the Senate reorganized its committee structure, and I was assigned to three committees. Fortunately, despite my lack of seniority, I was put on the Human Resources Committee, which makes a lot of sense because Human Resources includes Education, and is what used to be called the Committee on Labor and Public Welfare. Having been a teacher all my life, I thought it a reasonable place for me to be.

They also put me on the Agriculture Committee. I know little about agriculture, but I was aware that I had got an enormous amount of help from farmers up and down the State of California, who felt that they had been much neglected in the political process. I felt I owed the farmers something. Besides, California had not been represented on the Agriculture Committee for something like thirty years. So I thought it really my duty to join that committee to do what I could for the California farmer.

My third assignment was the Budget Com-

mittee. This was ironic because I have the greatest difficulty balancing my own check-book, and my wife handles our investments. Putting me on the Budget Committee when I don't understand money at all seemed to me appallingly irresponsible on the part of the United States Senate. Unfortunately, there was no getting out of it. So I started to go to meetings and get to work. I found that being on the Budget Committee isn't as hard as it looks. You don't have any complicated decisions to make, because you are not dealing with specific appropriations for such things as food stamps or the costs of the National Labor Relations Board or all the other things the government does. What you are dealing with are overall totals.

The numbers you work with on this committee turned out to be very simple. You are always dealing in hundreds of millions—or billions. Therefore, when we say 1.0, that means \$1 billion. Then we have .1; that means \$100 million—and that's the smallest figure we ever deal with in the Budget Committee.

A member of the committee will say, for instance, "Here's an appropriation for such-and-such. It was 1.7 for 1977. So for the 1978 budget we ought to make it 2.9." So all we do is add 1.2; that's not hard. The next item is 2.5. The members discuss it back and forth, and someone says, "Let's raise it to 3.7." They look around at each other. "Everybody in favor?" "Yes, sir. Okay." So in five minutes we have disposed of 2 billion bucks—2 billion, not 2 million. I never realized it could be so easy. It's all simple addition. You don't even have to know subtraction.

S. I. Hayakawa is completing his first year as a Republican Senator from California.

Paid vacations

AFTER SEVERAL MEETINGS like this, I began to grow uneasy. The committee had appropriated \$2.2 billion for Comprehensive Employment and Training Act programs intended to train the long-term unemployed and get them into jobs. Well, they said, \$2.2 billion is not enough in view of the high level of unemployment—7.4 percent, they said, in tones of alarm—so let's raise it to 4.2. I said, "No, no, no. Let's not do that." But anyway, they did it. Four-point-two for CETA. When the bill got out of committee and went to the floor of the Senate, I decided I'd put up a fight.

I said, "Let's cut back to 2.2—which itself is too much—but let's not, for goodness' sake, go up to 4.2. First, CETA has not proved itself to be an effective program for training people and getting them into jobs." And I expanded on this idea.

What, I said, does 7.4 percent unemployment mean? The percentage of adults working—65 percent—was the same in 1954 as it is in 1977, even though the unemployment figure was 5 percent in 1954 and 7.4 percent in 1977. The argument I gave was this: unemployment in 1977 is not the same as unemployment in 1954.

In 1954 almost all those registered as unemployed were primary wage-earners for their families. If they were unemployed, then the whole family was in distress. Today, with more and more women entering the job market, even if the primary wage-earner (let's say the husband) is employed, the wife, or secondary wage-earner, is likely to register as unemployed.

Secondary wage-earners do not have as urgent a need for a job as primary wage-earners. Furthermore, secondary wage-earners do not have the intense job attachment of primary wage-earners. They are more likely to quit if they are unhappy. Also, in the years since 1954 we did something very drastic; we worked out the system of unemployment insurance. So now, if you are bored with your job, you can leave, get the boss to agree that you were laid off, and collect unemployment insurance.

The attractions of being officially unemployed have intensified hugely over the past twenty years. A friend of mine works for the Forest Service as a firefighter—a job in which he is needed only eight months of the year. He is laid off for the other four months, but gets unemployment benefits. What would he have done in 1954? He would have made

his pay for eight months stretch out over twelve. But people rarely do that anymore. It is better to be registered as unemployed.

Thus there has been an enormous increase in voluntary unemployment. Secondary wage-earners and people collecting unemployment benefits can be fussy about what jobs they take. Because they are not facing eviction or starvation, they can remain unemployed longer. The phenomenon that economists call structural unemployment is built into the economy, and is not diminished by rising levels of prosperity. Indeed, if you have a rising level of prosperity you get more of that kind of unemployment, because people can quit their jobs, enjoy a paid vacation on their unemployment benefits, and remain confident that they can get jobs again when their benefits run out.

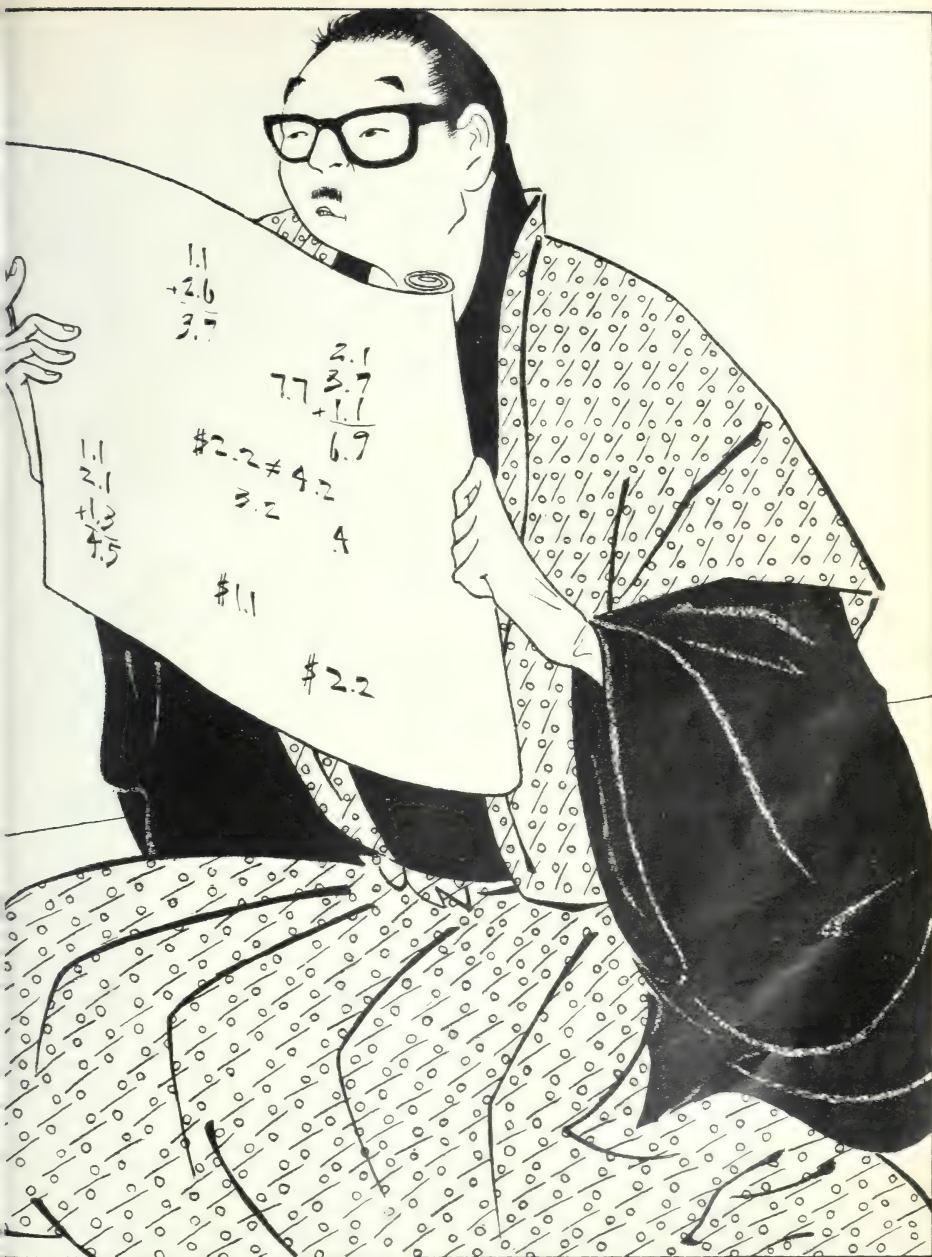
SO THE COMPONENTS that go into unemployment statistics in 1954 and in 1977 are different—if not entirely different, certainly different enough for us to be wary of comparisons. Faced with figures like 7.4 percent or 8 percent unemployment rates, people too often react with unjustified alarm. Isn't it a terrible situation, they say. We've got to appropriate billions to create jobs for all those people.

Such was the solution for unemployment in Roosevelt's day, and I believed in it then. But the solutions of 1935 are not entirely relevant to the economic situation in 1978. This is the point I wanted to make, as I argued against the jump from 2.2 to 4.2 for CETA. Not only did I introduce an amendment opposing the increase; I gave a twenty-five-minute speech about it. People got up to argue against me, so I argued right back, acting like an experienced Senator.

The amendment was defeated by a vote of 60-29. I was very proud of those twenty-nine votes. You don't win them all. In the beginning, you don't even win one. The fact that I was defeated didn't matter a damn in a way. I was elated that I had got into the action. But my defeat matters to the taxpayer—2 billion dollars' worth.

Sharing the wealth

THE NEW DEAL effected a great many changes in Americans' attitudes toward their government. I do not quarrel about its necessity at the time. But I'd like to discuss its consequences and to ask the question, What is government for?



S. I. Hayakawa
MR.
HAYAKAWA
GOES TO
WASHINGTON

For a long time, the function of government has been to maintain national security, to preserve domestic order and tranquility, to regulate trade, and to write and administer the laws. At no time did the people of the United States amend the Constitution to say that another function of government is to redistribute income.

That, however, is the principal function of government today. Roy Ash, former director of the Office of Management and Budget, has pointed out that transfer payments—payments for aid to families with dependent children, food stamps, Medicaid, housing subsidies, supplementary Social Security income programs, social services, and the like—comprise *one-half* of federal expenditures. We are reaching the point, he said, where there will soon be more people benefiting from federal-government payments than taxpayers to carry the load.

How did we get ourselves into this fix? One trouble is that, the way the rules are written for most social programs, more and more people find themselves entitled to payments—and the rules continue to be written so that even larger numbers become eligible. The food-stamp program, for example, began in 1964 and served 400,000 people at a cost of \$35 million. Now it serves nearly 19 million people at a cost of \$5.7 billion.

The momentum in the direction of additional services is such that further increases in benefits—and therefore in taxes—seem almost inevitable. The producers of goods and services will have to give up more than half their earnings to support the beneficiaries of the system.

As for the beneficiaries, they will remain discontented, since many of their benefits will come not in cash, but in kind—such as medical care, day-care services, and educational grants-in-aid.

In brief, everyone is going to be unhappy—both those who are taxed and those who benefit from the taxes—which means the whole country. When there are more beneficiaries of transfer payments than there are taxpayers, we shall really have changed the social system!

I BELIEVE THAT we all accept the principle that an affluent society must do what it can to prevent hunger and misery, and also to provide equality of opportunity to those who have been denied it. But how far can a society go in the redistribution of wealth without changing the very nature of society? I think this is a problem that we've

got to face. I do not think that a majority in Congress are trying to face it, or realize that it is a problem, because so many of them are still hard at work at this business of redistributing income.

All that reminds me of what happened in the universities during the 1960s and 1970—events that I witnessed from a ringside seat. During this period we had a fashion of giving A's to every student—there were no failures! The effect on academic life was devastating. When illiterate or lazy students could get a A average, good students stopped studying. The result was a profound change in academic life: formerly dropouts were those who failed in their studies; in the 1960s and 1970 most of the dropouts were the most gifted and brilliant students, who found that college had become meaningless.

What happens in the schools is not unlike what happens in society at large when the penalties of improvidence, laziness, or ignorance are not just softened, but removed. When there is no such thing as failure, there is no such thing as success either. Motivation—the desire to excel, the urge to accomplishment—all these disappear. The dynamism of society is lost.

This, I'm afraid, is the direction in which our society has been going steadily for many years. The biggest losers are the brightest and most capable men and women. But the average person is a loser too. Faced with no challenge, assured of a comfortable living whether they work or not, such persons become willing dependents, content with a parasitical relationship to the rest of society.

What is significant in our time is that there is a whole class of people interested in encouraging this parasitism. Many welfare officials and social workers are threatened with a loss of their power if there is a marked reduction in the number of their clients, so they are motivated to increase rather than decrease welfare dependency.

Politicians, too, have flourished by getting increased federal grants for this or that disadvantaged group. They go back to their constituents and say, "Look what I've done for you," and get reelected. These are the officeholders who are far more interested in being reelected than in doing what is good for people, good for the economy, good for the nation.

If everybody is rewarded just for being alive, you get the same sort of effect as you do when you reward every student just for being enrolled. You destroy not only education, you destroy society by giving A's to everyone. This is a philosophical consideration

it bothers me very much as I sit in the United States Senate and see its great budget decisions going through.

The subversive businessman

THIS PREOCCUPATION with redistributing income, this inclination to equalize reward, prompts me to raise the broader issue of what causes social change. In this regard, I must bring up the notion of business in the world. I recall a long conversation with my father just before the beginning of World War II. He was then a prosperous importer and exporter in Osaka, doing business with Africa, Europe, Central America, the Dutch East Indies, and I don't know how many other places.

I visited Japan in 1935. At the time I was a brand-new Ph.D. in English from the University of Wisconsin, with a cultivated distaste for the materialistic businessman and his concern for profits. I asked my father what he exported, and to whom. I was aware that in those days "Made in Japan" was a synonym for junk merchandise. (This was before the days of Toyota, Sony, Nikon, Honda, and Kawasaki.)

My father said that, among other things, the company was at this time exporting imitation patent-leather shoes to Central America. At that point my scorn for his trade in junk must have been obvious, because he delivered a lecture to me that I have never forgotten.

He said, "Do you know what happens to those imitation patent-leather shoes when they are bought by a poor man in Central America?" I admitted I had no idea. "In the first place," he said, "if they were real leather, a poor man would not be able to afford them. When he goes to the city with them, he ties the laces together and hangs them around his neck and walks to town in sandals barefoot.

"Then when he reaches the marketplace he puts them on. As he struts around in them, he examines glassware from Germany, silk dresses from Hong Kong, chocolates from Switzerland, canned peas and goose liver from France. All this gives him an intimation of a larger world than that of his little countryside—and his outlook changes.

"He wants to belong to that larger world. He can't do so himself, he dreams that possibly his children may. So he wants them to learn to read and write, so that they can belong to that larger world. And the moment that peasant, that illiterate peasant, says to himself, 'We don't have to be peons forever,'

social change is on its way. And I am contributing to that social change with those imitation patent-leather shoes."

YEARS LATER, when students at San Francisco State College and elsewhere were shouting, "We are revolutionaries! We're going to overthrow the Establishment! We'll change the world! We're against anybody who stands in the way of social change!" I began to think about my father. I asked myself: What kind of people are the most subversive? From whom do we have the most to fear in the way of social change? If you say the people to fear are socialists, communists, anarchists, I think you are wrong. The most subversive people in the world, I think, are businessmen.

A revolution, to be a revolution in any true sense, must change the relationship of social classes to one another. The United States is a profit-oriented industrial society. Because we are capable of the mass production of consumer goods, we have mass consumption—and advertising to stimulate that consumption. The unintended revolution created by mass production and mass consumption has come close to producing a classless society in America. Executives and workingmen alike drive Comets and Cadillacs, drink Coke and Schlitz and Old Grand-Dad, eat Nabisco wafers and Hormel ham, and watch the Johnny Carson show.

There is no "ruling class." Anyone can become President, including a graduate of Harvard (John F. Kennedy), of Southwest State Teachers College (Lyndon B. Johnson), of Whittier College (Richard M. Nixon), or of no college at all (Harry S. Truman)—and, after attaining that lofty height, he can still be impeached.

And the poor of America are not poor by world standards. Our welfare clients live far better than the working people of more than half the world.

We are people of plenty. We have become so through our energy, our inventiveness, our encouragement of initiative. Yet with the prevailing political philosophy of rewarding the unsuccessful and punishing the creators of our national abundance, there is no guarantee that we shall continue to be people of plenty. Washington is full of power-hungry mandarins and bureaucrats who distrust abundance, which gives people freedom, and who love scarcity and "zero growth," which give them power to assign, allocate, and control. If they ever win out, heaven help us! Americans do not know how to live with scarcity. □

"The unintended revolution created by mass production and mass consumption has come close to producing a classless society in America."

IN ANOTHER COUNTRY

by J. Laughlin

tesoro

she would say with that succulent accent on the middle o as if she were holding something as precious as the golden testicles of a god

CREDERE!

OBBIDIRE! COMBATTERE! I guess

it was the same then everywhere all over Italy in big white letters painted up on

walls and especially on railroad retaining walls at the grade crossings and to make a good record and show how

things were in ordine they would let down the crossing bars ten minutes before the trains came so people were

backed up on both sides in crowds shouting across to each other all a big joke and that's how we met where

we first saw each other I was on the up side walking back to town from swimming & she was on the other with

her bicycle heading to the cove wearing her tight white sweater with nothing under it & her gray checked skirt

& sandals era come Beatrice al ponte quando ci vidono la prima volta there by that bridge in Florence where he

first saw her (later one day she brought her schoolbook of Dante so I could see the famous painting) com' allora

al ponte only neither of us was shy first we were looking then we were smiling and when the train had finally

passed and we met in the middle I just took hold of her bicycle and walked beside her but you have swum already I

can see your hair's all wet why do you want to go again? why do you think? I said ma brutta I'm ugly sono brutta

and at the cove she changed behind a big rock into her suit it was white and tight too ti piace? she asked you

like it? the water was very clear that day and the rocks were warm there was a German boy came nosing around but

she wasn't nice to him and he went away after we swam we sat on the rocks sunning & talking I only knew a few

words of Italian then but we found another language that did well enough I'd draw a picture of the word I wanted

with my finger on her thigh or she on mine the sky was clear the air was soft with just a little breeze I was

18 she was 15 and her name was Leontina going back to town she had me ride her on the handlebars and put her

arms around my neck to keep from falling off she didn't want an ice cream mamma m'aspetta alla casa my mother's

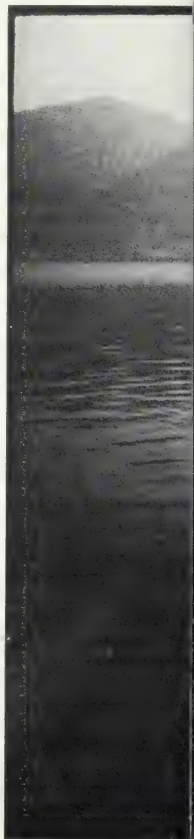
waiting for me so I'd better go just leave me here ma se tu vuoi 'sta sera dopo la passeggiata all' angolo near

the newsstand quando sono le nove yes I said yes I'll be there alle nove after the churchbells sound at nine.

Giacomino!

she called vieni qua splashing her arms in the clear green water vieni subito and so I followed her swimming around a point of rock to the

next cove vieni qua non hai paura and she slipped like an eel beneath the surface down through the sunken entrance to a hidden grotto where



the light was soft and green on fine-
ained sand è bello no? here we can
together by ourselves nobody else
is ever been here with me it's my se-
et place here kiss me here I found
when I was a little girl now touch
e here è strano questa luce com' un
tro mondo so strange this light am
all green? it's like another world
es that feel good? don't be afraid
amo incantati we're enchanted in
other world O Giacomino Giacomino

sai tu amore come lui è bello com'è
carino sai quanto tu mi dai piacere?
sai come lei ti vuol' bene? lie still
non andare via just lie still lie still.

Genovese

non sono I'm Roman it comes from
my father look at my nose it went
straight down from her forehead
like coins you see from Etruria.

Tornerai?

she wept will you come back
for me I wanted to slip away
but she found out the time
of the train and was there

in the compartment wearing
her Sunday dress & the Mil-
anese scarf I had given her
tornerai amore mio will you

come back and bring me to
America? crying and pressing
my hands against her breasts
my face wet with her tears

& her kisses till the train
stopped at Genova and they
made her get off because I
couldn't buy her a ticket.



Terry Stevenson



AMERICA'S NEW STRATEGY OF CONTAINMENT

Détente does not preclude an activist role

by James Chace

IS IT TRUE that the United States now follows a policy of appeasement or isolationism in world affairs?

There are those who say so. But they are wrong.

Since Pearl Harbor there has not been any significant isolationist sentiment in America. As for appeasement, that has never at any time in our history been a characteristic American response to threats or dangers. During the past decade, however, in large part as a result of the American foreign-policy failure in Vietnam, warnings of a revival of prewar isolationism have become rampant. Thus, the American withdrawal from an overextension of power has been confused with generalized weakness and "a failure of nerve," "a loss of political will." Will to do what is never quite made clear. To engage in an arms race with the Soviet Union? Yet this is what the United States has been doing for the past generation. To take over the oil fields of the Persian Gulf? Such a policy is more likely to benefit the Soviet Union than ourselves.

At the same time, it is true that America no longer holds sway as she once did. The Soviet Union is no longer in a position of marked strategic inferiority to the United States's military capability. New power centers have arisen in the Third World and in the Far East to further challenge or inhibit the use of American power. In dealing with the Soviet Union, whose global reach is something we have never previously had to contend with, critics have ferreted out signs of appeasement—as though the United States could slow down or prevent the Soviet military buildup except perhaps by seeking arms-control agreements, which is exactly what the past three administrations have tried to do.

America is often spoken of these days as a helpless giant. The reality is quite different. To understand the true nature of America's power, these two misperceptions about American foreign policy—isolationism and appeasement—should be exorcised once and for all.

THE SO-CALLED appeasers were largely confined to Britain and France in the 1930s, but the specter of appeasement in American political life is raised time and again by those who believe that the United States is "soft on Communism" or, more specifically, unwilling to confront the Soviet Union's real or apparent policy of expansion. Isolationism was undoubtedly a powerful force during the interwar period as Americans believed that, having fought the first world war to make the world "safe for democracy" and for self-determination, they had seen Europe once again fall into the wicked ways of power politics. Having failed to ratify the League of Nations agreement, and leaving Britain and France to face the possibility of revived German militarism, the American government embarked on a policy of signing unenforceable peace pacts to outlaw war. The romantic idea that America's unique destiny lay in distancing herself from the corruptions of Europe gave added weight to the notion of isolation from European quarrels after Versailles. Though American policy in the Western Hemisphere could hardly be termed isolationist, our previous history of interventionism was ignored.

In fact, a closer look at the interwar period reveals that, as Walter Lippmann pointed out, we weren't really isolationist at all. We merely said that we were—without understanding what we were saying. An isolationist would have pulled back our defense perimeter to our own shores and undertaken to defend only ourselves. But America, instead, drew a line in 1898 in the Western Pacific, on the far side of the Philippines, at what was for all practical purposes the frontier of Japan. What we mistakenly called "isolationism" was our policy of not seeking allies to help us defend this great ocean's domain, which our own armed forces were inadequate to defend by themselves. The mistake of the interwar United States policy, then, was to think that isolationism meant having no foreign allies. But isolationism in fact means having no foreign com-

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commitments. The tragic failure of pre-World War I America was in not knowing the difference.

As World War II loomed, however, Franklin Roosevelt was prepared to seek allies while warding against firm foreign commitments. Though FDR vowed that "we will not send our men to take part in European wars," he was prepared to make America a sort of Churchillian "arsenal of democracy," giving the tools so that others could finish the job of fighting Hitler. Thus, a form of limited involvement or modified isolationism (depending on how you look at it) characterized U.S. policy as FDR began his third term. As for appeasement, the United States, by its very policy of distancing itself from European rivalries in the 1930s, allowed Americans the luxury of moral virtue divorced from moral responsibility. Had the British and French not been willing to appease Hitler by, for example, not sending in troops to oppose Germany's occupation of the Rhineland in 1936, the Nazis might have been stopped in their tracks. The policy of appeasement was a popular one, practiced largely as a response to the devastating horrors of World War I (and not, as some have suggested, by the lack of political will of the British "ruling class"). Broad American neutralism toward European affairs fit the French and British, themselves hardly recovered from the consequences of their diminished economic and military power, confused and weary before a revanchist Germany.

Pearl Harbor put an end to any further illusions that America could remain on the periphery of world politics, and by 1942, when it seemed the tide had been turned, American statesmen began planning for the postwar era. Like generals who too often plan how to fight the last war, statesmen are likely to plan for the next peace by assuming they have correctly interpreted lessons of history. Thus, FDR and his advisers expected an initial postwar recession and a wave of neo-isolationism to sweep the country. And so plans were made to counter these dangers: the United States as instrumental in creating international organizations such as the World Bank, the International Monetary Fund, and, most important, the United Nations, precisely in order to provide guarantees against a new American withdrawal from affairs outside our own hemisphere.

Exactly the opposite of what FDR had feared took place. Instead of a recession, there was a period of economic expansion—the postwar "boom" that brought prosperity not only to the United States but to the ravaged countries of Western Europe; it was,

in fact, American global involvement that fueled the world economy, most notably through the Marshall Plan. Enlightened self-interest, idealism tempered by realism—these were the hallmarks of the immediate postwar era. Moreover, the historical "lessons" of the 1930s were not lost on the new generation of American policymakers. First of all, there was the lesson of appeasement. Had there been no appeasement, Nazi Germany would have been unable to expand. As a consequence, the axiom arose of "no more Munichs," i.e., the allotment of territory to an expansionist power in the belief that the hunger of the tiger could be sated. A corollary of this axiom was "no more isolationism," for, had America provided the military guarantees which France and Britain had expected in 1920, the rise of Germany might have been controlled, and a pacific Germany might have rejoined the European comity of nations.

As a result, in the view of American policymakers, the role of the Soviet Union in the immediate postwar era seemed to parallel Germany's behavior in the interwar period. The perception of the Soviet Union shared by most informed Americans during this period was of a Russia that refused to allow territories contiguous to her own—with the notable exception of Finland—to install governments that were anything but totally subservient to the dictates of Moscow. The mere possession of the atomic bomb by Washington did not inhibit Soviet foreign-policy aims; indeed, the Soviets exploded their own nuclear device sooner than most Americans expected. What, then, were we to do in the face of a perceived Soviet threat in Europe and the Near East, an area considered to be in the Western (or British) sphere of influence?

Strategic superiority

THIRTY YEARS AGO, containment seemed to be the answer. Writing in *Foreign Affairs* under the pseudonym "Mr. X," the distinguished foreign-service officer George Kennan discussed the sources of Soviet conduct and proposed a method of dealing with it. In laying out a broad program to counter the menace of Soviet expansionism, he seemed to suggest that the Soviet military threat was worldwide. In calling for a "long-term, patient but firm and vigilant containment of Russian expansive tendencies," he went on to explain that "Soviet pressure against the free institutions of the Western world is something that can be contained by the adroit and vigilant application of coun-

"Understanding our limitations does not indicate weakness. By cutting our losses in Indochina, we have taken firm steps toward restoring a realistic foreign policy."

terforce at a series of constantly shifting geographical and political points, corresponding to the shifts and manoeuvres of Soviet policy." This was interpreted as requiring a policy of global military containment. Kennan himself claimed in his memoirs that he had envisioned something quite different—"not the containment by military means of a military threat, but the political containment of a political threat."

Commonly used in the 1950s to mean the military obstruction of Soviet expansion *wherever* it might occur, the policy, as Kennan saw it, was not only political in intent, but was also confined to spheres of U.S. influence, which in the late 1940s and 1950s meant Europe and adjacent areas. It certainly was not meant to provide the underpinnings of a global crusade against Communism. But language used in the Cold War too often contained phrasing which assumed that the United States could play the role of world policeman by imposing a latter-day Pax Britannica. Even the victory of the Chinese Communists in mainland China in 1949 was generally viewed not as the triumph of a nationalist movement with international affiliations but as a conquest made possible by the Sino-Soviet alliance. It was a world in which Moscow was the apparent puppeteer, and so it was relatively easy to equate Communism wherever it appeared with an extension of Soviet imperialism.

In fact, the Soviet Union was not a global power with a global reach. It possessed no such military capability. True, its nuclear armory contributed to the balance of terror that prevailed, so that neither superpower was prepared to wage war against the other. But its capacity to project its military power throughout the 1960s was severely limited. The United States enjoyed a distinct strategic superiority in the number and range of its missiles. It was the American Navy—certainly not the Russian Navy—that controlled the high seas. Nothing demonstrated this superiority more clearly than the 1962 Cuban missile crisis. By attempting to insert missiles in a land so far from its borders (and so close to ours), the Soviet Union found itself exposed far beyond the safe limits of its own ability to project power. Its backdown before American conventional as well as nuclear strength demonstrated conclusively that the Soviet Union was not a power of great magnitude. We were practicing containment against a power which remained very much a Eurasian power, one that would soon find itself challenged on its East Asian flank by a nationalistic Communist China.

Moscow drew its own conclusions from its

humiliation over Cuba in 1962. It accelerated the program that was to give it ten years later a global reach it had never previously possessed. During this same period the United States also became aware of the limits to its own power when it found itself perilously overextended in Southeast Asia.

Understanding our limitations and correcting our mistakes, however, does not indicate weakness. By cutting our losses in Indochina, we have taken firm steps toward restoring a realistic foreign policy. No longer are we committing our financial, military, and moral reserves to an area whose strategic importance to the United States has always been marginal; yet we remain a global power. While both superpowers are limited in their ability to get their own way on every occasion, they are also engaged as never before on a truly global scale. This is a new reality of the post-Cold War world.

IT IS IN THE context of this global U.S.-Russian engagement that the charges of appeasement and isolationism have been leveled at American policy. But have we actually acted or reacted in such a fashion in the face of the Soviet challenge?

In becoming a truly global power in the decade-and-a-half since the Cuban missile crisis, the Soviet Union has continued to pursue an ideological competition with the United States while seeking at the same time a relaxation of tensions and limited agreements, most notably in arms control. This policy, christened *détente* during the Kissinger years, has been perceived by some critics as a form of appeasement.

For the Soviets, however, *détente* has generally meant peaceful coexistence, a policy enunciated in the late 1950s. Such a policy was designed by Moscow to ease tensions, and, more precisely, to avoid the possibility of nuclear war while allowing the pursuit of Soviet ideological and political interests whenever the occasion presented itself.

How, then, did the Nixon-Ford policy of *détente* differ from the Soviet theory of peaceful coexistence? The main difference was that *détente* was too often presented to the American people as a concept that embraced strategic, economic, and political goals. As such, it was to be more than a series of agreements between Moscow and Washington that suited the national interest of both countries. It was to involve linkages between the strategic, economic, and ideological levels on which the two superpowers were engaged. Yet while the Soviet Union found it useful to



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someone will remember you gave Chivas Regal.



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most sumptuous cars; they out-
class some very classy machines in
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If you own a Mercedes-
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Dasher 2-door Sedan not only is from 0 to 50 miles per hour quicker than the Mercedes,* but carries more in its trunk.¹

If you're about to spring for a Rolls-Royce, stop. The Dasher holds more in its trunk than the Rolls, too. Fine as they may be, neither Mercedes nor the Rolls has front-wheel drive. The Dasher does, and it makes all the difference in

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The Mercedes, the Rolls and the Dasher do have their similarities.

All 3 have dignified interiors, with handsome, thoughtful appointments like reclining bucket seats, remote control outside mirrors and quartz electric clocks.

But only the Dasher has a VW right there up front.

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Low-tar Parliament

Choose more than just a number.



Any low-tar cigarette will give you a low-tar number. But there's something else that you should consider. We call it "filter feedback."



As you smoke, tar builds up on the tip of your cigarette filter. That's "filter feedback." Ordinary flush-tipped filters put that tar build-up flat against your lips.

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10 mg
Kings
12 mg
100's

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 10 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—

100's: 12 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Aug. 77.

agreements on strategic-arms limitations (ALT) and on closer economic ties, political or ideological conflict continued. Leonid Brezhnev set forth Russia's qualifications to enter as follows: "Détente does not in the slightest abolish, cannot abolish all the laws of class struggle. . . . We make no secret of the fact that we see détente as a way to create more favorable conditions for peaceful social- and Communist construction."

But it was precisely the Soviet intention to create these conditions in a "peaceful" manner that has come into question. The Soviets encouraged Hanoi's belligerency in the period following the Paris accords, supported the Portuguese Communist party's assault on constitutionalism after the overthrow of Salazar, aided and abetted Egypt's surprise attack that started the 1973 Yom Kippur war, and, most recently, assisted the MPLA liberation group in Angola by, among other things, airlifting Cuban soldiers to Africa. The Soviet Union has thus continued to exercise a policy of pursuing its national interest in military, economic, or political terms, as the situation demands, without apparent regard for the restraints of détente.

But in fact what has failed to work is not the policy of détente as such, only our exaggerated notion of what it implies. As an over-arching agreement with the Soviet Union, it has been found wanting. But as a policy of a much more limited nature, one that consists of reaching specific and precise agreements with the Soviet Union in order to minimize tensions, the policy need not result in our giving the Russians more than we get in return. Détente, properly defined, is a wise policy. It can help us to control the arms race. It can draw the Soviet Union into a web of economic relationships with the West that not only can prove to be of financial benefit to us but also can provide the Soviet Union with a stake in stability and world order. Ideological competition, on the other hand, has no end in sight. That is something we will simply have to learn to live with. President Carter, in fact, has taken up the challenge of ideological competition with enthusiasm by projecting a high degree of moral appeal into his dealings with other nations.

But what about the military competition? Are we letting down our guard? To me it seems that we are not. The United States still possesses rough parity with the Soviet Union in nuclear strategic weapons. Moreover, in testimony before the House Joint Economic Committee last June, the director of the Defense Intelligence Agency declared that the United States still maintained a substantial

technological lead over the Russians. Attention is being paid to conventional forces as well. The *New York Times* has reported that President Carter recently issued a secret directive that envisaged America's increasing its defense spending and improving the combat ability of U.S. forces in Europe, and planned for light, mobile, and flexible forces to meet threats in the Middle East, the Persian Gulf, and East Asia.

"What has failed to work is not the policy of détente as such, only our exaggerated notion of what it implies."

Territory and influence

ALTHOUGH THE Carter Administration is negotiating with the Soviet Union from strength, the Administration's foreign policy has come under attack for being less than tough in its posture toward the Soviets. Writing in *Commentary*, in March 1977, Edward Luttwak concluded his analysis of the "massive and broadly based strategic buildup that has been underway in the Soviet Union since the mid-1960s" by questioning the will and understanding of the Administration to frame a purposeful strategy for Western security. Similar criticisms were echoed by Norman Podhoretz in his *Harper's* article of October 1977, "The Culture of Appeasement." He maintained that the current Administration is "denying the realities of the Soviet buildup," or "acknowledges that this buildup is real, but regards it as a development to be welcomed by the United States rather than feared." He attributes these feelings in part to "a rise in pacifist sentiment . . . inevitable in the wake of any war, especially a war that ends as Vietnam did, in humiliation and defeat." Thus, "we seem to be moving beyond our new freedom from the [in President Carter's words] 'inordinate' fear of Communism to an even headier freedom from any fear of Communism at all."

Such questioners of the Administration's will to counter the new Soviet global reach warn of a growing pacifism, the return of neo-isolationism, and—the final result—the politics of appeasement. These explanations would appear to be very wide of the mark. Not only has the President continued to develop new systems of advanced weaponry such as the cruise missile and the new giant and mobile MX missile, but in an obvious case where the Soviet global thrust has been evident—in southern Africa—we are pursuing a foreign policy that is not only based on humanitarian impulses but also results from an attempt to contain Soviet expansion. As Secretary of State Cyrus Vance explained last July, we are trying to pursue "affirmative pol-

icies" in Africa rather than being "reactive to what other powers do." At the same time Vance pointed out that the United States cannot ignore the increase in Soviet arms and Cuban personnel in Africa. Not long after Vance's speech, the *New York Times* reported that the United States would offer arms to Africans in order "to challenge the Soviet Union in a strategically important part of the world and thereby avoid giving the impression that it was passively watching the Russians make inroads there."

What this activity indicates is that a form of containment (and I am deliberately using the word in its broadest possible definition) is being practiced on a worldwide scale by the United States. Today, when the Soviet Union *does* possess a global reach that it lacked in the 1950s and 1960s, with Soviet strategic nuclear power increasing roughly fivefold since 1964, the United States is responding fully to this new Soviet thrust. The global containment put forth as a policy during the Cold War era was, in fact, directed at a power that did not possess a global thrust, Moscow's view of détente, coupled with the military buildup that allows it to project power far beyond its borders, is, in the words of the Sovietologist Robert Legvold, writing in the October issue of *Foreign Affairs*, a way of "sanctifying the Soviet Union's status as a global power, coequal with the United States (that there may be, in Andrei Gromyko's words, 'no question of any significance which can be decided without the Soviet Union or in opposition to it')." Generally, Legvold points out, "the notion of a Soviet global thrust has less to do with the application of power (toward control) than it does with status and access (derived from power)."

If this reading is correct, what we are witnessing is not a form of crude expansionism but a more complex evolution of Soviet power into what Legvold has called that country's "global vocation." In a sense, *both* superpowers are demanding access to any part of the globe, with the proviso that each superpower's sphere of influence is not to be directly challenged by any other power. Yet, as another Soviet specialist, Marshall Shulman, now an adviser to the Carter Administration, put it some time ago, the access both the United States and the Soviet Union should be seeking is to compete "not for the control of territory but for... political influence." If both superpowers engage in this kind of political rivalry, a continuing competition is in store for us, but one that may relieve us from preoccupation with Soviet military conquest.

POSSESSING ENORMOUS military strength we have chosen not to be the policeman of the world, but we insist on being, in a sense, the protagonist of action. And in this role we are more comfortable, or at least more habituated to it, than we sometimes imagine. Most public-opinion polls reveal not growing isolationism but remarkably strong support for internationalist behavior. In the year Jimmy Carter was elected, polls taken by Potomac Associates showed a level of concern for international issues that approached the level reached during the Cold War atmosphere of 1964. For example, of those polled, 83 percent in 1964 felt it was important to keep our military and defense forces strong; 81 percent felt this way a year ago, hardly a growing sentiment for isolationism or appeasement. The study concluded that polls during the last election year demonstrated that "a major U.S. role in the world, with the activism that it implies, is acceptable to—even desired by—most Americans."

The danger in our activist role is the temptation to meddle. It is all well and good to show a concern for human rights, as we have most particularly toward the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe, Africa, and Latin America. It is also laudable for the Carter Administration to express a keen interest in a settlement in Northern Ireland and say that *if* Roman Catholics and Protestants compose their differences, the U.S. will help to encourage new financial investments there. But we must beware that pressures do not drive us into taking positions that would endanger the President's essential condition, i.e., peace, in return for U.S. aid. In short, while we need a foreign policy with a very strong moral component, we must be equally careful to distinguish between expressions of moral concern that are useful and those that are not.

And so, just a year after the President was elected, we see a nation that pursues a highly activist foreign policy, as have all previous administrations since the outbreak of World War II. The test of its maturity as a world power, however, will come in its ability to avoid hollow rhetoric, to try to bring its commitments and capabilities into balance, and, without quixotic gestures, to pursue justice and right. The rules of the game may change; tactics may vary; new power centers may arise, others decline. Yet the United States, far from retreating into neo-isolationist positions, far from showing any disposition toward appeasement of real or presumed threats to its security or power, eagerly seeks to play the leading role upon the global stage. □

JUXTAPOSITIONS

by Brent C. Brolin

The architecture critic of the *New York Times* recently announced a building that blended too well with its surroundings was "soft and weak." Together with almost every other critic in the business, he affirmed that the strength of an architectural statement "was best assured by how violently it defied its surroundings. In the notion of Modern style, a design that does not stand out from its neighbors is neither original nor creative.

For more than fifty years the moral code of Modern architecture insisted that the historical past is irrelevant—that our age is unique and our architects must design as if buildings existed in a visual vacuum. I believe, derived from the romantic view of the artist, it continues to exact its pernicious effect on the present generation of architects who would think of themselves as men of genius. Their presumption often results in buildings remarkable not only for their inebriety but also for their banality. The accepted criteria for fitting

new architecture with old need revision. Perhaps the simplest way to do this is to redefine the image of an "architectural statement" so that the designer whose building does not violate the surroundings is still considered creative.

Ornament, long out of favor, seems to me one of the best ways to unify the visual character of a street. Most modern buildings do have ornament; it is just not called that. The use of glass, chrome, and stainless steel has replaced traditional materials such as stone. Mies van der Rohe's Seagram Building is the epitome of simplicity, but it is covered with bronze.

This costly covering is not required for functional reasons, and therefore, by all rules, qualifies as ornament. Huge areas of glass are another expensive form of ornament. But modernists have been careful to underplay this aspect of their work.

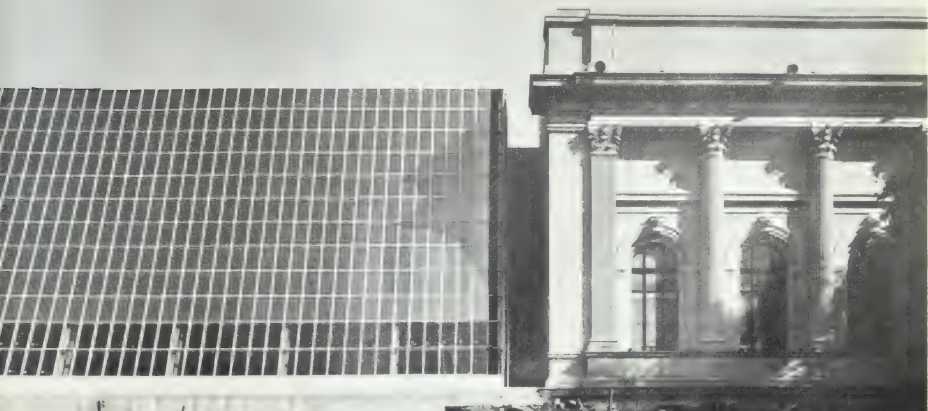
From its beginnings, the Modern movement has had a vocal press, decrying the old and crusading for

the new. While this mini-media blitz was being conducted by the movement's leaders and sympathetic critics and historians, less publicized architects remained more concerned with making architecture both contemporary and compatible. They are the inheritors of the honorable architectural tradition of inventing new forms and then cleverly relating them to what is already there.

▽ Addition to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City

The addition to the Metropolitan Museum was approved by the New York City Art Commission even though it establishes no sympathetic visual relationship with the older building. The discontinuity is so blunt that one doesn't realize that both buildings are faced with the same stone. Their juxtaposition seems entirely coincidental—except for the vertical, recessed band, inserted where the curtain wall stops short of the old facade. This is the modernists' symbolic gesture of connection.

Brent C. Brolin, an architect, is the author of *The Failure of Modern Architecture* (Van Nostrand Reinhold).



Right: South Wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, 1906. McKim, Mead & White. Left: Addition to house the Michael C. Rockefeller Collection of Primitive Art, now being completed. Kevin Roche, John Dinkeloo Associates.



Right: Karlskirche, Vienna, 1737. Fischer von Erlach. Left: The Winterthur Insurance Company, Vienna.



Alternative designs for The Winterthur Insurance Company, 1977. Angus Macdonald.



△ The Winterthur Insurance Company, Vienna

Architectural confrontations such as that between this building and the Karlskirche are referred to delicately as “contrasts between old and new” and commonly justified to an incredulous public as economical and/or practical. The photomontages show two alternatives that use the same materials, plan and construction technique, yet relate to the Karlskirche with considerably more grace.



Left: Recorder's House, 1537. Right: Town Hall, Bruges, 1420.

◁ Town Hall and Recorder's House, Bruges

Gothic, Renaissance, and other styles now called “historical” were all “modern” in their time, yet buildings in these new styles were well integrated into their surroundings. The products of this refined attitude make the old sections of most European cities beautiful.

The Gothic Town Hall of Bruges, on the right, was completed nearly 120 years before the Renaissance Recorder's House. They are in distinctly different styles and yet, without imitating its neighbor, and in spite of its diminutive size, the Recorder's House captures the visual character of the Town Hall. Because its columns have been pulled out slightly from the facade, it has a vertical emphasis that recalls the elongated Gothic bays of its neighbor.



Left to right: Gothic, Rococo, and Baroque facades, Bruges, dates unknown.

◁ Three Houses, Bruges

Although they have notable dissimilarities, these Gothic, Baroque, and Rococo facades do not clash. Two are finished in stucco; the third is naked brick. Although the styles are different, they use about the same amount of ornament disposed in similar ways, which gives them a consistent visual character.

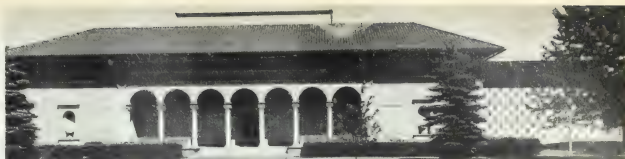


Addition to the Allen Memorial Art Museum, Oberlin College

The architects of this addition say it was conceived in the way architects always designed before modernism, namely by putting a building in the present "modern" style next to one of an older style, as was done in the earlier historical examples. The words make sense but the pictures do not. Several characteristics could be pointed out in support of the alleged connection—similar building heights and the analogous use of contrasting stone—but there are none of the apparent links in scale or general visual character that were obvious in the earlier examples.

Addition to the Boston Public Library

The addition to the Boston Public Library follows rules now acceptable to most critics: it maintains the same height, uses similar materials, has the symbolic "link" between new and old, is divided into roughly the same horizontal layers, and even uses similar arch motifs. One understands, intellectually, that the effort has been made, but for all this the overall impression is still one of discontinuity. The eye is not persuaded. The addition looks naked next to the old building because it lacks ornament, an omission most poignant at the skyline.



Overall view, showing Johnson Gallery on right.

Left: Allen Memorial Art Museum, Oberlin College, 1917. Cass Gilbert. Right: Ellen Johnson Gallery of Modern Art, 1974. Venturi and Rauch.



Left: Boston Public Library, 1887. McKim, Mead & White. Right: Addition, 1971. Philip Johnson.



Detail of above



Right: Georgian House, Alexandria, Virginia, 1782. Left: Addition, 1967. David R. Rosenthal.

△ Alexandria, Virginia

In this addition to an eighteenth-century house, a semicircular window recalls the small fan windows that were popular in Georgian architecture, but the size of the window, and the way it is used, are not traditional. And so we profit from the richness of its historical associations while it sacrifices none of its own contemporary life.

▷ Torre Valasca, Milan

The skyscraper presents the most trying problems of reconciliation.

In addition to being over three times the height of its neighbors, the Torre Valasca is built of a different material (precast concrete) and has none of the smaller buildings' traditional ornament. Given these disadvantages, it remains a relatively friendly presence because modern techniques were used to evoke traditional images.

The rooftop mechanical services remind one of clusters of chimney flues on old tile roofs. The precast concrete has lighter-colored mullions at the windows which look like the traditional marble frames of the lower buildings. And its boldest historical reference, the silhouette, mimics the shape of medieval Italian towers.



Torre Valasca, Milan, 1958. Belgiojoso, Peressutti, Rogers. Palazzo Vecchio, Florence, 13th century.

RAT SONG

A story by Lewis Nordan

MISSY FIRST APPROACHES US about the rats. They are just the most darling things, she says, and may she bring them home for the weekend, *all* the weekend, and they can't just be left in the classroom to *starve* till Monday, can they, so n't I, please?

Rats? I say. You mean hamsters? or gerbils? Well, sort of, she says. They're in a hamster cage, and one of the kids in the split section her learning pod (which I take to mean the xth grade) donated them, you know, when her father was transferred back to California somewhere, and now Miss Cheshire, our unit leader (which I understand to mean teacher) is lining up volunteers to keep them on weekends, so can I, please?

Rats? her mother says. You mean mice? White mice? I say, encouraged. Well, no, Missy says, not exactly white, but in she?

Oh, I love gerbils, her mother says. They're educational, and so natural.

Well, I don't know, I say. The fish were one thing—and I have to admit, I say, You're doing a fine job with the fish, feeding them and on—but white mice, I'm not so sure.

I love the rats, daddy, she assures me, I love them more than anyone else in the pod, more than the unit leader even, so can't I, daddy, please? She will take full responsibility, she swears. Really.

Have you fed the fish today? I say impatiently, vanquished with the word *daddy*, the first time she's called me that since her mother decided Roy and Meredith sounded more mature than daddy and mommy.

MISSY BRINGS THE RATS HOME, two of them. They sit on the top shelf of their yellow plastic hamster cage, motionless. They are rats all right, and not white.

Aren't they beautiful! Missy says. None of us can disagree with that, her mother says enthusiastically. Their fur, she says, is thick and glossy, their eyes so—so vulnerable!

I am horrified by them. Everyone looks at me for a statement of approval so I manage to

say, Very attractive pets, but I don't think...

Their names are Harriet Tubman and Diphtheria Jean Johnson, Missy tells us, two historical figures her pod has been studying. (*Exploring* is actually the word she uses.)

Hmm, kind of super names for gerbils, her mother says seriously.

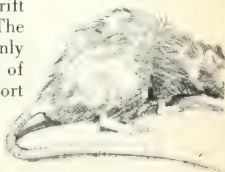
My God, I think. My idea of boldness in education and child-rearing is letting Missy watch the black mollies give birth in the aquarium.

Oh, this is nothing, her mother assures me in private as I gulp J&B. You should have been in town last year when Missy's pod went on a field trip to the large-animal clinic and helped foal a mare. Bloody hands and all, she assures me.

WELL, ALL RIGHT, I think. The rats are in the house for the weekend, there is nothing I can do about that. And in any case, the beasts are caged, and besides that, I tell myself, it's an old prejudice anyway, what if hamsters had been responsible for the plague? or featured on *Sixty Minutes* as a commentary on inner-city living? What if gerbils lived in barns and sewers and cut chickens' throats and carried rabies? Wouldn't we probably keep rats as pets and buy poison for the others? Yes, but it's the other way around, I reply logically and without feeling much comfort. (It has taken me most of several months to get used to the fish.)

But now the fish, I remind myself, are another matter—I was certainly wrong about the fish. I have indeed grown accustomed to them and have even come to enjoy them, think them beautiful. Some of them anyway. And it was I who suggested buying the larger tank. Seventy gallons. The same might be true this weekend of the rats. I might become their champion. Well, no, not that, but it will work out, I tell myself, or at least it will be over soon enough and the rats will be back in the schoolroom where they belong. I look into the fish tank and tap lightly on the side of a yellow tin of fish food and watch the flakes drift down through the crystal water like snow. The algae-eater, a rock-colored fish I mistakenly contributed to the collection in a moment of familial zeal, has grown in a relatively short

Lewis Nordan lives in Arkansas. He is at work on a comic novel about a Mississippi embalmer.



time from the size of a finger joint to a great menacing beast of five or six inches, thick as a cigar. I watch him now, swimming his buzzardly way among the angels and mollies and tetras. He eats not only algae, he has eaten one of the snails, torpedoed it against the glass wall until it released its grip and fell to the bottom of the tank, then ripped away the sticky flesh from its underside and sucked it out. That was months ago. The thought comes back now as the hideous creature settles behind an electronically operated sea chest which pops open every ten seconds and reveals a grinning skeleton.

The rats are placed in their cage on the second tier of a wood-inlaid table near the aquarium. They can be friends with the fish, Missy tells us, and introduces them by name. Oddly enough, the rats do seem interested in the fish. Look, my wife says cheerily, I think they notice each other.

The rats sit on their shelf behind the yellow plastic, glaring at the fish and slowly grinding hunks of wilted lettuce between their teeth.

Maybe they want to go for a swim with their new friends, my wife jokes prettily.

Maybe they want to tear out their gills and drink their cold blood, I try to joke back, but no one laughs. I would gladly give them the algae-eating snail murderer.

Yet, despite my prejudice against the beasts, the rest of the afternoon and evening go fine. Friday. The rats do no more than stare at the fish and eat lettuce. Missy changes the paper in their cage once, very handily and with genuine affection for the creatures inside. She strokes their necks and ears and calls them Harriet and Diphtheria, and sometimes Hattie and Dippy, and the rats respond gently to her touch, not stupidly like gerbils but more like house cats, turning their little heads to direct the passage of her finger over their bodies, then nuzzling their faces into her hand and into each other's neck. Missy accepts their gentle behavior with delight.

You must admit . . . , her mother says, looking meaningfully at me and without finishing her sentence.

I admit that, yes, yes indeed . . . , with no thought of finishing my sentence either, and head for the liquor cabinet.

And in truth the whole business would be not simply, in my wife's words, an educational experience, it would be tender and touching and sweet, if the creatures were anything less repellent to me than the filthy monsters behind that yellow plastic. Not that they actually appear filthy, or monstrous, they are quite domestic in appearance, their fur does have a healthy look, a sheen. They scratch and lick

themselves frequently. Nevertheless, I lie awake listening for them to move. I hear nothing. I prop against my pillows and examine my aversion to rats, bring to memory every rat I have ever encountered.

The memories are few enough and unspectacular: one monster caught in the barn by a large collie on a farm I visited as a child. But that is a good memory for the most part, and at the time I didn't really get a good look at the rat. Another, more recently, peered out through the metal door of a Dempster-Dumpster at the liquor store—momentarily frightening, no more than that. Still another rat, also in my childhood, ate fig preserves from a blue Mason jar in my grandmother's pantry. This memory brings me straight up in bed. The rat cracked the paraffin seal of the jar and dipped out whole figs with its front feet and slipped them dripping with syrup into its mouth. I turn on the light and listen for a rustling sound. Jesus I say aloud, but hear nothing more than my own cantering auricles and ventricles and my wife's regular breathing beside me. Daumier's barrister above the bedroom mantel threatens to gavel out my brains, so I turn off the light again and lie awake. And in fact the gavel brings back another childhood memory. Once, in an early June my father was getting the croquet equipment out of the summer house in Old Saybrook when a mouse scuttled out of the closet and across the floor. In a single wonderful motion, as though the mallet were part of his graceful arm, he swung in a wide arc and came down directly on the mouse. It splattered everywhere. But that was a mouse. I remind myself, not a rat. I listen again and hear nothing. I turn on the light and pick up a book.

My wife turns halfway over in her sleep and with her creamed face argues for a face-lift the promise of one if she should ever need it. She'll never need it. I stay up alone all night.

Saturday goes much the same. More lettuce, more cage-cleaning and stroking. When Missy is not handling them, the rats snuggle contentedly together in the top shelf area and stare at the fish. After lunch Missy takes them onto the patio and out of the cage. Settled into the hammock with her head on the pillow, she allows the rats to crawl over the letters of her Aunt Ounce of Kif Makes You Feel Like a Camel T-shirt, which reveals her newly formed and embarrassingly untrained breasts. It is more education than I can take, except that all three of them, Missy, Dippy, and Hattie, look so contented and relaxed. The rats' movements across her little hillocks are slow and at times comically clumsy but at the same time alert and domestic-looking. Harriet scratches be-



one ear with her hind foot, Diphtheria
a flea out of her fur with an agile hair-
little monkey hand. That afternoon I buy
Sergeant's Sentry IV flea collars and ask
y please to put them on the rats and wash
hands. My wife tells me how thoughtful
getting to be. Missy calls me daddy a hun-
times a day. I get the impression she is
ting how many, but it makes me feel good
ay.

on't the gerbils look cute in their teensie
ollars, my wife wants to know. We should
little tinkle bells for their necks, she be-
s. Suddenly I feel the way I felt last van
when I agreed to wear a Have A Happy
button.

advise against investing too much money
e rats, since we only have them for the
end.

ow much could two tinkle bells cost? she
as with a scolding music, and I have to
that they needn't be silver, need they?
try to laugh a little myself.

, can they be silver, daddydaddydaddy?

she says. Oh, please, can they?

ddammit.

ON SUNDAY I take the call from Miss
Cheshire, Missy's teacher. She sounds
drunk. Listen to me, she says with au-
thority, I've been thinking about this
business all weekend, have been up nights
have looked at the problem from, so to
, every angle, so understand that this is
something I just thought up today, so any-
this is the thing, don't bring those rats

back to school, I don't want them, and if Mis-
sy shows up with them I'm going to send her
back home, I'm not going to let her in the
schoolroom, so don't try it.

Well, now, wait just one minute, I say, but
with no luck, since Miss Cheshire does not
stop talking and does not hear me. She is
through with the rats, she says, she made a
mistake in ever accepting them in the first
place, Missy is the only child who's ever been
allowed to bring them into her house, none of
the other parents would hear of it, and listen
to me, sir, she says, I have had the full respon-
sibility for those goddamn rats ever since they
showed up, I've had them every weekend and
have lied to the pupils that other pupils were
taking them home with them, so don't bring
them back to school, I am a young woman,
youngish, and have plenty of problems with-
out rats, and you might as well know this, too,
I'm not wealthy like you, no, and never have
been, I live well enough. I'm not complain-
ing, but it's not much and it's sure as hell not
enough to support two rats as well as myself
in this rattrap garden apartment I live in, but
the money is not really the issue, it's the rats
themselves, I don't like rats, I hate them, not
that they've ever done anything to me, in fact
these two, Hattie and Dippy, are wonderful
with the children, so there's nothing personal,
but no more, I can't have them in the room
another minute longer.

I think, this woman is insane, and I know
also that she will beat me, that I will end up
with the rats, but still I like her, I feel close
to her, I suspect modern education might be
improving. I tell her I don't want them either,

want nothing to do with them. I tell her the story of the fig preserves and of the splattered mouse. Over the line I hear ice clink in a glass and a deep gulp, a fit of coughing which ends in several sneezes. When Miss Cheshire comes back on the line she is even more forceful than before.

Don't bring them back, she begins with renewed vigor, flush them down the toilet, whatever you want, but I won't take them, and don't try to impress me with your summer-house croquet mallet bullshit because I've got rat stories that will float ice cubes in your blood and which I could probably sell to *Reader's Digest* for a great deal of money as true first-person accounts if I chose to do so, which I do not, and not one of them involves a croquet mallet.

A new thought almost staggers me with surprise: I'm falling in love. She is from Mississippi, she says, she has spent her life getting out of Mississippi, where, she says, the first rat in the history of the world drew breath, and now she is out, not far out maybe, a Connecticut suburb is not far out but it's out enough, and she saw plenty of rats when she was in Mississippi, she says, and she isn't going to see another one, not even to kill it, though when she accepted them into the classroom, she says, she thought, well maybe, maybe I can do it, but I can't, I know that now, it's like your childhood religion, she says. You never get over it but you don't have to stare it in the face every day, so now it's over, you've got the goddamn things, you keep them.

Then she tells a story which almost does freeze my blood. Her father, she says, was a tall, fat, ironic man who drank heavily, talked through his nose, and carried a loaded gun in his pants, whose given name on his birth certificate was Big Boy, named, she says, for a tomato vine which grew outside his mother's window when he was born, which his father (her grandfather) chopped down with a sharpened broad-blade cotton hoe because he (the grandfather, a short man, practically a dwarf, she says) swore he'd never again as long as he lived harvest tomatoes on a stepladder, and sometimes I wish, she says, he'd chopped off my daddy's vine, too, because when I was just a little girl, about like your own child, like Missy, she says, My daddy took me with him to a roadhouse called Upchurch's Gas and Gro., which had not one gallon of gas nor one loaf of bread nor anything else except some sorry old booths covered with checkered oil-cloth and plenty of sorry whiskey and a low ceiling, and he tapped me on the shoulder when we'd been there a while and said, hun lookee hyere, just like that, and showed me di-

rectly up above us, not one ass kiss from head, a rattail as long as a foot ruler hanging out of a crack in the ceiling boards.

Whispering coarsely I astonish myself think I love you, I suddenly say, but she hears me, never breaks the headlong progress of her story, talking on, the accent and rhyme and image and idiom of Mississippi slip more and more into control of her voice, most beautiful thing I've ever heard, g-rivers thudding against barge hulls, lynch and banjos, sheer music.

He reached up over his head, she says, looped that rattail once around his index finger and held on, the rat squealing and squing and running in place, scuttling and s-rying, scrambling, scratching, spinning wheels, and going nowhere except in a circle with my tall, fat, ironic horse-ass daddy hold on for all he's worth and laughing until shoes were full and took, she says, that d-pistol out of his pants, a big nickeled .44 pi with "Big'un" spelled out in the handle grip, twenty-four-carat gold letters, which meant mama's mama had to be buried in a cardboard coffin because that's all we could afford, held that chunk of nickel up to the scrambling rat and blew him into so many pieces, no mention the board ceiling of the store, that never again saw two hunks of meat or hair of hair bigger than the snippet of tail that broke loose and stayed in my daddy's hand when the rest of the rat went through the door and a trained bluetick hound out the back door so keep your goddamn rats and your preserve rat stories and shove them up your summer-house ass but don't send the rats back to me, I don't want them and I'm not taking them. You can keep the cage free, gratis.

I love you, I say to the dead phone. She hangs up.

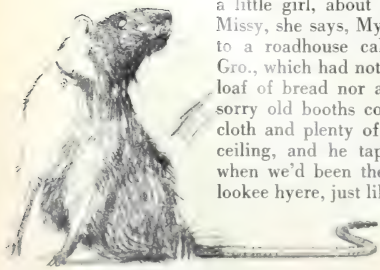
We can keep the rats, I tell Missy. I've already discussed it with your teach—ah, your unit leader, and it's all right with her.

My wife tells me how sort of family-oriented I'm proving to be after all and proud of me she is. Missy babbles to overflowing with daddydaddys. She has special col made for them and attaches them with sterling silver tinkle bells. The Sergeant's flea collar stay in place but seem to do no good. The continue to pick at their breast fur and scratch behind their ears.

I ask my wife if she thinks the scratching means anything.

Like what? she wonders through Cointreau in a manner that assures me of what I already suspect, that I don't know what I'm talking about.

Like, well, I don't know, some disease



ething, diphtheria maybe, or, hell, I don't w, bubonic plague, what do I know about ?

he says I'm over-reacting but that I'm a et sort of silly thing to think of it and why 't I take the pets to a veterinarian if I'm ried, have him give them a complete check- That's the only sensible thing to do, she ons.

lissy takes them in while I sit in the car. y come out with little tags to go on the ks with their bells, and documents declar- them free of disease and immune from disper. I doubt they were checked for plague say nothing.

PHE RATS GROW to incredible size, barn rats if there ever were two, as big as house cats, still crouched on the tiny top shelf of the yellow plastic hamster e, their fibrous ropy tails hanging to the om floor of the cage. Their bells don't tin- They watch the fish.

he fish start to die, the silver-tipped tetras. be it really is the plague, I think, or the eye. Or maybe I'm just going crazy. In case, I certainly don't seem very sensible. first I can't know for certain the fish are ally dying, I can only guess. None but the tetras seem affected.

daddy, look, Missy says, feeding them from fish-food can. The tetras all have their uths open, aren't they silly?

h, Jesus. It's true, all five are swimming and the tank with their mouths locked open. uat and look at them in horror. They can't like that, I almost tell her, They can't with their mouths locked open. But I say ning.

he fish are dying, I tell my wife later. The as.

h, well, she says, tetras never last long. can get more.

No, I say, I mean I think the rats killed m. (This comes as a rather large surprise me as well as to her, but the moment I say almost believe it.)

Whaaaaat? she says, exaggeratedly suspi- is. How?

y looking at them, I almost say, by giving m fleas. Instead I say, I'm not sure, they're doing it, I'm worried.

hey don't look dead to me, she says, look- at them. You haven't mentioned this to sy...?

certainly not. I drop the subject for now.

The next day the fish are definitely different. y are ravenously hungry and the algae-eater subdued into hiding behind the grinning

skeleton. The tetras are eating every morsel of food in sight, swimming to the top of the tank, diving, feeding, skimming along the surface of the water with their mouths wide open sucking in food. It is obscene. The rats pick at invisible fleas.

Don't feed the fish anymore, I tell Missy. They're sick.

But Missy feeds them more. The other fish will starve, Roy, she says. The greedy old tetras are eating just everything.

Which they are, scooping up every flake in- to their gaping mouths, no matter how much is poured in. Missy feeds on.

Then the strange movements begin. With- out warning the tetras suddenly plummet to the bottom of the tank, then as rapidly flash upward and leap from the water. After skim- ming the surface again for a few minutes they drop again with incredible vertical speed to the bottom. Then up again, down, all five of them, day and night, day in and day out for a week, scooping up gargantuan amounts of food from the surface with their locked-open mouths. I become a nervous wreck trying to watch them.

I call Miss Cheshire and tell her who I am. Can rats carry plague? I say into the phone. I mean this to be a joke, but suddenly it isn't. There is no answer. I notice that I sound a lit- tle frantic. Can rats, I inquire in a bizarre par- ody of self-control, transmit bubonic plague to fish? (The idea seems ridiculous even to me, but I fear it nonetheless.) There is a long pause on the telephone as I wait for her an- swer.

Finally she speaks: I really wouldn't know, she says, and hangs up.

The tetras die, all of them. I am the only one who seems to recognize the possibility of a connection with the rats. I devote myself to a proof of the connection. I scan a decade of old newspapers in the city library, I live with the *Reader's Guide* and the *Encyclopaedia Bri- tannica*. At night in bed I say to my wife, I think the rats have fleas of the type that carry bubonic plague. (The notion is extreme, as I recognize even as I say it, but I want so badly to be right about something, anything, that I can believe it.) I've looked it up, and I'm pretty sure of it. I think the fish died of the plague, some form of it, I don't know how.

I hope you haven't told Missy that! she says, startled. And because I haven't even thought of telling her I believe for an instant I am less of a fool than I am—that I am sensible and winning.

No, I say, I haven't. I think we can just get rid of the rats quietly and that will be that. We can get another pet for her.

"I think, this woman is insane, and I know also that she will beat me, that I will end up with the rats."

What! my wife says, astonished.

Maybe the state health office should be the ones to handle this, I say, feeling more sensible than ever, and well-loved. And Missy should have a complete physical checkup, of course. We all should.

Are you mad? my wife says. When I said I hoped you hadn't told Missy, she says, I meant I hoped you hadn't jeopardized your credibility with her because I honestly believe if you can just sort of cool it with a low, and I mean loooooow, profile...

Look, I say, unable even to wonder that credibility and profiles had got mixed into a conversation about plague and yet pretending to be much calmer than I actually am in order to preserve whatever insane credibility I might have left, see this newspaper clipping? There were three recorded cases of bubonic plague in Utah last year. Do you realize what that means?

I certainly do, she says, it means Utah is just as unenlightened and filthy as everyone has always known it was and has caverns full of bats and God knows what else, besides the gerbils have been checked by the vet.

They are not gerbils, I say evenly, they are rats. I leave the bedroom. And they've got the goddamn plague! I shout back over my shoulder, trembling. And it's New Mexico that has all the bats, not Utah! A geographical victory, I think, seems better than none at all. Besides, the plague theory is becoming enormously important to defend.

In my anger I dial Miss Cheshire. Miss Cheshire, I say, you are, in a primitive way, quite lovely, I suspect, certainly plainspoken in your crudely attractive way, and probably a good teacher, but despite all that, madam, you are a hick, one who—very like my wife, in fact—is self-serving in the extreme, a bully, and profoundly rude. My rats have bubonic plague, and your telephone manners are quite coarse. Goodbye. I slam the receiver.

I wake up Missy. Missy honey, I say, Harriet Tubman and Diphtheria Jean Johnson have bubonic plague, we've got to get rid of them right away.

Oh please no, daddy, she weeps, seeming to come awake immediately, please no, get them shots for it.

Get up.

She pops out of bed in her blue-and-white nightie saying, Please don't kill my friends, don't kill Hattie and Dippy, please. Her devastating loveliness and disarming selfishness remind me of her mother when we met. I press on.

Where did you say that child's father was transferred back to? I say, imagining a rhe-

torical premise: California is in the West. Utah is in the West, there is plague in Utah.

What child? she says.

The kid who gave the school the rats, who was it they lived before coming here?

I don't remember, she says, Utah I think or New Mexico, somewhere out West.

Utah, for Christ's sake! I screech, forgetting my premise. It was not Utah, it was California! Wasn't it?

Utah or California, someplace like that, she says.

Missy, listen to me, how in God's name can you confuse Utah and California, honey, which was it?

I don't know, she moans, crying now.

Her mother gets out of bed. What on earth she says, what are you doing to her?

Trying to save her from bubonic plague, say, and teach her some geography. (Why, wonder, has elementary geography assumed such a central importance in this household? Honey, I say again to Missy. Were you dreaming about Utah, did you hear me talking about Utah in your sleep?)

She bawls and won't answer.

Why don't I shut up? I wonder.

Leave her alone! her mother demands.

Look at those goddamn rats, I demand right back, clearing my head of the Golden West and not even bothering to point out that the algae-eater is devouring one of the tetras—there is plenty of other evidence. Harriet Tubman is staggering around in the floor section of the hamster cage, her jaw locked open and her pink tongue lolling out of her mouth. She pants for breath. Diphtheria Jean is on the toilet shelf doing nothing but looking at the algae-eater.

Well, clearly, I say with justification, the tetras are dead as hell. I dip out the four-and-a-half remaining ones from the tank in a little net and hold them as I speak, droplets of water darkening the maroon sparrow in the rug. And, I continue, can anyone deny that Harriet Tubman is seriously ill? (No one can.) That she is unusually clumsy and her jaw is locked open? (The same.)

Animals die of a thousand things, says my wife sensibly.

Is lockjaw part of the bubonic plague? Missy says.

No, not that I know of, I admit, probably not.

Can fleas bite fish?

No, I say. No, of course not.

Well there you are, her mother concludes, squashing me with the unspoken remainder of a syllogism.

Still, I notice, both Missy and my wife ar-

ressed, pale and stunned by the specter of sick rat. The four-and-a-half fish.

No logic in the world, I conclude, will save a dying rat. I fling the fish aside and sleep in guest bedroom.

Harriet Tubman dies the next day with her mouth rested across her right forearm on a slab of lettuce beneath her belly. Her eyes are wide open as a fish's. Missy and her mother are silenced by the death. I can scarcely feel good for seeing them so humbled. I think they might respect me.

When contagion becomes a problem. Diphtheria Jean stumbles as she comes down from the top shelf. Her breathing seems strained. Missy, I say, come look at this. She comes down the stairway holding the rosewood banister and limping slightly. My heart leaps. I'm afraid to mention the limp, afraid my words will intensify the disease as surely as they have conceived and already begun to read it. The thought is inescapable: through a skillful argument my daughter has concocted black death. Jesus. Is that possible? What is it, Roy? Missy asks.

Look, I say at last. Look at Dippy. See how messy? That's how it starts. See how hard it is for her to walk?

Missy is haggard, puffy about the eyes. Missy are you all right? She seems feverish and distracted.

Honey, sit over here, no here, on the couch, down. I want to look at you. Where is your mummy, I say, probing deeply into her groin the telltale swelling of the lymph glands. In bed, Missy says, she doesn't feel well at all, daddy, I'm so sleepy. I carry her to bed.

The next day Diphtheria Jean dies. No one dies. My wife has a temperature of 102 degrees, Missy is flushed and too listless to get up. I take them to the hospital emergency room, where a doctor sees the two of them.

A virus, he thinks. If your wife's fever goes higher, the doctor says, please do call me. Otherwise I see no reason for alarm, I've treated dozens of similar cases recently. It comes suddenly but it doesn't last long, he assures me.

When I mention bubonic plague and tell him about the rats and fish, he laughs. Check with the vet, he says. Or the pet shop. Plague isn't a virus anyway, he says. It's a bacteria. Would have shown up in the white-cell count.

He laughs a great deal and shakes his head. Plague, I think I hear him say, blowing his nose vigorously into a handkerchief, bubonic plague. When I ask what other patients he has treated, what schools the children are in, he smiles more.

He refuses to hospitalize Missy. She's probably coming down with the same thing as her mother, he says. It's never as severe in children.

I consider changing doctors but do not. I take both of them home and put them to bed beneath down comforters. I go to the kitchen for aspirin and lemonade, thankful I've not given them a dread disease after all. If it's true I haven't. No argument, even between a man and a woman who are no longer in love, should end in black death. Both are already asleep when I reach their rooms with the lemonade.

The phone rings. It is Miss Cheshire, speaking with an ice cube in her mouth, apologizing, as I finally understand, for her earlier manners.

Take that ice cube out of your mouth so I can understand you, I say, though I am touched by her call. It is, as far as I can remember, the first time anyone has ever apologized to me. A woman anyway. Not removing the ice cube, or even apparently hearing me, she wonders if I might come over for a while this afternoon. Her apartment is on Maple, she explains, serving me the address over ice. One of the garden apartments, she says. It's really nice.

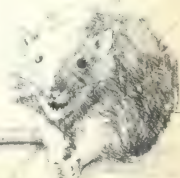
I decide I rather like the ice cube after all.

She wants to discuss a compromise of some kind, she says. About the rats. She feels guilty, she says, for her irresponsibility in this matter. And especially, she says, about my rudeness to you. And in a delicious icewarm whisper into my earpiece tells me I am a generous and very forceful man, and please do call her Fanny. She hopes I don't hold any of this against her, she's been a little desperate these past weeks, she sighs, It's a lonely lonely place, the East, for a country girl.

I don't tell her the rats are dead. Not yet. I don't even tell her I love her, though I do again. No, I think, maybe I don't. No, of course I don't. Not exactly.

I hang up and wonder whether I should take a little gift, a peace offering, some type of counter-apology. Something for the classroom maybe, an ant farm. I knot a fresh tie and stand at the hall mirror to catch the three-quarter frontal pose. One hand on a hip, the other hooked carelessly by the thumb in my jacket pocket. Not exactly what I'd hoped: a parody of the Jack Nicklaus men's casuals advertisement. A little ridiculous, but not bad. Not at all. In fact I look pretty damn good. I unbutton the jacket and quick-flash the red lining at the mirror. Or maybe she would like an amusing little wine, I think. Perhaps a single flower. □

"The fish start to die, the silver-tipped tetras. Maybe it really is the plague, I think, or the evil eye. Or maybe I'm just going crazy."



WASHINGTON'S WORLD

February 18, 25, 1977

WILLIAMSON, however, says that the new research is not a threat to the current view of the brain. "The brain is a complex system," he says. "It's not like a computer, where you can take out a single component and see what it does. The brain is a complex system, and it's not clear what the implications of this research are."

[illegible]

* If $(\tau_1, \tau_2, \dots, \tau_n) \in \mathcal{P}_n$, $\tau_1, \tau_2, \dots, \tau_n \in \mathcal{P}_n$ and $\tau_1 \cup \tau_2 \cup \dots \cup \tau_n = \mathcal{P}_n$, then $\tau_1, \tau_2, \dots, \tau_n$ are disjoint and $\tau_1 \cup \tau_2 \cup \dots \cup \tau_n = \mathcal{P}_n$.

* $\mathcal{A} = \{A_1, \dots, A_n\}$ is a family of n subsets of P , $\mathcal{B} = \{B_1, \dots, B_m\}$ is a family of m subsets of P , and $\mathcal{C} = \{C_1, \dots, C_k\}$ is a family of k subsets of P . Then $\mathcal{A} \cup \mathcal{B} \cup \mathcal{C}$ is a family of $n + m + k$ subsets of P .

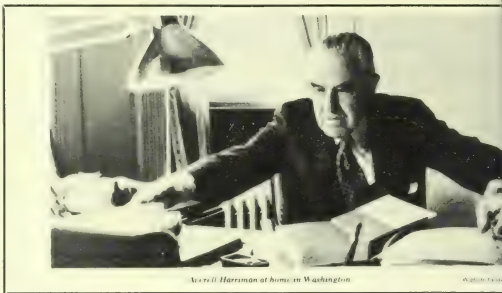
[illegible]

* $\frac{1}{2} \frac{d}{dt} \int_{\mathbb{R}^n} |u|^2 dx = \int_{\mathbb{R}^n} u \Delta u dx = - \int_{\mathbb{R}^n} |\nabla u|^2 dx$. In consequence, the total kinetic energy $\int_{\mathbb{R}^n} |u|^2 dx$ is non-increasing. In particular, the speed $\|u\|_{L^2(\mathbb{R}^n)}$ does not depend on time. \square

[illegible]

movement of the state. Dances put the involved life force of the Earth, called *Sangha* and associated with the feminine, political and/or the masculine, above, and that the songs of

$\mathcal{H}_1 = \{x \in \mathbb{R}^n : x = \sum_{i=1}^m \alpha_i v_i, \alpha_i \geq 0, \sum_{i=1}^m \alpha_i = 1\}$ and $\mathcal{H}_2 = \{x \in \mathbb{R}^n : x = \sum_{i=1}^m \beta_i v_i, \beta_i \geq 0, \sum_{i=1}^m \beta_i = 1\}$.



Arrell Harrison at home in Washington

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I WAS WALKING through Georgetown one day last summer, pondering the great imponderable Washington problems. While pursuing their solutions, I had become weighed down by an ever-increasing burden of type—the *Washington Post*, the *Washington Star*, *The Wall Street Journal*, the *Congressional Record*, *The New Republic*, *The Washington Monthly*. No doubt there were others.

Turning onto N Street, I passed some imposing mansions, this one occupied by Smith and Vicki Bagley, new arrivals in town, this one belonging to Averell Harriman, the eighty-five-year-old diplomat who, if such a thing is possible, personifies Georgetown. When Nixon railed against the Georgetown crowd, it was, one felt, Harriman he had in mind for having . . . hello.

A few packages, too large for the Harriman mailbox, were lying on the redbrick sidewalk in front of the house, right out in the open.

I was about to move on when I reminded myself that I was in the City of Investigative Journalists. What would a Woodstein do? I looked about—casually, I hoped. Could this be some very hush-hush communiqué from the

Eastern bloc, a stray diplomatic pouch. Couldn't fool around with that, but . . . well, I decided on a quick glance at the top item—I certainly wasn't going to touch anything. So I looked down furtively at the pile of mail on the ground by my feet, and . . .

Oh, Lord, it was too embarrassing. Not *that!* Couldn't have been, but it was. Lying there amid a pile of dull manila envelopes was a copy of *W*, a large-format, full-color biweekly put out by Fairchild Publications, which includes—and might well have been named—"The Best of *Women's Wear Daily*."

As for the manila envelopes, they seemed to be of the mimeographed mailing-list sort that is so common in Washington. I fancied that the return address on one—I wouldn't swear to it in a court of law—was "The Committee on East-West Accord." Or something along those lines.

Now, that was more like it. That corresponded to the Harriman image that we in Washington all know and respect. East-West accord. Nobody can be against that, or call it frivolous or lightweight or merely stylish. It was "Issue-oriented." The Issues acted as camouflage. The Issues *protect* people in Washington

Tom Bethell is a Washington editor of Harper's.

OF STYLE

Image has become an indispensable component of substance
by Tom Bethell

FEBRUARY 18/25, 1977

THE QUALITY OF DIPLOMACY

Averell Harriman on presidents, the Politburo and paranoids



Pamela and Averell Harriman on their wedding day, 1951

Photographs courtesy of Fairchild Publications

Protective coloration

MY WASHINGTON camouflage theory goes like this. The most important function of Washington, I have come to suspect, is the personal aggrandizement of a fairly large number of "players" who come to the city specifically to use it contains so many ladders and estors and climbing frames to advancement. Because this would seem so crass, and be clearly intolerable to the electorate, as well as conscience in some cases, elaborate structures have been erected, at great public expense, whereby a pretense is sustained that an important national purpose is being served. In the name of the game becomes public policy—the camouflage, in other words. I had gathered some evidence, and now there was a slight additional sliver of data on Averell Harriman's doorstep. Manila-envelope camouflage was there, but showing up vividly in the midst of it was this brazen, technicolored tropical bird. Now, what I have noticed about Washington—you cannot avoid it—is that very near-

ly everyone you meet seems to be involved in, or working at, or reading, this dull, relentlessly gray East-West accord kind of stuff: reports, newsletters, committees on this issue, that issue; present danger; common cause; public citizen; environmental survey; ecological policy; energy action. For months I couldn't figure out why I always thought of Washington in gray, until I realized it was this continual exposure to newsprint—material I had spent so much time going over, coming back to, and going over again, but never as a result advancing much in my understanding of the place.

Maybe the key to understanding the city was, after all, to be found in a garment-trade journal. It was at least worth a look. So one day I went down to the Press Building and began going through back issues of *Women's Wear Daily*, which comes out five days a week and specializes in women's fashions, with particular emphasis on Seventh Avenue (SA, in *WWD's* shorthand). There is, in addition, a good deal of coverage of fashionable and photogenic celebrities from New York, Hollywood, Washington. *Women's Wear Daily's* tag for such people has just the

right blend of flattery and irony: Beautiful People, often abbreviated to "BPs."

My first impression of Washington-as-seen-through-the-eyes-of-*WWD* was surprise that there was so much coverage of the city. After all, Washington has very little connection with the garment trade. Nor are its BPs particularly noted for their fashionable attire. Nevertheless, almost every day there was some item in *WWD* about a Washington personage. Washington, in fact (and here, I felt, was a clue), was covered almost exactly as Hollywood was covered: as a venue for celebrities, partygoers, BPs, men-in-the-public-eye.

I turned the pages for further clues: at Alejandro Orfila's "plush Embassy Row pad" they are having "Sino-Soviet soirees." Hush! you feel, not so loud! People will hear about this. Lorraine Percy, wife of the Senator, was "perched at the backgammon table," from which vantage point she "considered some of the trials of capitalism." Ardeshtir Zahedi, the Iranian Ambassador, is giving a party for Nancy and Henry Kissinger. Gregory Peck, Carl Rowan, Diane von Furstenberg, and Rowland Evans are in attendance.

Now here's something to study more carefully: a full-page profile of Clark Clifford, "The Consenting Advisor." Clifford looks just perfect in his Savile Row suiting, depicted "with his dog Bosley," and examining "some of his mementos." Clifford, as he is shown here, surrounded by pictures of fabrics from Halston, Bill Blass, and Anne Klein, seems to blend into the background perfectly.

This stylish spread immediately brings to mind Clifford's recent appearance on television as Bert Lance's lawyer. If you watched the Senate hearings, you will have seen Clark Clifford, sitting beside, and slightly behind, the ill-fated Budget Director—the better to whisper into his ear. Hollywood itself could not have improved on the resplendent "image" of Clark Clifford that appeared on the television screen—the very personification of manicured, pedigreed, lawyerly wisdom.

The hiring of Clark Clifford was also regarded as a great triumph for Washington—by which I don't mean transient Washington (Jimmy Carter and his entourage, who succeeded Richard Nixon and Jerry Ford and their crews) but permanent Washington—Image Washington, as I am now beginning to think of it. Aha! everyone said. The new crew ran against us. But you see who they turn to when they are in trouble? Mister Insider himself, Clark Clifford, counselor to Presidents since the Truman Administration, with an office that actually looks down on the White House. Discussing his office location

—in itself obviously a brilliantly effective—of image-making—Clifford told *WWD* in February (way before the Lance affair blew up): "In five minutes I can be there in the East Wing." He is saying it's not just a matter of style, in other words; there are practical reasons for such a location. Style of Substance.

But wait a minute, you may be saying, I can't just dismiss Clark Clifford as a style merchant, surely. Diana Vreeland and Yves St. Laurent, yes, but Clark Clifford . . . surely not. That, however, is the simple message that *Women's Wear Daily* artlessly conveys, especially if you skim the publication—just looking at the pictures and reading the captions—which I am sure is the way it is meant to be looked at.

And you then recall, somehow reinforced by this superficial impression, that Clark Clifford didn't get Bert Lance off the hook after all, even though everyone agreed that Clifford had looked good, had done his best, had indeed made Lance look passably respectable, so that Clifford himself emerged with laurels, even as Bert went down in flames. Surely a triumph of image-making! Speculation about the size of Clark Clifford's fee continued to make the rounds of cocktail parties even after Bert Lance had returned to wherever he came from—someplace in Georgia, one wasn't mistaken.

So the factual outcome—the reality—does confirm the "superficial" impression one gets from *WWD*. The text of the article on Clifford, one feels, is hardly worth reading; merely a few columns more of that gray matter one is already surfeited with. Let's look at it anyway—maybe it will tell us where Clifford gets his suits. But no . . . not a fashion detail anywhere. It's all about the Issues. Having stripped away all disguise so shamelessly in its layout, in its all-important instant impression, *WWD* proceeds to put the camouflage of the Issues back into the text.

Here's what Clark Clifford has to say for the garment-trade journal: He has "four goals for Jimmy Carter's first term." They are:

"To restore public confidence in government.

"To right the economy by reducing unemployment and inflation.

"To negotiate an agreement with the Soviet Union which would lay the groundwork for permanent peace.

"To achieve a lasting peace settlement in the Mideast."

After thinking about this peculiar intention for a bit, you get the idea: if there is one thing *WWD* knows, it is fashion, and

LET'S TURN A FEW more pages to test this theory, and . . . yes, here we go again. It's the master himself, Averell Harriman, who gets a full-page spread entitled "The Quality of Diplomacy." Harriman tells *WFD* readers: "How in the world can they get 'superiority' in the nuclear field? Mr. Kossygin told me in 1965 that we can both destroy each other 20 times over. What difference does it make if he does it 21 times and the other 19?" There speaks the voice of the master. Even Mark Clifford must sit at his feet. "Kossygin told me..." Anyone who was so much as entertaining the thought that the Harriman crowd is merely one more contingent tagging along with the army of BPs is invited to think again when he sees heavyweight stuff like that.

Harriman contrasts beautifully with his next-door neighbors. Smith and Vicki Bagley. They came to Washington not long ago and presumed to set up a salon without so much as a by-your-leave. With Reynolds Tobacco money behind him, Bagley could afford it. More important, he had a Carter connection—sort of. For newcomers the Smith Bagleys were doing pretty well until Sally Quinn, the *Washington Post* society reporter, decided to inspect the goods. On the Washington social scene, Quinn functions rather like a Seventh Avenue buyer who fingers the material to test its quality. It's all pretty parvenu stuff, she has been concluding of late, and she lost no time in tossing the Bagleys into the reject bin.

Before Carter was elected, Quinn wrote a long article for the *Post* "Style" section in which she concentrated on the precise nature of Smith and Vicki Bagley's relationship with the Carter camp, and she soon found that it was not all it was supposed to be. "[Peter] Bourne refused to discuss the Bagleys with a reporter," Quinn wrote. "It was Bourne who appointed Vicki 'Diplomatic Liaison' and who announced her appointment in New York during the convention. . . . According to those in the [campaign] headquarters her job is essentially picking up Carter position papers and delivering them

"Washington insiders and such types don't wear Savile Row suits, *they wear the Issues.*"



OPERATION DOUBLE IN THE ROCKIES. (ALMOST)

In most parts of the country, Operation Double Tree is working. Foresters are harvesting twice as much wood from commercial forestland.* And doing it without damaging the environment.

But in the vast areas that border the spine of the Great American West, the forests are not nearly as productive as they should be, given their true potential and the world's growing need for wood and wood fiber.

The problem is more one of *perception* than *potential*.

Some people have written the region off as unproductive—period. They see it as a vast wilderness, valued only for its wildlife, recreation and scenic beauty. These things are valuable. And large areas have already been set aside as permanent wilderness. But because wilderness areas have no roads, they are inaccessible to all but a few—and almost impossible to protect against wildfire and insects.

Operation Double Tree: Why it's needed and how it works.

In the U.S. alone, the demand for wood and paper products is expected to *double* in less than 50 years.

Yet today, only about one-third of this country's total forest is used to grow repeated crops of timber.



That works out to about one acre of trees for every man, woman and child. And each of those acres will have to be carefully managed to provide a lifetime supply of wood products.

Thus the reason behind Operation Double Tree—the forest industry's name for intensive forest management that can double the amount of wood grown on the nation's productive forestland. And do it in such a way that everyone can share in the multiple benefits of the forest.

The Under-Productive Forest.

The Rocky Mountain States contain 12.3% of U.S. commercial forestland, but they provide only 6.7% of the forest harvest—sort of an Operation Half-Tree, that could well place an unequal strain on other parts of the American forest.

One of the reasons for this low productivity is the stagnated condition of the forests themselves—older trees, past their prime and more susceptible to disease and decay.

More intensive forest management would mean a healthier mix of young,



These forests are only half as productive as they could be.

thriving forests. It would also benefit other forest values, such as wildlife and watersheds. And open the forests so that more people could enjoy them.

Unfortunately, the level of scientific forestry that could make all of these things possible simply hasn't materialized in the Rockies.

These ponderosa pines are shown here 56 percent of actual size. Both are about 75 years old. The smaller one grew in an over-crowded stand and, therefore, received less sunlight and water. The larger pine grew in an area that was thinned to give the best trees room to grow. Management made the difference.



The Rocky Mountain States contain 12.3% of U.S. commercial forestland.

Now The Good News.

That's the bad news. The good news is this: What Operation Double Tree is doing in the rest of the country ready begun in the Rockies, on a small scale.

Important first aid for the region comes from Potlatch Corporation in Idaho, where scientists are working to develop odor-emitting pellets capable of repelling the destructive Douglas fir beetle which, if left unchecked,

wipe out a forest the size of Rhode Island in a decade.



TREE IS WORKING

Libby, Montana, St. Regis Paper Company helps make nature more productive by working within the natural system. As the young forests grow, they are thinned out to give the best more room to grow. And after the harvest, the land is carefully prepared for the next generation—a new forest of genetically improved seedlings that grow stronger, faster.

St. Regis raises these seedlings in greenhouses and nursery beds nearby. A similar program has taken place in Bonner and Plains, where Champion International has established its own nurseries. Operation Double Tree is not just about growing more trees, faster, but getting more use out of every tree harvested. In Wyoming, the program is moving forward.

Lumber Company is using computers to analyze every log that comes into its mill to determine its best use.

Other companies like Champion, Potlatch, Kiabab, St. Regis and Southwest Forest Industries use virtually all of the wood in each and every tree they harvest. Residues from lumber and plywood manufacture, formerly considered waste, today are ground into wood chips for the paper mills.

A Long Way To Go.

So there is some progress with Operation Double Tree in the Rockies. And even more progress in forests all across the country. But we

still have a long way to go.

On the average, industry lands grow 50 percent more wood than the lands owned by government and private individuals. Yet, even here, there's room for improvement.

Overall, the American forest is only half as productive as it could be. And



Forest management benefits wildlife, too.

this is a waste of one of our most valuable natural resources. But working together, all timber growers—private owners, industry and government—can learn to make the most productive use of our remaining commercial forests.

Industry has invested millions to make the concept a reality. But money isn't enough.

Leaders and landowners alike must both understand the problem. And, more important, the solution.

For more information, write for our free booklet, "Managing the Great American Forest," American Forest Institute, P.O. Box 873, Springfield, VA 22150.

**Commercial forest is that portion of the total forest which is capable of, and available for, growing trees for harvest. Parks, wilderness and primitive areas are not included.*

Trees. The Renewable Resource.



Tom Bethell
WASHINGTON'S
WORLD
OF STYLE

to embassies. She is not paid. . . . When asked if she had an office, Bourke replied, "Ummm, yes . . . although, ummm, well, yes, she has an office over here."

As for Smith Bagley, when "asked bluntly by his curious guests" what he did, he replied: "I'm retired." And although he said it "with a large grin," you realize that this is no laughing matter. The man is approximately naked when he makes an admission like that. Not a stitch of an Issue to his name. And without that essential covering, it is impossible to be perceived as serious, as "interesting," as a realistic contender in the social stakes. Being R. J. Reynolds's grandson can get you so far and no farther in Georgetown, Quinn-the-buyer warns. She put it so well in her article: "The question is," muses one busy hostess who has had the Bagleys over several times, "are they really that interesting? I don't think so." And Quinn also tells us what we might very easily have guessed anyway: "The Bagleys didn't pull in the chic, inner-circle Georgetown crowd that night."

There are many other illuminating vignettes in *WWD*, some of which drive home the same point. In March, Gloria Steinem showed up in Washington fashionably attired, with a Woodrow Wilson Fellowship project entitled "Feminism and Its Impact on the Premises and Goals of Current Political Theory." A month later, however, she was back for the Women's Political Caucus wearing "a fringed suede vest over her clinging white knit dress." One reads that she was also wearing a "gripe." It was a "Jimmy-Carter's-failure-to-promote-legislation" gripe, and, as Glo knows, it looks good on women these days, even if it was rather obviously purloined from the wardrobe of blacks.

The First Lady likes to be seen courted by the House of Issues, too, even when she buys her clothes from Dominic Rompollo, as the following item in *WWD* revealed. "Carter's office placed an unsolicited call to *WWD*'s New York office asking that a story about how much the First Lady spent on a one-day shopping spree on SA—\$4,000—be killed." John Herbers, deputy Washington bureau chief of the *New York Times*, told *WWD* that he had received the same treatment. "They said we should spend more time on substantive issues (like her mental-health programs) and less on life styles," Herbers said.

One encounters other surprising gems in *WWD*. Here, for instance, is Charles Hamilton, the autograph expert, saying that a typed, personally autographed letter by Henry Kissinger might fetch \$15 or \$20, and one by

Cyrus Vance "even less," Hamilton laughs. "Vance is not a very romantic figure—yet" (Hamilton also says—and one senses there may be a contemporary parable here, too—that a current Carter letter on White House stationery would sell for \$3,000 or \$4,000 now. But in 100 years, the value of such a letter will have fallen to \$150 or \$200).

Hamilton's Kissinger-Vance comparison is suggestive, and supported by even the most superficial inspection of *WWD*'s pages, in which Kissinger, even after being replaced as Secretary of State, is accorded a place far greater prominence than Cyrus Vance. This may well be an ominous harbinger for Vance. If he can't make it at *WWD*, what chance does he have with *Foreign Affairs*? One day I asked a *WWD* reporter about this. Look here, I said, we have a new Secretary of State now, Cyrus Vance. Why not do a big layout on him? "Vance?" she said, though the name were unfamiliar. "No style

Vestigial diploma

KISSINGER'S ASTONISHING amount of coverage in *WWD* is worth trying to analyze. First of all, it must be conceded that there has long been an intimate connection between the upper echelons of the State Department and the world of style; the Office of Protocol is housed in the State Department, and we understand that it is necessary for a diplomat to pay attention to such matters as where he buys his clothes, and which knife and fork he uses.

The conventional explanation for this concern with style is that such people represent their country, and it is important that they set a good example. But in recent years there has been a good deal more at stake. The development of a worldwide network of instantaneous communications has rendered high-level diplomats largely obsolete. A system of locally based reporting on developments in foreign countries is undoubtedly still needed, but since this reporting can be done so rapidly and efficiently through modern means (particularly the telephone—or Teletype, if code is needed), the top people are left with little more than stylistic roles to play.

This was brought home to me not long ago when a staffer at the Senate Foreign Relations Committee told me that he is often "fly on the wall" when visiting heads of state having had lunch at the White House, making their way up to Capitol Hill for afternoon tea. Nothing, my friend said—absolutely nothing—of any substance or consequence is ev-

assed. Hands are shaken. A joke is
ked. Mutual friends are discovered, stories
No doubt a fly on the wall in the White
se would report exactly the same thing.
tently, one feels, a transcript of these
vate" encounters between heads of state
ot released. Quite possibly they go over
o forma agenda worked out by aides be-
hand. Publicly they shake hands for the
eras, smile together for the cameras, then
together in a room for an appropriate pe-
y, like a jury that has decided quickly on
rdict but, for appearance' sake, agrees
wait in the jury room until a decent inter-
has elapsed. There is no reality other
the image, although the image itself (for
ance, a head of state who needs bolster-
back home photographed talking to Pres-
t Carter in the Oval Office) undeniably
acquire a substance of its own.
Therefore, the development of modern
munications has, on the one hand, enabled
leaders to present an image to a nation-
e, or worldwide, audience—has made "me-
celebrities" of them—but the same tech-
y has on the other hand dealt these
ers a dreadful blow. It has set in motion
es with which they are powerless to grap-
(or can only grapple with by the manipu-
on of image). Modern technology, one

might say, has rendered style and image an
indispensable component of substance, and, at
the highest levels of government, may even
have completely preempted it.

It seems to me that Kissinger's "greatness"
as Secretary of State may very well have been
that he grasped these points right away—
never had any illusion about the reality of
his power, but realized that illusion itself
was of the essence; that his job above all
else was to manipulate images. This he did
brilliantly. For example, one hears in Wash-
ington that when flying about engaged in his
famous "shuttle diplomacy," Kissinger would
sometimes have in his pocket the very signed
agreement that he was purportedly flying
thousands of miles to haggle over. He would
then proceed to manipulate the newsmen in
his entourage with a generous use of flattery.
Kissinger would call reporters over to him
and say: "James, how would you handle Sa-
dat? Give me your thinking on that."

In short, Kissinger realized that the job
consisted of conjuring up illusions; and that
any doubt or uncertainty on this score could
be disastrous—as it may have been for Cyrus
Vance. Vance's PR man, Hodding Carter III
(the Assistant Secretary of State for Public
Affairs), was recently quoted as saying: "Cy
Vance is not a showman. What's going to

**"The 'Issues'
have become
mere
ornaments,
the wearing of
which would
inevitably
attract such a
careful
student of style
as *Women's
Wear Daily*."**

February 18/25, 1977

Clark Clifford: The consenting advisor

WASHINGTON — "Politics," says Clark Clifford, "is a very difficult career. Few survive it; many fail and keep those who do succeed and to struggle with all kinds of chances, disappointments and lack of fulfillment." Clifford should know. Even though he has never run for public office, this 70-year-old Washington lawyer has spent a lifetime with politicians, specializing in domestic presidential matters with Harry S. Truman. He has advised them, helped them analyze their problems and, in some cases, defined their goals. He has, for example, four goals for Jimmy Carter's first term.

- To restore public confidence in government.
- To tight the economy, to reduce unemployment and inflation.
- To negotiate an agreement with the Soviet Union which would lay the ground for permanent peace.
- To achieve a lasting peace settlement in the Middle East.

Not small order.
"I am still close to the White House," says Mr. means, if figuratively, and literally. His law office is half a block away. "In five minutes, I'll be there in the East Wing. That's where the problems are; after a president is sworn in and leaves."

Like his friend Averell Harriman, Clifford serves as a kind of elder statesman in Washington, on call to Jimmy Carter's aid during the early days of transition among Carter organizers called on Clifford, who once managed John F. Kennedy's transition, for tips on taking over power after eight years of Republican leadership.



Clark Clifford and some of his moments

AP/WIDE WORLD

Since then he has written background papers for Carter's Atlanta lawyer, Charlie Kibbe, and for Cabinet Secretary Jack Watson, Secretary of State Cyrus

Vance is expected to name Clifford to head a special fact-finding mission on the Cyprus question. White Clifford's role is still not com-

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prove him for history will be the real success or failure of what he's doing, not how he sells it." Oh, dear. That doesn't look good for Vance at all—contrasting reality and salesmanship. Vance doesn't like to talk to the press, so he gets his PR man to do it for him—doubtless a mistake. Kissinger was his own conjurer. His singular achievements in the realm of style, which, in addition to the use of his jet and his courting of the press, included an excellent command of gnomic utterance and a thoughtfully preserved "guttural" accent (perceived as serious, substantive, weighty), were duly recorded with honors in *Women's Wear Daily*. Vance may learn the game eventually; if he does, he will be perceived (at last) at *WWD* as having style, and in recognition he will be interviewed in that forum on the Issues.

WHILE IT is fairly easy to see how style can transcend substance in the realm of foreign policy, rendering diplomats, ambassadors, Secretaries of State, and their assistants into partygivers and -goers, thus ideal fodder for the fashion journals and trend-spotters, it is not immediately clear that similar developments have occurred in other areas of policy.

As I was puzzling over this, I came across a promising-looking book by Vic Gold entitled *PR as in President*. Gold worked on Barry Goldwater's 1964 Presidential campaign, and Spiro Agnew's Vice-Presidential campaign in 1972. This time (dubbing himself "the Retired Flack"), he approached the campaign in the spirit of a detached observer. Gold has talked to barbers, and writes most interestingly about hairstyles. Carter's hair, for example, "full in back, yet neat, not spilling over the collar, which would be too much concession to the young and turn off the hardhats, . . . tells you more about the changing imagery of American politics, of the coming of the nineteen-to-twenty-one voter, or the impact of the semi-revolutionary 1960s, than a month of Pat Caddell's demographic studies. It is there, up front, in the open, to be seen and measured by all." By contrast, a barber in the Washington Statler Hilton hotel tells Gold that Ford's hair is "fifteen years past style."

This, although interesting, is a conventional interpretation of the way in which image may have preempted substance in the media age. But Gold draws our attention to something else that seems to be of much greater significance. He keeps coming back to it, a dozen times at least; it gnaws at him, as it

did at me. And it cries out for an interpretation that Gold never quite provides. He points out this simple development: the image in the PR types, the pollsters, and the media rectors—are now out front, *on camera themselves*.

"When I began my career in the 'profession' in the early 1950s," he writes,

political candidates shrank from any public mention of "PR." Even references to the use of public opinion polls were of limited limits. The first national pollster imported into Alabama for a political survey was instructed to keep his client's identity secret. In those days, political PR men were spirited into a state and stashed incognito in a motel on the outskirts of town, kept around only for late night meetings with the candidate and his staff.

But by the 1970s a new political breed felt no need to hide their use of modern techniques of mass persuasion. They would in fact come to be graded by the media itself for their demonstrated skills in using those techniques. In this new sophisticated age, public opinion polls would become PR weapons to intimidate the opposition and give credibility to a campaign. A candidate for Senator in the Midwest had hired Spencer-Roberts? Then he must be taken seriously. Lou Harris polling for gubernatorial candidate in Texas? The candidate must have something going for him. After all, didn't Harris work with Kennedy?

By 1972 a presidential campaign would be faulted by newsmen (while they at the same time expressed scorn for PR technology) because of the candidate's inability to control his party's convention for prime time exposure. Inept McGovern, said the media critics. Doesn't he know how to manipulate us? Because if he doesn't (the ultimate implication of the criticism), how can he possibly hope to manipulate the country?

Gold analyzes this strange phenomenon, arguing that "what we are being let in on is that the Carter campaign is the result of a failsafe plan," and this may be partially true. But there was something else—some sense in which the Issues had dropped away as a result of these developments; some point to which Gold never quite puts his finger on. At times he comes awfully close, as when he writes that "Carter is projecting himself, not a political program." By contrast, "Shriver, Udall, Bayh, Harris can no more be separated from their programs than can Siamese twins unlinked at the skull." Carter "speaks so of dimly limned Sunday school precepts. The others 'speak hotly of hot issues.'"

of course . . . ! The Issues had dropped away because decisions about them were now left to the pollsters with the failsafe. That is why they were beginning to fear on camera themselves. Richard Reeves quickly made this point in a recent column in *The Washington Monthly*. He had translated a 1980 primary race between Jerry Brown of California and Jimmy Carter. Reeves's comment about such a race first seemed as though it deserved a high place in the annals of cynicism, but I now think it goes a long way toward explaining the Image Washington:

Since they both can afford pollsters, Carter and Brown will not be that far apart on *The New Republic* calls 'issues.'

There at last were the issues—the Issues being referred to within ironical quotation marks. As indeed they should be, if it is true that candidates' (or incumbents') positions are now determined by the findings of pollsters rather than by the principles of office-seekers or -seekers. If this is so, then "the issues" have in an important sense disappeared and fully deserve their quotation marks, because they are no longer the object of decision on the part of the "decision-makers" in Washington. Not just the issues, but the decision-makers are superannuated quotation marks in the process. Thus the issues have become mere ornaments, the wear of which would inevitably attract such careful student of style as *Women's Wear* magazine.

This development has been reflected (as I noted) in the new prominence of pollsters, who are themselves becoming stars. Pat Caddell certainly appears in *WWD*, among the top 100. Admittedly, compared with the President himself, Caddell, Rafshoon, and others are low profiles. Carter does not have them on the podium with him at town meetings or televised phone-ins. But they do undoubtedly represent a new legitimacy and prominence.

The form of government that is entailed by the open use of pollsters is more reasonable than it at first seems. Pollsters overtly reverse the flow of power. The Issues, formerly the subject of decision, now become the subject of reports by pollsters—this report then leading inexorably to a "decision" in name only. That is, the President does what the majority wants.)

Jimmy Carter has endorsed the idea that the flow of power should be reversed—coming from, rather than going to, the people whose virtue he so frequently extols—and in a respectable case can be made that government should be conducted in this way. It

is, in a sense, democracy carried to its logical conclusion; if the people are to work their will, then why not use the most up-to-date technique to find out what the people's will is, and act accordingly? Such an approach to government will not bring us platonic wisdom, but neither will it permit tyranny. It has its merits, in other words—sufficient merits, as Gold had observed, to encourage those technicians through whose mediation the new system operates to come out front where we can see them at work.

But such an approach to politics has, of course, one devastating by-product, or side effect, which has been detected at the subliminal level by *Women's Wear Daily*, and probably in other quarters too: the President, the officeholder, the decision-maker, is thereby rendered to a large extent powerless. He no longer does the crucial thing that such people once did (and in which their "power" resided)—namely, make decisions about which important Issues should be resolved. Carter doesn't decide. He merely listens to Pat Caddell.

Image Washington does not render verdicts; the verdicts are brought to it in sealed envelopes, which may then be opened and read with ruffles and flourishes before cameras. In these ways, then, Washington's "power elite" has become less powerful in recent years, although more conspicuous. (Conversely, those who do seem to have some real power—e.g., Supreme Court justices and one or two members of Congress, such as at present Sen. Russell Long—do not appear in *WWD* and are in general out of the public eye.) Power in Washington, at least in the Executive Branch, seems to have become so circumscribed that it amounts to little more than the power to appoint an entourage, or the power to fly from one country to another in a large airplane. But, for the sake of prestige, the illusion must be sustained. For that reason, the Issues are forever on the lips of those who would be reckoned among the powerful.

One is reminded that, with the arrival of gunpowder, pistols, and artillery, daggers and swords were deprived of their function, but they didn't entirely fade away. They remained as vestigial articles of attire, fashionable emblems of power worn by kings, princes, and barons. Well, our contemporary kings and barons don't wear daggers anymore. They wear something much more up-to-date, fashioned in the new-look Washington, tailored on Pennsylvania Avenue: PA's daring response to SA. Prêt-à-porter: the Issues. And very fetching they are too. □

"Image Washington does not render verdicts; the verdicts are brought to it in sealed envelopes, which may then be opened and read with ruffles and flourishes before cameras."

IN OUR TIME

by Tom Wolfe

Boyhood Dreams



When I Grow Up

TW

"A sniper? The media coverage is good—but when it's over, they throw you in the nuthouse, and that's that. Me, I want to go to Europe and kidnap industrialists for the Revolution and write a book about it and make a lot of money."

NOTES ON FAME

The machinery of celebrity provides the faithful Americans seek

by John Lahr

BALTIMORE—A gunman held his wife, seven children and about eleven other people hostage.... His only demand has been to hold a press conference. —AP dispatch

THE FASCINATION with fame that has turned America into a whispering gallery also drives it crazy with hope. Unfortunately in America today," said Michael Bennett, the newly famous actor of *A Chorus Line*, "either you're a star or you're nobody." Or to fame's punishing appeal as baldly *People's* headline for its story on Chevy Chase—"HE'S HOT, AND YOU'RE NOT."

The classical idea of fame was reputation based on deeds. It is the classical notion of fame as accomplishment that Milton writes about in "Lycidas":

*Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days*

Fame is changing. Visibility is now an end in itself. A celebrity in our media-dominated age is, in Daniel Horstman's words, "someone who is famous for being well known." World leaders talk to Barbara Walters. Reputation comes from having a job, not from being good at it. Politicians become newscasters; newscasters become movie actors; movie actors become politicians. Celebrity turns serious endeavor into performance. Everything that rises in America must converge on a talk show.

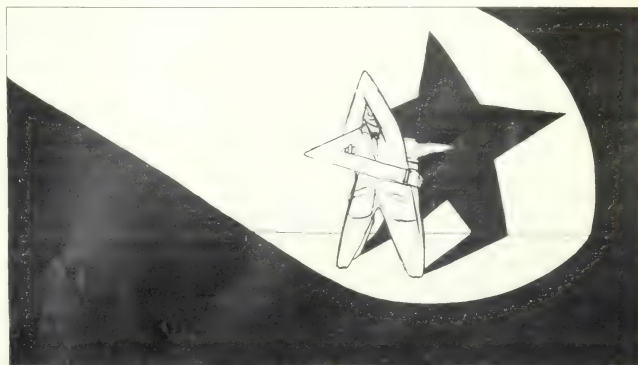
Whoever is most visible holds the most sway. Modern politicians (Hitler, Eisenhower, Nixon) have understood this; and taken lessons from actors. The relentless scrutiny of the TV camera in John Lahr is the author most recently of *Back Up Your Ears*, a biography of Joe Kennedy, to be published by Alfred A. Knopf in the fall of 1978.

forces everyone into a public turn. For the benefit of the camera Gloria Steinem tap-dances, State Sen. Julian Bond of Georgia ad-libs the role of the first black President, former Gov. Lester Maddox performs a cabaret turn with a man he sent to prison, Gore Vidal takes a part in *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*, and President Carter stages a day of his busy executive duties. Not only is the modern celebrity visible, he has the power to be everywhere at once; a technological solution to the restlessness that marks the American character.

Attention-getting becomes the national style in which gesture replaces commitment. Since the Yippies made themselves irresistible to the media in the late Sixties (Jerry Rubin accepted the "Academy Award of Protest"), all political activism has taken on a theatrical flamboyance which is a response to the knowledge that public indifference is certain powerlessness. "Fame is the perversion of the natural human instinct for validation and attention," the English playwright Heathcote Williams has said, describing the psychic impoverishment fame creates. "As the media stand now, 100 percent

of the population is getting *crème brûlée* every day, and the rest are being ignored." The infantile wish for total attention is admitted by Stanley Siegel, the host of *AM New York*, who talks to his psychiatrist on the air in front of millions: "I'd like everyone to spend a little time each day thinking about my problems." Siegel is famous because he has access to the media; those who don't are goaded into ever-increasing outlandishness to get attention. Arthur Bremer, who entered the footnotes of American history by crippling George Wallace, wrote in his published diary that at first he "wanted to be remembered as the man who assassinated Richard Nixon."

Means and ends are confused in the public mind when killers and kings are seen to reap the same celebrity status, when public malefactors are rewarded for their notoriety with the mythic accouterments of success. Fame legitimizes greed by making it glorious. But, like greed, it is insatiable. Watergate has been turned into a multi-million-dollar industry, the crime transformed into legend through the novels, autobiographies, movies, and lecture tours of the felons. Gary Gilmore went



Elizabeth Van Italie

NOTES ON FAME

to a murderer's grave with the rights to his story sold to the movies, and his producer among the four intimates who watched him die. Like any star's name, Gilmore's became commerce, emblazoned on T-shirts with his last words, "Let's Do It," and the subject of a punk-rock album, *Gary Gilmore's Eyes*.

In *Democracy in America*, Tocqueville observed that "the temper of Americans is vindictive." Both killers and stars make their names with a vengeance. When David Berkowitz, the .44-caliber killer who terrorized New York City for a year, was taken into custody, he introduced himself to the arresting officer with his *nom de guerre*, his only identity: "I'm Son of Sam." A celebrity whose capture was international news, whose story was being hotly bid for by book publishers and movie studios, whose name was already legend in the violent city lore, Berkowitz smiled for the press. The pop of the flashbulbs, the whirring TV cameras, the silent—even awed—audience listening to his explanations was the ritual setting for the famous. Why should newspapers find his smile chilling or mysterious? A man tortured by his anonymity and abandoned by his parents was finally exceptional, a *somebody* who had captured the world's attention. "Murder," Auden said, "is negative creation." And the killer's deed sacrifices his own life for a chance—however brief—to know the only life American society seems to value: celebrity.

Jackie, Marlon, Liza, Liz, Tennessee, Elvis, Mick and Bianca, Happy, Marilyn, Groucho, Bing, Raquel. "To make your name," "to see your name in lights," "to be a household name" has always been part of the democratic mythology of success. To establish "a name" in a nation of immigrants (many of whose names were lost at the port of entry) assuages the trauma of being uprooted and proves to the newcomer finally that he is here, here in the place where people are eager to lose their name in the hope of making a bigger one: Archie Leach (Cary Grant), Ruby Stevens (Barbara Stanwyck), Bernie Schwartz (Tony Curtis), Doris von Kappelhoff (Doris Day). The famous keep alive the romance of individualism, for fame is democracy's vindictive triumph over equality: the name illuminated, the name rewarded, the name tyrannical.

AMERICANS DO NOT LIVE easily with the idea of scarcity; and the cult of the famous has burgeoned as the nation comprehends that the looming energy crisis, increasing unemployment, and urban decay deny the dream of limitless material prosperity. Winners in a competitive society, stars of free enterprise, the famous are flouted so that the system can be seen to work. They are a living embodiment of its economic rules. With class distinctions in America replaced by cash distinctions, the famous have the power to turn everything into capital: every acquaintance, every job, even every failure serves to make their asking price bigger.

The occasional refusal of the famous to be visible (Howard Hughes, Greta Garbo) creates its own mystique because technology abhors a secret. The famous make self-interest legendary. As Ethel Merman explained her star status: "When I do a show, the whole show revolves around me, and if I don't show up, they can just forget it!" These displays of power create a sense of well-being and possibility. They make American life seem a blessing. As a result, fame has become America's greatest export, re-creating in modern terms the exciting illusion of perfectibility that first drew Europeans to the New World.

The dream has its tyranny. While the famous aspire to be the perfect product, pleasurable and addictive, the public, hooked on fame's contact high, craves new connections. As with all addiction, an ever-larger dose is needed to get the same rush. Having created the need, the machinery of celebrity must produce bigger and better celebrities. Like commercial American tomatoes, people are "forced" in fame's artificial light to gigantic size while their unique flavor shrinks. The ranks of the famous swell, and even those whose careers have been lost still retain the cachet of being well known.

Yet, "stars" are insecure in the firmament of the public imagination, often burning out from overexposure. "Power passes so quickly from hand to hand," Tocqueville wrote of America, "that none need despair of catching it in turn." In modern American life the turnover is dizzying. The media's overload of celebrity prompted Andy Warhol to observe sardonically: "In

the future everybody will be famous for fifteen minutes." This is an explosion of conspicuous waste, the downside of America's abundance, who exploited by ruthless media, care are "gloriously" made and "spectacularly" lost. The public relishes the fall of a star as a sacrifice which renews fertility in the shape of someone yet richer and more glamorous. *People* offers its readers a "Sequence" section: "Ever Wondered What Happened to So-And-So? More than 2,000 men, women, and children appeared in *PEOPLE's* pages during 1976. Many were celebrities and will be for a long time. Others were anonymous, revealing for a moment in the spotlight, then fading back into the crowd." The famous, who make a myth of accomplishment, become pseudo-events, turning the public gaze from the real to the ideal. They substitute for the nation's lack of a historical consciousness. Despite cultural efforts have been made to "enshrine" individual accomplishment in halls of fame. Pantheons of strippers, baseball players, statesmen, cowboys, dog mushers, animal actors—nearly 750 halls of fame have been established (only three outside America) in a crude attempt to fix points of reference and cultural values.

The famous embody the twin American obsessions of restlessness and commerce. Mention of a star is rare, made without a price, a product, a purchase. Feeling the surge of momentum and fearing its loss, the famous hurry to cash in. They have achieved success, but they cannot rest in it. In pursuit of their immortality they are compelled to explore power, test it, extend it. They must work to be famous. In skating on thin ice, the safety of the famous is in their speed.

FAME IS AMERICA'S Faustian bargain: a passport to the good life which trivializes human endeavor. The famous gain excitement and activity, only to lose concentration and calm. A sense of celebration spins the wheels of the imagination and seizes their life. The momentum becomes their existence.

At a certain velocity, all things must integrate. Presidents and performers have tried to ease the pressure with drink and drugs, but the awesome

of their omnipotence and their rules is unbalancing. "To be pointed, admired, mentioned constantly, pressed and offered easy ways of getting money is highly agreeable," Bertrand Russell, who himself has been "worn out and broken by the time I'm thirty" by fame. When all is open to a man, he finds it difficult to go on doing the work he himself thinks best." American society is littered with the legends of fame's walking wounded—Richard Nixon, Judy Garland, Marilyn Monroe, Jesse Williams all had their breakdowns in public and turned even their lives into myth.

At the aristocracy of success," S. J. Perelman says in *The Beauty Part*, "we are no strangers." Fame creates an caste system. The famous keep extending their power by association with the famous, for, like all Americans, they socialize by métier. When Cher was in Washington "the crime capital of the world" on television, President Carter called her on the phone to disabuse her. When Elvis dies, Caroline Kennedy attends the private memorial service and she is the only one outside the family allowed to gaze on the star's face. Sherill Billingsley, who conceived one of the legendary celebrity hangouts, the Sunset Club, understood this: "I found out that a flock of celebrities made a more popular. People will pay more to watch each other than for food, drink, or service." The exclusiveness of the famous is even built into manners. Amy Vanderbilt cautions her readers: "To be a really important person to sign an autograph book full of the names of the famous is to insult him."

The glare of public attention limits the experience of the famous while narrowing their range of connections. Instead of having experience, they have experiences provided for them. Life is homogenized, and this inevitably brings its own creative impoverishment. As the lives of the famous become slowly, irremediably thin, so does their work. The American artist is perhaps the best bellwether of the problem. Truman Capote now writes the gossip of his fashionable friends; Erica Jong refreshes her success, unable to escape in fiction the banality of her inflated self; Norman Mailer mythologizes himself in third person and grandstands for the crowd in pugilistic prose. Writing



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is an act of penetration, celebrity of presentation. The two are often at odds. In America, the writer strives to develop his singularity and his popularity—an impossible task because fame, which demands conformity to standardized rituals of success, is promiscuous with talent. In his haste to go public, the novelist too often rushes into print. Fame becomes the line of least resistance: it's always easier to make a spectacle of yourself than to probe yourself. "The worst thing, I should say, that can happen to a writer is to become a writer," Mary McCarthy says in her shrewd essay "The Fact in Fiction." Noting the absence of texture and fact in the modern novel, she sees the problem of the novel as partly the social predicament of the novelist. The contemporary writer who breaks through to public notoriety expands his royalty statement and shrinks his world. When he promotes his work, he traverses America in first-class hops between hotel and television studio. When he socializes, he finds himself amidst people with the same aspirations, the same histories of success, the same cultural references. He is surrounded in his private life by people who either support his success or re-act it.

It was not always the case. As Mary McCarthy writes, "The novelists of the nineteenth century had, both as public persons and private figures, great social range; they knew everybody, whether because of their fame in the great capitals of London, Paris, St. Petersburg, or in their village, province or country, where everybody knows everybody as a matter of course." Charles Dickens and Oscar Wilde enjoyed a wide and familiar success on their lecture tours here. Dickens suffered from the American predilection for smothering the famous with adulation. "I can do nothing that I want to do, go nowhere I want to go, and see nothing I want to see," he wrote from Boston in 1842.

If I turn into the street, I am followed by a multitude. If I stay at home, the house becomes, with callers, like a fair. I visit a public institution . . . the directors come down incontinently, waylay me in the yard and address me in a long speech. I go to a party in the evening and am so enclosed and hemmed about with people, stand

where I will, that I am exhausted for want of air. I dine out, and have to talk about everything to everybody. I go to church for quiet, and there is a violent rush to the neighborhood of the pew I sit in, and the clergyman preaches at me.

But the pressure on the celebrity to perform was not incessant; his time wasn't broken down into hours on a promotion schedule. The writer still had the freedom and the instinct to explore unknown worlds. "The American poor, the American factories, the institutions of all kinds. I have a book already!" Dickens wrote to a friend of what was to be his *American Notes*. Wilde too never put his celebrity before experience. "After my lecture," Wilde wrote from Fremont, Nebraska. "I went down a silver mine . . . the miners carrying torches before us as it was night. . . I stayed all night there, the men being most interesting to talk to." Both writers were charmed by American enthusiasm but not taken in by it. Their fame was divorced from their work, whereas today it is considered part of the writer's work. Wilde, who believed that "the only bad public notice was an obituary," never hid from fame: but in 1832, the celebrity route had not as now shrunk to a handful of demarcated locations between the Plaza and the Polo Lounge. "Have been to Texas, right to the heart of it, and stayed with Jeff Davis at his plantation (how fascinating all failures are!)," Wilde wrote home. "And seen Savannah, and the Georgia forests and bathed in the Gulf of Mexico and engaged in voodoo rites with Negroes." Today the celebrity is too busy being famous to wander off the main routes. He is never far from the telephone and the television camera which promote him and keep him safe in the bosom of his renown.

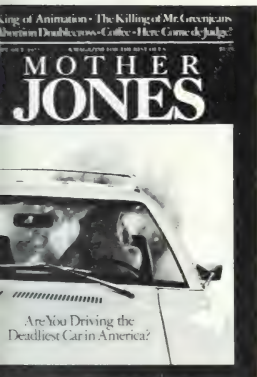
The writer is made to see himself as a commercial unit, and, like any commodity, he is pushed to be a brand name. The writer's advances, his publicity, his sales are in proportion to the public's awareness of him. In this climate, the writer must become his product. And if the product is to stay before the public, so too must the writer. The result is trivializing: "Robert Penn Warren Loves Eleanor Clark: With three books out, the preeminent U.S. literary couple copes with her growing blindness" (*People*).

EVERY SOCIETY has its particular kind of acceptable neurosis, and fame is America's cultural defense. America has co-opted fame for its own needs; by making desirable, the culture disguises it as a defense. Fame's pageant of ambition and aggrandizement is therefore more important to the society than the individuals who achieve it. Fame dramatizes vindictiveness as drive, megalomania as commitment, hysteria as action, greed as just reward. Idealized accomplishment is forced into gigantic proportions, a situation in which size often replaces substance as a barometer of success. "It doesn't matter if you fail," explained the producer of *Dr. Dolittle*, which lost \$28 million. Twentieth-Century Fox, "as long as you fail big."

America's dream has always become more important to it than its reality, and the famous are living proof of the dream. As the society flounders with a lofty mission and with its institutions in disarray, the machinery of celebrity works even harder to produce a sense of the culture's greatness. Celebrity proliferates in proportion to the society's fear of its decay. It is not reason but faith which Americans seek. The nation's philosophical first principle has become "I hope, therefore I am." In their glittering immediacy the famous celebrate the gratification of the moment but discourage the values of protracted effort, wisdom, permanence, and calm on which greatness is built.

The news is so swollen with information that the citizen can't see the sky through the stars. "Fame," David Bowie, who should know, "what you get is no tomorrow." The public loses its sense of historical proportion, unable to realistically assess its present or future. The material gains of the famous are so large, the technological that promotes them so pervasive, that the neurotic pattern cannot be broken except by disaster, which lifts man's sights beyond himself to the survival of the species. The rigidity of the system leads inevitably to stagnation. Fame standardizes the goals and the measure of achievement. The result is a frenzied yet monotonous society in which the names of the actors always change, but the show remains the same.

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THE BAD NEWS GIRLS

by Helen Yglesias

The Women's Room. by Marilyn French. Summit, \$10.95.

BEFORE THE women's movement shook up the language, a "woman's novel" was a formula romance churned out for an enormous book-buying female audience hungry for hokum. It's interesting to note that, far from fading away under the onslaught of the ideas of women's liberation, the genre has steadily counter-advanced into more and more lucrative corners of the book business, and into the heads of more and more women readers. Nevertheless, there have been some changes. A fog of awareness has settled in over reviewers; critics peer through the mist, warily monitoring levels of consciousness, and watching their mouths. In this climate, to describe *The Women's Room* as a woman's novel is to invite gross misunderstanding. But I do so, and no putdown is intended by the label. *The Women's Room*, a novel about women by a woman, flings aside the old pejorative terminology and boldly embraces the most confining landscape of women's lives; that is, it is a woman's novel in the sense that *The Naked and the Dead* is a war novel about men in isolation, subject to the damages of a common social experience—soldiering.

The common social experience the women suffer in Marilyn French's very long book is their Oppression in a Male-Dominated Society, and her intent is to animate this essentially political argument into a major work of fiction. For half the length of its almost 500 pages, the reader is immersed in what we have all been taught



to believe is debased literary material—meals, diapers, laundry, parties, cleaning, shopping, carting kids around the suburbs, flirting, venturing into affairs, accepting rotten sex as the proper portion due a good wife. The stultifyingly narrow valley of this approach results in a single-minded, obsessive, occasionally powerful, often boring concentration of case histories of a group of women. In this frieze, Mira is the central figure; somewhere about the middle of the book, Mira is precipitated out of her miserable role of suburban wife and mother into the heady air of the university and of Cambridge in the late 1960s. The second half of the novel tells of Mira among a different group of younger women and documents their case histories as they struggle to survive O. in a M.-D.S. (as stated above).

It would seem that things are rotten for women all over. In suburbia, one good wife goes crazy; one takes a lover, leaves her husband, never nabs the lover permanently, beats up on him, and is soundly trounced in re-

sponse; one moves on up the economic ladder while accepting her limit; one is divorced and makes it to academia and the road toward own work. Among the graduate students, one woman goes crazy; one raped; several learn that lesbian love may be as restrictive as any other kind; one settles for marriage in an old style; one is verbally whipped; one reaches a higher understanding and acts on it. In both sections it is Mira who moves into an upper level of freedom. It's true that the book's argument is weakened because Mira has been more or less content to continue in the gardens of suburbia until her husband dumped her, but in her graduate-school phase Mira invents herself as her own woman. At the end, withdrawn to a solitary commitment to herself, she lives alone, teaches a class, writes, and walks the shore of the coast of Maine.

"I have opened all the doors in the head," the narrator reports in the final lines of the novel.

"I have opened all the pores in my body.

"But only the tide rolls in."

THE STORIES of Mira and other women are narrated by an omniscient "I," an unidentified voice which is revealed at the end of the book to be that Mira herself in her new identity—surprise which comes as no surprise and a literary device so arch as to be intensely irritating. The voice to which we should as readers yield our trust

Helen Yglesias is the author of How Did and Family Feeling.

endered suspect by a mystery be-
employed in science fiction or the
dunit. Why use it? Because Mari-
French is aiming for a *Bildungs-*
an, but she also wants to force-
the reader a didactic essay. For
first she needs a dopey heroine,
ish enough to have allowed her-
to be put to sleep by the feminine
tique but who will be awakened
the kiss of woman's awareness. For
second she needs a mouthpiece,
since Sleeping Beauty will never
in this role, the late Mira must be
rimposed on the early one as the
rator. The late Mira gets to say all
classy things and to invoke the big
ies—Schopenhauer, Galileo, Chom-
Freud, Pope Gregory at Canos-
while submissive Mira is ritualistic-
y put through all the dumb things;
though Mira was a smart kid who
d books, she's even made to read
Well of Loneliness "with complete
mprehension." So wide a split be-
the late and early Mira is incon-



table as personality structure. It is
the writer's manipulation. A whole
man being is divided in two in or-
to create a naive heroine with
om "ordinary" readers are asked
identify while a sophisticated nar-
rator leads them down correct paths,
properly marked. One is reminded
the conversion novels of the 1930s
'40s. Indeed, in the power of its
essive reiteration, as well as in its
dly flatness, *The Women's Room*
Studs Lonigan of its time, though
re clumsy, with much of its story-
ing laid out on the table like a pre-
packaged meal served directly from
commercial containers.
Here is the narrator filling in back-
ground on Mira's childhood. In case-

history style, Mira's mother appears
only as "Mrs. Ward."

Mrs. Ward, convinced that Mira was headed for great things, which meant a good marriage to that good woman, scraped together money to send her for lessons. She had two years of elocution, two years of dancing school, two years of piano, and two years of water-color painting. (Mrs. Ward had loved the novels of Jane Austen in her youth.) At home, Mrs. Ward taught her not to cross her legs at the knees, not to climb trees with boys, not to play tag in the alley, not to speak in a raised voice, not to wear more than three pieces of jewelry at a time, and never to mix gold and silver. When these lessons had been learned, she considered Mira "finished."

Lesson one in the catechism of wom-
en's liberation: the female child is
programmed to be a lady. Many ad-
ditional lessons follow. One other il-
lustration is included—a lesson in lib-
erated sex, this time in what passes
for a scene, but is actually a poor Sun-
day supplement piece. Mira and a
woman friend, Val, are discussing ag-
gression and sex. Mira asks:

"What about sexual depravity?"

Val leaped at her. "What is sexual depravity?"

Mira sat in shock.

*"What is it? Is it homosexual-
ity? Cannulinsg? Fellatio? Mas-
turbation? . . . Are you talking
about S and M?"*

Mira, pink-faced, nodded.

*"S and M is only the expression
in the bedroom of an oppressive-
submissive relation which can hap-
pen also in the kitchen or at the
factory, can happen between peo-
ple of any gender. There is ob-
viously something titillating about
these relations, but it isn't the sex-
ual component that makes them
ugly, they're uglier elsewhere.
Nothing sexual is depraved. Only
cruelty is depraved, and that's an-
other matter."*

*Val lighted a cigarette and con-
tinued. She talked about polymor-
phous perversity, and how the
whole world was just like a lit-
ter of puppies who want to curl
up together and lick each other
and smell each other, and about
exogamy and endogamy and the
absurdity and destructiveness of
notions like racial purity, and*

*about the ways property, the whole
idea of property had infected and
corrupted sexual relationships.*

It is unfair to invoke Proust. To il-
luminare "sexual depravity" through a



masterful caricature of a contempo-
rary female Charlus is beyond Marilyn
French's skills, or indeed of her nar-
row sense of life and human person-
ality. The swift, subtle, brilliant, stab-
bing hint of Grace Paley is also be-
yond her. Even where she excels, in
her obsessive insistences, she's thin;
there's no coloration of the richness
of Christina Stead. One forgoes glad-
ly the smooth polished surface of well-
made, quality fiction; but Marilyn
French hardly seems to understand
what it is that fiction *does*, what it is
that's singular about fiction, a sub-
ject too complicated for a review but
summed up in the simplified notion
that whatever hell fiction is putting
its characters through, if it's good fic-
tion it is always giving the reader
pleasure. If not, why read fiction at
all? There are more efficient ways of
gaining information.



Illustrations from *Theme and Variations* by Piero Fornasetti

BUT HANDING OUT information is not Marilyn French's sole aim. She does indeed reach for a full rendering of the terrible landscape of woman's war to know and to be herself. She has entered a terrain which can yield a masterpiece and though she stumbles about in it, the very force of her conviction and her energy carries her to a kind of victory. One's objections are almost overcome. Ridiculous to complain that the male characters are thin. The entire canvas is thinly spread with primary colors, and the female characters are flash-cards, signaling set responses. The children, Mira's sons, hardly exist as characters at all. They conveniently disappear into boarding school for a good part of the book. The social underpinnings that build

the solidity of a novel are never given; money is no real problem; and even work, the women's real work, which should be the sharp essence of their struggle, is never delineated, never brought vividly on scene. Sex scenes are copied from the old, male, semi-pornographic models, with a touch of pseudo-romance thrown in, and the new sexual liberation for women in fiction indicated by a taste for sperm on the tongue. The social scene is entirely limited to middle-class women and a few men and children in the scrungy rooms and coffee shops of Cambridge, with passing nods to the assassinations of Kennedy and King, of antiwar demonstrations, of the troubles in Biafra and the historical oppression of women, purdah, and other such.

A novel should be judged innocent

of how it is sold in the marketplace but in the case of *The Women's Room* it's impossible to ignore the treatment of the book's debut as a public event. That, too, affects the picture. An almost million-dollar paperback sale guarantees an immense readership, which will be overwhelmed by women looking for help in the essay, violent upheaval to create relationships between the needs of the female self and the possibility of new forms of love in the world. The news from *The Women's Room* is dispiriting—bad for women, bad men, and bad for children. Mira's story shreds all the old connections makes no usable new ones. In the what's down there on the beach survivor, with all the bridges out the tide rolling in.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

by Frances Taliaferro

Afterimages, by Arlene Croce. Alfred A. Knopf, \$12.95.

Anyone who cares a fig for the craft of writing must read *Afterimages*. This collection of writings on dance in the Sixties and Seventies may deter readers who are, like the present one, dance illiterates. But good criticism can initiate the novice as well as edify the sophisticate, and *Afterimages* is not merely good. After reading this rich and beckoning book, I am willing to be initiated into whatever subject Arlene Croce chooses.

The title expresses the particular problem of the dance critic, whose material is as fleeting as a retinal impression. It also suggests what Croce is "after" as a writer, and what she sees as an elementary responsibility of the critic: to identify as vividly, as visually as possible what is happening onstage. Like Twyla Tharp, whom she describes as having "a logician's mind and a vaudevillian's heart," Croce herself conveys in her images the tension of conflicting elements. The shock of her wit often depends, like Donne's, on the yoking of heterogeneous ideas. The

Frances Taliaferro teaches English at The Brearley School in New York City.

result is sometimes a simple oxymoron, as when she describes the "genial sadism" of an avant-garde performance. More often, she snaps from one cultural preserve to another, as here: "On a Saturday evening recently, John Cage read a deranged version of portions of Thoreau's *Journals*, in a voice that sounded like Vincent Price performing in Kabuki." She is mistress of epithets. John Parks is "a dancing lobster," Fernando Bujones "a lordly elf." In one sentence she can pulverize, as when she speaks of the ballet *The Relativity of Icarus*. "The pas de deux is an endless vision of the young and gay in one another's crotches, and for the insanely credulous a verse meditation on the [Icarus] myth is sung during the action."

If acrid metaphor were the extent of her gift, Croce would be just another smart, irresponsible destroyer. What makes her a critic worth following—in every sense—is the range of her culture and the joy of her conviction that it is possible even in this "oversold decade" to distinguish the shoddy from the true. She nips at the heels of audiences and critics alike, enjoining us to instruct rather than only indulge ourselves, and to experience dance at

its passionate center rather than our emotional periphery. She explains choreographers and their contexts, she identifies heroes and villains among them. Like many a guardian of public virtue, she makes categorical judgments; her reviews probably cite other balletomanes to scratchy olence. But for the common reader how impossible to read *Afterimages* and not feel the hungry need to go down to Lincoln Center and see what's happening.

Disappearances, by Howard F. Moshier. Viking, \$8.95.

This is a vigorous and peculiar novel. The setting is Kingdom Come in northern Vermont, as close to Canada as possible; the year is 1932. So far as the plot can be described, it relates the bootlegging adventures of Quebec Bill Bonhomme and his young son Wild Bill as they attempt to amass a heroic amount of whisky across the border. The tales are tall; the characters are numerous and eccentric. Aunt Cordelia, ninety years old and six feet tall, is both schoolteacher and sibyl; at moments of general passion she is likely to read aloud from U

all, and she can shoot a musket as light as she quotes Milton. Carcajou, villain, master of disguises and appearances, is a figure of chaos and night. Eldritch, inventive, he is idel's albino cousin. There are also r albinos, bootlegging monks, furling voyageurs, a beloved Cadillac d White Lightning, a horny, exic maiden whom Wild Bill misses for the Tooth Fairy, and a whole people's home full of hermaphrodite and pawky senior citizens. This t will inevitably be described as cking, boisterous, sprawling, and t. It is all of these at times, and i highly entertaining as long as rajou is the antagonist and whisky e issue. Mosher seems to be after er game, however; *Disappearances* some philosophical pretensions as ips in and out of past and future, ng generations and identities. Alrica thoughts spring to mind: is book simply a good read, or is it ypto-Bicentennial novel that celes the wonders of a disappearing erica? Mosher leaves us uncertain uncomfortable.

Assault with a Deadly Weapon: An Autobiography of a Street Criminal, by John Allen, edited by nne Hall Kelly and Philip Heymann. theon, \$8.95.

John Allen grew up as a black in Southeast section of Washington. His first sentence puts it plainly: seems to me that the kind of neighborhood you come up in may make the difference in which way you go where you end up." In Southeast, mebody was always doing something [outside the law] in each family. I was sticking up, one of my thers was stealing; one of my sisters bootlegging; one of my uncles te numbers; one of my grandthers occasionally wrote numbers." n's world was emotionally close geographically small, a turf of alsa and shortcuts, of hustlers and flashy des. When John was very young, he pressed up" cereal boxes at the A&P, racting the little prizes from each t. He graduated to gang fights, se snatching, stick-up, armed robbery, pimping, and drug dealing; he time in juvenile homes and in jail. *Assault with a Deadly Weapon* is result of many taped memoirs and

conversations between Allen and Dianne Kelly. The editors have skillfully assembled narrative and set pieces, but the voice is unmistakably Allen's own. It is the voice of a man who views crime as a job like any other. In fact the tone of the book is so direct and practical that it somehow seems lurid to use the word *crime* in speaking of it. Allen has a vivid aptitude for narrative and an eye for detail. One of the liveliest portraits: One-armed Sam, a formidable drug baron who kept different artificial arms for different occasions. ("I seen him get mad with a broad and put on a certain arm, 'cause that was the arm that he whupped dames with, or he get mad with a dude and put on a certain arm, 'cause that was the arm he whupped dudes with.")

Why read this fascinating book? Not because it will titillate, not because it will instruct the crime-bent reader in useful practices, and certainly not because it will feed anyone's appetite for cultural disapproval. It is impossible to pontificate about this autobiography, which has the force of a really good novel: we see Allen's world from inside Allen's skin.

Adultery and Other Choices, by Andre Dubus. David R. Godine, \$8.95.

Andre Dubus is a skillful and temperate writer. This clement collection of short stories takes some getting used to. As when a harpsichordist opens his recital with sounds that seem unbearably faint after the noise outside, Dubus invites us into a world of quiet melodies. Gradually the ear learns to hear them. When Dubus writes about growing up in Louisiana, he finds nothing of the Southern Gothic. These fine stories are the equivalent of Hopper landscapes, anywhere in small-town America: the window-square of light in the dark house; the freshly cut grass beside the back porch and the fig tree. People play golf, go to barbecues, have fights around the Coke machine at school. The mystery is out of all proportion to the events. "Contrition," the best story, is ostensibly about ten-year-old Paul and his brief involvement with the French horn. In fact it says all that ever need be said about the pain of family love. The title story, "Adultery," takes as its epigraph a quotation from Simone

Weil: "Love is a direction and not a state of the soul." Dubus constructs a disturbing spiritual framework that mocks the accustomed tackiness of the subject. Less good are several rather trite stories set in the U.S. Marine community. This collection is uneven, but Dubus at his best can evoke thoughts that lie too deep for tears.

The City Builder, by George Konrad, translated by Ivan Sanders. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$7.95.

Eastern European writers have a strange power to cloud men's minds. The Western reader, sated with Irwin Shaw, licking the last delicious morsels of Philip Roth from his chops, pauses to wonder whether it might not now be morally uplifting, even cathartic, to read something translated from a Slavic language. Agreeable it may not be; it will certainly be worthy, because the book will have come all the way from a valiant place where writers are certified spokesmen of authentic unpleasantness. They live there; they ought to know.

George Konrad is a novelist and sociologist who lives in Budapest. His book can barely be described as a novel, unless one appeals to Randall Jarrell's definition of the novel as "a prose work of some length that has something wrong with it." *The City Builder* is a rant, a harangue, a jeremiad, a long and lyrical spleen-venting, an urban apocalypse that takes the city as the emblem of man and his works, a wormy simulacrum of the City of God. The speaker-visionary is an architect in an East European city, fed to the teeth with the government of the state and of his own body. His invective is promiscuous; hardly a poor sap among us will fail to find himself scorched by it. His densely poetic prose reads like a quart of beef essence: rich, intense, and repulsive in such quantity. The fault of this novel is its terrible abundance, its bombardment with sensory and symbolic details. There are certainly pity and terror in many of Konrad's furious visions, but they are mixed with the ennui of his relentless tone. The great apocalypses are short ones, and decadent Western readers in need of urban catharsis would do better to read the Book of Lamentations. □

THE TREASON OF THE CLERISY

Most American intellectuals adhere to a repressive code

by Chilton Williamson,

I found that to tell the truth is the hardest thing on earth, harder than fighting in a war, harder than taking part in a revolution.

—Richard Wright

THE AMERICAN, try as he will, can never imagine any work of the imagination wholly devoid of moral content." wrote H. L. Mencken in his essay "Puritanism as a Literary Force." "It must either tend toward the promotion of virtue, or be suspect and abominable." In the years since 1917, the moral system that Mencken spent a lifetime defying has been relieved of its gun and truncheon and removed from the beats that took it past Publishers' Row and Times Square. It is probably no exaggeration to say that, since the novels of Henry Miller got home free, the Republic has been as safe for *sales-letters* as the Left Bank is for dirty postcards. Nowadays publishers will reproduce previously "unprintable" words in Caledonia type on the very best rag: you can pronounce any of the traditional four-letter words at the National Book Awards, and no Brahmin aesthete will turn his back: the most explicit sex scenes are not only permissible, they are all but obligatory in contemporary films and novels that aspire to make it big, not only in Manhattan but in the breadbasket states. As for acts of political *lèse-majesté*, the sky is the limit: you can publish pur-

loined top-secret documents, and not only the Gridiron Club but half the House and Senate will rise to its feet and applaud your contribution to American democracy. Because of all this, the notion has been accepted that Americans whose trade lies in any one of the forms of public communication are free, for the first time in the history of the country, to speak out on any subject with the utmost frankness.

In fact, however, the situation is plainly otherwise. When Prof. Carl Bode published *The New Mencken Letters* last year, he afforded many sincere commentators the opportunity to wag their heads sadly and lament that the Bad Boy of Baltimore is dead and gone. Yet shrewder, or more honest, observers quite correctly suspected that, were Mencken alive and writing, he would be hard put to get his essays into print. During the past generation or two, the tenor and quality of public debate have become palpably less salty in almost all respects, save on those topics on which it is respectable—even admirable—to be intellectually hysterical: Vietnam, the Beast of San Clemente, the oil tycoons, the pending abrogation of the First Amendment. Indeed, a powerful polemical style such as Mencken employed, heavily laced with personal prejudice and joyous hyperbole, today gets a writer into hot water or, more likely, shoves him into oblivion.

As the arts in America have become increasingly hospitable to pornography and scatology, journalism

has become more stodgy, "professional," and "responsible." Gone are days when editorialists, in the Federalist and Jeffersonian eras, regularly denounced politicians as thieves, rascals, swindlers, fornicators, and—as in the case of Thomas Jefferson—miscegenists. I can think of no halfway respectable sheet today—least of all, alas, the *timore Sun*—that would print as lenient an obituary for a revered national figure as Mencken's "In Memoriam WJB," written upon the death of William Jennings Bryan in 1925 and published in the *Sun* on the morning after Bryan's demise in Dayton, Tennessee. Mencken's condescending remarks about Aframericans ("Moors," called them), his ambivalent comments about Jews, and his jokes at the expense of "fat lady poets" would find him into parlous straits with the NAACP, the B'nai B'rith, and the National Women's Conference, and render him scarcely fit to appear in such showcases of tolerable opinion as the *New York Times's* Op-Ed page, *Saturday Review*, and *The New Yorker*, which delightedly carried many of his autobiographical "Days" pieces in the 1920s. To the extent that Mencken is remembered at all these days by a generation of scribblers, it is for his fearless intellectual cussedness which the new breed mainly lacks; while they may feel the more bold and adventurous for admiring it, they do not have the courage to emulate; of which, in another region of the psyche, they do not even approve.

Chilton Williamson is a contributing editor of *National Review*.

THE AMERICAN CLERISY—that class of cultural mandarins that considers itself to be both the nation's conscience and brains—has always considered it of its principal duties to exhort plain people to notions of piety and mindlessness. This is partly because the New World has for some 400 years appealed to all manner of visionaries and idealists seeking virgin but fertile soil in which to sow the seeds of popular delusions, and partly because the comparative absence, since the middle of the nineteenth century, of political censorship incited writers to moral exhortation. Unable to suppress by force of law improper and unworldly ideas, they have sought instead to introduce proper ones, and hoped Gresham's law would not apply to intellectual coinage. The ruling classes in Europe were interested not in limiting the characters of their citizens, but in controlling them, and thus the mechanisms of political censorship were sufficient to their purpose. Notwithstanding, the educated classes of the American democracy, who have never been free to impose forcibly their ideas on their inferiors—or, rather, to draw ideas from them. When Henry James Wilder described in *Littletown on the Prairie* how, as a young girl at a Fourth of July celebration in the Dakota Territory, she needed to a man read the Declaration of Independence and understood that being free means "you've got to be good," she neatly summed up an important part of American political history: a democratic people must, to remain so, be a moral people.

And this is that, from Cotton Mather to Benjamin Franklin, from Lincoln to Emerson, from Dr. Irving Babbitt to Thornton Wilder to Arthur Schlesinger Jr., American writers have condescended themselves as if they were the nation's preeminent moral faculty. And whether they were drawn primarily from divines, political theorists, philosophers, sociologists, or journalists, whether they preached godliness in an age of eroding religiosity, chastity in an age of increasing libertinism, or social conscience in an age of "apathy." It was Joseph Stalin who called the writer "the engineer of the human soul," but it could just as well have been almost any American who wrote during the last decades of the nine-

teenth century and the first half of the twentieth, a rambunctious, vigorous, and iconoclastic literati—drawn from frontier towns, provincial cities, and city desks all over the United States—rebelled against the concept of the intellect as a vehicle for moral regeneration and replaced it with the theory that, as Brooks Atkinson, the *New York Times* drama critic in the Thirties, put it, "The function of art is not to promote a code of standards or to establish social ideals, but to tell the truth about all the people who inhabit the world." This movement was begun by the realist writers and continued by the naturalists: after the first world war many of its attitudes, though not all of them, were adopted by the rebels of the Twenties. Dreiser, Mencken, and the smart set of the Algonquin round table fought to establish for the artist the right to say what he pleased, regardless of whether it offended preachers, professors, businessmen, or Presidents. In doing so, they created a myth of their own: that of the modern intellectual as bad boy, an "irresponsible" artist answerable only to his muse—as Mencken wrote, a "free spirit and darling of the gods." Succeeding generations embraced this stereotype as soon as they knew that they would grow up to be intellectuals and artists, and adopted forthwith the assumption that they, too, were ageless rebels whose impulse in life was to express themselves to the fullest extent that their genius would permit, at whatever expense to the integrity of religion, democracy, and the public morals.

But as a new generation of young intellectuals was growing up after the second world war, circumstances changed so as to prevent another brood of genuine intellectual mavericks from hatching. Chief among these were the postwar boom in mass communications and the virulent growth of higher education by means of which the rebels and bohemians of the Twenties and Thirties were rudely transformed into a mandarin class and absorbed into the ranks of the Establishment—even elevated, it has been argued, to form an Establishment of their own. The Greenwich Village outcast, starving on his pittance gained by writing cranky book reviews for *The Nation*, has blossomed into a well-fed bourgeois living in style on the good green bucks paid by *Playboy*, or the Ford Foundation.

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—William Saroyan



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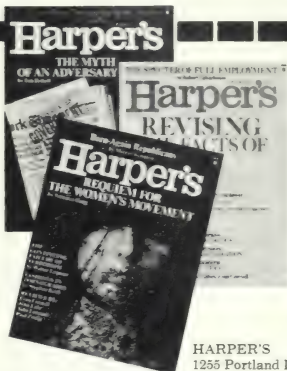
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THE FOURTH ESTATE

the knout on the nape of the neck, not rude reviews, or no reviews, or the refusal of the chance to make a guest appearance on the *Tonight* show.

One can, however, talk about the suppression of ideas, and there exists, I suspect, a relationship between that and censorship, a congruity of purpose if not of means—the same relationship, let us say, that exists between plain old-fashioned violence, flowing from a gun barrel or ax handle, and Mohandas Gandhi's and Martin Luther King's nonviolence, which is merely violence congealed into immobility. This suppression is effected by a number of means, beginning at the most fundamental level with the indignant use of the editorial blue pencil and including such tactics as public humiliation and exile to that special Siberia reserved for dissident intellectuals.

The critical reception several years ago of a book by Jean-François Revel, the contumacious columnist for *L'Express*, offers a classic example of the clerisy's power. Doubleday, Revel's American publisher, while eager to exercise its rights to *Without Marx or Jesus: The New American Revolution Has Begun*, was nevertheless slightly nervous about the venture. The thesis of the book was that the United States of America has the greatest revolutionary potential, broadly conceived, of any society in the world, and that, despite inhospitality to violent revolution, it is nevertheless in the United States that *Homo novus* is likely to evolve. Revel's manuscript arrived in America in 1971, when the red tide of the Sixties had not yet run out. Consequently, Doubleday was in a quandary: it dared not simply release this book, in its raw untreated state, into the literary marketplace. So it hired Mary McCarthy to compose an afterword, explaining later to a skeptical inquirer that, as Revel was not well known in this country, it supposed that a few words of commentary by Miss McCarthy would be "helpful." No doubt Doubleday's motives were as much pecuniary as ideological, but Miss McCarthy were plainly otherwise. Revel, she explained, was a controversialist who wished merely to shock, as witness his travel book on Italy in which he charged that Italian women have hair on their legs! The point that Miss McCarthy was ramming home was that Revel, lacking respect for the social and intellectual

proprieties of the clerisy, is not an intellectual at all, and that therefore his and his ideas could—and should—be ignored. For it does nobody any good to propagate a theory about American culture that could lead the weak-minded into optimism and self-congratulation and thence into apathy. Revel's new book, *The Totalitarian Temptation*—which describes the unwillingness of the European Left to speak the truth about Communism—created a terrific controversy in France, where his enemies actually read it, but none whatsoever in the United States, where it was reviewed by a scattering of publications, most of them either reactionary or neoreactionary.

Daniel Patrick Moynihan, who does not owe his election to the Senate to sociologists, blacks, or intellectuals (other than *Commentary* subscribers) has been less suavely dealt with. Back in the Sixties, Moynihan wrote a book in which he stated that one of the chief causes of the extreme social and economic backwardness of many urban Negroes is that, the biological father having taken to their heels, their families have lapsed into matriarchy. Ever since that book appeared, Moynihan has been paying through the nose for having written what many intellectuals continue to believe is a racist work. Although Moynihan has repeatedly issued the most convincing elucidation of his remarks—as if any such were needed—on this subject, as he has of his famous "benign neglect" memo to President Nixon, his enemies have continued to make the most unscrupulous use of their willful misreading of his position. In 1976 they came close to costing him the Senatorial election.

Or take the case of Spiro Agnew, who was so rash last year as to say that American Jews, like most Jews everywhere, tend to be at least mildly sympathetic to the state of Israel, and that Jews, who constitute approximately 3 percent of the American population, can be said to be disproportionately represented in American journalism, and to conclude that the media's pro-Israeli slant, which nobody denies, is at least partially explained by the facts. Agnew, for his sins, was violently denounced with epithets Joe McCarthy might have envied, and his argument was refuted by portrayals of the wickedness of his character rather than the faultiness of his logic. Of course

Agnew may indeed be an anti-Semite; but nothing that he had to say about the role of Jews in the media was even remotely anti-Jewish.

Finally, there have been instances of it in which certain of the otherwise most outspoken defenders of the First Amendment have gone beyond suppression and called for outright censorship, the case of Larry Flynt of *Hustler* being the most recent example. Here the situation was a complicated one. Upon hearing of Flynt's conviction on an obscenity charge by the higher courts, the overwhelming majority of the clergy made themselves up to play the parts of Clarence Darrow, L. Mencken, and Morris Ernst. But their automatic was their response that they failed to recognize that there was another side to the case, one which they themselves, under less inflammatory circumstances, would have been quick to support. Certain people, however, saw the Flynt conviction not as a feat for free expression, but as a victory for feminism. Thus Gloria Steinem, editor of *Ms.*, and Elizabeth Holtzman, a Congresswoman from Brooklyn, not only refused to sign a round robin in defense of Flynt but sued a bulletin of their own calling for his imprisonment and the suppression of his magazine. What prevented these two ladies from gaining more lies than they found is, I suspect, the fact that, while the new morality is endemic to the American intellectual community, the intelligentsia has not yet acquired the habit of associating it with such frank and honest acts of censorship as the quashing of a magazine and the jailing of its editor.

DOUTBLESS THE clerisy is chary of government regulation of the elite media—books, magazines, films, theater, art in general—whose governance, they think, is best left to their own laws, under which they deal with renegade clerics and dangerous dolts like Agnew who under into their dioceses. They look with far more favor, however, upon government regulation of the mob media—most of TV, children's books, textbooks—the audience for which consists chiefly of uneducated people, lack of mind and social conscience. This ideological discrepancy can be seen in the history of the mo-

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tion-picture industry; the morals of films have always been far more strictly policed than those of books and magazines. It has not for years been illicit in the U.S. to publish a novel in which God is blasphemed, or in which the Communists trounce the Americans, or in which the armies of organized crime make an ass of the law, yet scripts containing such atrocities have been very strongly discouraged since the Thirties. Nevertheless, very few of even the most libertine writers of serious books or the most activist social critics have stepped forward to defend the rights of screenwriters and directors to put such heresies into their films. In the past, most such people were far too Brahmin in their sensibilities to protest limitations upon a degraded pseudo-art, and, at present, they are concerned about the disturbing effects that mass culture has upon mass minds. So it is that the fight to rescue Hollywood from the trammels of conventional piety has generally been abandoned to such organizations as the American Civil Liberties Union and to troublemakers within the industry itself.

At the moment, the situation in which the film and television industries find themselves is arguably worse than that in which the Hollywood geniuses have historically languished. For while it is true that the movies established their own codes of morality, they did so mainly in the interests of persuading local, puritanical governments to stay out of their hair. Today, by contrast, not only do they have to worry about such hostile forces as Christians and patriots, they have as well to keep a watch out for the regiments of the clerisy: editorialists, college professors, sociologists, criminologists, psychologists, sexologists, social workers, university presidents, lawyers, feminists, gay activists, the NAACP, and the B'nai B'rith. Many of these worthies are lobbying for changes in the ways in which women and minorities are portrayed on the screen, as well as in the degree and amount of violence shown. None of them, of course, considers himself corruptible by such violent or sexist or racist or corporate-fascist influences as creep into films or slip through the fingers of the TV programmers. (Anthony Comstock maintained a splendid library of pornographic volumes with which to keep him-

self company on rainy days.) But what of the masses? Are they not susceptible souls? (Recently, the defense counsel for a fifteen-year-old who shot and killed an eighty-two-year-old woman pleaded "not guilty" for his client on the ground that the boy was driven mad by watching Telly Savalas commit mayhem on television.) Hence, for the monitors of the mob media, self-regulation is insufficient. Back to the statute books! Call in the FCC to look over the shop! Remember the Comstocks! At this point, it is fair to talk about censorship.

OF COURSE, THERE IS a case to be made—a case, moreover, with a distinguished philosophical pedigree—for the control of certain ideas and forms of expression. These involve such manifestations of freedom of speech as threaten people, as in the case of the American Nazi party, which was recently refused permission to march in the predominantly Jewish village of Skokie, Illinois; as directly incite people to racial hatred (Great Britain, certainly one of the world's freest societies, recently passed the Race Relations Act prohibiting speech delivered to such purpose); as are violently offensive to beliefs held in cherished regard by a preponderant section of the community (in Britain, blasphemers are not granted freedom of speech); and as serve to degrade human beings, as in the case of Larry Flynt's publishing activities. In these and similar instances, as I say, there is a respectable case to be made for state control of public expression. But what is distressing about the self-conscious intellectual climate that prevails in America today is that checks upon intellectual spontaneity do not for the most part proceed from statute law, but rather are designed and imposed by the same people upon whom they operate—the people whose livelihood is self-expression.

Now, according to every moral cliché in which the theory of democracy is expressed, this is a healthy state of affairs: a free people's best guarantee against excessive state regulation is to regulate itself. But I submit that it is nevertheless a bad thing. The insipidness of contemporary intellectuals is chiefly the result of the awe that the

people who maintain the prevailing climate of debate have for the potency of their own thoughts. They are too much intimidated by the estate of the modern cleric to be capable of infringing upon the gentleman's agreement wherein they have vowed to suppress themselves in the interest of a more perfect commonweal.

This situation, it must be obvious, makes for a bad show. The human mind is a radical instrument, and it does not function to the best advantage when its rebellious, irreverent, and anarchic impulses are suffocated. It is owing to this truth that contemporary assumptions about freedom of speech are fallacious: censorship is most pernicious when it is self-imposed, not when it is practiced by government agents. If there is anything more inimical to a vigorous culture than the suppression of ideas by the police, it is the suppression of ideas by people whose business it is to coin them. While our present-day intelligentsia possesses an accurate sense of the cultural importance of intellectuals, it has a very defective sense of mission. The moral and social reverberations of a newspaper column, a novel, a TV show, or a film are valid social concerns, but for the most part they should be left to the community at large and its elected agencies to worry about. If a timid and conventional mind is a bad thing in an average citizen, it is a far worse thing in a writer, but nowadays you can find as many Babbitts on the Columbia campus or down at *The Village Voice* as at any state realtors convention. It has been quite a while since even professedly liberal intellectuals have paid better than lip service to John Stuart Mill's conviction that "no one can be a great thinker who does not follow his intellect to whatever conclusion it may lead. Where there is a tacit convention that principles are not to be disputed, we cannot hope to find that generally high scale of mental activity which has marked some periods of history so remarkable."

At the heart of the problem lies the unpleasant fact that the American intellectual no longer hankers to become a great thinker. He would much rather serve society as a press agent, para-politico, pseudo-social worker, or occupational therapist masquerading as an artist or philosopher. □

PUZZLE

NEW WINE IN OLD BOTTLES

Richard Maltby, Jr.

With acknowledgments to D. St. P. Barnard and Aryeh H. mucl

this month's instructions: Clichés need sprucing up every century or so. As it were. Hence, the eight unclued entries in this puzzle. Clues to these eight lights are:

UP IN ARMS

DROPS FROM OVERWORK

UNINSPIRING DEATH

AVOIDING THE ISSUE

SENDING OFF WITH A WAVE OF THE HAND

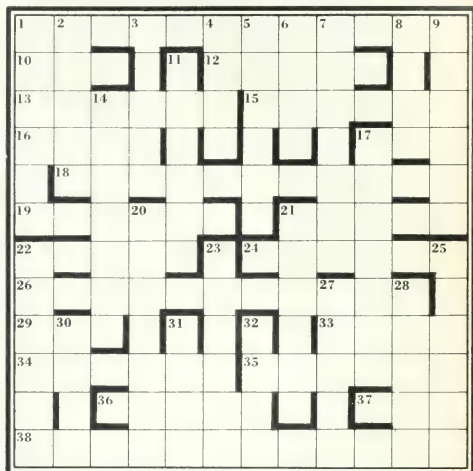
HEARTY LISTENERS

TOWER OF STRENGTH

I'M NOT SURE IF I GET IT

Solvers will have to determine which clue refers to which try. Clued answers include two proper names, one of which moderately uncommon. All other entries are common words. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 90.



CLUES

ACROSS

- (5, 7)
- A clergyman's annex (3)
- Catch article repelled by itself (5)
- It's elemental! There's ill will when there's a lack of direction (6)
- Unfortunate soldier in revolutionary tumbrel (6)
- Without aplomb, lose a plum (4)
- Creature that appears first in scales, so they say (3)
- (11)
- Utter nonsense about royal tower (6)
- (5)
- (5)
- Stray westward in the sun—that's a horse of a different color! (6)
- (11)
- The very beginning of Thomas Wolfe's novel has been written many times (3)
- Virile curse is produced with this diction (4)
- Castle keeps, the makings of . . . athletic supporters? (6)
- Collection of reminiscences, daily diary, or something similar (6)
- Make a bill that's equal to one hundred in ten parts (5)
- First Lady goes East, comes back the night before (3)
- (12)

DOWN

1. Dog takes bachelor's place (6)
2. Rock solid superstars, perhaps (5)
3. He takes time if he slips (5)
4. It's reached by just being around me (4)
5. Topics treated by a branch of physics (6)
6. Not any yarn to be raveled (4)
7. (7)
8. State welcome in some circles (4)
9. I'm taking things lightly! I'm not contracted to have deciphered clue first (6)
11. Food with punch? (6)
14. The most gloomy period, sure, involved getting taken in (7)
17. Faceless sundial shows movement around the radius during the day (7)
20. (7)
21. Numbers of things you ought to do about Oriental religion (6)
22. Burlesque shows in ship clothes (6)
23. Forces working to produce art (6)
25. Untruths written about, for example, all subjects (6)
27. I am past the buggy stage! (5)
28. Baseball equipment in a handy container? (5)
30. Located near, but under floor level (4)
31. Divine being off the beaten path (4)
32. Beavers fish at some central area (4)

CONTEST RULES

and completed diagram with name and address to New Wine in Old Bottles, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by January 12. Winners of the first three correct solutions opened will receive one-year subscription to *Harper's*. The solution will be printed

in the February issue. Winners' names will be printed in the March issue. Winners of the November puzzle, "Sixes and Sevens," are Norman M. Boehner, Los Angeles, California; Helen Briggs, Lynbrook, New York; and Mrs. R. F. Stott, New York, New York.

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by Peter A. Iseman



WHY CARS WITH SIMILAR MECHANICAL PARTS STILL DON'T PERFORM LIKE A BMW.



All expensive, imported automobiles feature an impressive list of sophisticated mechanical refinements.

Most have some sort of independent suspension system. Most have fuel-injected engines.

All are designed with more than a perfunctory nod to aerodynamics and functionality.

Yet, write the editors of *Motor Trend* magazine, "...once a knowledgeable and experienced driver has driven a BMW, any BMW, nothing else feels quite as good as it did before."

The explanation? Quite simple.

The BMW 320i is far more than a collection of gears and axles and random parts.

It is a finely tuned, evolutionary machine. A practical sedan built by racing engineers and per-

fected in places like Le Mans, Monte Carlo and the Nürburgring, where precision is crucial and agility and durability are more than just matters of theoretical speculation.

PERFECTED ON THE RACE TRACK, NOT MERELY THE TEST TRACK.

While it is, of course, feasible to develop an acceptable automobile in the relative vacuum of the test track and the laboratory, it is virtually impossible to simulate the perfection demanded by motor racing.

When you press the 320i accelerator, the two-liter, K-Jetronic, fuel-injected engine—the same basic engine that powers a majority of the world's Formula Two race cars—responds without lag.

Its suspension, independent on all four wheels—with McPherson

struts and coil springs in front, semi-trailing arms and coil springs in the rear—is quick and clean through the corners.

Its rack and pinion steering is sharp and accurate.

"All told," say the editors of *Car and Driver* magazine, "the 320i stands as eloquent rebuttal to all those who'd have us believe that small economical cars must be dull—and that automotive performance for the late 1970's is best achieved with decals..."

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A New Kind of Network.

New telecommunications technology designed by Bell Labs and manufactured by Western Electric is bringing you this versatile network. Its main elements are an array of electronic switching systems (ESS) interconnected by high-capacity

transmission links, and a new "signaling" system to carry call-handling information.

Stored-Program Control.

At the heart of each ESS is something called stored-program control. With it, the system's calls are controlled by coded instructions, stored in a memory and executed by a central processor. New features can be added by updating the stored instructions rather than rewiring or making complex equipment changes.

The new signaling system that will connect these switching systems operates like a high-speed private wireline. It carries all the information needed to handle each call and frees time on the wire circuits that previously carried such information.

Over 1000 local and long-distance ESS's are already in service, and twenty regional centers for the new signaling network are in place.

These innovations are possible largely because of advances in solid-state

electronics. Because of their decreasing cost, low power consumption, and speed of operation, today's integrated circuits are enabling engineers to design more capability into communications systems at lower cost.

Building on Bell System accomplishments such as *Forward Exchange*, *Distance*, *digital communications*, and high-capacity transmission systems, modern electronics permits the new network to handle a wide variety of communications needs.

Continuing Innovation.

All these technical achievements, and their integration into the telecommunications network, result from the close collaboration of Bell Labs, Western Electric and Bell System telephone companies.

Because of this teamwork, Bell telephone companies will give you the innovative services represented by * and # and continue to provide the world's most reliable telephone service for the best \$ and ¢.



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ALMOST EVERYONE HAS A \$10,000.00 IDEA HERE'S HOW TO MAKE IT PAY.

By Ernest P. Weckesser, Ph.D.

Several years ago, while I was teaching college in Indiana, I stumbled across a "money" hobby that has changed my life.

Oddly enough, I discovered it while browsing through magazines in a drug store. In almost every magazine there were dozens of small ads selling one basic thing—printed information.

The financial magazines contained small ads for "newsletters," "reports" and "booklets." The science and mechanics magazines were loaded with classified ads for all sorts of "how-to" books, "instructions," "plans," etc.

I was most surprised by the fact that almost all the ads were placed by individuals—not by large companies.

This was too fascinating to resist. I decided to place two small ads myself.

I put together a booklet containing some of my best wine recipes and another about Australia. A few days after the ads appeared I stopped by the post office.

When I looked through the little glass window on my P.O. box, I almost dropped my key. The box was stuffed—jammed—packed full of envelopes. Hundreds of orders containing cash and checks! I couldn't believe it.

\$9,450.00 IN 45 DAYS

When the dust finally settled around our house, I talked with other successful advertisers I discovered:

1. A young graduate student in Texas markets a body-building manual for \$3.00. He uses one classified ad in six magazines. It's strictly a spare-time activity but he reports earnings of \$300.00 monthly.
2. A retired U.S. Army sergeant in Arizona wrote a 24-page booklet. His three \$17.00 classified ads brought him \$300.00 in cash orders.
3. A Kentucky woman selling a 15-page travel booklet for \$1.00 was literally swamped with orders. In 87 days her classified ad running in six magazines made a net profit of \$2,230.00 from a gross of \$3,250.00. She was 69 years of age, widowed and living alone in her apartment at the time.
4. A husband-wife team in Oregon compiled their own "how-to" booklet. They put a small display ad in one newspaper. Within only 45 days that one ad pulled \$9,450.00 in cash orders.

Don't misunderstand. This isn't a get-rich quick scheme. It's a business, and, as such, it's speculative. But test ads are cheap (as low as \$13.50 for a national ad) and the profit potential is staggering! An Ohio man I spoke with put a large display ad in a national Sunday supplement. A few days later the orders started pouring in—mail sacks full of cash! Within the next two months he received over \$220,000.00 in CASH orders for his \$3.00 booklet.

I realize this all sounds too good to be true. But here's a way you can actually verify what I'm saying in your home or office.

TRY THIS TEST

- ★ First, obtain several magazines containing classified ads. You don't have to buy them... just borrow them from the library.
- ★ Second, get old copies of the same magazines—at least 10-13 months old.
- ★ Third, turn to the classified sections of each and place the old magazine beside the new magazine.
- ★ Fourth, compare both. Cross-check each one to see how many ads in the old magazine are still running in the new edition.

THIS IS AN ABSOLUTE PROFIT TEST.

It has to be. People don't continue running ads for over a year unless they're making money at it.

WHY NOT YOU?

Consider these facts

- It's simple to begin... just an hour a week can get you started at home.
- It's inexpensive to begin... I'll show you how to place a test ad in a national magazine for only \$13.50. Your total starting investment can be less than \$25.00.
- You don't have to write a booklet yourself. I'll show you an easy way to get hundreds of different books at wholesale prices or less.
- If your test ad produces even a modest profit you can run wild with it. The whole nation is yours.
- Your profit margin may exceed 1,000%! My wine book cost 36 cents to print yet sold for \$3.98.
- It's private. Even if you begin making \$75,000.00 a year you can run your entire business from your home or apartment.
- It's safe. Information booklets and newsletters aren't breakable, mechanical or chemical. They're easy to mail in small envelopes and can be stored in a closet.
- You don't have to be a "writer". My first effort was only 14 pages and sold for \$1.98. I had it run off for 8¢ a copy. Even so, it pulled in thousands of dollars, month after month.
- The market is almost infinite. My own "best-sellers" include... **101 Ways To Fix Hamburger, How To Win Contests, How To Stop Smoking, How To Make Champagne At Home**, and others.
- I want you to see this for yourself. That's why I put everything... every secret... in a simple, easy-to-follow beginners guide. It's entitled, **Dollars In Your Mailbox**.
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V.J., J.

"Enclosed is a pamphlet I wrote about using Dollars in Your Mailbox. It sold 40¢ from an ad in the Atlanta Journal each..."
F.A., J.

"... the enclosed booklet is on printed and have done WELL with it to you!"
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LETTERS

The Rosenberg question

I don't know if my brother and I qualify as members of Joseph Epstein's "Adversary Culture" ["A Conspiracy of Silence," November], but if we do it is through no choice of our own. In 1953, the government of the United States orphaned us by killing our parents, Ethel and Julius Rosenberg, for a crime they did not commit. Mr. Epstein has chosen to vent his spleen on them and the political forces that now question their conviction with false, vicious, and malicious statements. According to Epstein, they "basked in their perverse glory, . . . allowed their children to be used for propaganda."

This attack on them is made with the ulterior motive of attacking all people

who share our parents' radical politics by tarring them with the brush of "treason," child neglect, and "party automatons."

We were not used for propaganda purposes. We were sheltered and kept away from all but three events (at one we were anonymous in the crowd) despite the obvious sympathy our repeated participation in public might have evoked. We say as much in our book *We Are Your Sons*.

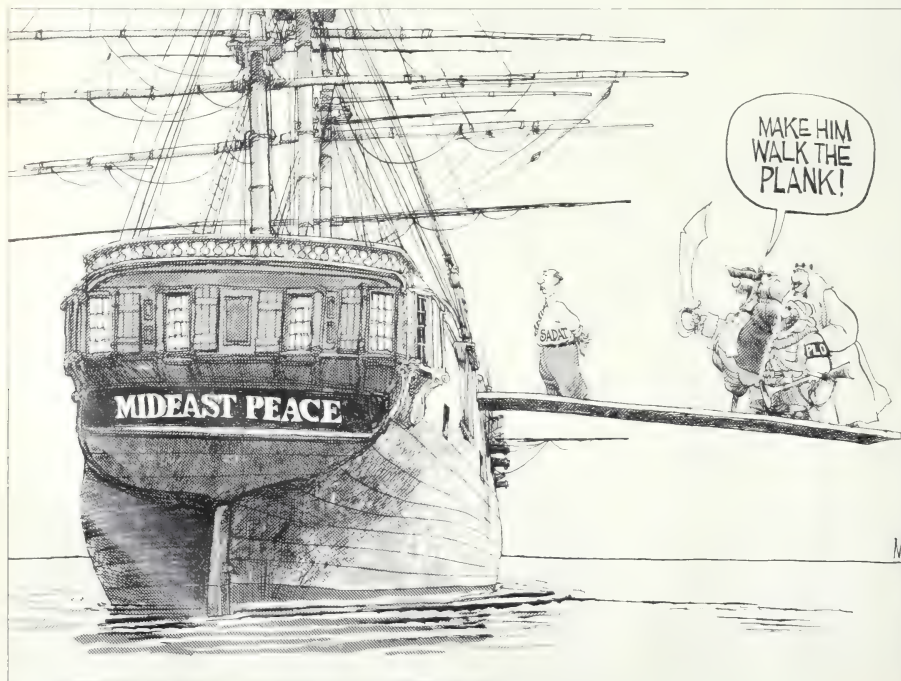
Mr. Epstein continues: the Rosenbergs "wrote (if they actually wrote them) letters . . . that show nothing so much as the disappearance of their personalities in the larger cause for which they rushed to lose themselves."

We consider the first part of that sentence an attack on our book as a

fraud. That *We Are Your Sons* contains over 100 letters written by parents is a major point in favor both here and abroad. We produce a photograph of one of the originals in our mother's handwriting. The rest are in a bank vault in New York.

We would like to say more about the factual issues in our parents' case, but the human beings so shockingly misrepresented by Mr. Epstein (we were to read the letters in our own handwriting instead of Mr. Epstein's "analysis" might indeed see whole human beings!), but there are space problems. We do expect a letter to the editor. We do expect a retraction and an apology from Mr. Epstein and *Harper's*.

MICHAEL MEE
Springfield,



PH EPSTEIN REPLIES:

shall confine my answer to Michael Meeropol to the one factual point in contention in his letter. Because it is useless to return argument for insult, all ignore his characterization of my essay as made up of "false, vicious, malicious statements" as well as questioning of my motives. Nor there seem any reason to go into question of whether he and his paper were used for purposes of propaganda, since he appears to admit they were lugged along to two such ends, though he chooses to elaborate either of them.

The point in contention is that my remarks about the stilted quality of Michael and Julius Rosenberg's letters to the prison constitute an attack on Michael and Robert Meeropol's book "A Fraud." But this can scarcely be true for I had not read their book when I wrote my essay. The letters I mentioned upon—and from which I quoted—I read in a book entitled "The House Letters" (Jerro Publishing Company, 1953). I did not, moreover, intend to imply that the letters in "The House Letters" were fraudulent in the sense that they did not exist; I meant to imply is that they appear to have been written more out of need for creating propaganda than anything else; and thus, so utterly false as they, they might have been written by anyone involved in what in those days was termed "the progress movement." In one of the letters cited in the Meeropols' book, though quoted from "Death House Letters," Julius Rosenberg appends the following postscript: "The foregoing letter may be used for Academic rally or for Side rally." The letters the Rosenbergs wrote to their sons are generally more than that.

is custodiet ipsos custodes?

is distressing and taxing to reply to "Environmentalism and the Leisure Class" [December], because it is written from an entrenched point of view, as though William Tucker looked at the concept that gave him the title for the piece; and from that moment he twisted every scrap of information by innuendo and inaccuracy in effort to support his preconceived opinion.

Because of this I feel it necessary to affirm certain positions of our group. We are good stewards of the earth dedicated to the natural, cultural, historical, and recreational values of the Hudson River Valley, and believe in being as informed as possible so that the choices confronting us can be resolved with reason and balance. Our love for the environment does not blind us to economic needs but encompasses such basic matters as potable water, breathable air, pure food, working conditions that safeguard health and safety, and space in which to re-create the spirit.

In the area of Storm King Mountain, Scenic Hudson over the years has been a steady voice in opposition to Con Edison's proposed pumped-storage hydroelectric plant, which we have good reason to feel is uneconomical and unwise in many ways. But we have not merely opposed. We suggested that Con Edison install combined cycle and, for peaking power, automatic turbines. We urged better tie lines to the west and south.

Con Ed is prone to thinking "big is better" in all aspects of power generation and is often motivated by a desire to have power to sell. Scenic Hudson believes that Con Ed should be aided in its quest to supply power efficiently to the area it serves. Nor should they put 30 percent of their peaking power into one installation at Storm King and bring it to the city along the same north corridor that failed them before.

It is our conviction, backed by scientific evidence, that the danger to the fisheries in the Hudson posed by the proposed plant is real. Nature may "only allow one egg in a thousand to survive to maturity" but how much of that small percent can man destroy before breaking a link in the biological chain?

Scenic Hudson was ridiculed in 1964 for warning about unstable rock and earthquake faults, now accepted as a real danger. We were ridiculed when we expressed concern for the people of Cornwall should the earthen dams on the utility's drawing board be built and leak or break. Since then, other "safe" dams, not unlike those proposed, have become suspect. We questioned the wisdom of Cornwall's exchange of a pure and sufficient source of drinking water for the uncertainties of a tap

on New York City's dwindling supply.

Although the article would have readers think so, the 1965 blackout could not have been averted by a power plant at Storm King. Scenic Hudson's witness, Alexander Kusko of MIT, offered advice at that time, which, had it been followed, could probably have averted the blackout of 1977. The blackout of 1977 was almost entirely due to the utility's mismanagement, not to a lack of power. This has been stated by scores of experts and most recently by the mayor's panel of independent investigators.

Mr. Tucker quotes from a book expounding the economic theories of 1899. The arguments he presents show no effort to understand the present-day values of the "environmentalists" about whom he writes. He characterizes them as "petty aristocrats." Whatever he may label us, we are many concerned persons from all walks of life—20,000 of us are Scenic Hudson Friends—and I am proud to be one of them.

MRS. WILLIS REESE

President
Scenic Hudson Preservation
Conference
New York, N. Y.

William Tucker describes my brother, the late William H. Osborn, as one of the wealthy leisure class opposed to Con Ed's construction of a hydropower plant on Storm King.

My brother was a research engineer and at that time was employed by the Phelps Dodge Corporation. He was enthusiastic about Con Edison's proposal from the start. He worked with Con Edison engineers on a cable to carry 375,000 kilowatts under the Hudson. They found it practical and embodied the concept in their plans. His backing of Con Edison made him many enemies. He was President of the Hudson River Conservation Society and had done a great job of cleaning up sewage in the upper river. At a meeting of the Conservation Society, packed for the purpose by people in Scenic Hudson, he was so censured that he was forced to resign. Mr. Tucker does him a great injustice.

I too favored the Con Edison plant and lost friends, for the feeling was high and emotional beyond reason. I like the main thrust of Tucker's article. It needed to be said. But his account of the "wealthy leisure class of Gar-

LETTERS

rison" is pure fantasy, built perhaps on an imagined past. Perhaps our hard-working commuters and their equally hard-pressed wives, the elderly, and the retired army officers would be complimented.

FREDERICK OSBORN
Garrison-on-Hudson, N.Y.

William Tucker's article asserted that the environmental movement has been dominated by the "leisure class" for the purpose of protecting its standard of living at the expense of the majority, including, in particular, the poor. Mr. Tucker chose as his example the proposed Storm King pumped-storage plant.

Mr. Tucker, however, had a serious problem with his choice of Storm King. The opposition to Storm King was not limited to a few rich landowners in the Hudson Valley, but included the city of New York and numerous environmental and consumer groups in New York City who were more concerned with the cost and reliability of Con Edison service than with the preservation of the Hudson Valley.

Contrary to Mr. Tucker's assumption, these opponents of Storm King were not duped by the wealthy landowners. Rather, the opponents were convinced that Storm King would have been an economic and financial disaster for Con Edison and its customers and would not have made a significant contribution to the reliability of the system. Recent information, ignored or misinterpreted by Mr. Tucker, has vindicated the opponents of Storm King.

Mr. Tucker asserted that the pumping energy for Storm King would have been supplied by nuclear plants with excess capacity so that the use of inexpensive nuclear fuel would have overcome the relative inefficiency of a pumped-storage plant such as Storm King. For this assertion, Mr. Tucker relied on statements made by Con Edison in the 1960s. Unfortunately, he ignored Con Edison's admission in a 1976 report to the Public Service Commission that the pumping energy could not have been supplied by nuclear plants until the 1990s, because of cancellations in nuclear plant construction.

Thus, had Storm King been constructed in the 1960s, the pumping energy would have been supplied by oil-fired plants, including old and inefficient plants, with much of the elec-

tricity produced by such plants being lost in the process of pumping. Moreover, even Con Edison's new projection is likely to prove overly optimistic since the availability of nuclear generation for pumping in the 1990s requires that all major new power plants in the state be nuclear and that, contrary to experience, they be constructed and operated in accordance with projected time schedules.

Mr. Tucker argued that the opponents of Storm King have not suggested any viable alternatives. For this argument, he conveniently ignored the 1973 proposal we developed for the New York City EPA that gas turbines, coupled with boilers to recover wasted heat for additional steam and electric generation, could be substituted for Storm King. Unlike Mr. Tucker, Con Edison has not suggested that the technology is "just on the horizon." Rather, Con Edison has conceded that such an alternative is currently available, and would have costs comparable to Storm King even if the pumping energy for Storm King were primarily supplied by nuclear plants (as set forth above, this is unlikely even in the 1990s), and the alternative would be substantially less expensive than Storm King if the pumping energy were supplied by oil or coal. Moreover, the alternative would have the additional benefit of supplying New York City with significant tax revenues, as compared with Storm King, which would have provided tax revenues to the residents of Cornwall, including some of the rich landowner opponents of Storm King.

Finally, Mr. Tucker asserted that Storm King would have prevented the recent blackout. The investigations by the city, state, and federal governments have shown that the blackout was caused by lightning striking transmission lines designed to bring electricity from outside of New York City to the city, and by a series of miscalculations by Con Edison, including the failure to have personnel at facilities that could have provided quick-starting energy to avoid the collapse of the Con Edison system.

Thus, Storm King could have helped prevent the blackout only if the lightning strikes had not hit the transmission lines associated with the plant. We will never know if the lightning would have struck these transmission lines. We do know that the alternative to

Storm King described above would have avoided the blackout since the alternative was based upon building generating facilities in New York City. Con Edison has also asserted that the best defense against future lightning strikes is more in-city generating capacity.

We have not attempted to restate to most of Mr. Tucker's omissions and misstatements, including his grossly correct thesis that the poor performance of nuclear plants is attributable to fluctuations in demand rather than design and operational problems. It is unfortunate that Mr. Tucker has distorted the Storm King controversy in order to question the relationship between the environmental movement and the wealthy. By so doing, Mr. Tucker fails to make a meaningful contribution to any debate on the environmental movement.

CHARLES KOMAR
KEN SEMEL
New York.

William Tucker's article purports to tell the truth about environmentalism by reviewing the controversy over Con Edison's proposal for a pumped-storage facility at Storm King. Mr. Tucker's Storm King story is all wet.

Tucker shows his bias at the start of his article. He begins by asserting that environmentalists are elitists who live at the end of winding country roads. From experience with our own membership, we know the opposite to be true. The Sierra Club Atlantic Chapter, which intervened in the Storm King case, has 4,000 members in New York City, which doesn't have many long winding roads. Our New York membership does most of our 200,000 members throughout the United States) work for a living. Nor do we receive six-figure salaries for our work; we pay the Con Ed executives that Tucker champions do. We are equally certain that few of the 4 million members of the National Wildlife Federation and the 300,000 members of the National Audubon Society earn salaries.

Mr. Tucker argues that environmentalism began with Storm King; again he is in error. The Sierra Club, for example, was established in 1892. Ever since 1892 our motto has been "opposition to blind progress, blind opposition to progress." Con

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LETTERS

Storm King boondoggle is just the sort of blind "progress" we oppose.

Tucker argues, in order to prove that environmentalists are elitists, that a group of middle-class whites stopped construction of black housing in Newark by using environmental laws, and that environmentalists are just people who want power plants built anywhere but in their backyards. Here, Mr. Tucker confuses environmentalists with people who would misuse environmental laws for their own end. If we were to apply Mr. Tucker's standard of proof to journalism, for example, and use the Tucker article as our evidence, we might incorrectly conclude that all journalists are utility company propagandists and advocates of big business.

The fact is that the majority of environmentalists support rational thought and do not oppose "incursions" in their own surroundings if these "incursions" make sense in the long run. For example, New York City members of the Sierra Club recently supported construction of a Con Edison fuel cell in a neighborhood in Manhattan even though some local politicians opposed this "incursion" on safety grounds and even though many of our members live in that neighborhood. Our members arrived at their conclusion by weighing potential risks and benefits. Where benefits outweigh risks we're willing to go along.

Tucker also erred in his analysis of the potential benefits of the project. The very premise on which his study rests is in error; namely, in his own words, the premise that "opponents of the projects had managed to commandeer public opinion and win supporters among people whose best interests might have been served by supporting the plant. Among these was the entire government of the city of New York." Storm King was *not* in the best interest of New York nor of the many hardworking utility-paying residents of our city. Opposition to Storm King was a rational, logical, and sane attempt to stop what environmentalists have contended and still contend was an unsound project. Mr. Tucker has chosen to disregard the logic of the environmentalists' arguments and instead rely upon an *ad hominem* attack on the project's opponents by complaining that they are rich. Of course, this charge could have been applied much more fairly to Storm King's

Con Ed supporters than to the thousands of environmentalists in New York. Con Ed executives could logically be expected to support capital-intensive Storm King. That's because capital investments like Storm King can be included in the rate base for calculating Con Ed's allowable profit. If Mr. Tucker's method of analyzing motivation is correct, then the conclusion is inescapable: Storm King is an example of how rich utility company executives are always out to "make a buck" at the public's expense.

It is clear from his article that Mr. Tucker would disagree with our analysis that viable options to Storm King exist, options which Con Ed chooses to ignore. He would contend that, in his own words, "the company has some of the most skilled and innovative engineers in the business, and was generally regarded as the most progressive utility in the country." The fact is, despite the short transmission-distance requirements for its customers, and despite one of the most favorable density customer pools of any utility, Con Ed charges the highest rates of any utility in the United States. Con Ed management problems (including wage-rate inefficiencies) are fully described in several Public Service Commission studies, including private sector consultant analyses. Mr. Tucker apparently chooses to disregard these failures and to call Con Ed "progressive" even while he terms environmentalists "elitists."

Rather than examining how Con Edison could improve system-wide efficiency to decrease peak demand, round out seasonal and daily peaks, and lower price-boosting capital-investment requirements, Mr. Tucker prefers to support a Con Ed boondoggle at Storm King. Such a performance calls into question whether it is the environmentalist or, rather, Mr. Tucker who is more inclined toward protecting the interests of the leisure class.

NEIL B. GOLDSTEIN
National Conservation Representative
Sierra Club
New York, N.Y.

Brother Tucker has probably done a favor for us who would save the Hudson River (all of it—from its polluted southern end to the Adirondacks, where acid rain has killed the fish in mountain streams). We're putting together a broad coalition, and he has

cannily attacked a weak segment of people who are more concerned with a high-tension line marring their than with the desperate living conditions of several million fellow citizens a few miles south.

But he's lying, and I'm sure he knows it, when he implies that all are concerned with the quality of the world's air, water, space, are simply selfish. We want to pass a cleaner one on to all future generations, including his. Tucker's trick is an old one: a dog a bad name and kill it. Am I fell for this in the 1950s with a ferent word.

His biggest lie, and where he ly exposed himself, was when flatly stated that continual "economic growth" is essential for America. Some time, whether 30 years or 300 years from now, all humans will recognize this fallacy, and will devise a better economic system—but this is probably not the kind of innovation that Tucker's backers are happy to consider.

Incidentally, I never composed sang a ballad about Storm King Mountain. Tucker says I did. Did he search everything so accurately?

I know Tucker is right about thing; I am a strong supporter of Scenic Hudson Preservation Commission.

PETE SE
Beacon,

"Environmentalism and the Leisure Class" was absolutely fascinating, a perfect example of using environmental legislation for the wrong end. I would hate to see all environmentalists warred with the same brush. There are genuine environmentalists, and there are those who call themselves such and are interested only in their own narrow viewpoint.

Are you capable of seeing an analogy? For some time now, fish and wildlife agencies have been beset by pressure groups, court suits, legislative battles, and mountains of paperwork brought on by people who call themselves environmentalists. In reality are only opposed to the sumptuous use of wildlife. They use the tactics Tucker describes, plus a few refinements of their own. Although I see a faint flicker of hope for a more balanced attitude developing in the press, generally speaking the media have been their captives. Here, too, *New York Times* editorial writers



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n taken in, though they are not ne. Perhaps because of Cleveland ory's connections in television, the lic is still being brainwashed by "zizzly Adams," "Last of the Wild," and ers ad nauseum. Even *Harper's* carl a snide little thing called "Hunt- Unlimited" [Spencer Brown, May 5]—a variation on Amory's "Hunt Hunters Club." Their tax-deducti- "educational material" is largely smongering propaganda.

he result has been waste of vast e of money that could have been efiting wildlife through habitat ac- sion and improvement. Instead of lies that would add to their knowl- e of the needs of wildlife, biologists nd their time in preparing court s, environmental-impact statements, presentations for legislative hear- s. It's costing both taxpayers and life dearly.

Environmentalists are getting a bad e primarily because the title is ap- d too freely to people who don't it it.

EDITH B. MARTIN
Needham, Mass.

wish to extend my congratulations ou and Mr. Tucker for the excel- article in the December issue, "En- nmentalism and the Leisure Class."

CALVIN W. STILLMAN
Professor of Environmental Resources
Rutgers University
New Brunswick, N.J.

Environmentalism and the Leisure ss" is a welcome exposure of the rgeois environmentalists and what appening in New York State under guise of protecting the environ- nt.

n the Adirondacks this "elite ex- iting class," in concert with the *York Times*, has succeeded, ough the poorly informed New York e Legislature, in creating a vehicle he Adirondack Park Agency—to ac- mplish their selfish goals. This ap- nted agency mandated that on 53 cent of the private land in the Adi- dacks you must own forty-three s to build one house. This means ing away the use of private land hout compensation through back- r confiscation. This is an attempt to trol population and ensure privacy the wealthy when they visit the untains.

The *New York Times* and the Adi-

ronhack Park Agency pumped out prop- aganda that the Adirondack Park was in peril and must be protected. They forgot to mention that the park con- tained three-and-a-half million acres of private land belonging to farmers, busi- nesses, and families. They forgot to say that the State of New York already owned over two-and-a-half million acres in the Adirondacks and that the state could neither justify nor afford the acquisition of the private lands. So the Adirondack Park Agency usurped the powers of local govern- ment and zoned private land so severely that its value was destroyed. They virtually stopped all private develop- ment and created the climate for a "le- gal" land grab.

There is a parkwide rebellion against this agency with more than 100 local governments and statewide organi- zations passing resolutions to have it replaced. Robert Flacke, chairman of the agency, admits that 95 percent of the people in the Adirondacks would vote against the agency, but he prefers to ignore the will of the people. Gov- ernor Carey, who wants freedom for the people of Northern Ireland, takes freedom away from the people of northern New York. The New York State legislators, in their blind pursuit of votes, curry the favor of the en- vironmental lobby groups to the detri- ment of the people and the economy of the state.

AUDREY D. CASIER
Saranac Lake, N.Y.

Yesterday it was the ecology, today it is the environment. William Tucker's exposé is not exaggerated. I have been on both sides of the fence—labeled a conservationist for thirty-seven years at a state university, and then an eco- nomic royalist for ten years in a state department of economic expansion.

Until recently, the viewpoint of the developers held sway—that the best in- terests of the country are served by more people, more jobs, more pay, more production, more wealth, and more of everything else we want. All of these "mores" have provided a higher and higher standard of living for our people. But since we live on a globe with fixed dimensions and climate, such growth (usually termed "progress") cannot continue much longer—at least not at the rate it has been accelerating during the past one hundred years. So the policy of maximum material growth

is now being rejected by an increasing number of—call them what you will—preservationists, conservationists, ecol- ogists, environmentalists. They all be- lieve that future generations will have to be satisfied with less.

Proponents of both viewpoints have valid arguments for their respective positions. However, it is the activities of extremists on both sides that are endangering the nation's future well- being. So there still are some advocates of material growth whose major, or only, interest is personal gain without adequate consideration of the require- ments of their fellow men and the ef- fect of their actions on this planet. We have done much by laws and regula- tions to curb their excesses.

On the other side, the extremists among the environmentalists are now in ascendancy. Ironically, much of the leadership of that group stems from those who already have amassed much wealth, and now do not want further progress and growth to intrude upon their enjoyment of that wealth. In the ranks, also, are those who truly believe that even the bedbug has a right to live, or that it must not become an endangered species, because it just pos- sibly may possess a gene that man in the distant future will find useful. They carry it to a ludicrous extreme when they deny evolution or when even the improvement of a traffic-congested corner is halted. We are lucky that those on the *Mayflower* were not en- vironmentalists, or we would still be living in tepees!

PAUL A. HERBERT, PH.D.
Environmental Economist
Lansing, Mich.

William Tucker's article on environ- mentalism as an upper-middle-class lux- ury was to the point. Extended analysis of these questions appears to be re- quired. This is to let Mr. Tucker know, in the face of the barrage he can expect from those he has so neatly tacked to the wall, that there are those who ap- preciate his efforts. I do not know when California will have its own blackout. It may come as early as this summer. I do know that it will come, and when it does, Southern California Edison will be blamed, and not the Sierra Club. Mr. Tucker's article may cause a few people to put the blame where it belongs. For too long the upper middle class has sat in its Eastern condomini-

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LETTERS

ums, crying "I'm all right, Jack," and done everything in its power to prevent anyone else from getting his. You have done a yeoman service in helping Mr. Tucker blow the whistle.

GORDON S. JONES
Salt Lake City, Utah

WILLIAM TUCKER REPLIES:

Mr. Osborn is absolutely correct in everything he says about his brother William's subsequent support of the Storm King plant. But if he reads my story again I think he will see that I said this.

I apologize to Mr. Seeger about the phantom ballad. My source was Allan Talbot's *Power Along the Hudson*, generally regarded by environmental groups as the definitive book on the subject. I double-checked most of the information I took from the book, but regrettably slipped up on the ballad.

I should mention here that the citation that Mr. Talbot was the writer who stated that the first sketches showed "a portion of Storm King Mountain missing, like a slice removed from a tub of cheese," and that *Power Along the Hudson* (E. P. Dutton) was the original source of much of the material on the early history of Con Ed, was inadvertently omitted from the article.

Also, I would like to note that my figure for the potential reduction of electrical demand ("less than 5 percent") from conversion to solar heat and hot water is seriously underestimated. Actually, it could be about 25 percent for a complete conversion. But even Solar Action, Inc., which will sponsor "Sun Day" this spring, admits that solar energy could provide "no more than a few percentage points" of energy demand by 1985, and a "staggering effort, compared to the gear-up for World War II," would be required for a 40-percent conversion to solar energy by the year 2000. Serious electrical shortages due to the stalemate on nuclear plants are now predicted for the early 1980s. (No one questioned the figure, but I would like to correct my own error.)

One of the points made by Mr. Seeger, Mr. Goldstein, and several other people not printed here is that my article tended to "tar all environmentalists with the same brush," and suggested that all environmentalists are members of the elusive "leisure class."

First, I am still basically convinced that, even though the major environmental groups have attracted large followings, they are at their core made up of extremely wealthy and well-situated people. The Sierra Club, as is commonly known, was actually an Old Guard conservative society with racial restrictions on its membership until its revitalization in the mid-60s. An even better example would be the Natural Resources Defense Council (NRDC), probably the most active environmental group in the country, which has stopped leasing of coalfields in the West, opposed the Alaska pipeline, delayed offshore drilling in the Atlantic, and won suits to require environmental-impact statements on everything down to leasing land for cattle-grazing in the West. NRDC is, in fact, simply the Scenic Hudson Preservation Conference on a national scale. The chairman is Stephen P. Duggan, one of the original Storm King opponents, who still lives on the back of Storm King Mountain. David Sive, the Sierra Club attorney in the Storm King case, and John B. Oakes, editorial-page editor of the *New York Times*, were on the original board of directors. A Rockefeller, a Roosevelt, a genuine English baroness, and a Robert Redford were added to round things out. I'm sure NRDC can probably find a carpenter, a joiner, and a few chimney sweeps among its membership, but it is still fundamentally aristocratic in its makeup.

My point, however, is not that all environmentalists are aristocrats. This is obviously neither fair nor true. What I am saying is that the legal techniques of environmentalism have been worked out by a largely aristocratic group trying to slow or halt the rate of industrial development. Because of its basically obstructionist approach, it has become a readily accessible tool for anyone who wants to preserve the status quo. Thus I think Mr. Goldstein is missing my point when he "disproves" my argument by saying that middle-class whites in Newark are obviously not aristocrats. My point was that *anyone* who wants things to remain the way they are can find environmentalism very useful to his purposes. For example, a major oil company recently asked a federal court to require that the Federal Trade Commission file an environmental-impact statement before proceeding with an

antitrust suit. This may be a "minor" extension of what it has been aiming at from the beginning. Aerial readers have suggested, environmental suits have not necessarily resulted in an improvement for the environment. More often they have simply meant that nothing happened.

Now for some specifics. Mr. Komanoff has included a list of his credentials, and I think they deserve mention. He is indeed the person who, as a member at the New York City spent considerable time drawing "alternative proposal" to Storm King. After leaving his job, he joined the board of Scenic Hudson, and until recently his energy consulting firm located in their offices.

Mr. Komanoff is absolutely correct in saying that Con Ed never did develop the nuclear complex it proposed when it was arguing for Storm King in 1967. My answer is, so what? Edison is now tied into the New State Power Pool and the North American Grid and can buy cheap nighttime power from almost anywhere if minimizing fuel-burning in New York City comes a priority. The economic pumped storage are still strong notwithstanding what the source of power. A simple proof is that Con Ed rents space out of the Northfield Pumped Storage Plant in Massachusetts. Pumped Storage Plants store its own off-peak power for peak time use. At the same time, if large scale solar electricity ever becomes a reality, pumped storage will not be an advantage, it will be a necessity.

I don't argue with Mr. Goldstein that environmental movements existed before Storm King. I will go him better. When the Rothschild brothers were trying to introduce the railway in Europe in the 1830s, there was an avalanche of newspaper articles, scientific papers claiming it would be a disaster. Passengers' blood would burst at 20 miles per hour. Lookers would be driven crazy. The sight of a locomotive, cattle would stampeded, vegetation destroyed, fires started, and the landscape "transformed into a desert." These items are commonly recorded as odd historical anomalies, yet I think we can recognize in them the raw materials of environmental opposition." Fortunately the innovators got their way and the time of the Storm King contro-

ters were sometimes writing about railroad tracks that pass beneath a King as if they were part of the landscape.

at I was trying to explore in my was why such attitudes, which I often read as curious historical notes, suddenly became so emblematic in the 1960s.

didn't mean to deny that we have serious environmental problems and here are thousands of people dedicated to solving them (I'm quoting my verbatim here). What I am saying is that everyone—particularly the politicians—is going to have much more critical about people want to put on the mantle of public righteousness simply because they are protecting the environment.” We are

to have to start distinguishing between real pollution and nebulous steps to the ecosystem,” and also recognize that some environmental foes are going to be necessary under circumstances. My effort was to show that, right from the beginning, environmentalism has served a dual use, “protecting the environment” maintaining the status quo, and this should be an important thing to have in mind when confronting choices.

w, one final word about Mr. Koff and the blackout. He cites “federal, state, and city” reports that blame Ed and say that Storm King isn't have had any effect. The Federal Power Commission report specifically cited the long delay at Storm as a contributing factor. When I mentioned this to Dr. Carolyn Brancato, staff director of Mayor Beame's ad hoc Commission of Inquiry into City Failures, she told me “the FPC is an axe to grind.” This was two years before she told me that “the man to call for more information about Storm King” would be Scenic on attorney Albert Butzel. (Incidentally, I apologize for a printing mix-up here a comment by City Council elect Carol Bellamy that she remembered nothing about Storm King was accidentally attributed to Brancato. Dr. Brancato has in fact been a long-standing opponent of Storm King and has worked closely with various environmental groups on the issue.)

What is most disingenuous is Mr. Komanoff's reference to the mayor's

commission's report. The report was prepared under the supervision of Dr. Brancato. It contained seven full pages of largely irrelevant material supporting Mr. Komanoff's argument for combined-cycle gas turbines, but dismissed Con Ed's lengthy testimony before the commission on Storm King in a single footnote! The cursory dismissal reiterates Mr. Butzel's often repeated position that Storm King “would have been completely empty” after supplying peaking power all day on July 13. What Mr. Butzel doesn't know is that no pumped-storage plant in the country is ever left completely empty, but always has a safety margin of about two hours of electrical power precisely so that it can be available for emergency power losses such as Con Ed experienced that night.

Hardly anyone in New York City government has ever bothered to learn more than a few fundamentals about Storm King, while the opposition's “experts” know their own arguments backward and forward. Every time the city asks for information, they are there waiting to supply it.

Does anybody at the administrative level really know what is going on? I doubt it. I called Ira Millstein, Mayor Beame's personal attorney and chairman of the special commission, two weeks after Con Ed had testified before him that Storm King could have helped. Mr. Millstein insisted that his comments could not be printed while the report was being prepared, so I withheld them from my original story, but I will be glad to put them on the record now that the report has been filed.

I asked Mr. Millstein if Storm King could have helped during the blackout and he said, “No.” I asked why, and he said that the transmission lines would have been struck by lightning. (As it happened, the commission found that lines along the same corridor were not struck by lightning, but the report concluded that Storm King lines “might have been struck by lightning.”) Finally, I asked Mr. Millstein what kind of plant Storm King was to have been. I didn't get an answer, so I had to ask him again. There was much hemming and hawing, but he finally ventured, “It's a fossil-fuel plant, I think.” That was Ira Millstein, chairman of Mayor Beame's blackout investigation committee.

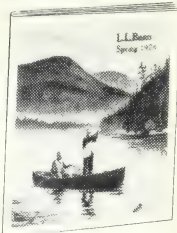
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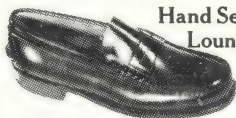
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THE BARBARIAN WITHIN

On the presumption of modernity

by Lewis H. Lapham

I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only a boy playing on the sea-shore and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.

—Isaac Newton

THE OTHER DAY on a stalled subway train I met a man whom I hadn't seen for fifteen years, and during the hour that it took to move the train we exchanged the pleasantries customary among people who read the newspapers. We talked about the chance of war in the Middle East, about the levels of drug addiction among New York City schoolchildren, about the worthlessness of the currency and the popular crimes that elevate thieves and bawds to the pantheon of national celebrity. None of these observations persuaded my companion to doubt that he was living in a modern and therefore an enlightened age. He had become a professor of political science, offering advice to the Administrations of two Presidents and traveling to such places as Geneva and Aspen to assist at the annual examination of the human condition. In his capacity as seer he had been obliged to notice that man inhabits both a primitive and a civilized estate. He further understood that the warfare between these two estates (as witness, among other proverbial instances, the French Revolution and Hitler's burning of the Jews) accounts for the wandering and erratic course of history. Even so, and despite considerable evidence to the contrary, he assumed that the war had been won, that the armies of superstition had been dragged in triumph behind the imperial chariots of science and reason. True, the campaign had not been without incident. Legions got lost in the desert; corrupt generals sacked innocent provinces; an unfortunate number of civilians were killed. Yet, for all its

faults, and no matter what the moralists might say about the decay of empire, the United States in the last quarter of the twentieth century stood at the zenith of human thought and experience. All the lines on all the tables of evolutionary organization (spiritual as well as physiological) still tended inevitably upward.

This optimistic assumption enjoys broad support among people of otherwise melancholy opinions. Hardly anybody, not even the apologists for Consciousness III and the soft technologies, doubts the completeness of the victory. They might worry about the eventual consequences of the victory, or they might think that too much had been sacrificed (the disappearance of the water table, poisons in the atmosphere, the dehumanization of the state, et cetera, et cetera) to subdue the rebellious provinces of the unconsciousness. But, at least for the time being, they assume that their disillusion can be repaired by a committee of revisionist experts. The environmentalist pits himself so fiercely against the nuclear engineer precisely because he believes (as a matter of faith in his American birthright) that money and technology overrule all objections, that man has become magician and therefore possesses the dreadful engines necessary not only to the destruction but also to the restoration of every flower in every field.

IT IS THE UBIQUITOUSNESS and thus the apparent omniscience of the media that sustains the general impression of omnipotence. If everything can be photographed or talked about, then surely everything must be known or understood. The spectacles of World Wars I and II, of Vietnam, Watergate, Hiroshima, or of any other proof of man's inhumanity to man, appear as cautionary tales, as temporary delays on the glorious march to the Capitol. Having seen everything

once (if not on location in Washington or Saigon, then in a film segment presented by an oil company on pay television) the audience mistakes facade of modernity (airplanes, elevators, computers, network television et cetera) for the architecture of civilization. Having heard rumors, read the reviews, people find it easy to imagine themselves well informed. Everybody can talk about Hitler or S. S. biology; only obscure scholars bother to discuss the Weimar Republic or to fine the properties of a cell. Not Walter Cronkite can remember in what he was saying in January. By reducing the ambiguities of history to the simplicity of fable, the media proposes both the past and the future to the miraculous present.

The newspapers publish dispartments from different points in evolutionary time as well as from different points in space, but the editors seldom draw distinctions or provide a scheme of chronological reference. In one column I read that marine biologists have brought through the Antarctic ice and have covered, at a depth of 1,375 feet, life organisms in a lost and unknown world. In the adjoining column I read that a child has been thrown off a roof in Brooklyn. On the editorial page a politician talks blithely about the history of Western thought as it has been constructed through three millennia by successive generations of honorary ideologists. Elsewhere on the same page a systems analyst observes that the nations of the world now spend upwards of \$300 billion for the care and manufacture of weapons. Weapons of admittedly wondrous and complex design and yet, for all their technological significance, of not much more use than clubs and stones. The juxtaposition continues throughout the paper, lacking a system of measure or perspective, the events lose their material weight and collapse into images.

Lewis H. Lapham is the editor of *Harp*

the substitution of images for more
antial proofs of reality (whether
knowledge, feeling, or experience)
is possible the widespread belief
magic. Ritual spells and incanta-
change black into white (cf. the
ric of racial self-determination),
statesmen of hack politicians
the public personae of Governor
(Carey or Mayor Ed Koch), and
form the muttering of journalists
works of profound literature (e.g.,
at any summation of American
s in the *New York Times Book*
review). To the extent that symbols
abstractions supersede those as-
of the empirical world they sup-
ply represent, the primitive state
brows the conquests of civiliza-

In New York the substitutions
become so prevalent that people
unt what they know about their
bodies. A few weeks ago in a res-
t I met M., who announced his
very of himself as a woman. On
ing to his excited explanations
lerstood why the sexual masquer-
suggest a primitive worship of

The transformations invariably
to imitate the appearance (i.e., the
e) rather than the substance of
er. The men apparently want to be
iful actresses or sometimes deb-
es, but always women who want
ng to do with children, family, or
leaning of the feminine. The wom-
apparently want to be admired for
coldheartedness, either as busi-
magnates or soldiers of fortune
sexual wars, and so they confuse
blems of masculinity with the
nts of masculine force.

THE BELIEF THAT MAN has be-
come alchemist supports the
corollary notions of sufficiency
and plenitude. If all the victo-
have been won, if everything of im-
mence has been discovered, written,
o music, explained, painted, or
posed into the chicanery of the
then what remains to be done?
ously not much of anything ex-
the business of choosing the most
y objects from the Christmas cat-

Thus the critic, like the bureau-
the department-store buyer, or the
priest, becomes a figure of prom-
e. The more primitive the society
more necessary the protectors of
oly images. In our own day the

curators of art and political theory de-
cry the absence of imagination and ask
the government for money to go in
search of it. They say this because they
must pretend to an interest in some-
thing other than their own authority,
but few of them believe that the imag-
ination continues to serve a useful pur-
pose. Who can improve on Cézanne?
Why bother to quote anybody but
Tocqueville? If too many critics had
the misfortune to find proof of the un-
licensed imagination somewhere beyond
the marches of Lincoln Center and Har-
vard University, then what would be-
come of their own prerogatives? Who
would read the *New York Times Book*
Review or abandon himself to the mock
heroics of the *Playboy* "Lust for Life"?
To what end the remorseless acquisi-
tion of goods, services, meals, reputa-
tions, gossip, and airline tickets? The
pedantry in intellectual spheres cor-
responds, in political and economic
spheres, to the insistence upon the lim-
its of growth, the loss of freedom, and
the closing of the frontier.

These spells and incantations make

sense only if perceived in the smoke
of primitive dread—if the frontier ap-
pears as a conventional wilderness, if
growth is measured in gross tonnages,
if freedom can be defined as the ex-
emption from all restraint. Defini-
tions even slightly less timid might
shift the locus of the American ex-
periment into the regions of moral and
psychological necessity. Consider the
perspective of the thirtieth century.
From the point of view of people who
will have surmounted the obstacles of
the next 1,000 years we will seem to
be children playing with deadly toys,
far less astute and much more danger-
ous than Newton among his seashells.
Every now and then I receive letters
from physicians who say that the hu-
man body can hold together for at least
120 years and that it is only man's
stupidity and rage that brings about
illness and early death. Along parallel
lines of speculation I have spoken with
physicists and engineers, who talk
about the process of nuclear fusion and
who envision a world in which people
will have forgotten what is meant by

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a totalitarian state. The spaciousness of their view suggests that we stand not on the heights of human possibility but somewhere below the tree line, not at the end but at the beginning. Only within the last few years have we begun to understand the implications of Einstein's physics; as yet we know very little about the connections between body and mind, between ecological systems and gravitational fields, between memory and dreams. If we could stop thinking of ourselves as moderns, wise beyond the calculation of owls, perhaps we could relocate the frontier at that point in time where man can sense, but cannot quite see, the looming shape of the future. Suppose, for instance, that the frontier could be understood as being always and everywhere present—as near at hand as the desire to murder, cheat, steal, lie, and generally conduct oneself in a manner unbecoming in an ape? Suppose that we could learn to recognize it in the killing of a child in the next street, in any afternoon's proceedings in any criminal court in the faces of people stupefied by anxiety, or in the casualty rates sustained in public hospitals?

The idea of freedom stands in as much need of revision as the geography of the frontier. In polite society it has

become all but obligatory to say that man has vanquished Nature, that his machines have made nonsense of the seasons and subjugated the tribes of paleolithic instinct. The people who make these confident announcements then go on to talk about wives who committed suicide last year in Cannes, about the bureaucratic *cul de sac* in which they find themselves penned like so many sheep, about the faithlessness of their husbands, the silence of their children, the price of cocaine in San Francisco. They neglect to associate the violence of Nature with man's inability to know, much less to conquer, himself. Most people have the same hopes and aspirations—work in which they can find meaning and a way in which they can express their capacity to love. And yet, in this most advanced of nations and most enlightened of times, how few people manage to achieve those deceptively modest ends. By comparison it is an easy thing to go to the moon or grow pomegranates in the Arabian desert.

GEORGE ORWELL once observed that almost everything that goes by the name of pleasure represents a more or less successful attempt to destroy conscious-

ness. He neglected to mention that the obliteration of consciousness also relieves a man of the burden of responsibility. The mind from its confusions, a more difficult task than that of clearing wilderness. The United States spends about \$320 billion a year for pornography, tobacco, and other forms of miscellaneous entertainment. The cold war against the barbarians within constitutes a more profitable business than the traffic in nuclear weapons. Subsidized by the state and defended (sometimes with the aid of the Amendment) by those critics who would preserve the privileges of the office, the continual state of siege works to the advantage of what might be called the religious-intellectual complex. In the spring of last year I wrote an editorial about the uses of pornography, and from the letters received I gathered that a number of readers assumed that I meant to deliver a sermon. Such was not my intention. Alcohol or gambling, I think of pornography as an opiate and therefore as a weapon in the hands of the humans who flourish in primitive societies. Together with the worship of money, the sadomasochistic pleasure holds the mind in chains. In a primitive state the mind cannot transcend animal fear. Tethered to the possibilities of sexual fantasy, intimidated by the confusions of lust, murder, and greed, imagination cannot escape the barbarians and the soothsayers.

Within the profession of journalism I often have heard it said that the shall make men free, but I have noticed that relatively few people understand what the phrase means. The truth consists not in the assimilation of state or doctrine (nor even in the revelation of squalid intrigue among government officials), but in the courage that man derives from thought, study, and experience. It is impossible to have courage without convictions, but it is equally impossible to have convictions without knowledge and understanding. The presumption of modernity, to enter with its allied notions of omniscience, magic, and superfluity, to enter men of their vision of the future. Without a chronological scale in which we can measure their achievement, we have no reason to sacrifice the certainties of time present for the labors of regeneration.

by Reed Whittemore

Who dunit?

Dunit was by wife or hubby?

No.

By neighbor mebbe?

No.

Den must it dun have been by one

Of chillun,

Like could be dat one:

Chile, did it you dun?

No.

Den dat chile mebbe:

Chi

No.

Den dun it who

Me dun it

Who you?

Me he wh

Who da

Me dat.

But who dat he am you are? Chrissake man.

SPAIN'S YEAR OF WONDERS

government by consensus and a chance for democracy

by John Midgley

WHEN THE OFFICIAL television network in Spain devoted six hours of viewing time to the faring celebrations of the Hispanic version of Columbus Day (Día de la Hispanidad) on October 12, 1977, bored viewers wrote irritated letters to the editors of newspapers, and their complaints were published: a far cry from 30 years ago, when the chance of publication would have been assessed at zero and the letters would not have been written. Getting the tedium, the solemn triviality, and the official obsequiousness out of the television programs will take a little longer.

While the Spanish press has caught up to its new duties and new opportunities with astonishing speed and is suddenly as good as any in Europe, the electronic media find it harder to change to new ways. Nor are political leaders naturally good at steering such a process. In Spain the government has agreed that its control of television, never yet diluted since television began, be shared with the opposition parties, and so the problem of television as a threat to political liberty is being solved. How to convert television from a self-serving bureaucracy to a service to the viewers is another question again. If you look around the main of public institutions you see a question multiplied a hundredfold. None of the clichés about Spain will hold up anymore. The first to go is the notion of a country deeply wrapped in ritual conservatism. The reverse of that coin is the belief, equally long-established, that when not held in their places by monarch or dictator or priest the Spaniards are hopelessly factious, incapable of compromise or toleration, unpredictably violent, and generally ungovernable. Plenty of historical episodes can be cited in support of each of these commentary views. That same history reflected in Spain's contributions to

the language of politics, which consist mainly of words like *junta*, *caudillo*, *cacique*, *pronunciamiento*, and *guerrilla*. In the early nineteenth century the Spaniards did, however, contribute another word, "liberal," which soon entered into the politics of most of Europe and eventually, with its sense considerably changed, into those of the United States.

Spain at that time enjoyed a moral respect in Europe that most of the European states did not, because of the national uprising against French conquest that began in Madrid on May 2, 1808 (the horrors of which Goya so powerfully portrayed in his drawings). Napoleon was baffled by it because it happened nowhere else. The Spanish rebels were not following any particular political theory, but their spontaneous action did oblige their intellectual class to produce a theory of politics that could work independently of the old monarchy and outside the French empire. They produced a theory of eighteenth-century enlightenment liberated from eighteenth-century despotism.

None of this did Spain much good, as things turned out, but the Spanish turbulence between 1808 and 1840 was a pioneering process that contributed fertile elements to the political life of nineteenth-century Europe. That was the end of that, for practical purposes, until 1977. Last year, once again, Spain appeared to be showing others the way. Spain had its first free elections in forty-one years last June and made a popular happening out of them. Quite undeterred by the sad, uncertain, divided scene that the European democracies present at the moment, the Spanish people decided to join them and did so with enthusiasm and style. Elderly widows in black stood close to peer at the fine

John Midgley, a contributing editor of *The Economist*, made several visits to Spain in 1977.

print of the campaign posters. Motorcades blaring announcements and scattering leaflets for one party or the other occasionally encountered each other in the streets, but instead of scowls or abuse there were jokes, and each group would solemnly offer the other its campaign literature. Party chiefs attacked each other with the utmost courtesy. Old linguistic imports, fallen into disuse under the long reign of Franco, took on a new life. A party chief is a *lider*, the rally that he addresses is a *mitin*. *Lideres* showed spectacular agility in getting to *mitines* from one end of the country to the other. By tacit agreement they harped little on the Francoist past, dwelling instead on the dawn of a new day. For the most part they offered philosophy, instead of programs, giving the voters the chance, just this once, to vote not on immediate issues but on what they believed in. A rare piece of luck for any electorate.

This may have been wise of the *lideres*, for when the great electoral happening was over, the new day dawned on an appalling array of national difficulties and problems. Wages and salaries had been allowed to rise merrily in the easygoing months before the elections. Price inflation was accelerating. In August it reached 3 percent for the month, and with the best efforts of Suarez's government and all the labor-union cooperation he could reasonably hope for, the increase of consumer prices in 1977 most likely turned out less... than 30 percent. Industrial activity has been low and unemployment well over 10 percent. Spain's energy problem is at least as bad as that of any European country, and the energy deficit in its balance of payments is \$5 billion a year, a huge figure for the weak Spanish economy and the inelastic Spanish foreign trade to carry. Industrial investment was at a standstill; confidence both in the peseta and in the indus-

SPAIN'S YEAR OF WONDERS

trial outlook having shrunk to nothing, the money that was not leaving the country was going into real estate, the value of which was shooting up. In various parts of the country agriculture was in an uproar about high materials costs and low product prices. There was general agreement that the budget deficit had to be reduced, but none about the measures—spending restraints, tax increases, or price increases by the nationalized industries—by which this might be done.

The voters on June 15 did not hold it against Adolfo Suarez that his government had done nothing about any of these things. Nobody had offered them any reason to suppose that another government would have done any better. They gave Suarez a working majority in the Congress, the chamber of the Cortes that was designed to reflect the popular will directly. They gave the traditional Socialist party with its bright young leader, Felipe Gonzalez, next place, with a huge lead over any other single party. They rebuffed on the one hand the conservative Popular Alliance, which sought the Francoist vote and stressed "continuity" and order in its propaganda, and on the other hand, the Communist, who, however, got what they wanted: admission to open political life as a recognized party in a democratic system.

The curious thing about Mr. Suarez was that he had, strictly speaking, no party at all, but owed his leading position in Spanish politics to the choice of the young king, Don Juan Carlos. Juan Carlos had been picked by Franco in his declining years expressly to continue the regime; of course he did nothing of the kind. Franco died in November, 1975. Six months later the king chose as his prime minister (known in Spain as "president of the government") Suarez, a fairly obscure functionary of the Franco regime, not known at all as either a leader or a champion of reform, to whom he gave the task of effecting the transition from the old regime to a new system of representative government.

If Adolfo Suarez did little else in his first eighteen months, he did that job well, miraculously persuading the old unrepresentative Cortes to permit a revival of party politics, authorize democratic elections, and vote itself out of existence, while the king kept

the army calm and gave the necessary air of authority and continuity to the vast change. Suarez then presented himself to the voters at the head of a miscellaneous coalition of "liberals," Spanish style, moderate conservatives, and other centrists.

Spain has no monarchist majority and probably no centrist majority either, but the people realized that the kind of changes the king and Suarez offered had to come first, before the bread-and-butter problems of national policy could be fought over. They were the country's best bet for effecting the transition to a modern, Western-European system of government without upheavals and violent attempts to put the clock back. The other party leaders were on the whole not reluctant to accept this result. Santiago Carrillo and his Communist party got a disappointingly small vote, but it was Carrillo who praised Suarez: "Intelligent, well-intentioned, and not a prisoner of the past," said Carrillo—and before the election, at that. In November he said it again: "A patriotic Spaniard and a good democrat."

In that general spirit, many excellent opportunities for censure and re-priming were ignored when the new government devalued the peseta (three weeks after the election and six months later than it should have) and declared that the gravity and urgency of the country's economic difficulties required immediate national attention. The parties, socialists and communists included, were willing to cooperate in administering to the sick economy a stiff dose of orthodox economic medicine. Suarez resisted the many calls for a government of national union and continued to stand on his Center coalition, but he put together a cabinet chiefly of bureaucrats like himself, men from the departments, from the state industries, from the higher government inspectorates, with a sprinkling of eminence in the universities and of experience in the private banks.

By October they had prepared the outline of a new economic policy designed to slow inflation down to an annual rate of 10 percent by 1979, restrain demand at home, and, thus, revive the interest of Spanish producers in selling their products for export and increase the tax revenue. The

labor unions were asked to accept restraint in their wage demands, beginning at a level of 22 percent in the first year and going down as price inflation diminished. Since, following abolition of Franco's unitary labor organization system, the revived labor union groups are competing ferociously among themselves for members, it was not an easy demand to accept. The leaders, at least, accepted it. Employers' associations pulled a little face. On top of being asked for price restraint, they are threatened with reform of a tax system that has been a paradise of loopholes. Most singular is the fact that after two days of discussion government and opposition parties agreed to support this program.

In sum, government by consensus prevails. There is general agreement to give parliamentary government a chance. A thousand terrible rows lie in wait about the things that politics find day to day are about: power failure, school textbooks, water quality, housing, street paving and lighting, hospitals, services, form-filling, police methods, bus services, and of course more in every context. They cry for attention, but they have to come next.

Madrid is a very agreeable city, lacks the vast antiquity of Paris or Rome, the vestiges of power and wealth that linger in London, or the fanatical tidiness of Holland or Switzerland. What it has from its own history it preserves, like the beautiful Plaza Mayor, but basically it is a comfortable, nineteenth-century capital. After the elections, it was a bustle of cleaning up. In the novel ubberance of the campaign the party had overdone their street public too many posters and graffiti on many walls, too much propaganda duplication and defacement. Authorities thought it best not to interfere, but the parties began to feel a citizen backlash. So during the campaign they promised to clean up afterward, when it was over they really did

A RENEWAL OF SPANISH political life has to include a restoration of autonomy, human rights, and cultural recognition to those regions of Spain where the people regards itself as a distinct nationality. That is a colorful way of putting it, but any

ater would be misleading in one way or another. The whole subject of Catalan regionalism has been sat upon for too long. Spain is not peculiar for that respect. You can say the same of Britain, or France, or Italy. But the history of Iberian regionalism is especially highly charged.

Whenever the lid has come off in the past, different cities and provinces have gone off on their own as if independent, until king or general stepped down and a fresh bout of centralization followed. The new politicians of Madrid know that they have to concede much to the regions, but they also know they have to do it without losing control, or their democratic experiment will not last long. Applying the two principles in practice is far many delicate decisions.

That you cannot concede human rights in Spain without conceding regional autonomy is obvious. Barcelona has been very free this fall in gestures in that direction, beginning, as he had to, with Catalonia. Obviously the Catalans persist in celebrating as their *Diada*, their national day, September 11. This is a counter-celebration; on that day in 1714 the last Bourbon king, Philip V, occupied Barcelona after a siege of thirteen months, and the Generalidad, the autonomous government of the four provinces of Catalonia, was suppressed. The *Diada* was celebrated this year with the biggest demonstration Spain has ever seen, an estimated 1.3 million people waving flags and chanting in the streets and squares. Catalonia has a million of Spain's thirty-five million people, a distinguished culture, and a Latin language rather similar to other languages or dialects of the southwestern Mediterranean coast—Provençal, the Languedoc, and Valencian. Unlike many local languages of Europe that have to be kept alive by academics and believers, Catalan seems to have a life of its own, even a magic, so that instead of Catalans becoming Castilianized linguistically, as Basques and Galicians tend to be, Catalans in Catalonia tend to be Catalanized in the second generation. Such rivals are numerous, since Catalonia has been one of the wealthier and more fertile regions of Spain for the past hundred years. In earlier times it had ups and downs.

Rich, energetic, and enterprising in

the Middle Ages, Catalonia happened to be passing through a prolonged depression, accompanied by a shrinkage of population, at the time the Aragonese and Castilian crowns were united in the persons of Ferdinand and Isabella, the "Catholic monarchs." The routes of economic expansion were shifting from the Mediterranean to the New World, from Catalonia and Aragon, which formed one kingdom, to Castile, the kingdom on the Atlantic which consequently became the dominant component of the future nation-state of Spain. As with other nation-states in Europe, however, an uncertainty remained whether the new nation-state was in reality one nation with several parts, or a conglomeration of several nations.

As late as 1714, when the diplomats met to put an end to the War of the Spanish Succession, the Portuguese delegates refused to treat with the representatives of Philip V as King of Spain; they said it was the King of Castile they were dealing with. To the Catalans, similarly, Philip might call himself King of Spain but to them he was King of Aragon and consequently Count of Barcelona, because of a medieval marriage that did not affect their national character at all. But Philip was a Frenchman whose grandfather Louis XIV had told him he was going off to Madrid to be King of Spain, and King of Spain, after great bloodshed, he eventually became. He suppressed the political institutions of Catalonia, redrew the administrative divisions, and put the whole kingdom of Aragon, county of Barcelona and all, under the administration of the Council of Castile.

Catalan institutions remained in a state of suppression until the 1930s, when they were brought briefly to life until crushed again by Franco. This time the government of Catalonia, the Generalidad, avoided total extinction by going into exile for thirty-eight years, returning in the fall of 1977 in the person of its president, a spry old gentleman of seventy-eight, Josip Taradellas, once a counselor to the revered Francesc Macià y Llusa, who had headed the revival of the Thirties.

Sitting at Saint-Martin-le-Beau, in France, Mr. Taradellas awaited the invitation to return, but when it came he shrewdly insisted that he would return only as president of a revived

Generalidad. A majority of the Catalan members of the newly elected Madrid parliament advised King Juan Carlos that this would be the best thing; the king correctly judged that it would be popular in Catalonia; and so it was done. To huge acclamation Mr. Taradellas was installed as president of Catalonia: but elected by whom, and in charge of what? It had to be done by decree (that is, executive order) from Madrid. Franco's old constitution, still to be replaced by a new one, said nothing about any president of Catalonia. When the new one is ready, a framework will exist within which a Catalan president can be chosen, who will exercise powers, yet to be defined, in concert with a Catalan council and assembly, yet to be elected.

Not much attention has been paid yet to the voices, such as that of the historian and eccentric socialist politician Josip Benet, that ask what democratic claim Mr. Taradellas has to preside over Catalonia. The recognition of Mr. Taradellas as embodiment of the Catalan past is good symbolism, but symbolism is not the same as representative government.

The sum of Mr. Benet's complaints is that by bestowing marks of respect on Mr. Taradellas the government in Madrid has won some temporary goodwill, but it has not relaxed its grip on Catalonia, it has not paid its debt or faced the Catalan problem. "For us," says Benet, "Spain is a plurinational state," and there are many Catalans who will concur. How much political weight they can muster has yet to be seen.

With their overseas empires gone and their role as defenders of territory in old-style European wars reduced to the absurd, the European nation-states have lost important sources of authority, just at the time when their power over their financial and economic affairs has been diluted from outside as well, by supranational bureaucracies and multinational corporations. Now long-silent ethnic groups are being emboldened to question not just the merits but the reality of what the grand governments in the great capitals are doing, or can do, in relation to them. So it goes with the Welsh, the Scots, the Bretons, the Corsicans, and the Sicilians. So it goes in Spain.



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SPAIN'S YEAR OF WONDERS

THE BASQUE COUNTRY is the part of Spain most alienated from the Spanish mainstream. Through the centuries Basque villages flourished by keeping non-Basque rulers (Visigoths, Arabs, Frankish emperors, Aragonese, Hapsburgs, Bourbons) at arm's length, maintaining laws and customs of their own, paying tax by treaty instead of by assessment. The Basque towns made a pile in iron and shipping in the nineteenth century; today they are depressed and in grave need of capital for modernization.

The Basques do not emulate the culture or the style of other Spaniards; they prefer their own. Their language is totally exotic. In Castilian provinces close by, restraint and economy mark speech, gesture, and even facial expression. A Basque crowd is full of noise and movement, it pushes and shoves, and chatters like a migration of starlings. What the Basques have demonstrated for centuries is that they are extremely difficult to govern by anybody but themselves.

Usually in Spain, political enlightenment has been associated with strengthening the central government, homogenizing the laws, and making the national administrative system symmetrical. No such approach works with the Basques. When it is tried, not only does the distant central power get a bloody nose, Basque communal life itself is damaged. General Franco's policy toward his Basque provinces was to keep soldiers and police there from other Spanish regions to maintain order. Treated as an occupied territory, they generated the psychology of an occupied territory. When Basque patriotism was treated as anti-Spanish, it became anti-Spanish.

Like the Catalans, the Basque autonomist leaders who briefly took office under the Republic fled, when Franco entered Bilbao, into exile. Death and dissension, in Mexico, Argentina, the United States, Britain, and France, left a much-changed handful of old gentlemen waiting in the French Basque town of Bayonne forty years later, with no more than a symbolic and sentimental claim to leadership. In their absence a new breed of Basque leader had come into existence in their home country, the commandos of the ETA (the initials stand for *Euzkadi ta Azkatasuna*, "Basque-

land and Freedom") produced by forty years of repression. Violent young men who conducted fund-raising bank robberies, harried Franco's "forces of order" with dynamite and gunfire, and still terrorize those who cooperated with authority, they are separatists, not autonomists. They cannot win elections, but they can demand and get protection and concealment from the entire Basque population. No revival of Spanish democracy or triumph of reason in Spanish government holds any interest for them, since they reject Spain itself.

So the underground warfare goes on. Last year's elections produced a body of Basque members of parliament who agreed to recognize the old exiles in Bayonne as the Basque council of government, in the hope that these two groups together could negotiate a statute of autonomy with the government and parliament in Madrid, and bring back peace to the Basque country. What stands in their way is that Basques who want a sensible arrangement with Madrid are liable to be beaten up or gunned down in the streets.

NO TALK OF Catalans or Basques can do justice to the general exuberance of regional impulses and autonomist stirrings, which are felt also in Aragon and Valencia, in Galicia and Andalusia. Since the new constitution will permit regions to be autonomous or not, as they choose, the Suarez government has realized that something has to be done about those regions that have showed perceptible autonomist stirrings but lack a government in exile to negotiate with. So the government has gone out in front in almost every region at once, trying to seize the leadership of autonomism for Madrid. The method is to assemble the congressmen and senators from each region in the region's chief town to consider what to do about autonomy. This should provide the central government with a negotiating partner able to speak for the region and to give weight to the national interest at the same time. Fair enough: but since autonomy is the fashion, and centralism a bad word, the procedure may give birth to rather more autonomy statutes and regional governments than there are ethnic identities, or than

people seriously want. In the long people resent being given more law of government than are useful.

To the extent that the Spanish empire and kingdom had a ruling ethnic group, it was Castilian, so it is understood that an autonomist movement has to take on something of anti-Castilian character. The problem is, as the Basque situation most acutely shows, to tame the anti-Castilian rhetoric before it becomes anti-Spanish.

Where does it all leave the Castilians themselves? Theirs is the standard gauge of Spanish culture. They were dominant in the reconquest of the peninsula, in the exploration of the New World, in the formation of the Spanish nation. The lore, the history books and the well-rooted prejudices of the Catalans and other ethnic minorities are all in the centralist, exploiting tradition. Not a bit of it, say writers and economists in the Old Castilian provinces: the central government, oscillating between dreams of empire and appeasement of the outlying Iberian cultures has always neglected them shamefully. So, last spring, a Castile-León Alliance formed in Valladolid to pursue autonomy for the eleven provinces of León and Old Castile—roughly, the central Spain from the Guadarrama Mountains (which run north of Madrid) to Santander on the Bay of Biscay.

Madrid as capital of Castile and Spain was a royal invention of a later time. The older cities of southern New Castile, colonized from Old Castile as the "Reconquest" from the Moors went southward, were just as active in the Comuneros movement as their northern neighbors. They do not feel themselves any less Castilian than Salamanca or Valladolid. A citizen of Toledo, a town of New Castile once the capital of Visigothic Spain, wrote in October to the editor of *Informaciones* in Madrid to declare his indignation at the so-called Castile-León Alliance. His objection to this variation of autonomism was that it left an ancient province like Toledo out in the cold, merely because it belonged to New Castile. "There are reasons for excluding Toledo from the Castilian community," he wrote, "and none of them historical." He wanted it known that Toledo was just as neglected and ill-governed as the old Castilian provinces. Most of

resented people drawing regional maps that put Toledo in something called a "central region." This lumped in with Madrid, and he could not and Toledo, on top of the other injustices it had suffered, being "dedicated to a safety valve for the Madrid megalopolis of the future."

This gentleman of Toledo has a hint. Concessions to the peculiarities of ethnically distinct regions are one thing. Imposing a federal principle on the whole country is another. The first is a necessity, without which human rights are hollow. The second is a matter of national political choice, to be right, or not at all.

With patience, circumspection, and genuinity, Spain is being steered from a system of government that overrode people's wishes to a new one designed to pay attention to them. Such an operation (and Suarez, Juan Carlos, and other political leaders deserve great credit for it) puts a premium on compromise, on making allowances, on knowing when to retreat. There may be moments when leadership is needed as well, but leadership is something the Spanish people feels it has had more than enough of in the past generation: if mentioned at all, it has to be no more than murmured. Well, when fateful choices are being made, where is the substitute for leadership?

SPAIN HAS NOT always been happy in its foreign friends. It figures in the literature of other European countries as an enchanted, mysterious place, "untouched Europe," as the French romantic *éophile* Gautier put it, an exotic end of the noble, the savage, and the antique. That would not have mattered much if cultivated Spaniards had not been inclined to study their own image in the foreign mirror. As it was, kind of political fatalism took hold, the idea that the problems of Spain are not quite ordinary problems that could yield to sensible treatment, but are especially intractable because of, the historian Raymond Carr says, some indefinable, infinitely debatable, ineradicable "Spanishness." It was a lot of nonsense. The course of Spanish affairs in 1977 seems to demonstrate what nonsense it was. ☐

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Margaret Mead writes home... from some of the most exotic places on earth

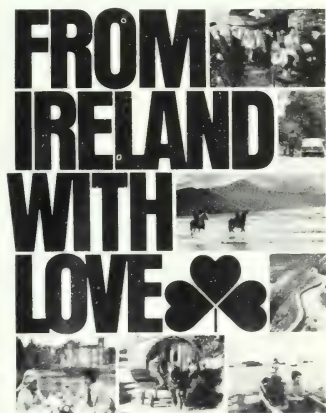
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A HANDFUL OF DUST

The estate of the late Howard Hughes

by William Bates

IN MEDIEVAL TIMES, a man's estate marked his place in life, and told whether his contribution to this world, or the next, was to lie in the spiritual or temporal order. The estate of the late Howard Hughes is the product of a more disorderly age. It resembles nothing so much as a junkyard: a scrapheap of commerce onto which the rusting fruits of enterprise have been tossed. The following is a true bill, a complete list of what Howard Hughes left behind at the time of his death on April 5, 1976:

\$1,799 in cash.

Sixty-four five-dollar casino poker chips.

\$671,068 in two accounts at the Texas Commerce Bank.

A twenty-balboa Panamanian gold coin, reputedly given to him by Luis Anastasio Somoza de Bayle, dictator of Nicaragua, at a midnight meeting aboard a Hughes jet at an airport near Managua.

Three Bank of America cashier's checks made out to "M. Gerber" in amounts of \$1,002.60 and dated December 2, 1952.

The Desert Star Laundry Company, which cleans and presses for the Hughes hotels in Las Vegas.

Two hundred nine acres set aside in Paradise, Nevada, and another 151 acres along the Las Vegas "Strip."

KLAS-TV in Las Vegas, which he bought from Las Vegas *Sun* publisher Hank Greenspun in 1968, reportedly so he could watch late-night Westerns and aviation pictures on television.

The Paradise Valley Country Club, which he also purchased from Greenspun, but only after assurances

that the recycled effluent water used to maintain its golf course would not lead to his contamination by "germs."

Hughes Television Network, which runs certain closed-circuit operations in Madison Square Garden, but serves primarily as a corporate front for some of Hughes's casino operations.

A house in Riverside County, California, with furniture, including three swivel bar chairs upholstered in yellow vinyl, a Penncrest Imperial refrigerator/freezer, a Roper electric barbecue, and a four-piece bar set, (bottle opener, corkscrew, long-handled

spoon, and ice crusher, this worth "about \$10").

1,317 acres of land, including flood control channel, adjoining the smelter harbor at Marina del Rey, California.

Various rental properties in Las Vegas, including the Bali Hai motel.

Miscellaneous parcels of land in Texas and Louisiana.

The Desert Inn Improvement Company, which runs a sewer from the Desert Inn Hotel, Hughes's former residence, and also supplies it with water, presumably germ-free.

The Desert Inn Hotel and Casino, which, after moving into its ninth floor penthouse on Thanksgiving Day, 1966, he bought from a Cleveland syndicate centered around M. "Barney" Dalitz.

The Frontier Hotel and Casino, across the street from the Desert Inn, which he purchased in 1967, in part because he feared its multistory neon sign might fall into his Desert Inn penthouse.

The Sands Hotel, which he also purchased in 1967, so angering one-time shareholder Frank Sinatra that Sinatra overturned a table on the casino manager, receiving a punch in the eye that knocked the caps off two of his front teeth.

The Castaways and Landmark hotels and casinos.

A "germ-proof" car, a light-blue 1967 Chrysler with hermetic seals around the gas pedal, brakes, and window and a \$15,000 air-filtration system in the trunk.

1,060,179 shares of Atlas Corporation, which he received for his sale of RKO Pictures in 1955.

H-Tex, Inc., which holds oil and gas leases for Hughes.

Paid memberships in the Lakeside Golf Club, Hollywood; the Wilshire Country



Elizabeth Van Halbe

William Bates, a freelance writer specializing in legal topics, has written for the New York Times and New West magazine.

Club, Los Angeles; the West-
ster Country Club, Rye, New
rk; and the Los Angeles Country
ib—with a composite worth of
ut \$30,000.

1,500 claims to gold and silver
nes near Tonopah, Nevada, over
ich his lawyers later sued, claim-
g that he had been bilked by the
al populace.

ld plaque with blue-enamel trim,
planted as a lapel pin, inscribed
eam Championship SCGA, 1927.”
e Hawker Siddeley airplanes, Brit-
t registry, one with Rolls-Royce
rbojet Viper engine, worth to-
ther \$2.26 million, and leased in-
est in other aircraft amounting to
7,000.

“Spruce Goose,” officially named
e HK-1, a giant 100-foot-high ply-
od flying boat built by Hughes
ring World War II, completed
th \$7.2 million of his own money
er Congressional inquiries into
s government contracts, and flown
ly once, by Hughes, on November
1947; in storage in good condi-
on in Long Beach, California.

es Air West, an airline flying to
ty-eight cities in the United States,
exico, and Canada, which Hughes
nted so badly to replace TWA,
ich he had sold in 1966, that the
ivities of his aides during the Air
est acquisition later led to their
dictment on charges of stock ma-
ipulation and fraud.

Xanadu Princess Hotel, in Free-
rt, Bahamas, where he moved in
ember 1973, after fleeing the
ited States and the legal proceed-
gs demanding his testimony here.
es Aviation Services, which op-
ates the charter terminal at McCa-
a airport in Las Vegas, and vari-
s other airport operations in Ne-
da where, in the late 1960s, Hughes
nounced that he wanted to build
gigantic regional jetport for the
T.

ite,” 25,000 acres of desert land
st of Las Vegas with, in the words
one report, “no apparent viable
e at the present time or in the
r future,” purchased at the start
the Cold War on the thought that
aircraft company should be re-
ated inland from the California
ast.

2 acres in and around Tucson,
Arizona.

Harold's Club, Inc., which operates the
casino of the same name in Reno,
Nevada.

The Silver Slipper casino, held as part
of his personal property to circum-
vent campaign-financing regulations,
and provide the ready cash for po-
litical “contributions.”

Hughes Helicopters, a vestige of his
Hughes Aircraft Company which, for
tax reasons, he was forced to trans-
fer, in the early 1950s, to the non-
profit Howard Hughes Medical In-
stitute, which makes two types of
commercial helicopters and has a
Defense Department contract to de-
velop an “Advanced Attack Helicop-
ter” (AAH).

Grazing rights to large tracts of fed-
eral land, intended to be populated
by “desert cows,” a breed that never
quite worked out.

The remains of an “ocean mining” o-
peration, in fact a CIA front, which
built the deep-sea salvage ship *Glo-
mar Explorer* for the Agency in 1972,
a ship later used to raise a sunken
Russian submarine from the floor
of the Pacific Ocean.

Prints and rights to some dozen movies,

including *Scarface*, *Hell's Angels*,
and other classics of the American
cinema, and, as his personal prop-
erty, two John Wayne films, *The
Conqueror* and *Jet Pilot*; also his
own version of the life of Billy the
Kid, *The Outlaw*.

Various jewelry worth about \$26,698,
including one wedding ring with
thirty-six small square diamonds in
a platinum mounting, and a gold
money-clip given him by Cary Grant,
engraved, “Happy Days, Cary.”

In Watts, Los Angeles, a man work-
ing patiently through all his life built an
elegant set of spindles from broken bot-
les, automobile parts, smashed boxes,
and other debris. Howard Hughes
left no public monument. His debris is
scattered across the flat Western states;
even his old hideout, the Desert Inn,
which had a spooky, masklike quality
to its facade while Hughes inhabited
its darkened penthouse, has been giv-
en a corporate face-lifting to blend
into the newer structures on the Las
Vegas Strip. In life private, in death
anonymous. □

HARPER'S/FEBRUARY 1978



ED MORLER, MBA, Ph.D. Consultant/Trainer
Effective Communications Skills, New York

And with a Ph.D. in human development
and management you can bet I've read plenty of
books that tried.

They all had bits and pieces of the picture,
but *Dianetics* is the only book I've been exposed
to that takes up fundamentals not just symptoms.

With the insight I gained from *Dianetics*, I
understand where people are coming from. So
I'm much more successful at getting to conclusions
we're all happy with.

Several friends have said I seem more com-
fortable lately, and it's true. I used to have such
chronic tension in my shoulders that I was never
relaxed. Through *Dianetics* I located the source
of the tension and I haven't had it since.

I'm enjoying life more. I've even taken up
painting which I always wanted to do. In short,
I'm happier and more productive than I've ever
been, and that's a direct result of *Dianetics*.

I think *Dianetics* is 100 years ahead of its
time. It is without any question the most impor-
tant book on human behavior and the mind I've
ever read.

“*Dianetics* is the first book I've ever read that makes sense out of the human mind.”

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THE SORROWS OF TRAVEL

Women pass by

by Edward Abbey

WHEN I THINK of travel I think of certain women I have known. So many of my journeys have been made in pursuit of love. In pursuit of pain. And in flight from both.

Landscape and women. Whenever I discover a natural scene that I find beautiful, my first thought is, what a place to bring a girl! And our world is so rich in both—beautiful places, lovely women. How ingenious of the inventor of this scheme to create, from such abundant and glorious materials, so tangled a web of confusion and misery. The medieval schoolmen overlooked a potent variation on the argument from design for the existence of God: all this disorder, cruelty, and desperation could not possibly have resulted from chance.

ON THE NORTHBOUND bus from Fort McClellan, Alabama. During the war. My first furlough after completing basic training. In the fertile darkness of the crowded bus I find myself seated beside a young woman, a stranger, a Southerner. I am eighteen, a virgin, shy as a doe; she is perhaps five years older, married, lonely. Her husband, she tells me, is in Italy, has survived Sicily, the disastrous landing at Anzio, the battle of Montecassino. She prays for his safety, longs for his return. As she tells me about him, her hand comes to rest on mine. She asks me to tell her about myself.

What have I to tell her? My life is nothing. All I know is my own homesickness. I am sick for home. I think

of the hills of Appalachia—the red-dog dirt road that winds beside the crooked creek, under the massed transpiring greenness of the trees, toward a gray farmhouse where a kerosene lamp glows behind the curtains of the windows that face the road. But I cannot tell her what that scene means to me. She leans close and kisses me and lifts that inert, ignorant hand of mine to her breasts. Kiss me back, she whispers. Touch me. Touch me! And we fumble at each other's bodies in the constrained plush gloom of the rumbling bus, make love with our hands, in a fashion, through the awkward obstacles of buttons, snaps, underwear. The bus enters the outskirts of a city. Clasp my left hand between her thighs, she whispers in my ear: Stay with me tonight. I have a place here.

Edward Abbey is the author of The Journey Home, The Monkey Wrench Gang, and Desert Solitaire. He lives mostly in Arizona, sometimes in Australia.



Photograph by Bill Brandt
Courtesy Marlborough Gallery, New York

And when I make no reply she repeats. Please. Stay with me. Just tonight.

THAT WAS SOME TIME ago. Now, writing these funny sentences, I pause now and then to perform other duties. I step out the door, and pace the catwalk that forms a complete balcony around the four glass walls of my room house. My house stands six feet above the ground on a skeleton tower of steel and it belongs to the United States Forest Service. Unlike most writers, I work for my living: I watch for forest fires. And I am a lookout by trade.

This tower is 8,000 feet above level and the view in all directions is very good. When the air is clear I see the San Francisco Peaks near Flagstaff and the desert ranges south of the border of Mexico. There are many black bears in the wilderness that surrounds me; also whitetail deer, coyotes, a few mountain lions, vultures, hawks, falcons, and odd creatures like the javelina, a sort of wild pig, black rattlesnakes with yellow lateral bands. Right now the blackberries are ripe; the bears—clownish fellows—shamble through the forest with streaks of red juice streaking their muzzles, paws, summer fur. A bear does not pick berries; a bear grasps an entire blackberry branch between its paws, bends it clean and into the mouth, strips it clean of berries, thorns, leaves, bugs, spiders and all. The bear runs this mix around for a while in its mouth, a thoughtful look on its face like a wine-lover sampling a new wine.

akes distinctions, spits out leaves
d thorns, and grabs another branch.

DID A CRUEL thing. As cruel as
it was stupid. I declined the
lady's invitation. I let her leave
that bus, in that midnight South-
a city, without me. I rode on into
cold North alone, simple and sin-
d-minded, bound for home. For that
(and others) I shall pay, all my
ys, in the cheap coin of regret. No,
has not escaped my reflections on
incident that the young woman
ty have been a prostitute, or part-
prostitute conning a country boy
an easy trick. I don't think she was;
believed in her then and I believe
her now. Embracing me, she imag-
ed her husband. In any case, it makes
difference. Whether she was or was
t a whore my rejection of her re-
ins, in my eyes, unforgivable.

AT PRESENT I AM alone here.
In the evenings I descend my
tower and walk through the
forest. Nearby is an escarp-
ent of sandstone, a kind of natural
monitory projecting above the can-
ons, nearly flat but tilted slightly like
the deck of a listing ship. A few yel-
w pines have taken root here in the
sures of the stone, and stunted,
isted Arizona white oaks, and some
pascal or century plants—that odd
ember of the amaryllis family which
sembles a rosette of bowie knives
anted hilt-first in the ground. Like
girl, the mescal blossoms splendidly
t once in its lifetime.

On the rim of the cliff sits a weath-
ered figure of rock, semihuman in
rm; you might think some druid
fiest had seated himself there, five
ousand years ago, resolving never to
ove again, and allowed himself to
trify, cell by cell, through the cen-
uries. Each time I approach this sad
ed grove with its white rock and
iet, listening trees, I am reminded
the Mediterranean. I think of Del-
i and half expect that stone figure
rise at last and confront me, pre-
red—after appropriate sacrifice—to
swer the question that I have been
eking, all my life, to learn how to
k. But the figure does not stir. Not
t. I gaze across its shoulders, through
e trees, at the vast sea beyond. Not

the blue sea of the Mediterranean but
the rust-red sea, the lilac-purple sea,
the profound, wave-wrinkled but static
sea, of the desert. On that motionless
immensity ride enchanted ships: Table
Mountain, Four Peaks, Haystack
Butte, Aztec Peak, Battle Mountain,
Heliograph Peak, the Superstition
Mountains. And others, many others,
floating on waves of haze, at distances
we measure but do not comprehend.
Contemplating this picture (but pic-
ture of what?) I feel again the vague
but poignant urge to grasp it, em-
brace it, *know* it, all at once and all
in all; but the harder one strives for
such a consummation the more elusive
and mysterious that *it* becomes, slip-
ping like a dream through our arms.
Can this desire be satisfied only in
death? Something in our human con-
sciousness seems to make us forever
spectators of the world we live in.
Maybe some of my crackpot, occult-
ist friends are right; maybe we really
are lies here, our spirits born on
some other, simpler, more human plan-
et. But why then were we sent here?
What is our mission, comrades, and
when do we get paid?

Epigraph: He fell in love with the
planet Earth but the affair was never
consummated.

EDINBURGH. The Firth of Forth.
The dank, dark, inquisitorial
walls of the University, inside
the old quad. In midwinter I
escape the miasmal shades of Hume,
Reid, Boswell, Scott, Burns, by fleeing to
the Arlberg, St. Anton, in the Tyrol.
In a company of British students—
ruddy young folk and very proper—I
bed down in a hostel, in this fairy-
tale village high in the magic moun-
tains. I spend little time among the
severe Scots and stern *Anglais*. The
Austrians seem much livelier and the
Germans more romantic, in their usual
sinister but comic way—stock villains
from a Nazi melodrama. One of the
latter, a sturdy young fellow from
Munich named Kurt or Wolfgang or
Helmut, becomes my daily skiing com-
panion. We like each other; or at
least, we interest each other. Like my-
self, he is a university student. We ski
all day—he is the better skier; we eat
and play chess in the cafés in the eve-
ning—he always wins—and drink to-
gether and dance with the girls until

the legal end of the night. We talk
about the war, of course, agreeing that
it was a most regrettable affair; like
me he was too young to have taken
any direct part in it. But the war is
not over, never over, when two healthy
males discover the same likely female.

Her name was Penelope Duval-
Holmes; she came not from England,
however, but from Johannesburg, South
Africa; she was smart, witty, a liberal
South African of the Alan Paton vari-
ety (one could talk with her), she
was traveling in Europe alone, and she
was very beautiful. Very beautiful?
Well, a bit short in the leg—her tragic
flaw—but beautiful all the same.
Long, soft, light-brown hair; great
violet eyes with coal-black lashes;
breasts like two fawns at play in a gar-
den of roses, et cetera; the customary
assembly of delectable parts. Wolfgang
and I spotted her our third day to-
gether and bore down like twin schuss-
boomers grooved for collision.

She seemed to like us both. Too
wise and too amused to accept one
and cast off the other, Penelope kept
the three of us playing together. We
skied as a threesome, picnicked high
on the snowfields under the Alpine
crag, dined and talked and drank and
danced together every evening. Wolf-
gang proved each time, in his Conti-
nental manner, that he could out-ski
me, out-drink me, was the better
dancer, knew more songs and sang
better, knew more languages and had
read more books and understood more
about German music than I ever would.
Defeated, all that I could do was make
surly jokes about Ludwig B. and His
Apfelstrudel Jug Band, Tony Bruck-
ner and The Tyroleans, Gus Mahler
and His Singing Strings. Getting no-
where.

Each night Penelope said goodnight
to the two of us but her eyes seemed
always to linger last on my fascinat-
ing rival; I knew that I was losing,
and that one night soon she was go-
ing to invite Wolfgang (or Helmut or
Kurt)—not me—to her hotel room.
That room on the second floor, with
balcony, above the frozen snowbanks
of a narrow side street. Yes, I knew
well enough where her room was; I'd
spent several chill interludes between
closing time at the bar and my room
at the hostel standing in the street
watching Penelope's light go on, the
blinds come down, the light, after a

time, go out again. My futile and hungry love.

A week passed in concealed but intense competition for the favor of a girl (an aristocrat) much too good for either of us. In another week I would have to return to Edinburgh. I made overtures to other women, even to one of those dim, prim English girls in the hostel, but my heart was not with it. I thought of cutting my vacation short; back to the bloody books, the electric fire in my cold tiny digs on Prince's Street, blood sausages for breakfast and scones and cakes at teatime.

One night I prepared to give up. Sitting at a little table in the lounge of Penelope's hotel, sipping my fifth or sixth double schnapps, I watched Helmut and my sweetheart embraced—conjoined—in dance, some goddamned slow romantic Viennese number, the last dance, as the bandleader had announced, of the night. One possible gesture remained; a graceful surrender on my part. I slipped out before the dance was over, so drunk I could hardly see; or was I weeping? Or both?

Once in the street I was overcome by the agony of jealousy. I could not suppress the self-torturing need to watch my defeat made plain before my eyes. I leaned on a corner wall below her room and waited and watched and waited. I was freezing, and drunk, but my despair kept me warm.

Finally her light went on. I could see, through gauzy curtains, Penelope enter the room. My heart jumped. She was alone. She closed and locked her door, began to undress. Then remembered to lower the blinds. As she came to the French windows of her balcony, —peering, it seemed to me, down into the street—I shrank back into the shadows. She lowered the blinds. A few minutes later the light went out.

I stared at the darkened room. The balcony. The high piled bank of hardened snow, reaching to within two or three feet of the balcony's hand-carved supporting buttresses. Yes. Why not? Remember—Siegfried! I scrambled up the frozen snow, found a hold on the balcony supports, pulled myself up, got a leg over the railing, fell inside, scrambled on my knees to the French windows, tried the handles—locked. Penny! I groaned. Who is it? she said. It's me, I explained.

She opened the casements. Edward, what are you *doing* out there? You *idiot*. Get in here, before you freeze. I staggered into the warm room, into her even warmer arms: she was wearing, I remember, some kind of slippery little nightie. She guided me to the billowy luxury of an Austrian feather bed, tucked me under, crawled in beside me. I reached for her—and passed out.

But all turned out well next morning. My God, I said, I've been wanting to do this—since the moment I saw you. She replied, Why didn't you ask?

Good question.

Later I said, Did Wolfgang . . . did he ask?

Oh yes, the very first night. And every night since. He's been *very* persistent. Of course he is a gentleman and so sweet about it, but oh dear, he is so . . . *very* persistent. So awfully . . . *tenacious*. Let's go to Vienna.

And you turned him down?

Of course. Shall we go to Vienna?

I could not refrain from probing further. Savoring my little victory. But why?

Why go to Vienna?

Why did you turn him down?

I don't like Nazis.

Nazi! Wolfgang? He's a Christian Democrat—whatever that is. And a gentleman, you said so yourself.

He would have been a Nazi, also.

I thought that over. After a moment

I said, Guess I'm lucky.

Yes, she said, but you deserve it.

Maybe I'd rather be a goddamned gentleman.

She laughed. Dear Edward . . . *that* you'll never be.

TWO P.M. (1400 hours, forest time on the lookout tower.) I sit here chuffing on a cheap cigar, watching the cumulonimbi gather above. Rumbles of discontent—shattered molecules of air—sound from overhead. Penelope Duval-Holmes, where are you now? I was a happy man that week. We went to Vienna, where I fell asleep during a performance of the *St. Matthew Passion*. We said goodbye in Paris. I never saw her again. Oh lovely and patient Penelope, how are you? Back in Johannesburg, no doubt. Married, I suppose, with two or three kids. What

is your husband like? Does he kill a shotgun in your bedroom? What happens to your children when the Zulus and Bantus overrun your beloved country? Whose beloved country? Dear Penelope, how are you now?

A rattle of hail on the tin roof, a jagged bolt of lightning plunges into the forest below, where I have counted twelve different shades of green. A cloud of pine dust and a twist of blue smoke float in the air and drift away. I connect the shortwave radio antenna. Incommunicado now. Through a mass of rain to the north, less than a mile away, I see pink lightning vibrate an illuminated nerve, between cloud and mountain. Five seconds later comes the crash, the sound like that of tamping masonry. I shut the window, close the door—lightning follows currents.

The storm clouds hover close above dark as death ships. From the steel legs and struts and frame of the tower rises a curious singing, the high metallic tremolo—barely audible, but real, more felt than heard—of lions of agitated electrons. I sit inside a little cabin mounted on the negative pole of a high-voltage open circuit at any moment, certain but unpredictable, a gigantic spark—lightning—going to leap the gap. If I stay inside I'm safe; the tower is completely grounded, with a resistance, say, of electrical engineers, of ten ohms, whatever that means. It doesn't sound so scientific, but I've learned from experience that it is. This tower has been struck several times with me inside it and as far as I can tell I'm no crazier now than before taking up this lonely trade. In any case there is no escape; I only wait, while the screaming of electrons in distress builds gradually toward the unendurable climax.

Another bolt strikes below, through the rain, a fireball appearing to circle for a moment at its tip. My thoughts: Here: now: The *crack* of a whip across my head, the dazzling sudden and simultaneous flash of blue light, a stream of ozone, followed by waves of thunder reverberating outward—the noise suggests the sound of something rugged, immense, rigid being ripped apart, hands of unimaginable force.

After the storm, in the twilight of a misty rain, I walk again through the forest. Two pints of Foster's lager in my gut. Out on the prow of my

sandstone ship, beyond the sacred
ve, the stone priest still sits in con-
templation, rain dripping from his
athered head and eroded shoulders.
sign. I walk down the trail deep
to the woods, under the ponderosa
es, the spruce, the white fir, the
uglar fir, the aspen, and smell the
grance of wet weeds, pine needles,
ting logs, the soaked and respirat-
earth. Glowworms shine in the
h corruption. Appalachia . . .

OTHER GIRLS, other places.
Sandy and Death Valley, the
camp at Texas Springs—she
betrayed me by running off
h a cheap movie actor. Bonnie
tire and our idyll on the rim of the
and Canyon—she betrayed me by
aning off with her husband. And
trid in Berlin. Rita and Taos. Judy
New York, her little room in the
spital—Mt. Sinai!—the two of us
ening to Mozart on the radio while
perackers sputtered like frying grease
the streets below; my God, it was
Fourth of July; and I betrayed
r by letting her die. By letting it
ppen. By finding no way, no way,
stop that thing that was destroying
r. I loved and still love all of them.
I stumble over a rock in the trail.
n down and gone, not a star in the
uded sky. The woods are deep, and
ry dark, and not lovely at all. I stop
d stare at the dim silhouettes of the
es against the fainter dark of the
r. Sound of crickets down below:
od Christ, it must be August again.
a autumnal month here in the moun-
ns. Another goddamned August.
one again, for the time being. Once
re I ask myself the simple, obvious
estion: Why not die? Why keep
nging around, stumbling over rocks,
nding beer cans, hurting people with
ur stupidity, losing your children
re and there? What are you waiting
r, you drunken clown?
But I'm grinning in the dark be-
use I don't mean a word of it. I
d it comfortable here in the cool,
mp womb of the forest, alone in the
vet night. I think I could stand
re all night long and if it doesn't
in too hard, be perfectly content.
en happy. Me and the crickets and
e ofish bears (they'll never make it
gentlemen), snuffling about through
e brush, grubbing for something

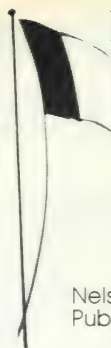
good to eat. If he'd let me I'd get
down on all fours and shuffle along
side by side with Cousin Bear, root-
ing for slugs, smearing my hairy face
with crushed blackberries, torn worms.

Aliens on this planet? Us? Who
said so? Not me. And if I did, that
was yesterday. Tonight I know bet-
ter. We are not foreigners; we were
born and we belong here. We are not
aliens but rather like children, barely
beginning, here and now in the child-
hood of the race, to discover the mar-
vel, the magic, the mystery of this
gracious planet that is our inheritance.

Fools talk of leaving Earth, launch-
ing themselves by space shuttle and
revolving cannisters of aluminum into
permanent orbit somewhere between
here and the moon. God speed them.
While others plan the transformation
of the Earth, through technology, into
a global food factory, fusion-powered,
supporting a close-packed, semihuman
population of 40 billion—ten times
the number already stifling themselves
in the mushroom cities of today. Her-
man Kahn thinks it can be done. R.
Buckminster Fuller thinks it can be
done. And if it can be done, therefore,
by their logic, it must be done. But
Kahn and Fuller and their like are in
for many a surprise before that Golden
Technocratic Age encloses us. (It never
will.) As with all fools, their lives shall
consist of a constant succession of sur-
prises, mainly unpleasant, as surprises
tend to be. The devil take them. The
devil take them.

BRIMMING WITH malice and
glee, I trudge up the trail, up
the ridge, back to the tower.
Only one thing is lacking to
complete my happiness. I want to wake
at dawn with a woman in my arms.
I want to share the morning with her,
while woodpeckers drum on hollow
snags and the sun rises into the fiery
clouds. I want to share an orange, a
pot of black cowboy coffee, the calm
and common sense of breakfast talk.
the smiles, the touch of fingertips, the
yearning of the flesh, the comradeship
of man and woman, of one uncertain
human for another.

On this point there is no need for
anxiety. She will come. She has al-
ways come before and she will come
again. ☐



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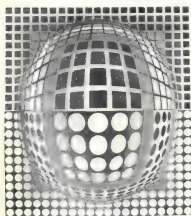
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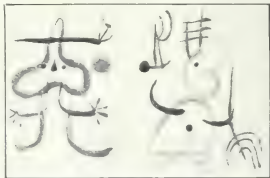
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THE ARABIAN ETHOS

by Peter A. Iseman

A CENTURY AGO the principal houses in the Arabian town of Hayil were illuminated with a substance known as rock oil. "They have a saying that the oil is made from human urine," reported Charles Doughty, the British explorer and Arabist. "I told them that it is drawn from wells in the New World; [they] had heard of that . . . and inquired to which quarter it lay, and beyond what seas." In fact, the rock oil almost certainly came from Oil City, Pennsylvania.

Such matters of oil imports and consumption merited less attention then, but existing records indicate that "Pennsylvania petroleum products" were selling for an exorbitant \$6.50 per barrel in the 1890s. "Owing to the excellent quality of the oil," the British consul in Jidda reported, "the purchasers would rather pay much more than have the cheap Batoum [Russian oil from the Caspian Sea] . . . in its stead." Selling oil to the Arabians was then earning American businessmen about \$325,000 a year. With such promising markets, a brief effort was made to lobby Congress to establish an American consulate in Jidda, but it was unsuccessful.

Oil had been discovered in Arabia some years before. It was probably only a modest seep, scarcely enough to catch a wildcatter's eye, but when it was

found near the holy city of Mecca in 1880, the reigning Grand Sherif ordered that the hole be closed immediately. He did so, a British pilgrim reported some years later, out of "the fear, which is universal among Muhammadans, that the known presence of minerals would attract unbelievers into the sacred territory."

Unbelievers soon discovered oil elsewhere in the Middle East. The pressure for Arabian oil concessions mounted, but the Arabians were more reluctant to allow Europeans on their soil than they were enticed by any prospects of oil the Europeans might discover. In the early 1930s, when some enterprising American oilmen broached the subject again, King Abdel-Aziz-Ibn Saud, the eponymous founder of Saudi Arabia, had the same misgivings. His kingdom was newly conquered but hardly subdued, and allowing infidel surveyors to probe the sands could only provoke the more fanatic rebellious tribes of the interior. The Royal Treasury was fueled largely by a head tax on pilgrims, but the worldwide Depression—particularly the crash of sugar and rubber prices in the Muslim lands of Java and Malaya—had cut the pilgrim traffic from a quarter of a million to 50,000. By the winter of 1931 the crisis was acute, the court at Mecca gloomy, and the king desperate for a loan of a million gold sovereigns. In debt to the Russians—from whom he had just ordered 100,000 cases (24,000 barrels) of oil—the Poles, and anyone else who sold on credit, he mortgaged his only asset, the possibility that there was oil under his realm. Ibn Saud never believed there was any, but he planned to extract the highest possible price from the foreigners who did, before they came to their senses, gave up, and went home. On September 5, 1933, at a meeting of the Privy Council in Mecca, he was informed that the American oilmen's final offer for an exclusive sixty-year concession was 35,000

Peter A. Iseman acquired his Arabic at the British Diplomatic Institute in Lebanon and while traveling throughout the Muslim world. At the behest of Harper's Magazine he recently spent four months on the Arabian Peninsula. His book, The Arabians, will be published next year by Harper & Row.

gold sovereigns, a loan of another 30,000, and a royalty for the king of four shillings, gold, for "every U.S. ton [12 barrels] of crude produced, sold, and run from storage." "Very well," said the king to his finance minister, who kept the kingdom's books under his bed at night. "Put your trust in God, and sign."

Two years later the first well was spudded into the Dammam Dome, only a few yards inland from the

shore of the Gulf. Then, on March 5, 1938, Dammam 7, which, at a depth of 4,584 feet, had reported "a strong flow of gas and only a small show of oil on top of 90 feet of mud," blew in at 4,724. Since then, more than 10,000 wells have been sunk, and only one in five came up dry. Forty years and 23 million barrels later, Dammam 7 still yields 1,000 barrels a day, but it is scarcely noticed.

ARABS AND ARABIANS

The first appearance of the term "Arab," according to historian Bernard Lewis, is in an Assyrian inscription of 853 B.C. It refers to one "Gindibu the Arabi," who contributed 1,000 camels to an unsuccessful conspiracy to overthrow King Shalmaneser II. Since then, there has been no single, precise definition, but President Nasser's "anyone whose mother tongue is Arabic" is the most succinct. An official gathering of Arab leaders some years ago stated: "Whoever lives in our country, speaks our language, is brought up in our culture and takes pride in our glory is one of us." Perhaps the best Western definition belongs to H.A.R. Gibb. Arabs, he said, are "a people clustered around an historical memory"; and "all those are Arabs for whom the central fact of history is the mission of Muhammad and the memory of the Arab Empire and who in addition cherish the Arabic tongue and its cultural heritage as their common possession." While the term, in sum, is largely linguistic and cultural, faintly religious, and only incidentally national or racial, it is best understood as a composite of ideas. Vague as it is, the emotional power of the word "Arab" makes it the touchstone of any appeal for unity. Arabs know whom they mean when they use it. Americans usually don't: our use is so loose and stereotyped that the term has all the descriptive value of "white man."

"Arabia" is, of course, a place, the home of the Bedouin who were the *original Arabs*. In the seventh century they conquered the rest of what is now called the "Arab world." To a large extent, they *Arabized* it with their language, religion, and way of life, and they remain perhaps the most "Arab" of all Arabs. Refining this a level further, it is worth noting that the Koran uses "Arab" to refer to only the desert Bedouin, not even tribesmen of the towns. Today, the descendants of these nomads occasionally tell Western visitors that they are "Arab al-'Arab"—literally, "the Arabs of the Arabs"—i.e., that they preserve the truest Arab character unalloyed. As they have been marrying their cousins for millennia and are relating all this in the purest of Arabic dialects, there would seem to be some merit to the claim.

If these distinctions seem obscure, add unfamiliar geography and complex events, and for most Amer-

icans the result is a confusion about Arabia that overshadows any humanity it might have. Think of the people as "Arabians" and it is more comprehensible. As it is used here throughout, the term extends beyond its basic geographic meaning. "Arabian" is thus a composite of environment, experience, and outlook, based on three important factors common to most of the natives of the Arabian Peninsula: (1) A proximity and special relationship to the religion of Islam, its founding, preservation, and propagation; (2) the tribal Bedouin heritage of the original Arabs; and (3) the shared phenomenon of oil wealth.

Viewed from Cairo, Geneva, or Chicago, the Arabians, as a group, are a strikingly homogeneous bunch. They confront life with a similar sense of heritage and self-awareness, and they exhibit the same enthusiasms and fears. Today what is most apparent is an unmistakable unity of style that sets the Arabians off from other peoples who speak Arabic, profess Islam, or have oil. Not only do they wear virtually the same cloaks, gowns, and headresses, but they also share the meaningless quirks that set any genuine group apart.

As in any club, not all the members are of equal status. No one is more "Arabian" than the Saudi Arabians. By virtue of size, means, and numbers, they predominate. They don't throw their weight around, but they do pretty much set the house rules (and so "Saudi" is often used here interchangeably with "Arabian"). The Bedouin of east and south Jordan have no oil with which to pay the initiation fees, but they are honorary members by birthright. For reasons discussed elsewhere, the highlanders of North and South Yemen and Oman should be listed with asterisks denoting associate or out-of-town members. Only citizen-natives of the Gulf States are eligible as full members; foreign laborers resident there are becoming a hereditary caste of stewards.

There have always been frictions inside the club, but events of the last four years have widened horizons and revealed that the members have similar interests and habits of mind. Age-old feuds still simmer, but for the most part they have been reduced to intramural rivalries. At the ruler's beach in Bahrain everyone watches anxiously to see if a Saudi oil slick drifting south from Ras Tanura will hit their beach; when it passes offshore, a cheer goes up because, tomorrow, it's going to hit the Qataris.

S

OMEWHERE BETWEEN the whim of Allah and the caprice of geology lie the plain facts of Saudi oil. Through no fault or effort of its own, Saudi Arabia sits atop the greatest reservoir of liquid energy on earth. Trapped in an ancient sedimentary basin, the oil rushes up through the sands as if it were awaiting release. American engineers, in fact, have been known to strike oil while out drilling for water. Other oil-producing states deplete their finite reserves and look ahead balefully to the day when they go dry; the Saudis every year discover more *new* oil than they produce. The average Saudi oil well yields 12,000 barrels a day, versus 250 for oil-rich Venezuela and 17.5 for the U.S. With production hovering at about 8.9 million barrels a day, only fifteen of thirty-seven Saudi oil fields are even being worked. One of them alone, a 150-mile-long teardrop-shaped oil field named Ghawar, holds more oil than the proven reserves of the continental U.S. and Alaska put together.

No one will really know how much oil is under Saudi sands until the holes are actually punched. On the surface large tracts of Saudi territory have yet to be explored, and when the time comes, there is certain to be a lot more accessible oil beneath the "Arab Zone," the shallow layer of the earth's crust where

most wells are located. Although reserve figures, as defined by the oil industry and quoted by the producer governments, are wildly understated and misleading to the layman, Saudi Arabia clearly controls a third of world reserves, and perhaps as much as half. Leaving aside the fine points of recovery technology and the theoretical distinctions among "proven," "probable," "possible," "potential," and "undiscovered" reserves, one may comfortably use the figure of 350 billion barrels, while a very sensible round number would be 500 billion.* At the current rate of production, this supply would last more than 150 years.

Saudi oil is used to restrain encroaching sand dunes and to spray the putting greens on ARAMCO's sand golf course, but as the Saudis are the first to remark, you cannot drink it. If you cannot use it yourself, about the only thing you can do with it is leave it in place for posterity, or sell it. It costs about 30¢ a barrel to produce; but given a few facts—that the world** consumes about 55 million barrels a day, that,

* That is just crude oil. The Saudis now flare 450 cubic feet of natural gas with every barrel of oil they produce; while the economics and transport technology are highly complicated, in a few years the recovered gas should add about another 10 percent—or \$1.26 at present prices—to their earnings on every barrel of oil.

** Particularly the U.S. At this writing Americans are consuming about 16.5 million barrels a day and spending \$4 billion a month on oil imports. In large measure this accounts for the record 1977 trade deficit, estimated at \$30 billion. The 2 million barrels a day that will flow from the Alaska pipeline by 1980 are equivalent to the rise of U.S. oil imports in the past four years.



historically, it uses about 3 percent more each year, the close link of that consumption with economic growth, the location of existing world oil reserves, and a prevailing market price of \$12.60 or more a barrel, money is flowing into Arabian coffers in sums that would exceed the dreams of Midas. It is a wholesale transfer of wealth from one part of the world to another for which the only precedent might be the conquistadors' shipment of 200 tons of gold and 18,000 tons of silver from the Americas to Spain in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Try as they might, there is no way the Saudis can spend what they take in, even with wildly ambitious Five Year Development Programs budgeted at \$142 billion. They are now earning more money from *capital investment* than they did from *oil revenues* before the 1973 embargo. They have tried to avoid disruptive accumulations of capital, but their holdings are already well over \$60 billion, and continue to rise.

To keep some perspective, it is useful to contemplate just one year of oil revenue. In 1976 the Saudi oil industry (representing 1 percent of the work force and about 90 percent of the Gross Domestic Product) earned about \$37.8 billion, or just over \$100 million a day. At this rate, the Saudis would be able to buy:

All stocks listed on U.S. stock exchanges (market value) in 26 years, 5 months, 14 days.

The Fortune 500 companies (total tangible net worth) in 9 years, 8 months, 9 days.

All Central Banks gold (including IMF) as of May 1977, at \$145/oz., in 4 years, 5 months, 8 days.

Exxon Corp. in 5 months, 29 days.

All taxable real estate in Manhattan in 5 months, 27 days.

General Motors in 4 months, 19 days.

Bank of America in 2 weeks, 5 days.

De Beers Consolidated Diamond Mines in 13 days, 21 hours.

CBS in 7 days, 5 hours.

All professional football teams in the U.S. in 4 days, 1 hour.

New York Times Corp. in 1 day, 4 hours, 11 minutes.

Lehman Bros., Kuhn Loeb (combined capital) in 18 hours, 5 minutes.

Tiffany's in 5 hours, 49 minutes.

Seattle Slew (estimated syndication value) in 2 hours, 47 minutes.

Velásquez' *Juan de Pareja* (the Metropolitan Museum of Art's most expensive acquisition) in 1 hour, 17 minutes.

THE ARITHMETIC is correct but misleading. For Westerners such fantastic sums suggest infinite possibilities, but this confuses an overnight infusion of cash with genuine wealth. "Rags to riches can happen to individuals, but not to nations," says Abdullah Tariki, former Saudi oil minister. The phenomenon of Arabian oil wealth has no economic precedent, but by any sensible definition, the Arabians are pseudorich, and in many ways they are still poor.

While they have a high current income, they have virtually none of the real assets found in any prosperous nation: the schools, hospitals, roads, banks, factories, and farms that are the true bases of national wealth. Such assets imply a reserve industrial capacity, a supply of trained manpower and inventive ability—the factors needed to create new wealth.

For all the myriad billions, 1 percent of the land in Saudi Arabia grows food; about one person in eight can read Arabic; the life expectancy is about forty years; in fact, some Bedouin tribes still call all their sons Muhammad at birth, and then, at the age of five, rename the minority who survive. In the remote province of Asir the belief prevails that boys menstruate too, because bloody urine, a symptom of bilharzia, is so common. In the midst of \$100 million a day, such grim facts do not reflect a culture of poverty, or even chronic backwardness, but rather extreme isolation and a very late start. To understand what the Arabians are trying to do with their money, and why they are so preoccupied with tasks at home, one must realize that the wheel was, in effect, introduced in Arabia only about fifty years ago, attached to the automobile.

Saudi development plans read like blueprints for an Arabian space shot. The plans, however, have already proved overambitious, largely because there aren't enough Arabians to man the controls. All their energies are now focused on laying in roads, ports, telephones, etcetera, in what the Saudis call the Battle of the Infrastructure. Dust is everywhere; there is so much building under way that it is often said that the national bird of Saudi Arabia is the building crane. Half of the \$142 billion Five Year Plan money is being spent on construction, and foreigners are doing almost all the work. If a price could be negotiated through the Army Corps of Engineers, the mountain would surely come to Muhammad.

Given the sheer velocity of what is happening, this trend cannot go on for long. Perhaps five years, perhaps ten. In the Gulf States the building boom is almost over, the frontier almost closed. As construction levels off, the real bottlenecks will be human factors, which change over generations, not fiscal years. Schools may go up overnight, but literacy rates do not.

In economic terms, low population, poverty of human resources, and the intractable nature of the land impose severe constraints on future development and future spending. Even if certain sectors of the economy are, in effect, sublet to foreigners, Arabia's capacity to absorb its own money is quite limited. No matter what they do, no matter how much they waste,* the Arabians cannot spend as much and as quickly as they earn. The gap—the unabsorbed surplus—is now running at about \$36 billion a year.

The frequent editorial references to the so-called OPEC Surplus are quite misleading; it is an Arabian Surplus. Eight of the thirteen OPEC member-states have large external debts. Only Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Abu Dhabi, Qatar, and, to a lesser extent, Libya have surplus funds. Together, these five account for 95 percent of the OPEC Surplus, with Saudi Arabia and Kuwait holding 82 percent. The Treasury Department estimates the total for 1977 at more than \$40 billion. The money can be wasted, but it does not evaporate, and the only financial medium large enough to absorb the Arabian surplus is the dollar market. As Arabia becomes saturated, the money, and the people who hold it, will inevitably work their way down the channels of finance and surface in the U.S. as a fact of daily life. Already, at the end of 1977, the Arabians held more than \$155 billion in foreign assets, about \$120 billion of it dollar-denominated. Saudi holdings in the

U.S. are mostly in short- and medium-term U.S. Treasury notes, but in 1977 the Saudis also invested more than \$600 million in long-term placements with U.S. corporations, including \$100 million with U.S. Steel and \$200 million with General Motors Acceptance Corp., the largest finance company in the U.S. The Commerce Department (using a ratio of 90,000 jobs for every billion dollars in exports) estimated that the \$2.8 billion the Saudis spent in 1976 for American goods (not services or overseas work) supported 250,000 jobs. And a Pentagon study estimates that 150,000 Americans may be working in Saudi Arabia and the Gulf by 1980.

In the years ahead, these economic figures are likely to vary only in the steepness of their rates of increase. From one fiscal quarter to the next, they will reflect slowdowns, speedups, mild winters, dock strikes, currency fluctuations, gluts, shortages, bottlenecks, and any number of trends within trends, but the numbers will follow the logic of money and oil.

The facts have been quite plain for some time, but for most Americans the shock of recognition has come slowly, if at all. While there is a general appreciation of the formula "Where there are Arabs there is oil but the converse is not necessarily true" (Issawi's Law), a recent CBS News/*New York Times* poll indicated that 48 percent of Americans do not believe that the United States really imports oil. Surely there are many more who do not realize that the OPEC Surplus is an Arabian Surplus. While there have been dozens of government and business studies of what has been called the Recyclotron—the process by which Arabian petro-

* In 1975, the first year of the \$142 billion Five Year Plan, not one Saudi ministry was able to spend the funds at its disposal. Even the high rollers at the Ministry of Industry and Electricity were unable to use up more than half of their budget.



Peter A. Iseman

dollars return to the industrial economies of the West—there has been almost no public discussion of the human and cultural implications of this extraordinary situation. Baffling as the subject may be, perhaps the best beginning is to realize how little we know. Arabia, for most people, remains a dim, improbable place, as remote as the lost continent of Atlantis. The Arabians, the people with whom we must deal, remain an enigma, much more so than they need be, and much more so than we can afford them to be.

Whatever we learn will be misleading if we do not understand how the bias of our own experiences tends to distort what we see. This would seem to be a commonplace point, but Americans who visit Arabia are almost always struck by how different it is from what they have read and imagined. To a degree this is true for all ‘Westerners’—the British, the French, the Germans, the Italians, and the Japanese—who must now deal with the Arabians. Americans are conspicuous, though, because as a nation we play by far the greatest role in the area, while as a people we understand it by far the least. That this is a special problem is apparent when one realizes that there are cultures appreciably more distant and historically as difficult—China and Japan, for instance—which we tend to understand better. On such matters direction has always been more important for Americans than distance, and Arabia lies in the wrong direction. Our earliest contacts with Arabia were made by New England China-traders taking the long route back to Salem. The gist of Thor-

eu’s remark “Eastward I go only by force but Westward I go free” is echoed in a note Roosevelt scribbled on a policy paper handed to him by Harry Hopkins in 1940: “Arabia is too far afield for us, Harry; can you get the British to do something?”

This history will have to be understood in the light of the future, because strange as it all may seem, Arabians and Americans will be playing prominent roles in each others’ lives for a long time to come. The relationship will be complicated in any case, but the near total lack of preparation on our part is likely to contribute generously to the misunderstandings.

An inquiry into their condition begins with the available clues. Most of the news from Arabia is financial; the reason it is so readily available is that it reveals little about the Arabians, means even less to them, and helps to keep the foreigners at bay. History adds some perspective, but the problems are much the same. “No historical picture is more difficult to compose than the Arabian,” historian D. G. Hogarth observed, “the unknown being out of all proportion to the known.” There are few records in a society where settled life and literacy are recent developments.

Often the simplest facts about the Arabians are unknown or debatable. At the ARAMCO headquarters in Dhahran, certainly the greatest repository of data and experience on the Arabian Peninsula, four authoritative estimates of the Saudi population ranged from 3.5 to 6 million. Confronted with this, a senior analyst laughed and said, “That’s right, we’ve been at it for

Courtesy of Exxon Corporation



THE ARABIAN PENINSULA

forty years and we still know more about the subsurface than the surface."

In diplomatic circles Saudi Arabia is sometimes referred to as the only family-owned business recognized at the U.N. Politics, accordingly, are based more on genealogy than on ideology, but information about the royal family is fragmentary at best. For example, when British Prime Minister James Callaghan made an official visit two years ago, his wife cabled ahead to the embassy requesting the ages, genders, and gift preferences of the children of the foreign minister, Prince Saud Feisal, perhaps the most accessible member of the Royal Family. No one had the slightest idea: the embassy had to question the "nanny network" of British *au pair* girls serving the royal family in Riyadh for an answer on the order of "7, 9, and 12: Doll's House, Paint Set, Electric Trains."

The Americans are no better off. During a luncheon interview I had with another son of King Feisal to learn about the plans for the King Feisal Foundation, it emerged that the late king had nine daughters. When I mentioned this over dinner with an embassy official, he jotted a quick note to himself, and said, "Well, we knew only that he had three by Queen Ifat and some more by other wives." He went on, "Learning the arcane language of the wall posters in Peking, or quantifying the May Day pictures in Moscow to see who's in and who's out—that stuff is a lot easier work than Saudi Arabia. Politics aren't even supposed to exist here. The newspapers print stuff only when everyone who matters already knows it. It's reality on a need-to-know basis. A closed society generates a lot of rumors, and the trick to Saudi-watching is not to take them literally but to watch the trend. But for what is *actually* going on in this society, the most knowledgeable foreigners are the guys who've been brought in to supervise the pipe connections and have the authority to enter any house."

T

RYING TO MAKE SENSE

of what, actually, is happening in Arabia—much less assess the effect of it all on the Arabians—is no ordinary endeavor. While what *isn't known* is often striking, the real obstacles begin with supposed facts, because in this Alice-in-Wonderland world of appearances, nothing is ever quite what it seems. "Mister Peter, you know but you always forget," one of the younger princes in government told me. "This isn't the West where no is no and yes is likely to mean yes. Here, yes is sometimes yes and no is 'I hope so,' 'Keep trying,' or '*Inshallah*—God willing.'" Even the most thorough Victorian Arabic-English dictionary seems disoriented, defining the word *raht* as "a man's people and tribe: . . . the number of men less than ten among whom is no woman; or from seven to ten; and sometimes a little more . . . or from three to ten . . . or more

than ten, to forty." Thus, the simplest statistics reflect social realities with the fidelity of funhouse mirrors. According to public-health records, the *first* cholera epidemic in the Eastern Province began October 16, 1976, at the height of the pilgrimage season. What this indicates is that for the *first time* the Ministry of Health felt confident enough about the problem to acknowledge it as cholera, instead of concealing it under the rubric of "summer diarrhea." Cholera seems to be on the rampage when it is on the verge of disappearing.

Statistics and dictionary definitions involve confusion only of the lowest order of magnitude. They are, after all, abstractions in a realm of the absolute that has little bearing on why people act the way they do. Saudis relate to other Saudis in a special world of "face" invisible to outsiders, who only become aware of its existence when the two worlds collide. This inevitably happens, and comprehensive collision insurance should be written for such occasions. The only coverage I carry is a ramshackle definition drawn from my own experience. "Face" is not so much an idea or a force as it is a unique dimension of perception that confers values in context and orders people's dealings with one another. However, this dimension of "face" does not exist outside its special Arabian setting. *Outside* Arabia, in the presence of foreigners *inside* Arabia, and in *private*, in places where there is no *eye contact* with other Arabians, it does not operate. Where it does apply is in any situation in which an Arabian's face can be seen by other Arabians and identified with his actions, reputation, and honor. In practice, it seems to function as a second derivative of reality. The premise is not whether X—a thing, an act, a state—exists, or whether (person) Y knows X exists, but whether (person) Z knows (person) Y knows X exists. Still, the only hard and fast rule is inconsistency.

The behavior expected of women suggests how literally Arabians define "face." In public, with their bodies draped from head to toe in shapeless black shrouds and their opaque, full-face veils always in place, they are indistinguishable and unapproachable. (Lost in the alleys of the old market quarter of Riyadh, I once watched a dozen of these extraordinary phantoms go by before the first Saudi man came along of whom I could ask directions.) Above the age of nine, the only men they may meet unveiled are husbands and close relations, although at school an exception is made in the case of blind instructors of religion. Over the telephone, however, women are invisible. Emboldened by this anonymity, sixteen-year-old girls call up men at random and ask them to be phone pals. When women go to London for checkups with Harley Street gynecologists, their masks or veils remain in place for the entire appointment. It makes no difference what the doctors see or what they write in their files, as long as Arabian women can preserve their modesty by covering their faces. The "face" and honor a woman guards are only partially hers. Her conduct mirrors the honor of her husband, her whole extended family, as well as her community. Compared with the value of this cumulative honor, the value of a single human life is of relatively small importance. The

penalty for adultery in Oman,—“stoning until death” or one year’s imprisonment (and the accompanying shame)—is a fairly accurate statement of the values of the society. Stoning to death is also the traditional Islamic penalty for adulteresses. In North Yemen today, if a judge imposes the penalty, the stones are always pebbles thrown from a distance where they will only shame.

In the Arabian world of “face” the simplest things take on myriad new meanings with the slightest shift of context or audience. Morals are really situation morals. Liquor, for example; it is illegal to import, possess, or consume it in Saudi Arabia, because it is proscribed in the Koran and the Koran is Saudi law. Many young Saudis drink when they are abroad, but at home such behavior falls under the heading of *muhkar*—roughly, moral filth or turpitude. A special Morals Police, known officially as “The Committee for the Encouragement of Virtue and the Elimination of Vice,” is entrusted with controlling it. As long as liquor is out of sight, however, it is tolerated in private homes and Western embassies, and several times a year shipments come in from an Italian firm in Trieste in leakproof zinc containers marked “office supplies.” One evening in Jidda I was having a drink at a Western diplomat’s home, when a young, American-educated Saudi dropped by. As he was called away on some matter, the diplomat asked me to fix his guest Ahmed a drink, and tossed me the keys to his liquor closet. Looking over a six-month supply of turpitude, I said, jokingly, “Ahmed, there’s Scotch, bourbon, rum, vodka, gin—all kinds of *munkar*. What can I get you?” He laughed and said, “I’ll have a Scotch on the rocks, but let me straighten you out on something. In that bottle, it’s a chemical substance known as alcohol: in my glass with ice it’s alcohol; in my stomach it’s the same thing. But only when another Saudi walks in the room is it *munkar*.”

Foreigners resident in Jidda or Riyadh must take this into account when drawing up a guest list for a dinner party. To avoid embarrassment, the host must know not only which Saudis drink or bring their wives, but also which other Saudis may view their wives or see them drink. The usual practice, even at embassy functions, is to tell each Saudi in advance the names of all other Saudis who are coming. Still, there are mistakes. At one party I attended in Riyadh, a Saudi official, who had understood that only Americans would be present, came in the front door with his wife. When he saw other Saudis in the living room, he pulled the host into the foyer, and in urgent tones asked him whether the bathroom window was large enough to allow his wife to exit unseen.

This is a world with its own geometry. The second point that defines any line, the third point that defines any plane, is always the eye of other Saudis. It is second nature to them. A Westerner, however, usually sees things wrong by a dimension, and finds himself dining on still-life apples in a room hung with real fruit. The contrasts are so radical that the banal seems surreal and the surreal seems banal.

The caravan barks but the dogs pass on.



ASKED ABOUT ARABIA,

I often find myself drawing maps on napkins, or in the air. For most Americans, the place is evocative perhaps of a childhood geography lesson. Officially part of Asia, and once a part of the African land mass, the Arabian Peninsula belongs only to itself. Although it is surrounded by water on only three sides, its name in Arabic—*Jazīrat al-ʿArab*, or “Island of the Arabs”—suggests a certain reluctance about being joined to anything on the fourth. In the midst of this vast rectangle of 1.3 million square miles is the modern kingdom of Saudi Arabia. With about 865,000 square miles of territory, it dwarfs its seven Arabian neighbors, the aptly named peripheral states. Saudi Arabia is the size of the U.S. east of the Mississippi, but it has about as many native inhabitants as the city of Chicago. For all its size and wealth, Saudi Arabia is a virtual anomaly among modern nation-states. Leave aside the very recent phenomenon of oil and think what other countries Saudi Arabia resembles: perhaps only Botswana, encompassing the Kalahari Desert, Libya in the eastern Sahara, or Mauritania in the western segment of the same desert.

Before the discovery of oil posed the question of who owned it, Arabia was, in effect, unreal estate. Except for informal lines separating arid from arable, desert from sown, no boundaries were defined at all. To the north, even the limit of Ottoman control shifted with what Bernard Lewis describes as “the range of armed power on the one hand, and the reach of tax collection on the other.” Close as it was to the centers of civilization on the maps, Arabia itself was a cartographer’s blank, a corner suitable for the points of the compass or sketches of mythical beasts.

While geographers and explorers puzzled over this last *terra incognita* on the planet, the Arabians enjoyed a state of isolation so hermetic and splendid that the Tibetans, had they known, would have been envious. Today, on first impression, all this would seem to have changed. There are direct flights from Arabia to the Antipodes; and, if you know anyone there to call and use area code 022, you can dial Mecca direct. Still, the legacy of a millennium of isolation has not been erased with a few improvements in communications. It is an essential point in understanding the Arabian condition, one that I never fully grasped until I was once mistaken for a very tall, fair-skinned Turk. At a small village one kilometer off the main north-south road, I had gotten out of a jeep to ask directions, wearing sunglasses, work shirt, blue jeans, and boots. Foreign visitors are always interesting, but in such a setting one who speaks Arabic draws a crowd as if he were a talking seal. The man I addressed was a dignified elder, probably the

local sheikh. After an exchange of *salaam aleikums*, polite queries, and antiphonal blessings, he asked if his esteemed visitor was indeed a Turk. No, I said, I was from America, but I saw in his eyes that it didn't register. From America, from the *West*, I added with emphasis. "Ah," he replied, "west of Stamboul?" Foreigners of any type were associated with the Turks he had seen as a boy, before 1917. And for the rest of the world, we might have been talking about Ultima Thule.

Usually there is little of interest in such towns, and the trip across the desert to get there is dusty and wearying. From one day to the next, such journeys into nowhere even seem like a colossal waste of time, but if one wishes to make any sense of this part of the world they are the best possible education. During the year when I was learning Arabic at a diplomatic institute in Lebanon and on subsequent trips to the Arab world, whenever it was possible I tried to spend some time with the Bedouin or just get out to the desert. Others with better training and specialized interests might not agree, but I am convinced that the experience adds a dimension of perspective to events seen in the capitals on return. With untutored instincts, the tendency is to make too much of some things, too little of others. Capital cities everywhere are designed to awe foreigners and convey a rather idealized image of local realities. In Arabia, oil-built cities tend to be about as representative of Arabian settings as space stations are of the Van Allen belt. As the number of Westerners in these cities increases, their roles become

more rigidly defined, their perspectives more circumscribed, making it ever more likely that they will mistake a Potemkin village for the genuine article.

In fact, between the problems of language, special vehicles, provisions, necessary companions, permissions, and red tape, few Westerners even attempt traveling in the desert. When it comes, the opportunity is invaluable; one's role changes in a few miles from routine foreigner to traveler and honored guest, in chance encounters people are less self-conscious and more candid, and in very rare moments one may even be taken for granted and see what one's presence would normally preclude—Saudis being Saudis in front of other Saudis. One also begins to sense how the isolation, the extraordinary disproportion between man and the space he inhabits, the infinite repetitions and sudden transitions of landscape have shaped the Arabian mind.

While most of Arabia is bare and arid, the land is almost never as uniform as the term *desert*, our single word in English, would imply. The terrain's variety is most apparent traveling by camel, because of the modest pace. But even when one moves at medium speed in a Toyota jeep, landscapes still retain a distinctive shape of rock, a certain texture or color of rippled sand, a rhythm to the terrain, or some unexpected feature that identifies it in memory. A secluded cluster of stones, a small irregular pile marking a graveyard, is often the first sign of an approaching settlement. The hinterland of Kuwait, for example, is mostly a dust bowl, barren even after rain, because



Peter A. Iseman

twenty years ago the topsoil was stripped for sand and gravel to build Kuwait City, but it is the only place where I have found desert truffles. To kill time on a long jeep ride. I once argued that the flat flint desert with gravel cover, known as *dibdida*, and the sandy washboard plains pocked with tough shrubs, known as *dikaka*, should switch names to match cadence with terrain. A perfect way to wreck a jeep is to traverse a *harra*, a vast, dreary lava field spilled over sandstone like tongues of slag. Basalt wasteland and waterless steppe seem almost faceless to me, but ancient Bedouin poets saw more, likening them to the back of a shield. The *sabkha*, the ice-colored salt flats that predominate along the oil-rich shore of the Gulf, are more evocative of Dante's River of Fire. A brief winter shower turns the firm crust to a viscous salt-mud, and what was once a slick surface becomes a quagmire impassable for even a Land Rover. The 125-degree summer heat is like trial by fire for a Westerner. The sky is like brass, the wind like wet steam. The horizon shivers with mirage, and the glare comes back off the white crystal surface with the force of a concussion.

On the opposite coast of the Peninsula, the terrain is not much kinder, but it is redeemed by a wild, eerie beauty. The province of Hejaz takes its name from the barrier range of wind-worn red sandstone mountains that rise precipitously from the margin of the Red Sea. In the warming first light of dawn, a moment Bedouin raiders favored for surprise attack, the expanding rock creaks, whistles, and echoes as if there were djinns in every crevice. As the din subsides, the mountains begin to exude a luminous glow of color gleaned from the sunrise that has only touched their crests. A strange, impressive scene, it lets the mind soar, out of time, in an ecstasy of desolation.

Through the day the light often overrules the evidence of one's senses. From time to time, what seem to be black islands appear suspended above a mirage on the horizon. When the shape remains stationary, it signals an oasis palm grove. When it moves in dots that coalesce and split again, it is a herd of grazing camels. Even at medium distance when they are unmistakable, the direct desert light can make the camels look stained and varnished, when, in fact, they have only been sheared and greased.

Usually there is no road at all, only a braided skein of tracks, meeting and diverging, yet forming two clusters, one for winter and one for summer. If the Arabian temperament has any counterpart in the landscape it is these *wadis*. The map marks them with blue lines that suggest perennial rivers, and indeed, on the rare occasions when they run, they provide the only surface water in Arabia. But even if they have been dry as long as living memory, no Arabian will ever camp in a *wadi*. An unseen storm a hundred miles away can transform it in a matter of seconds into a juggernaut of water and rock. Gathering violent force as it drops from higher ground, it can carry off men and livestock, and even obliterate a village in its path, before it subsides again, a few hours later, as quickly as it rose.

THE GREAT NAFUD DESERT in north Arabia, the Sahara and Kalahari in Africa, the Gobi in Central Asia all have a grandeur to their desolation, but only the *Rub al-Khali*, the Empty Quarter of Arabia, is the classic sand desert of Western imagination. There is a primal allure of emptiness, an infinite solitude in these silent, wind-blown sands, that elsewhere might only be experienced on open seas, high mountains, or polar ice. The idea of crossing the Empty Quarter obsessed Western explorers for almost a century. In 1852 Richard Burton offered his services for the purpose of "removing that opprobrium to modern adventure," yet in 1926 T. E. Lawrence advised the Marshal of the Royal Air Force, "Nothing but an airship can do it, and I want it to be one of ours that gets the plum."

A tract of deep, shifting sand the size of Texas, the Empty Quarter stretches from the inner margins of the Yemen highlands to the mountain chains of Oman and to a huge salt quicksand called *Umm as-Samim*, or "Mother of Poison." Four hundred miles apart, the few natural wells are so brackish and sulphuric that it is said that only camels born in these sands can drink the water. The Al Rashid Bedouin who breed them number perhaps 250 in a desert of 250,000 square miles. To the townsmen and even the Bedouin of the north, the sands are a half-legendary land of emptiness and death; indeed, the only traces of organic life I noticed were limestone oyster fossils washed down by some ancient sea.

The dunes are gigantic billows—cream, white, and a dozen shades of red, and often a mile across. Rising from a level plain to a pinnacle of six or seven hundred feet, the windward slopes are too loose and steep for even camels to climb. On this windward side, the upper ridges flow away from the peak like majestic drapes, or the rampsarts of a city upon a hill. The peak itself is a sharp lip veiled with a filmy wisp of sand that rises on a gust and settles on the smooth scarps to leeward. The prevailing north wind drives the fine, deep sand slowly south—from the Great Nafud, along the long curving strip of the Dahna into the heart of the Empty Quarter. Like glaciers before the wind, the sands migrate southward at more than two inches a day, and landmarks in this landscape are as evanescent as the morning shadows in the lees of dunes.

At first glance, a dune field suggests the waves of a troubled sea, magnified many times and frozen. Small, individual dunes are shaped like domes or stars, while the larger ones follow the lines of a crescent, and their backs are all to the wind. The most daunting and spectacular sands, though, are the long parallel escarpments called *urug*, or veins, by the Bedouin, where the color is the rusty red of dried blood. The

sky is a perfect bright ocean of light; meeting the sands the straight salient of its tropical sunlight erases any contrasts, softening all planes and enriching already deep colors. Looking down instead of away, the impression changes. Every facet is rippled and whorled like fingerprints, and the red surface glints with green-tinted gold.

Rainstorms are milestones, and a Bedouin, asked his date of birth, is likely to reply, with perfect precision, "nine days after the great storm." It is amusing because we are inhabitants of an environment where rainfall is abundant enough to be uneventful. There are no rivers in all of Arabia, and vast tracts of desert are watered once a generation by an errant shower.

The scarcity of water is the first fact of life in Arabia, and all else follows from that barren premise. To live in one place permanently and grow enough food to survive requires eight inches of annual rainfall. Because 90 percent of Arabia receives less, the native population of the Peninsula is about 10 million, while the slightly smaller subcontinent of India supports 750 million. In Saudi Arabia the native population is only about 4 million; because population follows agriculture, 95 percent now occupy 5 percent of the land, concentrated mostly in the southwest highlands near the border with North Yemen, the flatlands of the Qasim north of Riyadh, and the larger oases like al-Hasa in the east. The sparse population and the lack of any agricultural surplus precluded the growth of large cities or the development of significant industry in Arabia. Timber, metal, simple textiles, and any manufactured articles had to be imported by ship or caravan from abroad.

*Who holds not his foe away from his cistern with sword and spear, it is broken and spoiled:
Who uses not roughness him shall men wrong.*

—The Muallaqat, VI



BEDOUIN HAS BEEN defined as a parasite of the camel; a bit unkind, but until the camel was domesticated in about 1300 B.C., there were no true nomads in Arabia. With donkeys or horses a man could make short forays into the desert, but never cross, inhabit, or exploit it. With camels, the Bedouin could venture hundreds of miles into the interior deserts. A richer environment affords gypsies the luxury of aimless wandering; the Bedouin, if they were to survive, had to move in the wake of the winter rains and spread themselves thinly to glean sufficient grazing from vast areas of wasteland. Their movements were drawn by the gravitational pull of water. Only when Canopus had appeared in the southern sky did they drive their herds away from the summer wells, toward the spot on the horizon where telltale flickers of lightning signaled a chance thunderstorm.

Although the Arabians traditionally divided the world

into the desert and the sown, the nomadic and the settled, their society functioned more as a trilogy of townsman, peasant, and Bedouin. For all their mutual scorn and feuding, they relied on one another to survive. The Bedouin gave the villagers camels and sheep in exchange for dates, fruit, and grain, and they both traded their goods to the townsmen for clothes, weapons, and anything else needed from abroad. The townsmen monopolized not only handicrafts and trade but also politics, administration, education, and culture—except for the poetry, which was portable. Civilization, in effect, was left to those with permanent wells and strong mud walls. It was in just such tame soil that Islam took root, flourished, and developed branches of law and learning.

As notable as the refinements of the towns were, the desert was thought to be the wellspring of manliness and character. "The people of the desert are closer to goodness than settled people," conceded Ibn Khaldun, a town-bred historiographer of the fourteenth century, and no one believed this more than the Bedouin who lived there. To these savage nobles, the townsmen were effete and degenerate, while peasants who worked the soil with their hands were beneath contempt. "When the plow crosses the threshold," says an old Bedouin proverb, "manhood departs." The Bedouin were implacable chauvinists whose only ideology was their own shared genealogy. Glorifying in the epic deeds of their ancestors, the poetry that kept the legends alive, and the sublime bravado and chivalry of their own gestures, they looked up to no one but themselves. "They used not to wish one another joy but for three things," the poet Ibn Rashik wrote. "The birth of a boy, the foaling of a noble mare, and the emergence of a poet."

They began and ended their affairs with recitals of verse that served as the public register of Arabian deeds. Dating from the era of the *Jahiliya*, the "Ignorance" preceding Islam, these Arabian odes were composed by desert tribesmen in a language too copious and refined for any townsman to understand. With the poet's senses filled to the brim, the poem would open with an invocation to a distant woman, unless the poem was in the form of a lamentation over the dead. Through repetition, many of the images used by the Bedouin poets became shorthand symbols that listeners both understood and expected, as Sir Charles Lyall noted in his collection, *Ancient Arabian Poetry* (1835). Just as the Arabians calculated the values of goods and services in daily life in terms of camel wealth, so their poets often imagined them in verse. Repeatedly, a weary man is represented as a camel outstretched to die. The concept of time was portrayed as a camel drinking, or the thrust and thrust again of spears. The image for fate was a weak-eyed camel. "Wrong" was a pasture overgrazed by camels. "War" was a pregnant she-camel. Blood unavenged "drips as dew." "Bravado" was riding Death bareback. "Generosity" was rain or shadow in the open desert. Vivid scenes unfolded in precise sequence until the main object of the whole poem is reached at last: a panegyric on the poet's tribe, on an individual tribesman, on the poet

himself, a description of travel or war, a chase, a satire, a pleading, or a warning to the foolish.

With a laxity befitting an idea imported from the towns they nominally accepted Islam. "Wandering Arabs," the Koran reproaches them, "ye believe not, but rather say 'we submit,' for the faith has not yet entered your hearts." The faith that *had* entered their hearts was their own way of life; reflected in other men's eyes, honor was a state of grace whose attainment was more important than life itself. A solipsism perhaps, but a creed so encompassing and transcendent that it was, in effect, a religion of tribal humanism.

Keeping this faith was essential, because a Bedouin outcast could never survive alone. An individual's dependency certainly encouraged conformity with the group, but this hardly describes the meaning of tribes. To the extent that it was organized, Arabian society was a congeries of detached tribes, each one a small republic of cousins, the only structure to which an Arabian would voluntarily submit. He not only was bound to it by the blood ties of descent and marriage, but had little self-awareness apart from it. An Arabian's recollections were corporate and held in common, and any heroic deeds he accomplished only revealed the merits of his group. Human excellence, or the lack of it, was something one inherited. Bedouin society, Sir Charles Lyall observed in *Ancient Arabian Poetry*, was

a society in which men respected strength, and knew how to combine for its sake, subordinating private likings to the common good of the tribe; in which wisdom and experience were honoured and those men duly valued who upheld public faith and common ties. The distinctions of right and wrong were clear enough if their application was restricted to a somewhat narrow sphere. With no national centre of authority, the duties of enforcing justice and providing for self-defence lay upon each man and his brethren by blood or covenant.

For the Arabians it was an article of faith to take the afflictions of nature in stride, but the afflictions caused by man were insufferable. There was neither central authority nor formal government, only an old, wild freedom that bred a prevalence of furies. A lawless land under the best of circumstances, Arabia was typically a cockpit of petty feuds, bloodletting, and intrigue. Fissured into tribes, clans, lineages, and campsites, the Arabians fought continually among themselves. Governed by noble rules of combat and a lunar calendar that budgeted eight months for hostilities and four for peace, the incessant raiding was part war, part sport, a kind of formalized anarchy that raised chaos to an art form. It was also an import mechanism, as commodities from the settled lands worked their way to the interior in a round robin of mutual plunder. There was no political dimension at all. The slightest pretext served as a *casus belli*, and off they went on another round of tribal *razzias*—a word the Italians derived from Arabic. The Guelphs and Ghibellines at least danced back and forth between the power of the Church and the invasions of the Germans. The Arabians, left to themselves, changed allies

and enemies like partners in some nightmarish quadrille. They would unite only in the face of a common threat; as soon as the threat had passed, they would fall apart again, like so many grains of sand.

While all these tribes and tribulations denied Arabia any possibility of unity, they also prevented any foreign power from dominating it. For the West, the hearsay kingdoms of Arabia—the land of myrrh and frankincense, King Solomon's mines, and the pearls of Bahrain—were the Eastern Eldorado, the proverbial last word in luxury. Pursuing these exotic riches, Augustus' prefect of Egypt, Aelius Gallus, launched the first and last Western military invasion of Arabia in 24 B.C. Marching inland from the Red Sea coast to the back country of Yemen with a force of 10,000 Romans and Jewish mercenaries, he lost his army in six months to scurvy, dysentery, and thirst without ever joining a proper battle. For the most part, the Arabians just lurked out of sight, letting the elements do their work.

The West wrote Arabia off as useless, an untamed medieval land where events were, at best, obscure jottings in the margin of history. Edmund Burke found Arabian chronicles to be an unifying "record of pride, ambition, avarice, revenge, lust, sedition, hypocrisy, and ungoverned zeal." Of such people Gibbon remarked, "Their names are uncouth, their origins doubtful, their actions obscure." It was one of those places, Lord Kimberley said, "of barren deserts... where white men cannot live, dotted with thinly scattered tribes who cannot be made to work." Even in the heyday of colonialism, Arabia was left unclaimed. The British established a coaling station at Aden on the route to India, and they kept a watchful eye on the pirates and slavers who plied the Gulf, but otherwise they limited their involvement in Arabia to the old Oriental game of who-bribes-the-tribes. Before the first American oilmen waded ashore in the fall of 1933, barely two dozen explorers had visited the interior of Arabia, unsupported by government or trade.

Such intrusions were rare and unwelcome. When Captain G. F. Sadleir, the first European to cross Arabia, reached Riyadh in August 1819, he inquired about the unusually heavy summer rains. They were unprecedented, but then again so was he. "God is great!" an old man told him. "I have lived to see three wonders in one day"—a Turk and a Frank (European) in Riyadh—"and rain at midsummer!" The Europeans usually found that not only was traditional life removed from anything that would change it, but inertia itself had become a tradition. Nestled in the immemorial isolation of a million square miles of desert, the memories of one generation of Arabians were not very different from those of the one before or the one after. Life, they sometimes said, was all *raml wa kaml*—"sand and lice"—but it was what they expected. King Khalid's great-grandfather, Faisal bin Turki, told a British visitor to Riyadh in 1865: "Be Arabia what it may, it is ours. We daresay you wonder how we can remain here thus cut off from the rest of the world. Yet we are content. We are princes according to our degree. We feel ourselves a king every inch."

T

RAVEL IS CONQUEST," says

an old Arabic proverb, and without the slightest pause the Arabians have become globetrotters. In the Gulf city-states people routinely make weekend jaunts and shopping trips to London. In the coffee shop at the Kuwait Sheraton a young elementary school principal introduces himself as the first Kuwaiti to cross the U.S. in a van; coast to coast, he adds, with *all* the stops. On the Kuwait evening news the weather forecast is followed by the airline departures for the next day, the announcer's delivery suggesting that one can supersede the other, and that the viewers have many possibilities.

In most countries it is usually the elite, the businessmen, and the migrant workers who travel. In Arabia these days it is pretty much everyone, and only the luggage gives away the social differences among the passengers. Watching them, I often feel they are exempt from the laws of gravity. The old nomadic habits have meshed so well with the jet schedules that last year the Saudis ran out of passports. Between study abroad, military training, business, medical care, shopping, vacation, and a fair amount of elective joyriding, they live abroad four months a year. The other eight months they only talk about it, always complaining about the cold, which never seems to deter them. Bangkok, Houston, Rio, the Riviera, Tokyo, Nairobi, and Taipei—in a group of young Saudis it always seems someone has been there or is planning to go. After a millennium of isolation, the fever of movement seems to have infected almost everyone.

There are many attractions to life abroad, but I suspect what is most important to the Saudis is that they are offstage for a while, relieved of the demanding role of being Saudis before an audience of other Saudis. At home they are under intense pressure to maintain the appearance of self-effacing modesty and avoid any conspicuous display of self. Even in conversation, older, more traditional Saudis seem to feel there is something unbecoming about using the first person singular. (When I asked one sheikh about his background and career in government, he said, "If you write the details of my life, people will laugh at us both.") With all the money the Saudis have on hand, it is interesting to note all the things they *don't* buy, or certainly don't display if they do. In Riyadh there are really very few expensive cars on the streets, and the opulent villas furnished with brocaded Louis Napoleon furniture from Lebanon are all concealed by plain six-foot concrete walls.

National dress is a great equalizer; in their standard uniform of white gown, polished black shoes, checkered shawl, braided black headband, and a single style of mustache and beard, the Saudis al-

most seem to be flaunting their conformity. There is something quintessentially Saudi about the way they all know to keep the traditional symbols intact and confine the deviations to the accessories, which quickly become standardized. In Jidda and Riyadh, almost all the men about town have a gold ball-point pen clipped to the breast pocket of their gown, a gold Dunhill lighter in their pocket, gold cufflinks on their sleeves, a gold Omega wristwatch on their left wrist, and a gray Samsonite attaché case in hand. The trend seems to be in the direction of Patek Philippe watches, Piaget worry beads.

Abroad, dressed in Western clothes, and probably feeling more invisible than conspicuous, the Arabians spend money and indulge themselves with a delicious audacity impossible at home. Wherever they go in Europe, they bolster the balance of payments. In Paris, a young Kuwaiti playboy named Badr Mullah drove down the Champs Elysées in his imitation James Bond car, spewing diversionary clouds of pink and green smoke. Sheikh Khalifa bin Zayyid, the son of the ruler of Abu Dhabi, caused a stir in the V.I.P. lounge at Orly last summer when he was found to be carrying 75,000 French bees back to Abu Dhabi in garbage bags. The Emir of Kuwait, Sheikh Sabah Salim Al Sabah, ran up a \$150,000 bill for thirty-five rooms at the Hotel Crillon, and then spent another \$150,000 for two million flowerpots.

The stories are endless and very much the same. An episode that occurred last June suggests how far things have gone. Ahmed Youssef Kasenally, a twenty-one-year-old native of Mauritius living in London, observed the style and habits of the visiting Arabians. Wearing the appropriate robes, he rented a Daimler and checked into a suite at Claridge's as Prince Mohammed bin Sultan Zayyid of Abu Dhabi. He had run up \$68,000 in gambling debts in the West End and had charged more than \$1 million in jewelry before the police moved in and discovered that the bogus prince had pulled the same number the year before at another hotel, which had been too embarrassed to prosecute.

Every Arab, however poor, has an Aladdin within him all ready to blossom forth; at the first touch of fate—behold him a king.

—André Gide, *If I Die*

M

ONEY ALWAYS highlights the shortcomings of people who have it, but windfall inheritances shed the unkindest light of all. The effect is sharp chiaroscuro, reducing any nuances of character to a lurid contrast of ordinary features and extraordinary fortunes. In recent years Western-

ers have tended to see the Arabians only in the light of money, once ours and now theirs. Bizarre as they are, the really striking thing about all these tales of the Ugly Arabians is how little the Arabians have to do with them. While they are, for the most part, just graphic anecdotes about Oriental money and Occidental property, they mock our cherished notions of merit and reward, that the meek do not really inherit the earth. The outrage they evoke is often a belated shock of recognition at discovering how low our price really is, how quickly we sell. Adding insult to injury, the buyers don't take any of it very seriously. "The wealth of this world," says a Bedouin proverb, "is like dirt on the hands, always coming and going." The Arabians' appetite for the comforts in life is the same as anyone else's—maybe whetted a bit by harsh circumstances and centuries of going without; beyond that, it is really striking how unattached they are to all their new possessions. As you get to know them, what is much more striking, and far sadder, is that they soon take everything for granted, that for all their curiosity and exuberance, they have almost no sense of wonder.

The Arabians often explain their attitude with verses of the Koran that seem equally relevant to centuries of poverty: "Allah hath favored some of you above others in provision" and "Woe to every malinger, scoffer/Who gathers wealth and counts it over,/Thinking that it will perpetuate him." One should never underestimate Islamic fatalism, but my own secular, Western hunch is that the Arabians have no sense of wonder because everything happens at once, depriving them of any sense of process. Omanis who have known color television for only three years cannot understand why anyone ever wanted to watch black and white. There was also the time, while watching a huge, lumbering jet transport take off from Jidda airport, that I commented to a Saudi friend in his twenties how amazing it was that such a machine could get off the ground, much less stay in the air. "Oh no," he corrected me. "It's made to fly."

The Arabians never come out and say it, but all the objects and ideas imported into their lives often seem like so many windows opening onto empty rooms. They are indifferent to all this miracle baggage not, as Americans like to think, because it is unearned, but because it is abstract, impersonal, and relates to very little that really matters to them. The hallmark of the Arabians is that they personalize everything: their printed and televised news is a litany of names, arrivals, and letters of congratulation sent and received; they talk about Muhammad as if they knew him personally; and their first instinct on installing a new automatic elevator is to put a sixteen-year-old boy on a chair to greet passengers, relay messages, and push buttons. Stripped of all the new trappings, this is really and old, warm world in which people define tasks, roles, and institutions, not the other way around. Their approach to life is so intensely personal that every occasion seems to be in a category of its own. From one day to the next, the goal is not to get the job done, or even to acquire a fortune: rather it is to win prestige in other men's eyes and achieve a fame tantamount to

a state of grace. So supreme was this value in traditional Arabian society that the regular economy was largely subordinate to an economy of honor. Very few of the old habits of mind have been sacrificed to the new \$100 million-a-day realities of oil, and with their exquisite manners and passion for amenities, the Arabians today remain a people of extraordinary charm. They are on cordial terms with time, and the thought of killing it has never crossed their minds. Their style, though, is hopelessly mismatched with the business at hand, and the result is chaos. Western visitors often become exasperated with their Arabian hosts, just as they did a century ago when Charles Doughty complained that the Arabians "are like a man sitting in a cloaca to his eyes, and whose brows touch heaven." The Saudis, however, are inured to the disorder, and amid loose cash, dust, and confusion, they come and go like so many chevaliers.

With all the attention they pay to ceremonies, courtly gestures, and baroque politenesses, chivalry is perhaps the most suitable simile for the Arabian style. Greetings and valedictions seem to be their staff of life. The Saudis will drop almost anything for an airport arrival ceremony. Handshakes can go on for minutes, while in prolix Arabic an exchange of polite questions and blessings can extend indefinitely. Serious discussion does not even begin until three thimble-size rounds of pale, bitter Arabian coffee have been served with an etiquette as complex as a Japanese tea ceremony. To drink less than three is an insult to the host, and to stop the flow one must signal with three shakes of the right wrist. While all this is happening, appointments go unmet and anterooms overflow, but no one ever moves business forward at the expense of social rituals.

The whole business of receiving guests, particularly feeding them, is so charged with energy and wrapped in ritual that it borders on folk drama. They customarily dismiss it as a routine social obligation, but their theater of hospitality is probably the most vital of Arabian art forms. It provides an occasion for making grand, Gatsby-like gestures, from which they derive enormous pleasure. At the December 1976 OPEC conference in Doha, Sheikh Khalifa Al Thani welcomed foreign correspondents to Qatar by installing a special overseas telephone line in the lobby of the Gulf Hotel and inviting them to call families and friends at his expense. When the hijacked Lufthansa jet landed in Dubai this fall, there was little to do while the negotiations went on except surround the plane with troops; Prince Muhammad bin Rashid, the United Arab Emirates' Minister of Defense, used the occasion to treat the hostages to champagne and to send a birthday cake aboard for one of the stewardesses.

When the gestures are understated, they can be quite touching or eloquent. After our dinner in his reception room, the emir of al-Ula retired, wishing me good-night, good journey, and good-bye. At dawn, on the floor of our jeep I found a carton of tangerines from the emir's garden. Some years ago, a British friend was invited to a private lunch with the tyrannical old Sultan of Oman. Said bin Taimur, at his seaside

palace in Salalah. For four hours, he touted the virtues of democracy and enlightened rule. Two months later a complete set of freshly minted Omani stamps arrived in London, hand-canceled with the Sultan's signature.

Great hosts acquire the magnitude of heroes in the Arabian memory. I once met a Bedouin in southern Jordan who recounted in heroic detail a banquet, which his grandfather had attended in 1924, given by old King Hussein when he reached Amman: the camels were stuffed with sheep, the sheep with turkeys, the turkeys with chickens, and the chickens with quail. And one still hears talk of such legendary characters as *Ma'ashi al-Dhib*—literally “Diner of Wolves”—who, whenever he heard a wolf howling behind his tent, used to tie a prize lamb from his flock to a desert rock and say, “No guest shall call on me at night without dining”; and *Antar ibn Sheddad*, a bridegroom who is said to have slaughtered hundreds of camels in the hill-sides so the wolves and vultures could join in his wedding festivities. Such behavior is expected of sheikhs and princes, but even the most ordinary Arabians will spend a month's wages slaughtering sheep for uninvited guests, or give a treasured wristwatch to a visitor gauche enough to admire it in public. The point of it all is not to be rich, but to be profligate and generous beyond one's means; and oil has, if anything, spoiled the fun.

In recent years a fair number of Saudis have returned with foreign wives, particularly Americans. The reason may be charm, wealth, or just the numbers who go abroad to study. No one knows how many there are, but the government decided it was too many, and such marriages are now illegal. Marriage in Arabia is a private matter, off limits for conversation; if such matters were ever discussed, an American wife's impressions of a Saudi man in America and the same man in Saudi Arabia would be interesting. I raised this question in the abstract with a few of the most perceptive and candid Saudis I met. Prince Khalid bin Fahd bin Khalid, the Deputy Minister of Education, told me, “There's no deception because the girls all know before that life here is very different. For a while they seem to adapt. In the end, though, I guess the real problem is that they married a different man in the States than the one they know here, and the marriages usually break up after a few years.”

College girls who marry Arabians, businessmen who deal with them, and journalists who write about them all come up against the same paradox of the Arabians' dual lives. We usually meet them individually or abroad, in either case excised from the society that defines them. They baffle us with contradictions. Misled by their travels, acquisitions, and ability to speak our language, we habitually view them through a Western optic. The confused image is partly in the eye of the beholder. We judge the Arabians against our own categories, and when they make a mockery of them with their inconsistency, we think they are schizophrenic.

The Arabians abroad are actually more like chameleons. Exciting as life in the West can be, it is a digression for them, a succession of novel experiences de-

tached from anything very important. According to situation and mood, they strike one pose and then another, but both their genuine selves and the audiences that matter remain at home. They may travel far and wide for diversion, but one of the more striking things about the Saudis is that eventually they all go home. Family, loyalty, challenge, and even money are important, sometimes pressing concerns for the Arabians, but they do not account for why, in the geography of the heart, the Arabians are ultimately such homebodies. An Arabian identifies with his group and his community far more directly and intensely than is common in the West. In fact, so close is this identification that until quite recently there has been virtually no notion of discrete, personal existence. An Arabian's identity is still, in large measure, identical to that of his group. In sum, Arabian society is his alter ego.

Involvement in history, though absorbing, is at most only the obverse of their coin; the reverse of which, polished, brilliant and pure gold, is the other world.

There would seem to be no word in Arabic meaning “Orthodox.” The word, ... usually translated “orthodox” ... actually means rather “orthoprax,” if we may use the term.

—Wilfred Cantwell Smith,
Islam in Modern History

Bismillah ar-Rahman ar-Raheem—“In the name of God, the most merciful, the most compassionate”—is the opening line of the Koran, and even in illegible Arabic script, a visitor in Saudi Arabia soon begins to recognize it. It appears on television test patterns, above every podium, and atop every piece of stationery in the kingdom, from hotel laundry lists to the title page of the Five Year Plan. Repeated endlessly, with no hint of argument or even exhortation, the phrase is less a slogan than a national watermark. Or, in the words of Prince Muhammad bin Feisal: “Islam permeates everything here in a way that is just inconceivable for anyone raised in the West.” It is not Islam that is inconceivable to us—for it is, in large measure, a cognate religion and the essential aspects are few and uncomplicated—but the permeation, because there is simply no comparable experience in the West. Although the point is commonplace, it remains beyond our grasp, but perhaps the best approach to understanding the role of Islam for the Arabians is simply to arrive in Jidda on business at the beginning of the hajj season. Resident foreigners have all gone to London or Nairobi for the duration, and the Saudis themselves give you fair warning, but still it comes as something of a surprise.

The hajj is a five-day pilgrimage to Mecca performed once in a lifetime by all Muslims who are able

to do so. For the Saudi hosts, however, it has a dozen other levels of meaning—historical pageant, political symbol, mass vacation, annual congress, the biggest business after oil, a televised spectacle on the order of the world series. As 1.5 million pilgrims begin to crowd into Jidda on their way to Mecca, the Saudis all suddenly become energized, almost euphoric with the evident glory of what matters most to them, the world of Islam and their special place in it. The National Guard leave their units, diplomatic notes go unanswered, the hotel closes the pool and cancels the menu, even the mail ceases to arrive. In fact everything stops but the oil.

For the pilgrims, the hajj is an event of a lifetime, an occasion to take a new name: but for the Saudis who dwell in the heartland of Islam, the hajj, for all the apparent excitement, is essentially a visible enactment of a state of mind that obtains the other eleven months of the year. Every Saudi is aware that his forefathers were the first Muslims, and that in the twentieth century, as in the seventh, the holy cities of Arabia are the Holy Cities of Islam. In the course of their history foreigners have sometimes dictated their borders, or told them what weapons they might purchase, or how much they would be paid for their oil, but the Arabians have always preserved their moral sovereignty over Islam. In the eyes of the Arabians, this history confers a certain pride of place in their world, some recognition of their status as first among equals. Together, the Saudis are the guardian of a tradition, the arbiter of its meaning, the spokesman for its viewpoint.

The official Saudi flag bears the legend "There is no

god but God and Muhammad is His Prophet"—the Muslim profession of faith—on a field of green said to be the exact shade of the Prophet's cloak. A small date palm above crossed scimitars has been added as a modest afterthought, but it would be a mistake to infer that a realm of the secular even exists. If Islam's role were only to sanction the regime's right to rule, Saudi Arabia might merit description as a theocracy. Here, however, Islam is the state, and thus "Saudi Arabia" is a flag of convenience for what is, in effect, Allah's Commonwealth. The Koran may be a revealed scripture dating from the seventh century, but today it also serves as the official Saudi constitution, because in the mind of Muhammad there was no separation between mosque and state. Explaining this, Bernard Lewis has written, "In Islam religion is not, as it is in Christendom, one sector or segment of life regulating some matters while others are excluded: it is concerned with the whole of life—not a limited but a total jurisdiction . . . [it is] a community, a loyalty, a way of life."

As a way of thinking, Islam also has the same unity, the same totality, the same lack of distinctions. A conversation with any Arabian makes it evident that to him, Islam is more an axiom than an idea. Arabian agnostics do not exist, because the questions of belief and faith that gnaw at the Western mind have never been raised. Even years of education and travel in the West are unlikely to affect the Arabians' outlook. "I have a Ph.D. in economics from the States," a senior officer who oversees all Saudi arms purchases told me. "I wouldn't call myself pious, but everything in the

Westerners denounce the barbarism of amputations and beheadings, while Saudis contend that there is virtually no crime in their society, and that their system must therefore work. For the last three years, though, foreigners in Jidda have been locking their cars and, not long ago, there was a \$25 million jewelry heist. Saudis say that all such crimes are the work of foreigners, especially Yemenis and Egyptians. What Saudi crimes there are, I suspect, are settled quietly within the family. Otherwise, the Saudis are probably right. The Yemenis and Egyptians are virtual helots; more importantly, they are the first anonymous men in a society so perfectly self-contained that everyone just knows everyone else, or at least his cousin. A criminal might flee, but he could never assume an alias.

Public drunkenness is punished by flogging, and if you can make your way through a crowd of Saudis in the main square, it is usually some miserable Yemeni who is getting forty lashes. The police drape a white cloth over the man's bare chest, and tuck one corner into his mouth so he can take the strokes on his lower back with grimaces, not screams.

There are about six beheadings a year in Jidda, and advance notice in the Arabic press the day before ensures a large turnout. The event takes place at midday on Friday in the Bab al-Jadid business district, near an old mosque where worshippers say special prayers for the victim. Foreigners are not very welcome, so a

Saudi friend and I watch from the roof of the Atlas Hotel. The police seal off the street and patrol the rooftops to make sure no one takes pictures. In a few minutes a police squad car arrives with the victim, a Yemeni dressed in skirt and sandals, who has killed his sixteen-year-old wife. A few minutes later a Pontiac Cabriolet arrives with the executioner. He is about six feet tall, charcoal black, and elegantly dressed in white with a black bandolier and sash. The executioners all come from one family of ex-slaves, my friend explains.

The Yemeni, chained and blindfolded, is guided to a piece of cardboard on the street, where he obediently drops to his knees. The black executioner stands about three steps behind him with a polished, double-edged sword about 3½ feet long. His assistant, an apprentice perhaps, stands beside the kneeling Yemeni with a sharp stick. When the signal is given, he jabs him in the side and the Yemeni's bowed neck stiffens by reflex. The executioner is already moving and everything is soundless. He takes a few tiny ballet steps and then one long stride as the blade rises and drops through a perfect arc, severing the head in one majestic stroke. The head rolls forward, the neck spurts blood over the street, and the body topples backward. The executioner's apprentice fetches the head and puts it on a stretcher, and sound returns. The crowd roars once in exclamation and disperses.

Koran is perfectly logical to me." For most Arabians, moreover, there is no "logic" separate from the Koran, and they will freely tell you that they *know* pork (forbidden in the Koran) tastes bad without ever having tasted it. While their belief is total, it is not necessarily abstract, and they see nothing incongruous in ad-ducing the will of Allah to explain the most mundane fact or event. Nothing is profane to this very proximate God whose hand is everywhere. Men's accidents are God's purposes, and All is Divine Plan. The arrival of an extraordinary new machine or news of a moon landing may prompt the response, *La illah il-Allah*—"There is no god but God." The likely reply to an impatient businessman who asks when his visa will be ready, is *Inshallah*—"God willing"; or, when will the office building be finished: *Maktoob*—"It is written"; or, will the Olympics ever be held in Riyadh: *Kullu Shughlu*—"It's all His work."

Indeed, one of the more striking aspects of the Arabians is that doubt, inner guilt, anxiety—our whole postmodern crown of thorns—are alien to them. Their world is more reassuring, pervaded as it is with a soothing sense of inevitability. When all is ordained by Allah and demonstrable in the Koran, self-questioning becomes superfluous, almost presumptuous. The Arabians are not even perplexed by a Westerner's doubts, which like all the other ills of our society, they attribute to the fact that we are not Muslims. "Why don't you become a Muslim?" they ask—it has happened in tax-is, marketplaces, departure lounges, and desert tents, but only, in my experience, in Saudi Arabia. The question comes from chance acquaintances, but it is part of a catechism that varies only in the slightest details: "Why not become a Muslim? In the West, your religions are good, but they are only Western religions, materialistic and incomplete. Our Prophet was the last of all Prophets, and in the Koran is everything a man could ever want to know. If you became a Muslim, you would not have so many questions, only answers."

Those who have done wrong will know to what end they will revert.
Koran, XXVI, 227.

IN RIYADH, in the month of Ramadan, religious observance is not only encouraged, it is enforced. Companies and government offices reduce their hours to a minimum and sometimes close for the duration. The streets seem the most desolate of any time of the year; indeed, any Muslim who would break the fast by eating, drinking a cup of coffee, or even smoking a cigarette in public would run the risk of arrest. Westerners are affected only in that they may, as one resident says "become a bit dour by association." Through the rest of the year, the enveloping gloom of the Saudi Sabbaths affords a brief taste of the same. And every day, precisely at noon, the plaintive wail of the muezzin's amplified call to prayer

arises over the din of traffic and resounds through the city. In government buildings, anterooms suddenly empty, and laced black shoes and thonged sandals pile up in the hallways outside deluxe conference rooms used as makeshift mosques for the noon prayer. On the side streets, after shopkeepers drop their iron storefront gates, the hum of air conditioners is sometimes the only audible sound. Saudis are already moving toward the neighborhood mosque, when the uniformed Morals Police sweep the area, rapping their billy clubs on an occasional gate or shutter, and crying "Salaat! Salaat!—Prayer! Prayer!"

Saudis frequently use the phrase "our Islamic way of life" in explaining to visitors their basic approach to the problems they are confronting. With few exceptions Saudis are all orthodox Sunni Muslims and, more importantly, members of the militant, literalist Puritan sect known as the Wahhabis, who might be compared with the undiluted Calvinists of early New England. Both nomads and pilgrims organized their societies with the express purpose of applying the law of God to man. Because the law was applied directly, without intervention, both communities were priest-hoods of all believers. Both movements began as reactions to decadence, and the communities of believers tended to think of themselves as "Cities upon a Hill." The God they worshipped was capricious and unforgiving, and neither community was known for its tolerance.

Since the founding of the Wahhabi movement in the mid-eighteenth century, its adherents have always been known for their zeal and their somber and visible piety. Several campaigns and crusades associated with the establishment of the Saudi state gave them a reputation as fanatics imbued with a mission to make all men true servants of God by means of the word and sword. European explorers who visited the areas of Arabia dominated by the Wahhabis never failed to note the singularly drab, severe style of life they imposed. The homes were almost bare, and except for the great shrines at Mecca and Medina, the mosques were plain and unpainted, lacking any minarets, domes, or external decorations. The call to prayer was given from a platform only slightly raised above the floor. Godless diversions like musical instruments and record players were banned until a generation ago. Sculpture and painting were also forbidden for their connection with image worship. In 1923 the Wahhabis demolished what was purported to be the tomb of Eve in the Jidda cemetery. Until a generation ago, the Wahhabis often acted like some Arabian chapter of the Luddite movement: about forty years ago, when the first truck entered the fanatic town of Hauta, it was viewed as an invention of the infidels, if not of the devil himself. The truck was burned publicly in the marketplace, and its accomplice, the driver, nearly shared the same fate.

Until King Feisal's will is probated, the multibillion-dollar Feisal Foundation uses the working name of the Dariyah Trust, registered in Switzerland. The name refers to the ruins of a small town a few miles from Riyadh, where, in 1744, the Wahhabi movement

was founded with an oath. The two parties to it were an itinerant revivalist preacher named Mohammed Abdul Wahhab and the local sheikh, Mohammed Ibn Saud whose sixth-, seventh-, eighth-, and ninth-generation direct descendants are the House of Saud. The preacher's message was to redeem the Oneness of God from deviation and backsliding. In return for protecting the holy man and supporting his crusade, the sheikh would rule by right over all the men and lands they might conquer. A generation later, when the message had become a war cry, a great comet appeared in the Arabian sky and was thought to portend a scourge of God. As the Wahhabi storm burst across Arabia, the sheikh instructed his Bedouin warriors. "Put the males to the sword; plunder and pillage at your pleasure, but spare the women and do not strike a blow at their modesty." Within a few years, the Wahhabis had overrun the peninsula, in a classic demonstration of Ibn Khaldun's dictum: "Nomads plus religion equals power."

While Wahhabism might appear to be an odd marriage of tribal cult and universal religion, it actually went quite well with Arabia's harsh settings, warlike ways, and high-strung, quicksilver temperaments. The success of the Wahhabi movement probably stems from the fact that while revival is always a more stirring call than reform, in Arabia only reactionary movements could generate sufficient zeal and purpose to prevail. Appalled by the rampant paganism reflected in such common practices as worshipping the tombs of false saints and praying to sacred stones and charmed trees, the Wahhabis' mission was simple: to force a halt to this ungodly decadence and to purify by returning to the original order of classical Islam. All else the Wahhabis simply rejected. Anything they didn't know was not worth knowing. "Praise be to God," the preacher said. "We are followers, not innovators."

THE SOCIAL GUIDELINES are defined by the Ulema, an established group of theologians, many of whom are from the prominent Al as-Shaykh family. The *ex cathedra* tone of their pronouncements on public morals is justified by their view of themselves as the guardians of Islamic tradition, which is supposed to govern the conduct of all Saudis. Although there is no tradition for a religious hierarchy in Islamic doctrine, the considerable power of the Ulema is certified by both extensive intermarriage of the Al as-Shaykh with the ruling House of Saud and regular Thursday audience with the king. Their guaranteed access to power is tantamount to power itself. While they have been known to pull out dog-eared copies of the Protocols of the Elders of Zion when the royal family and government ministers make moderate statements about a Mideast settlement, the reactionary influence of the Ulema is strongest on matters that

affect the moral foundations of the Saudi community. The newspaper *al-Madina* closely reflects their viewpoint, and an issue I picked up at random denounced the belly dancing and movies at the Mecca InterContinental, urged that its name be changed to a more Islamic one, and demanded that *Time* magazine be banned from the kingdom because of its "immoral pictures." Changes in education, justice, social policy, and family affairs are almost impossible without the advice and consent of the Ulema. The education of women remains under their direct control because it raises questions which are thought best answered by men of God. A clear instance of the Ulema's role in Saudi life was the recent incident known as the "Hoda Affair." Five years ago, when answering a questionnaire from a Saudi magazine, a twelve-year-old girl named Hoda wrote that she "loved Talal Maddahi," a singer very popular at the time. The director of women's education, Sheikh Nasser bin Rashid, publicly disgraced Hoda for "shamefulness" and then blacklisted her from admission to any school in Saudi Arabia. To continue her education, she had to move to another city under a pseudonym. A few months ago, she wanted to enter college and took her case to the distinguished editor of *al-Ukaz*, the best newspaper in Saudi Arabia. When the editor took up her case and denounced the director, a respected member of the religious establishment, the Ulema responded with condemnations. Eventually the Council of Ministers ordered Hoda's rehabilitation on one hand, and on the other hand, arrested and briefly detained—on grounds of "defamation"—the editor who had publicly challenged the Ulema.

The moral authority of the Ulema gives it considerable power in shaping public opinion. It exercises this power at the midday sermon at the mosque on Friday, the *Khutba*; and from what Saudis say, the message often consists of a jeremiad against godless foreign ways or a clarion call to rearguard action against the twentieth century.

The Ulema's watchdogs and enforcers are the Morals Police, known colloquially as the "volunteers." Probably no other country in the world has a similar organization. The Morals Police have been a fixture of village and city life since the days of the Wahhabi conquest and the establishment of the first Saudi state in the late eighteenth century. A semipublic organization funded by the state treasury, the Morals Police used to receive their instructions from the Grand Mufti. They are most visible around the time of Ramadan. Among their practices in the past were street-corner haircuts for any long-haired Saudis they encountered, and ripping the heads off dolls in the human image that were displayed in toy stores. As a rule they are judiciously steered away from foreign enclaves, but paths occasionally cross. Not long ago, for example, a European ambassador's wife was soundly thrashed by the Morals Police. It was a case of mistaken identity precipitated by her borrowing the car of an embassy secretary who had been conducting a rather brazen affair in public. While such incidents are quite rare, until recently the Morals Police would go through the mar-

ket areas of Jidda and Riyadh dabbling exposed ankles and wrists of improperly attired Western women with green paint the shade of the Prophet's cloak and the Saudi flag. Today, the Morals Police are far less powerful and zealous than they were twenty years ago before a thaw began under King Feisal. My regular driver, Ibrahim, was then working for ARAMCO. Driving a marked company car on the desert highway from Riyadh to Dhahran, he was smoking a cigarette when the Morals Police passed the other way in a squad car. They turned around and chased him with blazing lights and sirens, and then gave him a good beating in the middle of the road and jumped on his carton of cigarettes. The Morals Police had scarcely been seen about a year ago, when the Riyadh Inter-Continental, after clearing its plans with the appropriate authorities, ran a week of heavy advertising for their gala, dry New Year's Eve party. At midafternoon of the day of the party it was canceled on the orders of the Morals Police. A disappointed resident recalled Muhammad Ali's reaction when the fighter visited Riyadh: "Doesn't anyone ever sing or smile in this town?"

There is, in fact, very little to do in Saudi Arabia. The only local form of degeneracy is staying up late: indeed, no one leaves a Saudi soiree before one o'clock, and even a weeknight party will go on until four. Aside from fingering worry beads and sitting over coffee in the lobbies of the big hotels, the only available form of public entertainment is looking at automobile accidents. In fact, the traffic-jammed streets are the only public places and one often sees bizarre upended steel sculptures of death—Toyotas and Datsuns, face up and face down, wrapped together with an aluminum light-pole and with one wheel pushing through a shattered garden wall—that seem to be the stigmata of hasty development. On the street there is always a crowd of onlookers, seemingly amazed that the toys of technology could be so destructive.

Some younger, educated Saudis enjoy the occasional diversion of alcohol, but because it is forbidden in the Koran, and therefore illegal, they only drink it in private with trusted acquaintances or foreigners. Saudi moonshine is called *sadeeki*—literally "my friend." In one Westerner's opinion it tastes like a cross between gin and sandpaper. Among resident Westerners there is almost universal devotion to kitchen chemistry, the usual products being wine distilled from imported frozen gooseberries, and "brown" or "white" whose name depends on whether it is flavored with burnt oak chips. The store-bought variety was legal to foreigners for a few years before 1949, when one of the king's thirty brothers, Prince Mishari, killed his supplier, the British consul in Riyadh, and went into lifelong exile. Today, smuggled Scotch costs about \$1,000 a case on the black market.

Consumed in private and in moderation, liquor seems to be regarded as a venial sin and victimless crime. Other prohibitions of Arabian society are more complicated because they reflect deeper concerns and struggles within the society. The subject of images—still and moving, private and public—involves a single

Koranic injunction, one that has been redefined a dozen different ways, around the changing circumstances and social needs of the past few years. The commandment to make no graven image nor any likeness of any living thing is taken quite literally and seriously in Islam. Wahhabis view such images not only as insolent attempts to imitate the unique creations of God, but also as being similar in type to the idols revered by polytheists. The prohibition on graven images of course extended to aerial photography, but without some change of regulations or definitions the search for oil deposits would have taken as many cons as their formation. King Ibn Saud convened the Ulama and eventually prevailed over them with the argument that photography was actually good because it was not an image, but a combination of light and shadow that depicted Allah's creations without violating them.

When television was introduced in 1965, the Ulama only gave their imprimatur when King Feisal convinced them that here was yet another tool to spread religious doctrine. Still, the king had to summon troops to disperse rioters who toppled the first transmitter. (The king's nephew Prince Khalid bin Musaid was killed in the riots, and his brother Feisal assassinated the king a decade later.) The entire first year of programming is said to have been taken up by reading from the Koran. Today, with TV sets in more than 90 percent of Saudi homes, men are said to watch an average of four hours a day, and women, whose lives may have passed without seeing the next village or a man who wasn't a relative, are said to watch more than six hours. Not counting the ten-minute prayer breaks during regular programming, religious programs seem to be down to about 25 percent of air time. My only venture into this territory was fifteen minutes of what I believe was the "Sheikh Ali Tantawi Show," the format being religious questions and answers and the host a gregarious member of the Ulama filled with useful thoughts for everyday life. The secular sphere presents many live quiz shows with such raucous studio audiences that a viewer wonders for a moment if the host may have been deposed. Cartoons are also very popular, and seem to have a following beyond their intended juvenile audience.

Films never appear on Saudi television, and public cinemas are banned as "un-Islamic"; however, films are shown in flight on only the international routes by Saudia, the national airline. Neither the Bahrainis, who have had cinemas for forty years, nor the Kuwaitis, who have had them for less but boast of having the world's only air-conditioned drive-in, can explain Saudi policies. Odder still is the fact that the Saudis are all great cinema enthusiasts. At one embassy in Jidda, a diplomat told me of a Hadhrami sheikh who owned a print of an old Chaplin movie and had dubbed it with his own Arabic soundtrack. They own more home film projectors and videotape recorders per capita than any people on earth. Film parties and swap-meets have become major social activities in Jidda and Riyadh, and extravagant sums have been spent to build up private film libraries that a museum curator might envy. Anything not on hand is available in the black

market, located in the Murrabah quarter of Riyadh. It comes alive just before sunset and continues until 2 or 3 A.M., selling and renting projectors, cinemascope lenses, and all manner of films, many of them blue.

The policy seems absolutely senseless, based on an imagined seventh-century distinction between moving images of TV videotape and those of ordinary film. The key is once again the social context and the Saudi perspective of it. While a Westerner reflexively distinguishes between machines and processes, the Saudis, I suspect, focus first on who uses them. TV is presumably seen at home, in the privacy of the family, while films are viewed in public by a faceless audience of ticket-holders. Cinemas are "un-Islamic" because a verse of the Koran says that when a man and a woman are in the same room the devil is between them. All the worse if the room is so dark that the faces cannot be seen. Although it was an open space, the Riyadh Zoo presented a similar set of problems. A young prince involved in the planning of the project described it to me and seemed exhausted by the task of running the zoo in a way that would keep men and women apart. He tried dividing the animal kingdom into two, alternating men's days with women's days, and then, finally, closed it all.

The zoo project was abandoned by people with records as very capable administrators, and all the anxiety and exhaustion stemmed, I think, from the fact that they were on alien ground. For all the billions of dollars being spent on every conceivable public-works project—there is even talk about a Riyadh subway—there are virtually no public transport facilities, nor, for that matter, any "public" places at all. The concept of "public" has little meaning for most Saudis, implying an anonymity they have never felt. The intimacy of their world may be understood from the fact that until the 1960s Saudi authorities issued passports on request, without much record-keeping or reflection about the right duties of "citizens." In the days when everyone still *knew* everyone else, "identification" papers would have meant no more than green stamps. Until 1975, the milestone year when women's pictures first appeared in passports, these documents were regularly shared by mothers and daughters and female family friends.

While the intimacy of society makes public space superfluous, there is also very little privacy. In the Arab world no one is ever really alone, and for those who are part of its society, nowhere is this truer than in Saudi Arabia. On the few occasions when I was invited into informal Saudi family settings it occurred to me that the extended family is the primary unit in which Saudis not only live but think. The family represents not just a home, but a pillar of society, and a bastion of the Islamic way of life. The world beyond the compound wall revolves at the distance of some far planet, but the household still revolves around Islam. The only women I caught full sight of on these visits were either under the age of ten or elderly ex-slaves in their seventies, who had stayed on as family retainers after King Feisal emancipated them in 1963.

(A second part of this article will appear in a subsequent issue of Harper's.)



HAT MAKES these

social changes often so difficult and uneven is the connection with what the Arabians always call "our traditional Islamic way of life." In Arabia, Islam organizes the society and keeps it in check, it legitimates the ruler, and sanctions his right to rule. The connections extend so far into daily life because only in Arabia is the practice of Islam as severe as its theory. Anything deemed "Islamic" is Islam, which is, by Arabian lights, perfect, final, and unalterable. Given this seventh-century model, to which everything must conform, change can be no more than decay from an ideal past. Even to re-appraise this ideal would be to debase it. In this scheme a good leader would be one who guides his subjects back down the road to the ideal past. Any progress a contemporary society might achieve would be a reactionary move away from the twentieth century.

In Arabia, the separation between word and deed seems so great that whether any connection exists is often arguable. In fact, where they meet is at the point of definition, and such points are no more fixed than perspectives. Often it is this dance of definitions that the Arabians use to reconcile the authority of the past with the realities of \$100 million a day—and change is always occurring in the lives of the Arabians.

When, in 1830, the Grand Sherif of Mecca ordered that the presence of oil be concealed, he was quite prescient in imagining that "the known presence of minerals would attract unbelievers." The discovery of Saudi oil seems to have been made possible by Ibn Saud's facility with definitions and redefinitions. In the early 1930s, the search for oil was seriously impeded by a ban on radios of any kind. The crews surveying the desert lacked radio-telephones and could only communicate the site of their next location to the supply planes by first driving a jeep around in circles to etch a compass in the desert surface, then shoveling out figures for the angle and the number of miles, and, finally, pouring gasoline over the pattern and igniting it: after it burned off, the charred sand would be dark enough to be seen from the air. Progress was slow. All appeals for permission to import radio-telephones the company already owned were blocked by the Ulema's declaration that such devices ran on black magic, because who but the devil could carry a voice over hundreds of miles. Ibn Saud's solution was to set up a demonstration for the Ulema. One group of elders was stationed in Mecca, and the other in Riyadh with the king. When he spoke into the microphone and inquired how his voice was coming through, the elders said it was his voice indeed, but that this only proved his sin. Then the king asked the elders to read excerpts from the Koran back and forth over the line. Were the words they read and heard from the Koran? the king asked. When the elders agreed, the king told them that here was an instrument of great value in propagating the faith. □

ENGINEERING AND THE FEMALE MIND

Why women will not become engineers

by Samuel C. Florman

THE CAMPUS OF Smith College in Northampton, Massachusetts, is one of the most pleasant places in the world to be on a sunny afternoon in May. The setting is so lovely, the academic atmosphere so tranquil, that when I arrived here on such an afternoon last April I was totally captivated. The spell of the place, however, made me uneasy about my mission, which was to convince a few of the students at this premier, all-female liberal arts college that engineering ought to become engineers.

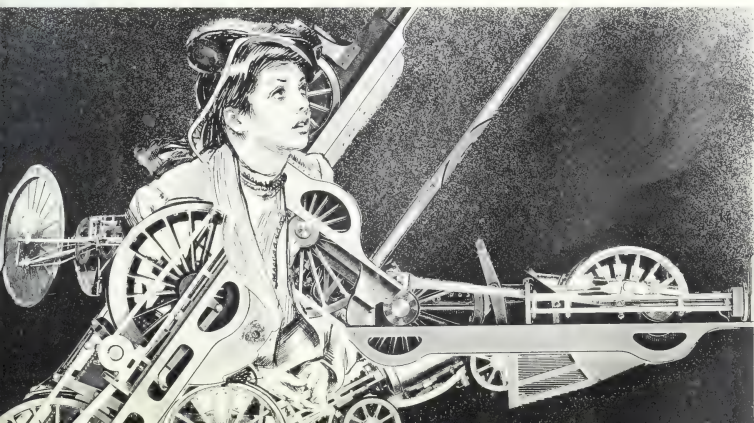
The mission, as it turned out, was destined to fail. Most bright young women today do not want to become engineers. At first hearing this, I might not seem to be a matter of grave consequence, but since engineering is central to the functioning of our society, its rejection as a career option by female students raises the most profound questions about the objectives of the women's movement.

It is not generally recognized that at the present time when women are making their way into every corner of our work-world, only 1 percent of the professional engineers in the United States are female. A generation ago this statistic would have raised no eyebrows, but today it is hard to believe. The engineering establishment, reacting to social and governmental pressures, have opened wide their gates and

are recruiting women with zeal. The major corporations, reacting to even more intense pressures, are offering attractive employment opportunities to practically all women engineering graduates. According to the College Placement Council, engineering is the only field in which average starting salaries for women are higher than those for men. Tokenism is disappearing, according to the testimony of women engineers themselves. By every reasonable standard one would expect women to be attracted to the profession in large numbers. Yet only 5 percent of last year's 58,000 engineering degrees were awarded to women (compared to 18 percent in medicine, 22 percent in law, and 34 percent in the biological sciences). By 1980 the total may reach 10 percent, still a dismal figure when one realizes that more women than men are enrolled in American colleges. Unless this situation changes dramatically, and soon, the proportion of women engineers in practice, among more than a million males, will remain insignificant for many decades. While women are moving vigorously—assertively, demanding—toward significant numerical representation in industry, the arts, and the other professions, they are, for reasons that are not at all clear, shying away from engineering.

At Smith I was scheduled to participate in

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a seminar entitled "The Role of Technology in Modern Society." The program called for a "sherry hour" before dinner, during which the speakers had an opportunity to chat informally with the students. In a stately paneled room the late-afternoon light sparkled on crystal decanters as we sipped our sherry from tiny glasses. The students with whom I conversed were as elegant as the surroundings, so poised, so *ladylike*; I found myself thinking, "These girls are *not* going to become engineers. It's simply not their style." The young women were not vapid in the way of country gentry. Far from it. They were alert and sensible, well trained in mathematics and the sciences. I could imagine them donning white coats and conducting experiments in quiet laboratories. But I could not see them as engineers. It is a hopeless cause, I thought. They will not become engineers because it is "beneath" them to do so. It is a question of *class*.

This was an intuitive feeling of the moment, although the idea, in the abstract, had occurred to me before. It made sociological sense. Traditionally, most American engineers have come from working-class families. In the words of a post-Sputnik National Science Foundation Study, "engineering has a special appeal for bright boys of lower- and lower-middle-class origins." Girls from blue-collar families have been left behind in the women's crusade for equality in education. Therefore, the only young women who have the educational qualifications to become engineers are likely to come from the upper classes. But the upper classes do not esteem a career in engineering: ergo very few women engineers.

Much of our class consciousness we have inherited from England, and so it is with our attitude toward engineering, which the English have always considered rather a "navvy" occupation. Since engineering did not change from a craft to a profession until the mid-nineteenth century, and never shed completely its craftsman's image, it was fair game for the sneers of pretentious social arbiters. Herbert Hoover, a very successful mining engineer before he became President, and something of a scholar who translated Agricola from the Latin, enjoyed telling about an English lady whom he met during the course of an Atlantic crossing. When, near the end of the voyage, Hoover told her that he was an engineer, the lady exclaimed, "Why, I thought you were a gentleman!"

It may not be realistic to expect women to break down class barriers that were created mostly by men. Yet feminists, if they are serious in their avowed purposes, should by now have taken the lead in changing this situation,

encouraging the elite among educated women to reevaluate their social prejudice. For until upper-class aversion to engineering is overcome, or until lower-class women get out of the kitchen and into the university, engineering will remain a male profession. And while this condition prevails, the feminist movement will be stalled, probably without even knowing it. For, in a man-made world, how can women achieve the equality they seek?

MY VIEW, needless to say, is shared by the feminists of America. Judging by their literature, they seem to attach no particular importance to increasing female enrollment in engineering, perhaps because they are more concerned about battering on closed doors than they are about walking through those that are open. When they do get around to considering the problem, it is not to question or criticize choices being made by women, but only to deplore the effect of external forces.

There is an entire literature devoted to explaining how engineering, and to a lesser degree science and mathematics, has developed a "male image." The terminology of this literature has been ringing in our ears for a long time—"sex role socialization," "undoing stereotypes," "self-fulfilling prophecy," and so forth. We know the facts by heart: girls learn early that it is not socially acceptable for them to play with trains and trucks. They learn from teachers that boys perform better than girls in math and science. A condition called "math anxiety" is attributed to these social pressures. As girls mature they are persuaded by counselors and family that it is feminine to enter traditionally male professions. They are afraid to compete with men, to let their intelligence show, lest they be sexually less desirable. Finally, there is a shortage of "role models" with whom a young girl can identify.

Yes, yes, yes, of course, but these factors which seemed so interesting and important a decade ago, have become stale. As the sociologists busy themselves collating their data and getting it published, the times invariably pass them by. After all, it is now fifteen years since the publication of *The Feminine Mystique* and passage of the Equal Pay Act by Congress, fifteen years of turbulence during which a major social revolution has taken place. Educated young women know well enough that they can become engineers, just as they know all about orgasms and property rights. Surely the women who are planning to be biologists

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Seville
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and doctors know that they could choose engineering instead, and those who are crowding into the fields of law, business, and journalism know that they could have opted for engineering if they had been willing to take a little calculus and physics. Women's magazines that used to specialize in menus and sewing patterns are now overflowing with advice on how to compete in what used to be a man's world—how to dress, sit, talk, intimidate, and in general “make it.” Engineering's purported male image is no longer an adequate explanation for female aversion to the profession.

It has been hypothesized that women avoid engineering because it has to do with technology, an aspect of our culture from which they recoil instinctively. Ruth Cowan, a historian at the State University of New York, has done interesting research on the influence of technology on the self-image of the American woman. The development of household appliances, for example, instead of freeing the housewife for a richer life as advertised, has helped to reduce her to the level of a maid-servant whose greatest skill is consumerism. Changing factory technologies have attracted women to the workplace in roles that they have come to dislike. Innovations affecting the most intimate aspects of women's lives, such as the baby bottle and birth-control devices, have been developed almost exclusively by men. Dependent upon technology, but removed from its sources and, paradoxically, enslaved by it, women may well have developed deep-seated resentments that persist even in those who consider themselves liberated.

If this phenomenon does exist, however, we might expect that the feminists would respond to it as a challenge. The brightest and most ambitious women should be eager to bend technology, at long last, to their own will. Obviously this is not happening. The feminists seem content to write articles assuring each other that they have the talent to fix leaky faucets.

Another theory—one which arouses such rancor that I hesitate to bring it up—holds that women are not equipped biologically to excel in engineering. The intellectual factor most closely related to attainment in science is spatial ability, the ability to manipulate objects mentally. Experiments have shown that males are, on average, better at this than females, and that this superiority appears to be related to levels of sex chromosomes and testosterone.

It is a mistake, I think, to argue, as some feminists do, that there is no discernible difference between the male and female brain.

It would be more sensible to say that because of substantial overlap in test scores, the differences that do exist are not practically significant when one considers a large group of potential engineers of both sexes. It would be better yet to point out that such differences as there are would serve to enrich the profession, since good engineering requires intuition and verbal imagination as well as mathematical adeptness and spatial ability. In their called weakness may be women's hidden strength.

This is considered to be a reactionary view. I learned to my sorrow when I proposed it to Zenith Gross, an executive at RCA whose special interest is the careers of professional women. In response to my remark, Ms. Gross said, “I know that you mean well, but to tell a woman engineer that she has female intuition is like telling a black that he has rhythm.”

IT WAS INEVITABLY IT OCCURRED to me that another one wondering why women do not become engineers would be well advised to learn something about the few women who have become engineers. So I took myself one day to the Engineering Societies Building, a large stone-and-glass structure overlooking the East River near the United Nations in New York City. In this stately edifice are housed many of the major professional societies that represent American engineers. On the third floor past the imposing offices of the Engineering Foundation and the Engineers Joint Council there is a single room that serves as the home of the Society of Women Engineers.

The day of my visit, the society's executive secretary, Inez Van Vranken, was alone in the office. She moved about the room answering telephones and pulling papers out of files with enormous energy; energy is what Mrs. Van Vranken exudes, growth and vitality are her themes. The society, founded in 1950 by fellow women engineers, has grown in the past few years from just a few hundred to its present membership of 7,000, half of whom are college students. An organization that looks pathetically small from the outside, seems about to explode within the confines of its tiny headquarters.

“Look at these inquiries,” Mrs. Van Vranken said, pointing to a pile of letters. “The word is getting around. I wish I could answer all of these letters personally, but we're hampered to keep up with sending out printed material.

“But here's one I do plan to answer personally,” she said, showing me a note from a Princeton freshman who objected to the society's

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Enjoy a taste of the Virgin Islands tonight. Mr. Boston Virgin Islands Rum. Perfectly clear, dry and every bit as sunny as the Islands that distill it. Makes you wish you were there.

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sending out mail addressed "Miss" instead of "Ms." "I just won't have that sort of nonsense. We're too busy to play games."

I browsed through a pile of career-guidance pamphlets, newsletters full of recruiting ads from DuPont, Boeing, Ford, and IBM, and also a booklet telling about the society's Achievement Award, given annually since 1952. The winners of this award are talented women who have made contributions in many fields: solar energy, circuit analysis, metallurgy, missile launchers, rubber reclamation, computers, fluid mechanics, structural design, heat transfer, radio-wave propagation, and so on. Their undeniable ability adds poignancy to the fact that they and their fellow women engineers are so few that their overall contributions to the profession are in essence negligible.

In some of the society's literature I came upon a series of group photos taken at various conferences and luncheons. I do not know what I expected women engineers to look like, but these pictures struck me as slightly incongruous. The ladies in their print dresses looked rather like participants at a pie-baking contest in Dubuque, not at all like the elegantly dressed women I am used to seeing in business magazines. As for the student-chapter members, they appeared to be right out of Andy Hardy's high school yearbook, a different species from the girls I had seen at Smith.

Of course the girls at Smith do not study engineering. Neither do the girls at Harvard or Yale, which venerable institutions closed their professional schools of engineering years ago (although they still have some courses in engineering science), and neither of which deigned to respond to a recent statistical questionnaire from the Society of Women Engineers. Such growth as there is in engineering for women is occurring at places like Purdue, Texas A&M, Georgia Tech, and Ohio State. This middle-America predominance, and the photographs, served to reinforce my ideas about the class origins of the problem. It seemed apparent that these women engineers did not come from homes of wealth or high culture.

Wanting more information, I decided, before leaving the building, to pay a visit to Carl Frey, executive director of the Engineers Joint Council, that organization of organizations to which belong most of the major professional engineering societies. In his position at the top of the organizational pyramid, Frey has long lived with the many discontents and disputes endemic to the sprawling, variegated profession: four-year colleges versus five- and six-year programs (what constitutes a professional education?); state licensing (is an en-

gineer a professional without it?); salary (why do lawyers make so much more than engineers?); prestige (why do scientists get the credit for engineering achievements?); leadership (why are there so few engineers elective office?); conservatism of the self-employed versus radicalism of the hired hand; conscience, responsibility, the environmental crisis. Frey could not survive in his position without a genial disposition and a calm sense of history. From his point of view, women engineering is just one more problem that the profession will cope with in due time.

"I wouldn't get hung up on any fancy theories about class," Frey said. "It's harder a harder to tell who comes from what class, as things are changing so fast that I wouldn't rely on any old statistics you might have seen about the social origins of engineers."

"Well, how do you explain it?" I asked. "Why aren't more bright young women going into engineering?"

"I think that it has to do with their perception of power. These kids today—the bright girls particularly—they want to be where the action is, where the sources of power are. They don't see engineers as the ones who have to say in our society. And, let's face it, to a great extent they're right. We may have the knowledge, but we don't have the power."

PERCEPTION OF POWER. The phrase kept going through my mind. It had a nice ring to it, and it had the ring of truth, as well. It did not seem to contradict my ideas about class so much as to encompass them; for what is the origin of class if not the desire to perpetuate power?

Every engineer knows that the profession is relatively impotent. Engineers do not make the laws; they do not have the money; they do not set the fashions; they have no voice in the media; they are not even adequately represented in the highest levels of corporate management. It is one of the most irritating ironies of our time that intellectuals, who apparently are too busy pontificating to look around, constantly complain about being in the grip of a technocratic elite that does not exist.

To the extent that today's young women are not fooled by such nonsense, they are deserving of credit. But if intelligent, energetic women reject engineering because of an all-consuming desire to sit on the thrones of power, then woe to us all in the age of feminism.

When the National Organization for Women was formed in 1966, its Statement of Purpose spoke of bringing women "into full particip-

a in the mainstream of American society
e, exercising all the privileges and respon-
ilities thereof in truly equal partnership with
n." Yet judging from the way the most ad-
antaged women are selecting their careers,
y seem to be a lot more interested in the
privileges than in the responsibilities. In this
y are following the lead of those males who
ear to be in control of our society—the
yers, writers, politicians, and business man-
rs. This is all very well, but somebody in
society has to design, create, fabricate,
ld—to do. A world full of coordinators,
ics, and manipulators would have nothing
it but words. It would be a barren desert,
ally devoid of things.

Feminist ideology, understandably adopt-
the values of the extant—i.e., male—Es-
tablishment, is founded on a misapprehension
what constitutes privilege. The feminist
ders have made the deplorable mistake of
uming that those who work hard without
lic recognition, and for modest rewards,
necessarily being exploited. "Man's hap-
ess lies not in freedom but in his acceptance
a duty," André Gide said. When the duty
ns out to be work that is creative and ab-
bing, as well as essential, then those who
been patronized for being the worker bees
seen to be more fortunate than the queen.
Studies have shown that young engineers,
men as well as men, pursue their career be-
cause it promises "interesting work." This is
re important to them than money, security,
stige, or any of the other trappings of pow-
They seem to recognize that a fulfilling car-
er does not have to consist of a continuous
trip.

Although power, in the popular imagination,
identified with wealth and domination, there
another kind of power that lies beneath the
face of our petty ambitions, and that is the
ineer's in full measure. It is the force that
nry Adams had in mind when he wrote of
dynamo and the Virgin. The power of the
gin raised the medieval cathedrals, al-
ugh, as Adams noted, the Virgin had been
d for a millennium, and held no real power
n when she lived. For better or for worse,
anology lies at the heart of our contempo-
y culture, and the technologist is akin to a
st who knows the secrets of the temple.
this sense—and in this sense only—those
o speak of a technocratic elite are touching
a profound truth. Until women share in the
erstanding and creation of our technology
which is to say, until large numbers of
men become engineers—they will suffer
n a cultural alienation that ordinary power
not cure.

JUDGING FROM ALL current signs, women
will not achieve active partnership in our
society's technology for at least another
generation. There is one statistic, how-
ever, that I find heartening. It seems that more
than 40 percent of the women who are now
becoming engineers started college with a dif-
ferent career in mind. (The comparable figure
for males is less than 20 percent.) This indi-
cates that the ranks of women in engineering
may be swelled by a large number of belated
conversions. I recently had a chance to talk to
two young women who are representative of
this potentially significant trend.

Jane Brechlin graduated in 1975 from
Mount Holyoke, a women's liberal arts college
every bit as pristine and alien to engineering
as Smith. Having majored in mathematics, she
found employment with the Westinghouse
Company, working in probability and statis-
tics. Only then did she discover, looking
around, that engineers were engaged in tan-
gible projects beside which her own work
seemed "pale and abstract." She gave up her
job and enrolled in the Thayer School of En-
gineering at Dartmouth College, where she is
concentrating in the field of solar energy. She
has a part-time job with a company that in-
stalls solar collectors, and plans to continue
in that field after she receives her master's
degree.

Her roommate at Dartmouth, Diane Knap-
pert, graduated from Allegheny College as a
chemist, only to discover that chemistry was
"too theoretical" to satisfy her creative in-
stincts. Embarked now on a career in chemical
engineering, she has a grant from the National
Science Foundation to study the conversion
of wastepaper pulp and corn stalks into ethanol
fuel.

The prospect of these young women work-
ing in the vanguard of the nation's effort to
develop new energy sources is something I find
exhilarating. In speaking about their careers
they make no grandiloquent feminist pro-
nouncements. They seem to be much more in-
terested in the details of their projects than in
the cause of women's liberation. They do more
to serve the cause, in my estimation, than a
hundred militants refighting battles that are
already won.

The women's liberation movement means
different things to different people. Many of
its goals—such as mutual respect and equality
before the law—can be achieved even if there
are no women engineers. But the ultimate
feminist dream will never be realized as long
as women would rather supervise the world
than help build it. □

**"If intelligent,
energetic
women reject
engineering
because of an
all-consuming
desire to sit
on the thrones
of power, then
woe to us all
in the age of
feminism."**

HELMSLET

by Jim Hougan

Predicted decades ago by the Columbia School of Journalism, "investigative prosody" has remained, until now, an entirely philosophical construct, a postulate widely accepted but never observed.

The fragment below derives from a work-in-progress that explores the supernatural quality of American politics with particular regard to "the specters of Chile and Watergate." It is the author's premise that the White House continues to be haunted by some lingering corruption, a foul shade mistakenly thought to have been put to rest by the excavations of some minor characters.

The play in which the fragment appears begins with the following lines:

"Who is there?"
 "Nay, answer me: Stand, and unfold yourself."
 "Long live the Pres (ident)."
 "Zbig?"
 "He."
 "You come most carefully upon your hour."
 "'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Jody."

After the gatekeepers have spoken, the play proceeds into a maelstrom of palace intrigue in the course of which young Carter is apprised of crimes most foul. Justice dictates that he exorcise the ghosts through action but, alas, . . . It is here that the play deviates most profoundly from its sixteenth-century predecessor. Whereas in the earlier version ghosts played a benign role, imparting valuable intelligence to the central character, the contemporary version holds them responsible for the "rot" that has become everywhere perceived. Moreover, whereas Hamlet's procrastination followed from uncertainties of every kind, Carter's reluctance derives from clarity: he'd rather remain a born-again politician than cross swords with the villains. Accordingly, and quite unlike Hamlet, he becomes an accomplice to a long-standing cover-up, viz.:

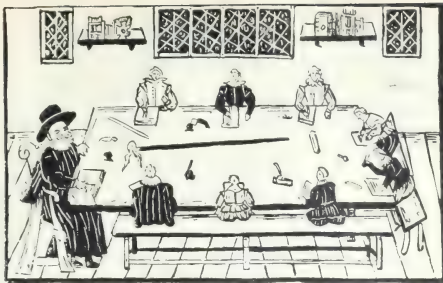
A Room in the White House.

Enter JIMMY CARTER and minstrels.

CARTER: To bust, or not to bust: that is the question.
 Whether 'tis nobler of Griffin Bell to suffer
 The slings and arrows of an outraged Liberal Press
 Or to take arms against the CIA and,
 By indicting Richard Helms, end him? To lie:
 To cover up; and by covering up to say we end
 The heartache and the rough unnatural shocks
 Chile was heir to—'tis a consummation that
 The spooks devoutly wish. To lie, to cover up:

5

1. *To bust, or not to bust*: arrest, charge with a crime; "prosecute" has been suggested as an emendation. 2. *Griffin Bell*: U.S. Attorney General immediately responsible for Justice Department decisions relating to prosecutions. 3. *Slings and arrows . . . Press*: an example of hyperbole: the liberal press was not, in fact, much offended by Helms's successful plea-bargain. 5. *Richard Helms*: former director of the Central Intelligence Agency who, in confirmation hearings upon his appointment as ambassador to Iran in 1973, lied to the Senate about the CIA's involvement in Chile. 7-8. *rough unnatural . . . heir to*: a reference to the 1973 coup d'état which replaced the Marxist government of Salvador Allende Gossens with the totalitarian regime of General Augusto Pinochet Ugarte. When *Helmslet* was written, it was widely thought that Helms's CIA bore responsibility for the bloody coup. 9. *The spooks*: the CIA, Richard Helms, et cetera; "intelli- James R. Hougan, B.A., a Washington editor of Harper's, has provided critical notes to the text.



President Carter, conferring with his Cabinet on the Helms matter. From Philip Stubbes, *Anatomy of Abuses*, 1583 (Folger); entitled "A Professor with His Students."

To cover up: perchance to write Memoirs; 10
 Aye, there's the rub (among so many rubs);
 For of those memoirs what news reports may come
 When Helms has left diplomacy,
 Does give me pause: there's the respect
 That makes calamity of a long career; 15
 For who would bear the gaze of *Times* and *Post*,
 The Soviets, Ed Williams's suasion,
 The wrath of Kissinger (God save the law's delay).
 When Bell and I might our quietus make
 By doing nothing? Who would fardels bear, 20
 To grunt and sweat in Washington,
 But that the dread of something at Helms's trial,
 Truth uttered on the witness stand
 From whose bourn we may presume
 No ITT exec's return, puzzles the will 25
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have



Left to right, Richard Helms, Griffin Bell, and Edward Bennett Williams. Ibid., Stubbes, "Pipes and Ale."

gence officers" has been suggested as an emendation. 10. *Perchance . . . Memoirs*: an allusion to a prior scandal (see *Milhous the Third*) in which the guilty profited by public recapitulation of their involvements. 13. *When Helms . . . diplomacy*: in fact, Carter's fears are unjustified here. Helms has since become a "business consultant" to Iranian interests and has no apparent intention of writing his memoirs. 17. *Ed Williams*: Helms's attorney (Edward Bennett) Williams. 20. *fardels*: hassles. 22. *But that . . . something*: critics are in disagreement about precisely what the author intended by "something," but readers will recall the appearance, in Act 1, of the GHOST OF WATERGATE. 25. *No ITT exec's return*: the author suggests that representatives of the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation (ITT) may have been less than candid in their appearances before the Senate anent Chile—and so, if queried on the witness stand another time, might not "return": that is, they might be jailed for perjury. 28. *Old Boy Net*: the ref-



The Post's editorial board considers the verdict and finds it just. Left to right, Katherine Graham, Ben Bradlee, Sally Quinn, and Post attorney E. B. Williams. Gambling in a brothel during the time of Elizabeth. From Philip Stubbes (op. cit.).

Than go to court upon complaint of perjury?
 Thus does the Old Boy Net make cowards of us all;
 And thus the native hue of Justice
 Is sicklied o'er with rank expedience, 30
 And enterprises of great pitch and moment
 With this regard their current turn awry
 And lose their news value—soft, you now!
 The press arrives! Nymph, in thy orisons
 Be all my sins absolved. 35

PRESS: Mr. President,

How does your honour for this many a day?

CARTER: I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

PRESS: Plains-man, I have promises of yours,
 That I have longed to re-deliver; 40
 I pray you, now receive them.

CARTER: No, not I;

I never promised aught.



The First Lady prays that Justice will triumph.
A Booke of Christian Prayer, 1590 (Metropolitan Museum).

erence is to a "network" of individuals employed by prestigious foundations, universities, newspapers, and banks. That is, a sort of "Establishment." The Rockefeller family (as the author makes clear in his play *Nelson of Manhattan*) is regarded as the caster of the metaphorical "net." Among those thought to be a part of the net are Robert McNamara (president of the World Bank), McGeorge Bundy (president of the Ford Foundation), columnist Tom Braden, former senator Stuart Symington, et cetera. All are friends of Helms and several conveyed messages to Bell in his behalf. 39. *have promises of yours*: the reference is to President Carter's "Law Day Speech" (Act 1, scene iii) in which "equal Justice" is promised for all. 61. *this was sometime . . . but now the Post*: i.e., the *Washington Post's* reputation for honesty has been sold, or prostituted, on behalf of Richard Helms, a friend of the newspaper's editors. The reference is to a sophisticated editorial which appeared in the *Post*, celebrating Helms's plea-bargain. 61. *I courted you once*: i.e., in the 1976 campaign. The reader is referred to Apple's "Chronicles." See also,

PRESS:	But sir, you know right well you did: And with them, words of so sweet breath composed As made the promises more rich: their perfume lost, You should revive them; for to the Public Promises wax pöör when the makers prove forgetful. There, Jimmy.	45
CARTER:	Ha, ha! Are you honest?	50
PRESS:	Sir?	
CARTER:	Are you fair?	
PRESS:	What means the President?	
CARTER:	That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your reputation.	55
PRESS:	Could reputation have better commerce than with honesty?	
CARTER:	Ay, truly; for the power of one's reputation will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the force of honesty can translate reputation into its likeness: this was sometime a paradox, but now the <i>Post</i> gives it proof. I courted you once.	60
PRESS:	I was the more deceived.	
CARTER:	Get thee to another scandal: why wouldst thou be a breeder of shames? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better Miss Lillian had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, righteous, with more offenses at my beck than I have MemCons to put them in, Joint Chiefs to give them shape, or time to enact them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between Congress and the Rose Garden? We are politicians all: believe none of us. Go thy ways to another scandal. Where's Korry?	65
PRESS:	In Stonington, Mr. President.	70
CARTER:	Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool nowhere but in's own house. Farewell.	75
PRESS:	Oh, help him. Griffin Bell!	



*Helms's dueling scar
acquired.*

From the title page of
Joseph Swetnam's
*Schoole of the Noble
and Worthy Science
of Defence*, 1617.

"A Folio of Air Force One Graffiti" (Anon.). 64. *Get thee to another scandal*: post-Watergate critics agree that the author's intended reference was to the John J. Kearney case. An FBI supervisor, Kearney shared Helms's lawyer, Edward Bennett Williams. The "scandal," in this case, involved a host of break-ins carried out against the Weather Underground and their sympathizers. 69. *MemCons*: Memoranda of Conversations. 73. *Where's Korry?*: former U.S. ambassador to Chile Edward Korry. A self-described "Don Quixote," Korry is a threat to the Helms cover-up in that he insists upon taking his case to the press, the public, and the courts. While there is little literature on the matter, Korry contends that Carter is party to a bipartisan conspiracy (involving ITT, the CIA, liberal Democrats, and others) to suppress the facts about events leading up to the 1973 coup d'état in Chile. The question posed here by Carter, then, refers not so much to Korry's actual whereabouts, as it does to what he's thinking and to whom he's talking: i.e., "Where's Korry's head at?" 74. *In Stonington*: a town in Connecticut—where Korry has

- CARTER: If thou dost break the story, I'll give thee this plague
for thy dowry: be thou as just as Lincoln, as fair as I.F. Stone,
thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to another scandal, go: 80
farewell. Or, if thou must break the story, break it on the C-wire;
editors know well enough what fools the curious may make of them.
To a different scandal, go, and quickly too. Farewell.
- PRESS: O Justice Department, restore him!
- CARTER: I have heard of your distortions too, well 85
enough; Fact has given you one story, and you make
yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp,
and make up quotes, and make your wantonness the
public's ignorance. Go to, I'll no more
on't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no 90
further revelations: that which hast already been
revealed, will be denied; the rest shall keep as they are.
To another scandal, go.
- PRESS: Oh, what a load off my mind that is!
The Cabinet's, spy's, scholar's, eye, tongue, and editorial; 95
The glass of fashion and the arbiter of tastes,
The observed of all observers, quite wishy-washy!
And I, of the Four Estates,
That sucked the honey of his presidential vows,
Now see this engineer's most Southern reason 100
Blasted with expedience: Oh woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen.
Reported what I reported!

Enter HELMS and KISSINGER

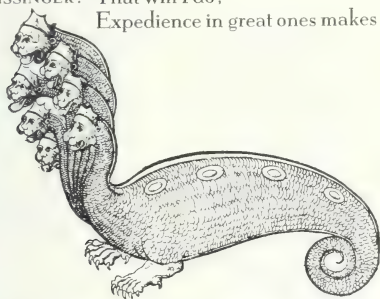
- KISSINGER: Spook! you heard the prexy speak,
And what he spake, though it lack'd form a little, 105
Was not unlike Dick Nixon. There's something in the polls
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose



Suspended! (In foreground, Helms and Williams.)
"A Judicial Complaint,"
from *Stubbs*
(op. cit.).

gone to pursue a \$5-million lawsuit charging ITT with "tortious activity" (that is, with having allegedly chosen him to "take a fall.") 81. *break it on the C-wire*: publish the story in such a way that no one will read it. The reference is to the distribution channels of Associated Press and UPI. 120. *the Germond column*: more accurately, but with less rhythmic scansion, the *Washington Star* column written by Jack Germond and Jules Witcover. Germond and Witcover were among the few writers who criticized Helms's plea-bargain. 122. *Doctor*: Kissinger. 132. *Track II*: that is, Helms's and Kissinger's secret plan to foment a coup d'état in Chile during the fall of 1970 or after. The plan, essentially an accommodation for then-President Richard Nixon, ITT, and Chile's wealthiest families, was kept secret from the Senate, the 40 Committee (which has responsibility for overseeing such operations), most of the CIA, the Defense Department, the State Department and, of course, then-Ambassador Korry. Helms is believed to have lied in an effort to conceal the fact that "Track II" continued after the election of Salvador Allende as Chile's president and that it was, therefore, responsible for the 1973 coup in which he died. ("Track I" was a so-called spoiling operation that was mooted by Allende's election in 1970.)

Will be some danger: which for to prevent,
 I have in quick determination 110
 Thus set it down: he shall with speed
 To Camp David for a rest.
 Haply the trees and armed Marines,
 The lackeys there and rural ceremonies,
 Shall quiet that poor Baptist's fears, 115
 Whereon his brain's still beating puts him thus
 From fashion with the liberals. What think you on't?
 HELMS: It shall do well: but yet do I believe
 The origin and commencement of his grief
 Sprung from the Germond column. How now, Press!
 120 You need not tell us what the President said:
 We bugged it all. Doctor, do as you please;
 But, if you hold it fit, after the editorials
 Have ended, let E.B. Williams all alone entreat him
 On our behalf: let Ed be round with him; 125
 And I'll be placed, as is my way, in the ear
 Of all their conference. If Ed can't reach him,
 To Camp David send him, accompanied, perhaps,
 By Cyrus Vance, Bob McNamara, and the others
 Of our crew. 130
 KISSINGER: That will I do;
 Expedience in great ones makes deniable Track II. (*Exeunt*)



"Discovery proceedings" as threatened by Helms's attorney. The hydra, as pictured in Gesner's *Historia Animalium*, 1587 (Huntington).



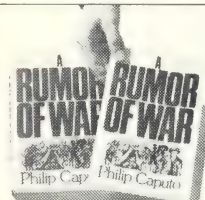
That which Helms did not, ultimately, have to face. Sheet music for singing. From *Teares or Lamentations of a Sorrowfull Soule*, written by W. Leighton, 1614 (Folger).

Much of the rest of the manuscript has been lost, but the few pages that remain suggest that Carter's situation deteriorates. Becoming the accomplice of Helms and Kissinger, he finds that he cannot limit his complicity. To preserve his apparent innocence he must defend the interests of all others who may be witting. Thus, when FBI agents under threat of indictment take umbrage at the gentle treatment accorded Helms, Carter has little choice but to instruct Bell that they too shall go free lest they reveal secrets of a damaging kind. This causes those with integrity to resign from the Justice Department even as a purge is undertaken at the CIA and Bert Lance concludes a deal with the Arabs. At which point, enter Fortinbras in the person of Jerry Brown, and *Exeunt omnes*.

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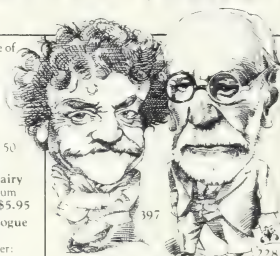
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MY FATHER, CONT.

A story by Frederick Busch

IF ANYTHING WAS GROWING just because it was March, it was growing under cover like the rest of us. Snow still rode the eaves and trembled in the skies, the lumps of black-grained ice stood three feet at the sides of the roads and over all the trees. But the calendar said spring, and the newspapers said spring, and the TV shows from New York, piped into Syracuse and Albany, then out among the hills, winding roads and old barns to the brand-new pastel houses and the old gray clapboard farmhouses—the farmers lived in the trailers; the city people, in heralded perpetual retreat, lived in the city centers' abandoned homes—spring. What made it worse was that when all the official organs of the world's conspiracy for early spring made their announcements, the Solsville Cooperative Nursery School Book Sale made theirs. When that happened, I shut my mouth shut tight. I read my *Hansel and Gretel* and I knew what parents did with kids when there wasn't enough—and never did *what*—to go around. My father was a doctor and an ex-convict. That's how he liked to describe himself to people. He had just met and had a bottle of George Dickel sour mash whiskies with: "I'm a doctor of children and an outcast of the people. I sat out in the snow because I didn't be-

lieve in killing, and sometimes the care these troglodytes up here give their children is enough to drive me past Korea and my conscientious objection and into the pits of pure murder."

He had been divorced, and I had a couple of older half-sisters someplace in the Middle West. He had married a pretty young woman who wrote a children's book when she was twenty and who never wrote a word again unless it was on a sign announcing a nursery school book sale or a rummage to benefit the local members of the Future Farmers of America. I was their issue, and I knew what was coming since it was calendar-spring but actual winter, and my mother had just told him he should go upstairs to his study, an extra bedroom really, and take down his old paperback duplicate books and this year *give in*, for God's sake, donate them to the Solsville Nursery School Book Sale and be charitable for once.

"Listen, Edna," my father's voice said. It hummed on the floorboards upstairs in my room and poured up through the old-fashioned heating vents.

It was Sunday, and I was waiting for the Celtics' game, looking at the horrible illustrations in *Hansel and Gretel*, the story about the family with too little to eat. They kept taking the kids into the forest



Frederick Busch's sixth book, a fictional account of the last days of Charles Dickens, titled The Mutual Friend, will be published in March by Harper & Row.

Frederick Busch
MY FATHER.
CONT.

and leaving them there because there wasn't enough to go around. It's the saddest story about families. It's the one that says hunger comes first. "Listen, Edna," my father said, "I don't mind taking their calls at six in the morning, and I don't mind chugging out at midnight to an obscenely underequipped rural emergency ward. I'll treat their kids and wait three years for them to pay their bills. All right—"

"Hold it, Hank," she said. She was closer to my age than his, I always thought, and smaller, like me, and nearly as smart as he was, which I wasn't. She had also said, one night, when I could hear them, that if it wasn't for me, she'd be long gone from his bucolic infantilism. I didn't look it up, because I didn't want to know. But I wasn't pleased with how things were going for us. My mother said, "You won't be giving your precious thirty-five-cent paperbacks that are fifteen, twenty years old to the same pasty-faced potato-fat kickers you cure, Dr. Schweitzer. They don't read, remember? You're giving books that will be sold by the nursery school so it can keep the profits and stay open another few months and take care of the children of some faculty members at a small and undistinguished state college who nevertheless are the only friends you've got. Remember?"

He didn't whine, but he seemed to, near when he said, "Honey, it doesn't *feel* right to give my books away like that."

There was a little silence, and then she said very low, "They're my books, too, aren't they?"

And then another little silence, and then he said, "I'll do it. Do that again, and I'll do it."

And then another little silence and a lot of silence. I went back to *Hansel and Gretel*. The part where the father gives in and says, "All right, but I shall regret the poor children."

LATER ON, HE THUMPED up and down the creaky wooden stairs of the farmhouse—in between the phone calls he always got on Sundays from patients who should have seen him on Friday or waited till Monday—and he carried so many cartons of books out to the station wagon. I heard the doors slam as he loaded the paperbacks into the car. I wondered if he was taking *Woman of Rome*, by Alberto Moravia, which stunned me, then, with its explicitness. I was bright, all right. I just wasn't reading. And then I was watching a basketball game on TV because I had finished my schoolwork and needed something full of team spirit. Bob Cousy being given the ball because



as lighter than air and he glowed in the dark and he *deserved* the love he was getting. I didn't want to think anymore about Alberto Coravia, because I didn't understand what I was thinking. I didn't want to read anymore about those kids in the forest, because I didn't understand what I was thinking. And that's why my heart was poisoned like a witch's uncakes when my father said over drinks in the living room—I could hear him breaking out long silence which was hard on all three of us—"Let's go up into the hills, in near Crookfield, and see if the deer are coming down yet."

I hoped that when my mother answered, it's too early," he would drop the idea. She pushed him: "It's too early for the deer to come down, Hank. What they want is corn cobbles, and the fields are still covered with snow. And they sure don't want more snow. They can get plenty of *that* up where they are."

As soon as he started to answer, I could tell from the swollen sound of his voice that she had made a big mistake. Cousy glided in from fifteen feet out, it felt like, for a slow-motion shot that made me hold my ears and shake my head. The Celtics surrounded him, and they all slapped each other's buttocks and nodded and walked around with each other. I thought, ah, but I shall regret the poor chil-

dren. My father said, "Well, Our Lady of the Charitable Mysteries and Reliquary Book Sale, if it's too early for deer, then it's too early for books, on account of both depend on spring, which has to do with the pagan notion of the earth reborn, and the Christian's juvenility about his Lord. If the deer won't come down, being a medieval symbol, then the Christ is not arisen. And if *He* won't be bothered, then I surely don't have to commemorate a spring that hasn't come by carrying my private property down to Solsville and watch them give it away."

My mother said, "You never should have stayed away from the war. You were meant for it."

I turned Cousy off and went for my coat and boots. When they called me, I was ready. They were surprised.

It was getting colder, and the air smelled wet, like snow coming. My father drove slowly and sighed, as if he were relaxing. The back seat of the wagon was down, and I sat with my back against their seat, my legs on the floorboards pointing at the back window, my elbows propped on cartons of books. I listened to them breathe and thought about the father saying, "We are going into the forest to hew wood, and in the evening, when we are ready, we will come and fetch you." Of course I was intelligent and enlightened, and according to my parents I lived in a climate of reinforcement—I no longer suspected that I was adopted; I no longer thought I wholly would mind if I were—so all I had to do was lean back in the darkness of the car and the darkness of the ending day and watch, as we crossed Route 12 and drove up the rutted icy roads, past gray houses with dull yellow lights in the windows, past mobile homes with eighty-foot antennas, and see how too smoothly we slipped into the woods.

In the summer there, you'd mostly see the maples and ash and beech, what elms were left, and the evergreens filled the spaces in between. But in the early autumn, as the leaves fell, there was a kind of dance. First the trees weren't bare, because they bloomed bird's nests, vacant and ragged. Then the wind took some of the nests, or you stopped noticing them, and there was a lot of emptiness around. Then it was winter, and the evergreens seemed to step forward, the annual-bearers seemed to recede, and then what you saw was snow, the hard brown roads, the evergreens covered in white, and the scraggly wisps of deciduous trees waiting for spring so they could step back into full sight. It was a slow, exciting dance, and I miss it, but I won't go back to watch.

"I had read my Hansel and Gretel, and I knew what parents did with kids when there wasn't enough—and never mind what—to go around."



MY FATHER SMOKED HIS PIPE, the car filled with smoke, my mother sneezed, and he drove up steep roads, past all houses now, into darkness, the lights still off. The car shivered and slid on its heavy snow tires, but he pushed it up. My mother said, "I think we should go back, Hank. It's early for deer, it really is. We always do this. We always come looking too early."

The tires whined, but he kept the car moving. I drew my knees up on the floorboards beside me and leaned over the seat, looking forward now, sniffing in the pipe smoke, letting an elbow touch each parent's shoulder in the fragrance and darkness of our ride. I saw the branching-off of our snowy road: in the darkness, the snow seemed to glow with a light from underneath it, and then the secret light went out as my father turned the car lights on, and we were coasting downhill slightly, but pretty fast, at a fork. I would have stopped. My mother said it very clearly, that she thought we ought to. He let the car slide left, and we went downhill farther, maybe fifty or sixty yards, the car slid hard, then stopped—as if cement had just that moment turned from fresh to ten years old around the wheels.

"Okay," my mother said, "we're stuck."

"No," my father said. He floored it in forward gear, then shifted to reverse, floored it again, then shifted forward, then into reverse, and the wheels whined, the motor roared, a cloud of snow and exhaust blew up behind us, and the car stayed where it was. "Maybe not," he said.

The heater was on full, and it was getting sweaty in there, and the smoke from his pipe seemed suddenly a little sweet. I thought of sweets, of poisoned pancakes, and I said, "Hey, dad, are we really trapped here? Can we get home?"

My mother said "Shh" but it was too late. My father, who was tall and heavy, and whose hair was an unkind color, like a metal you might find in a factory or hospital but never around the house, shouted, "Well, of course we're going to get home! For Christ's sake! Do I really have to answer that kind of question now? Of course, dammit. And we'll get home in the goddamned car is how we'll do it." I didn't answer, and he said, "Right?"

"What, daddy?"

"I said right?"

"About what, daddy?"

"Jesus!" he said. He slammed the door closed when he got out and walked through snow that looked sometimes to be up to his calves and sometimes knees as he went to

open the tailgate, pull out the folding air surplus shovel, and bend behind the steel red shine of our taillights to stoop and pry rise and heave—I can see that now, at time, in a crowd or in my sleep, that steel-red-tinted rise and fall of my father in forest, hewing. My mother held onto the forearm of my heavy jacket, but I moved and I watched.

The shovel flashed red as it crossed in front of the light, and so did his hands, and so did his face as it dipped to rise. He was chopping us out, and once he looked in, panting, blinking, the sweat on his face a bloody wash, the taillights' falsifying glow—he would have loved to see himself like that, and perhaps he was looking at his reflection in the glass and he smiled at me, and asked forgiveness with his grin, as he usually did. But then he got angry again, frustrated, and his head bobbed up and down again, his face was hidden, as he dug at all the snow in the broad field forest.

After a while my mother said, "I hope he doesn't have a heart attack."

I said, "Can I dig? Can I take a turn? That'll keep him from having a heart attack."

My mother said, "He is so determined to have a heart attack, neither one of us can do a thing to keep him from having his wish. Your father's a baby."

I said—and I don't know why; it was wisdom, it was only talk; and yet maybe it was my memory of the woodcutter's wife who said, "Should you be saying things like that about your husband?"

My mother squealed. Her head retreated like a turtle's. She opened her mouth wide and I saw her tongue quivering. The door boomed and my father hurled himself in behind the wheel, panting, heaving against his clothes. She closed her mouth.

I said, "Don't have a heart attack, daddy." "Absolutely not," he said. He rocked the car forward, then from forward to reverse to forward. But we didn't move. The metal of the motor screamed, and he stopped. He said, "One more shot at it." I thought the family who didn't have enough to eat around. I thought of wandering among thick, self-reliant trunks of trees which went far up, I couldn't see their tops. Making progress. Wandering in terror. Gagged by my own tongue. My mouth freezing open, yes, tongue iced to the roof of the icy mouth, thought of the snow turning black, the trunks white, my body going from white to black. My black tongue frozen in my mouth, my black teeth biting at nothing. Black water pouring in and out. Everything black do

my tonsils to my stomach and my bowels. I saw my eyes, and they were black as. I thought of people knowing that I was there forever and not mourning. But nothing.

My father, leaning over the seat, interrupted my saying, "Give me the books."

"What?"

"The goddamned books, goddammit!"

My mother said, "Don't take it out on him, frightened enough."

"I'm not frightened," I said.

"I'm not taking it out," my father said. He began moving, then started again, this time in a higher voice. I guess he thought I was higher was lighter as well. He

reached in past my arms and legs and hauled me into the glow of the glove-compartment. "A soupçon of Thomas Hardy, I think."

Just right: *Jude the Obscure*, famous by man. Never did get his degree, as I said. Yes. And some *Dickens*! Come on,

ok, let's have the old *Bleak House* there—oh, my land, how generous, he's giving me *Tale of Two Cities* too. Now that's what I

call giving—somebody needs books, you see. Books. Am I right? And Miss Brontë, I

love? So kind of you to hurl yourself into effort." He chuckled like what a mad

man is supposed to sound like, and I guess was meant to reassure us. I passed a few books over to him, and he took them and went down to kneel behind the rear wheels. We

heard him grunting even though the motor chugged in a ragged neutral.

WITHOUT ASKING PERMISSION, I got out. I took the flashlight with me, but I kept it off. I stood with the whole world be-

hind me, and because the road sloped, maybe, it was as if everything could tip upon us, pour

onto us and sweep us farther along the road. Everything was black and white, the

motor was glowing again since he'd turned the lights out, and the all-but-darkness of the

night seemed to make the snow burn brighter within. It felt as if the world below the

floor were hollow, and warm, and bright with the laughter of comfortable adults. My

mother looked through her window at me. She had a kind of smile, and I did it back.

My father had finished wedging the papers underneath the tires—his last hope for

the motor in its effort. Jude and his babies and Ellen and Sydney Carton and Catherine Earnshaw and Heathcliff flew from beneath our wheels, were torn by the deep treads into tiny fragments and blown behind us and up into the air. They sailed there, half in darkness, then down into the brightness of the glowing snow, and then they were carried by the wind and were ridden away. They were gone by the time my mother and father, ponderous in their snow gear, came out. Bulky as they were, they were as prone to flight and disappearance as the tiny papers and their black invisible words. A couple of chunks of the stronger covers lay in odd designs behind the wheels.

I was looking at what was left, and thinking of the family where hunger was foremost, and where there simply wasn't enough to go around. My father, I saw at last, was looking at me. He was grinning. He said, "Ain't I something?"

"We go looking for deer," my mother said, "delicate gentle little hungry deer, and look what we end up with. A dead car and"—pointing at my father, at the woods—"this."

I said, "You really messed up, daddy. You got us lost in the woods and everything." He shrugged, then turned to shut the motor, lock the car up. I watched him as he walked around the car, being certain. I said, "I guess we didn't get *that* messed up."

He came back and stood before me. He said, "You think I screwed things up for you?"

I was shivering by then. I turned the flashlight on and pointed it at his face. There was no body and there were no woods. There was my father's face, and the darkness.

He looked into me the way some people peer into rooms. He saw what I was seeing. Looking away from me, and down at his

vanished body, then into me again, he said, "Do I look like a ghost to you? Are you really good and scared?" I started to cry. I let go

of all of it and cried very hard. "I'll get you home, love," he whispered down onto the top of my head as he hugged me. "I'll get you out

of the woods and I'll get you into your house and before you know it, you'll be laughing. I can do that for you, love."

I felt my mother move in to hug us. She pulled at the flashlight and I let it go. I kept my eyes closed and felt the dark woods tilt upon us, then hold in actual place.

My father—who was not a woodcutter, and for whom the hungers did not consistently come first—said, "It's all right. I'm not a ghost. There *aren't* any ghosts."

And for some good time he was right.

"He is so determined to have a heart attack, neither one of us can do a thing to keep him from having his way. Your father is a baby."

HARPER'S
FEBRUARY 1978

IN OUR TIME

by Tom Wolfe

Parents Day



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JUSTICE IN THE STADIUM

Ralph Nader's crusade to organize the nation's sports fans

by Roger Rosenblatt

They [Americans] have all a lively faith in the perfectibility of man, they judge that the diffusion of knowledge must necessarily be advantageous, and the consequences of ignorance fatal; they all consider society as 'a body in a state of improvement, humanity as a changing scene, in which nothing is, or ought to be permanent; and they admit that what appears to them today to be good, may be superseded by something better tomorrow. —Alexis de Tocqueville

If the people don't want to come out to the park, nobody's going to stop 'em.
—Yogi Berra

ON NOVEMBER 1, as the Boston Red Sox were about to go on sale and New Yorkers were wondering how the Knicks would make out with Walt Frazier traded to Cleveland, F.A.N.S., the Fight to Advance the Nation's Sports, opened its doors for the nation's business. According to its news release of September 27, F.A.N.S. will represent "the interests of sports fans wherever such representation is needed—before the leagues and players associations,

individual owners, the broadcast media, Congress and other federal bodies, state and local governments, the courts, and other appropriate forums." The news release also asks reporters to mention the address of the organization. Since the rest of this essay may not be considered a promotion piece, I'm happy to tell you: P.O. Box 19312, Washington, D.C. 20036.

F.A.N.S. is the brainchild of Peter Gruenstein, a former legislative aide and co-author of *Lost Frontier: The Marketing of Alaska*, who is described playfully as "a Brooklyn Dodger fan"; and of Ralph Nader, described playfully as "an old Yankee fan," whose vigilance on behalf of the American people has been so ardent that no one, including President Carter, dares not take him seriously. In fact, the last photo I remember of Nader is as an umpire in a Carter campaign softball game in Plains. Maybe the exhilaration of that experience inspired Nader to found an organization pledged to keeping "the sport—and the fun—in sport."

Exactly how Nader "will serve in a

non-policy position as Chairman of the Board of Advisers" is confusing, but one supposes these wrinkles will be flattened as F.A.N.S. goes along. For now, Nader's material contribution to F.A.N.S. has been a loan of \$100 to get the ball rolling, they might say in the hope that the accumulation of nine-dollar annual memberships will sustain the venture. For nine dollars members will receive a membership card, "an attractive button," a monthly newsletter called "Leftfield," and "handsome scroll-like Fan's Bill of Rights."

The Fan's Bill of Rights (my version is not scroll-like, but I trust it's readable) lists ten Rights, which may or may not represent a deliberate adaptation of the Constitution and the Ten Commandments, but there is much in the document to recall both models. Right No. 3—"Fans have the right to chase reasonably priced tickets to sporting events, to be treated with courtesy and respect at these events and to receive fair value for their money, to have the right to insure that food at these events is healthful"—has the force of a commandment to stadium owners, ushers, and kitchen man-

Roger Rosenblatt is literary editor of The New Republic and a columnist for the Washington Post.



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JUSTICE IN THE STADIUM

And Right No. 5—"Fans have the right to have their interests represented before Congress and other governmental bodies"—has the tone of the Founding Fathers.

Specific "interests" are not spelled out in the Bill of Rights, which is proper. The press release makes it clear that the issues with which F.A.N.S. is concerned are such policies and rules as "the use of artificial turf, the designated batter rule and interleague play in baseball, the two-point conversion rule in pro football and the three-point shot in basketball." The press release also reiterates Right No. 3 in more colorful terms, urging "that concessions not be rip-offs."

If the Fan's Bill of Rights had been in effect before November 1, Walt Frazier might not have been traded to Cleveland—if I am reading Rights No. 2 and No. 8 correctly. Right No. 2 states that "Fans have the right to be informed about the operations and practices of professional and amateur sports"; and No. 8, that "the interests of fans in maintaining or establishing the integrity of a sport, team or event should be effectively expressed or represented." No one doubts that the integrity of the Knicks' starting five was going to be impaired by Frazier's departure, so perhaps F.A.N.S. might have lobbied to keep Clyde in New York. Of course, this would have annoyed Cleveland, which is concerned with its own integrity. It might be hard in the future to know whose "rights" prevail.

As for the sale of the Red Sox, F.A.N.S. was in time to act on that. On November 2, one short day after its opening, F.A.N.S. asked the American League to disapprove the proposed sale because the buyer was a bank. "It would be a disaster," Gruenstein wired president Lee McPhail of the American League, "for the Red Sox fans to have decisions concerning the welfare of the franchise made by a financial institution whose paramount concern is insuring prompt repayment of a loan." McPhail's response has not been published.

Other acts taken by F.A.N.S. so far are the charge that the National Football League is "pricing the average fan out of the stadium"; and a follow-up request that NFL teams reduce ticket prices by 12½ percent next year "to express gratitude to the fans

for making pro football so profitable." The request may seem antillogical, but it has supporters. In a "Sampling From Hundreds of Letters" issued by F.A.N.S., J.M. of Philadelphia writes: "I'm tired of paying a tariff of abomination for hot dogs that are often not even warm [a larger issue than one might suppose], beer that is not even cold and parking that is not even safe. The sports fan being heard is an idea whose time has come."

WERE THIS NOT the 1970s, were Nader not Nader, were we not we, F.A.N.S. might be hailed less as an idea whose time has come than as a marvelously elaborate practical joke. God knows, the touches are wonderful—the membership card, the button, calling the newsletter "Leftfield." Bob and Ray could have gone to town on this idea. In fact, they used to do a routine where Ray played Mel Allen and repeatedly said: "I don't understand why it's so hot out here, with all these fans."

Unfortunately, F.A.N.S. isn't a joke. It already has been taken seriously enough even by those of us inclined to have fun with it. As silly as the organization appears it has one deadly serious aim, which is based on a deadly serious premise. The aim, which is the aim of the consumer movement in general, is to make everything in our experience understandable and controllable in political terms. The premise is nothing less than "the perfectibility of man"—Tocqueville's bewildered phrase.

The aim is, of course, the first mistake of F.A.N.S. (if one allows for a mistake separable from the founding of the organization) because the treatment of sports as an aspect of political life is patently ludicrous. The reason normally sober, ever dour people become giddy at the mere mention of F.A.N.S. is incongruity—the Bill of Rights; the analogy of club owners to political tyrants; the demanding of hot hot dogs as if one were demanding the right to vote. None of the "rights" F.A.N.S. proclaims is a right; each is merely the vague, informal preference of some people who have voluntarily entered into an agreement to be entertained by some others. To put it harshly: If a money-grubbing

rogue wishes to charge \$50 for a hot dog and a money-spending wishes to buy it, they deserve either.

The deadly part of the aim becomes clear when we imagine the F.A.N. impulse extended to other forms of voluntary entertainment—the arts, for example. Practically every F.A.N.S. finds oppressive for sports fans applies to opera, ballet, and fans as well. Soon, with a Washington lobby behind them, opera may storm the Met, picket tenors, mand cheesier quiche. Certainly the protest tickets "reserved only for wealthy and well-connected," which happens to be the thrust of F.A.N. Right No. 4.

If an arts group were to come along and decide to deal with a political situation in artsy terms, the implications would be evident at once. That is unlikely to happen. We are living in a time when everything within reach is reduced to a political model—a way of demeaning as well as diminishing things that politicians do not understand, and a game in itself. F.A.N.S. were to succeed, as I'm most sure it won't, you could bet before long there would be lobbies for moviegoers, art lovers, skydivers, cooks.

But the premise—perfectibility—the real mistake, a deep one made tactically by F.A.N.S., but also by ourselves, though not always so openly. Under the plaintive cries for hotter dogs and cheaper seats, behind the democratic urge to represent "the interests of sports fans wherever sports representation is needed," propel the rantings against artificial turf, two-point conversions, is the image of the perfect sport, the perfect season. Gruenstein and Nader would probably deny this, claiming that all they want are better circumstances. But what the purpose of seeking something better—of considering "society as being in a state of improvement," as Tocqueville says—if you don't have some idea of ultimate consequence? Gruenstein and Nader want perfection, all right; and they've chosen wrong place to look for it.

Whenever I think of perfection sports, I picture Don Larsen's perfect game. How the shadows of Yankee Stadium began to crawl down the grandstand onto the field as the

re of what heretofore had been a
ty good thrower at best grew tall-
till, monumental. Three batters to
Furillo fled to right. Two; Cam-
ella grounded to second. Then one;
hell watched a called third strike.
suddenly Yogi Berra was all over
en, clinging to the now great and
ortal frame like a koala bear. The
on was openmouthed. What had
merely, theoretically, possible had
e to pass. A perfect game, and in
Series to boot.

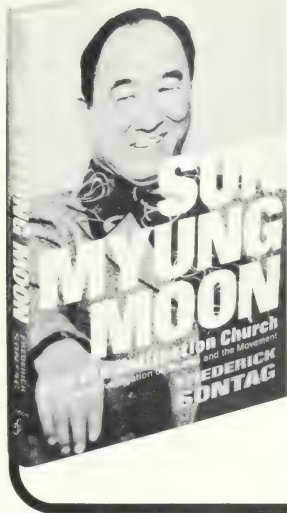
or a year after that, every time
en took the mound the thought
: perfect game. His career went
: to normal, average, at first; then
zzled fairly quickly. But I remem-
oned game during that fizzle which
egan with three perfect innings,
the collective hope—if one can
uch things—was not that he'd
another six, but that there would
in error or a walk or a bloop sin-
Perfection in sports is interest-
g, interesting as an aberration.
e than once, it gets on your nerves,
a false standard, lets you know
t the game would be like without
ion—batter after batter planted at
plate, watching a little white ball
e a fool of him, and us.

the club owners and league pres-
ts wanted to show us a spate of
ect games, it could easily be done.
they would have to do is shorten
distance between the mound and
e to, say, fifteen feet; make one
ke an out; and let the batters hit
an Eberhard Faber pencil. In
the kinds of rule changes that
e occurred in recent years have
the opposite intent. The three-
t shot and the designated hitter
F.A.N.S. is so worried about
e, for better or worse, designed to
ess imbalances, to make the game
perfectible.

Whatever their faults (and they are
on), the people in charge of sports
w fans better than F.A.N.S. does.
y know that fans will pay exorbi-
prices to watch the home team;
know there's a fan born every
ute. They also know, as Yogi said,
"if the people don't want to come
to the park," they won't, and vice
a. But these dollar-hungry cynics
know that what the fan wants out
sports is a very delicate balance of
g satisfied and dissatisfied, of liv-
perpetually on the edge of annoy-

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Notes For "New Wine in Old Bottles"

The redefined clichés are, in order: RAMPANT (standing up, in heraldry); SWEAT; SUFFOCATION; BIRTH CONTROL; MESMERIZING; STETHOSCOPES; TRACTOR; DOUBT.
Across: 10. a-D.D.; 12. trap-a, reversal; 13. S.-odium; 15. "G.I." in "cart" (reversal); 16. anagram; 17. homonym of "do"; 19. "R." in anagram of "utter"; 24. "err," reversal in "sol"; 29. OFT(time and the River); 33. male(diction); 34. anagram; 35. ana-log; 36. "a-C" in anagram of "ten"; 37. Eve, reversal. Down: 1. B.A.'s-set; 2. anagram; 3. t-hief(anagram); 4. ca.-me; 5. anagram; 6. anagram; 8. O-hi-O; 9. luce (anagram)-n't; 11. two meanings; 14. anagram of "sure" in "dot"; 17. anagram of (s)undial around "r."; 21. do(Zen)'s; 22. S.(mock)S; 23. anagram; 25. life(g.)es; 27. I'm-ago; 28. glove, pun; 30. fl.-at; 31. anagram; 32. hidden.

ance, as on the edge of a seat, in an arena of activity where the stakes, which are made to seem so grand, are trivial and ephemeral.

THE SECOND THING that's wrong with F.A.N.S., then, is that it represents the utopianism of the unimaginative. It seeks to establish ideal circumstances that are precisely those circumstances able to destroy its subject of interest. Instead of allowing us the "right" of displeasure, it seeks to put an end to small irritations. In their place will be a large irritation, F.A.N.S. itself, ready to leap to our defense unasked, and lead us out of one of the few lands of modern bondage where we may suffer only minor and temporary injuries.

The third thing wrong with F.A.N.S. is that while it has a clear, if nutty, idea of perfection, it has no idea of excellence.

When I lived in Ireland, sort of studying for a year, I played on the UCD (University College Dublin) basketball team (the only Rosenblatt ever to do so). The team eventually went on to become the Irish International team and toured Europe in the spring—but without my infallible shot. At the time of the tour my wife was elaborately pregnant with our first-to-be, and I, gallantly, decided not to abandon her. I didn't resent having to stay back, of course. Even to this day, I don't resent it.

The UCD team was made up totally of Americans. The Irish boys could dribble with their feet and bounce the ball off their heads, but hadn't the knack of getting the ball in the basket; so once again the burden of victory in Europe fell to the Yanks. We Americans, needless to say, were used to the shiniest courts, the cheeriest cheerleaders, the canniest fans. What we had in Ireland were a converted nineteenth-century tennis court made of slate, no cheerleaders, and about a hundred fans, on a good night, who clapped for fouls.

We played anybody who would play us, so one night we found ourselves tapping off against the Garda, a team of Dublin cops. It was clear from the first seconds that they had never played full court before, since they started to run in various directions, bump into each other and us,

trip and slide (sliding was easy when the slate got wet),—all the while smiling, slapping each other on the back, and laughing up a storm. One thing they could do, though, was hit. So when one of us went for a shot, he'd usually get a rabbit punch in the throat for his trouble, a fact that discouraged hogging the ball. The combination of rabbit punches and hitting a slate floor amid gales of laughter was effective. We won the game and limped off dazed, arm in arm with the cops, aching wherever it is possible to ache.

Naturally, none of us would have traded that court for the Omni in Atlanta or those cops for UCLA, because the game was too much fun. But fun in sports only occurs in retrospect. The game, while it was played, was not fun but a test of excellence, a test of how well one could do under the worst, most preposterous conditions. One's first reaction to being knocked to the floor by a laughing cop is to shy away. By the second time or third time that cop has become a challenge not to survive, but to versatility, to virtuosity; you want to duck his punch and score.

What F.A.N.S. seems not to realize is that the essence of sports is a continuing test of discomfiture, a breaking away from or out of a frustrating circumstance (a would-be tackle, a pattern play, a curve, a cop), and making something beautiful out of it, like a first down. The sport could not exist without the frustration—as Richard Wilbur said, the genie could not exist without the bottle—just as in other arenas we cannot exist without the steady stream of incompetency, idiocy, even malevolence against which to measure our taste, judgment, and capacities to soar.

What does the fan wish to see, after all, but excellence? Why does he stand in lines for hours, pounding his gloves together to keep warm; or yell himself hoarse Sunday after Sunday; or plow through those dismal stories in which Bronco so-and-so says he wants to be traded, or Lefty says they played a good game, but the other team just wanted it more, et cetera, et cetera? Why go through such nonsense if not to glimpse through the smoke or snow some greensward or gleaming pine floor on which people are striving for the absolute best?

Between fan and player, that is the

bond—not contract disputes or dogs, but that. One shows the other what excellence is: the other shows one that he knows it. So they go together, year after year, like a durable couple, cheering each other, hating, cursing each other out, threatening divorce—all the while held together by a shared appreciation of every first-rate.

IT'S HARD TO TELL how F.A.N.S. interprets its constituency, but certainly is not as advocates of the first-rate. To read the description of fans in F.A.N.S.'s printed matter, one would think that sports fans were a bedraggled minority group, isolated stratum of the American public, rather than a fairly healthy (perhaps the most economically diverse) mix of citizens who have little in common other than the fact that they happen to like sports. For every J.M. Philadelphia who envisages a life of perfect hot dogs strung end to end eternally, there are thousands of fans who would down cold franks with a dash of ketchup, and would do so gladly always, because their hearts are in their stomachs but with some distance out on that field, dealing with his or her more vivid difficulties, looking for an opening.

In short, there are some frustrations that are not only tolerable but necessary; and one is lucky if they are contained within the limits of a game. Hated called sports "no serious affair," yet said that sports preserve "the higher seriousness" because sports "nature is at one with spirit. Imagine if that spirit, our spirit, did not believe it could transcend every obstacle in its way—imagine if it had no obstacles to transcend. Imagine if it needed a lobby to bespeak its interests.

Earlier I said that if a rogue wanted to charge \$50 for a hot dog and fool wanted to buy it, they deserve each other. Fact is, I believe there are a blessed few such rogues and fools, and sports will not go to hell on their account. The common sense of most people is not to be trusted in all things, but neither is it to be mistrusted in all things. In the world of sports it is to be trusted, which is more than would say for F.A.N.S.

CONFESSIONS OF A TALK SHOW HOST

by Paul Theroux

Transatlantic Blues, by Wilfrid Sheed. E. P. Dutton, \$9.95.

YOU DON'T HAVE to know much about Rousseau or Aleister Crowley to be aware that most confessions are a pack of lies, which is probably the reason confessional literature, especially that masquerading as autobiography, is the best flowering of fiction. A Catholic boy- or girlhood is an advantage in learning the technique. The blabbermouth or monologist is, almost inevitably, a non-Catholic, for while every Catholic confessor expects abatement, he also knows that there will be a next time, another occasion the following week, or next Easter Duty, when he will have to offer plausible denance for his flesh and blood. Religion requires us to be sinners and, sin is an awareness of Good, confession is like a declaration of belief. And a good confession is good because it is sincere, not because it is nauseating. One becomes fairly adept at confession or one leaves the Church. There is no middle way. If you appear at the altar rail and you are not in the state of grace you'll choke on the Host, or else (as a nun once warned me) the Host will fly out of your mouth and hang in the air. The thought of this spiritual Necco wafer betraying my sin before Father Hackett and 50 parishioners was more than I could bear, and so more than anything my apprenticeship as the *Tussock* of Medford, Massachusetts, was served largely in a confession box on Saturday afternoons at St. Francis of Assisi Church. I didn't get to where I

am today by going (as some did) to St. Joe's in town where the second box on the left was supposed to be easy. A few Hail Mary's and Glory Be's seem a small price to pay for a prose style.

All of this is obvious to Pendrid ("Monty") Chatworth, the hero of Wilfrid Sheed's new novel, *Transatlantic Blues*, although as he points out, "most people don't need confession at all—there's enough humiliation in real life." If Chatworth is an anomaly in being an English Catholic, his American upbringing and his success on American television as a star reporter and prizewinning interviewer make him something of a cultural blivet. And of course as a talk-show host he is in an important sense fulfilling a priestly function, since the television set long ago replaced the tabernacle as an object of veneration. The transition was smooth: Bishop Fulton J. Sheen abandoned his pulpit for a half-hour God-slot on TV and then, when his ratings dropped, he was replaced by a fresher sage—Jack Paar, and the man who used to be Truman Capote, and Monty Chatworth.

Mr. Sheed, through Chatworth, answers the question that used to exercise my mind twenty years ago: If one

confesses to a priest, who does that priest confess to? God? The father superior? Cardinal ("Diamond Dick") Cushing? The pope? No, says Chatworth, and by example he shows how it is done, by talking into a tape recorder, "Father Sony," as he dubs the patient machine. By way of itemizing his sins, nearly all of which bear upon infidelity—disloyalty to his mother country, his native tongue, his true British self—he tells the story of his life. The story is convincing and unusual because it is so disordered and such a far cry from the love-marriage-divorce-career and men-are-such-shits novels that are sailing over the wall these days.

If anything is missing in the mediocre fiction of recent years (housewives used to read books, now they write them) it is memory—everything happened last night or just this morning. But Sheed allows Chatworth total recall: it makes for his story's uniqueness and gives us more than a glimpse of boarding school in the Forties, the desolation of postwar London, and the grim hilarity of a minor Oxford college. And it helps us understand the progress from these unpromising caroms to Chatworth's success, as he is neatly potted to become "the conscience of television." He describes his confession as "a symphony in embarrassment," but this does not prevent him from doing full justice to the subtleties at St. Boniface's, where he discovers with a shrinking English soul what Jews and Irishmen are, and the implications of cowardice, and the consequences of reporting unspeakable acts to Father Herman. The school, like most schools, is a rather nastier version of the world, but it is the football coach who sums up the school's philosophy: "Show me a good loser and I'll show you a quitter."



Elizabeth Van Hallo

Paul Theroux is the author of *The Great Railway Bazaar*; By Train Through Asia, *The Family Arsenal*, and the forthcoming *Hotel, The Picture Palace*, to be published in spring by Houghton-Mifflin.

Authority plagues Chatworth. The school is a scrimmage, and Chatworth has the scars to prove it. Religion is a bafflement that causes Chatworth a protracted period of virginity; and family—Sheed, a master at describing the domestic free-for-all, surpasses himself with this oddly assorted bunch. The father is full of unexpected encouragements (“Pendrid, I insist that you get better” to his son lying ill), while the sister cultivates a despairing Englishness (“Oh, I say, he’s jolly good value”). Englishmen are nothing more for Chatworth than “a conga line of Spam-fed chinless tanglefoots,” but England herself asks political and social questions that the culturally divided youth finds hard to answer. His reply, usually, is elaborate mimicry (he includes the texts of several hilarious interviews), a kind of transatlantic cover that, time and again, gives him the blues.

It would be difficult to find a more representative figure for our time than this greedy, famous, self-confessed Anglo-American fraud. He lies his way through school, bamboozles his family, and lies his way through Oxford, arriving at the end as an all-purpose moralizer and underdogger with a gift for mugging-up essentials. “I Jenkinsed it,” he says; for at his “crammer” he learned how to appear knowledgeable, if nothing else, and the special technique is invaluable to the television personality he becomes. But even Chatworth is capable of being flabbergasted. The scene is a punt; the object of Chatworth’s desire, Millicent. In spite of himself Chatworth throws up in the girl’s lap. He recovers and makes his move, demonstrating his ardor, but the girl is less than rapturous (“I think you’d better put that thing away”), cautions him in an oblique fashion (“It’s not my sort of thing”), and then comes to the point (“I think my sort of thing might be your sister”).

Decadent! Chatworth thinks. But it is an object lesson he heeds, for he begins to treat everyone as an example of decadence or stupidity, and this is all the contempt he requires to find fame. Perhaps predictably, he finds as well a choicely decadent fate of his own, with a nun only too willing to drop her habit. Confession doesn’t purify; it is the airing of some squalid sin or, at its best, the erecting of a tall story. While Chatworth’s confession is full of wonderful flights of

fancy and parenthetical guffaws, beneath it is the neurotic worry that bedevils so many of Sheed’s heroes: that there is always more to say, that silence is failure, and that the true victim is the weak man who has the misfortune to appear strong.

Chatworth’s voice is deflationary British, but the form in which he chooses to tell his story is American. So, superficially, the novel could not be more transatlantic, but more profound issues of loyalty and betrayal, authenticity and fakery, are explored

with the same mixture of glibness and soul-searching that Chatworth employs on his show. It is appropriate that Chatworth avoids leaving us, after a dazzling confession which is this novel, with anything so simple as a nod. He bids us a practiced farewell before fading to a glowing light, like the one on the tube when the program is over. He believes in himself and in his found lover; the nod is one professional fidelity, but Mr. Sheed never lets us forget that a nod is as good as a wink.

WHERE THE WILD THINGS ARE

by Barry Lopez

The Cult of the Wild, by Boyce Rensberger. Anchor/Doubleday, \$7.95.

Thinking Animals: Animals and the Development of Human Intelligence, by Paul Shepard. Viking, \$12.95.

AT A NATIONALLY publicized retrospective of chimp art at the Washington Park Zoo in Portland, Oregon, chimpanzees sat at highchairs on a stage working at easels. The idea that chimps can create art seems to me both to miss the point of art and to distort the nature of chimpanzees, but the evening spent among socialites purchasing finger paintings was neither serious enough nor pretentious enough to be irritating; it was merely one of those nervous connections people force between themselves and animals.

We do not seem to know what to do with animals. Endlessly fascinated with whale songs, olfactory communication in insects, and territorial behavior in predators, we finally are most fascinated with ourselves, with how like us animals are.

For all that might be learned at the level of our shared roots in the natural world, there is more than evolutionary connections and behavioral reflections between human beings and *Barry Lopez’s new book, Giving Birth to Thunder (Sheed, Andrews & McMeel), is a collection of Native American trickster stories.*

animals. Animals and their ecosystems give us a context in which to metaphorically discuss, analyze, decipher, and code the universe. Quite beyond the literal considerations of sociobiology and ethology—the two branches of science that have rekindled a popular interest in the animal kingdom—animals give us a sense of who we are and how we are in the universe, simply by being other than us. The trick is to be able to see them as other, or at least as more than scientific creations.

Imagine a book on the mystical qualities of the animals of the Nevada desert written by a Paiute Indian or other Paiutes. In it we would meet animals that exist so far outside our standard definitions of reality that we would sense ourselves on foreign soil. Unfortunately, no such book exists. There is perhaps no “market” for a book like this, which is lamentable. Such clearly metaphorical references—for us, not for the Paiutes—would be enriching, in the way poetry is.

What we seem resigned to, broad speaking, is the kind of creature Kenneth Clark presents in his illustrated history of animals in Western painting and sculpture, *Animals and Man* (1977); predictable objects for philosophical and aesthetic consideration. The atmosphere in the book is so rationalized, however, that the heron in a painting by Jean-Baptiste Oudry is called a swan, and the Egyptian jackal god Anubis, a wolf. There is a serious pro-

here, and it reminds me of the many books in which I have come across "Canadian geese" for Canada and references to eagles flying in flocks at dawn, when dawn is a time without thermals. If animals are to be consistent metaphors in art, or in science for that matter, there must be a rigorous grounding in natural history of one sort or another. Clark's subjects, largely domestic animals, are little more than symbolic decorations. We most often encounter "real" animals in the only place Western society reserves for them, as objects for study by science. But science intimidates, and its criticism of its own is of the sort that says "identifies too much with his research animal," or "inconclusive," as though the animal were immobile to be disassembled. As for books written by nonscientists or by nontraditional sources speaking out of their world view—a Cheyenne writing about bison—these are, in science's view, not to be taken seriously.

THIS SITUATION, in which the scientist is the final authority, has accounted in part for a historical oddity worth noting: until very recently most animal books were as forgettable as travelogues, in spite of what charm they possessed or what new information they made available. The people who read them were interested in natural history; other people could find little in them that was memorable: the information resisted translation.

From one broad point of view, Edward O. Wilson's *Sociobiology* and the books of Robert Ardrey and Konrad Lorenz have changed this. They alerted people to the idea that we may understand ourselves better if we examine other animal social systems. With this in mind we now require from animal books a rigorous natural history that stretches the bounds of that definition by delving into areas often in those with which we are already reasonably familiar, such as territoriality and mate selection.

The reaction among scientists can be seen in books like *The Wild Animals* (1975). Here in an academic collection side by side with traditional views are those, for example, of an Eskimo hunter about wolves (he says they do not chase caribou always to

kill them, but sometimes only to play) and those of the brilliant Israeli scientist I. Golani, who has used modern dance theory in an effort to describe continuous animal movement (the Eshkol-Wachman movement notation system). But science is not yet loose at the seams. It is unsure what to do with Jane Goodall (*In the Shadow of Man*, 1971) because of her "emotional attachment" to animals, and John Lilly (*The Mind of the Dolphin: A Non-human Intelligence*, 1967) because he took LSD, and less sure of scientist/adventurers like Alistair Graham, who produced a book about crocodiles with photographer Peter Beard called *Eyelids of Morning: The Mingled Destinies of Crocodiles and Men* (1973). And of course Joan McIntyre, editor of the book about whales and porpoises called *Mind in the Waters* (1974), who pulled together writings from people as different as Farley Mowat, Gregory Bateson, classicist Charles Doria, Pablo Neruda, animal behaviorist Peter Marshall, and Lee Talbot (scientific adviser to the United States delegation to the International Whaling Commission) to evoke something of the nature of whales. In science's view what they have to say about animals is suspect.

John Lilly may be crazy or Jane Goodall emotional, but this is hardly the point, and the intimation that only science speaks the truth about animals is dangerous. Science is free to cite according to its own dictates, but it is wrong to suppose that only its system of proof is estimable to the wide range of human minds. It is further dangerous to suppose that the process of sifting through data, the slow process by which science creates animals, is, ipso facto, the superior system for grasping their true natures. Science gives us what it finds, not what is there. And the animals given us in Western society are not only scientifically derived but are ones suited to Western philosophy: they are subservient, expendable, and assumed to be completely comprehensible. Also, as is often the case with large predators, they are to some extent uniquely male—i.e., the emphasis in research is on hunting, not on the rearing of offspring.

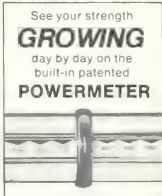
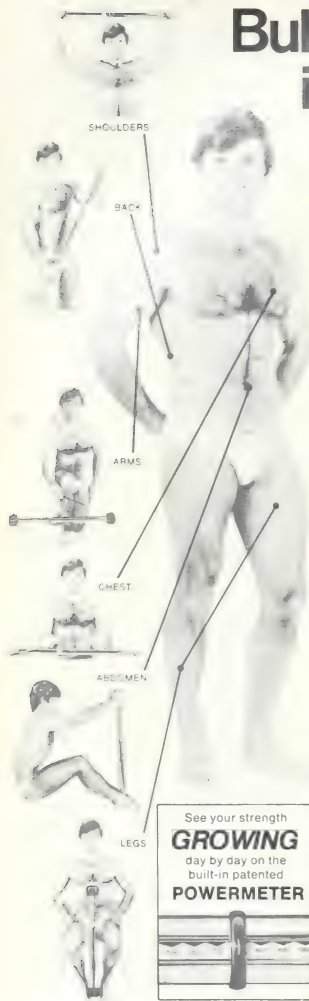
In *The Cult of the Wild*, Boyce Rensberger seems ignorant of these facts, and it unhinges his book. He summarizes recent fieldwork on wolves,

bears, gorillas, lions, and other large animals, but with a peculiar disdain for the speculative ideas of Robert Ardrey on the origin of human aggression, of John Lilly on man-dolphin communication, and of the ability of nonscientists like Joan McIntyre to write anything but sentimental animal books. This disdain is misplaced, I think, and it hurts Rensberger's closing arguments about a need for wildlife conservation based solely on scientific opinion. At first glance *The Cult of the Wild* appears to be a book that gathers together the ideas of major animal researchers for comparison, but it does so with rancor and, oddly, with no bibliography. There are two books here, poorly joined. One is reportorial, the other is a personal criticism.

One can't help but feel, further, that Rensberger (a seasoned scientific reporter with excellent credentials) was misled in presenting his material in such a distracting, current-events style, and it is irritating (and must be embarrassing to Rensberger) to find a publisher's reference to him as a "perceptive sociobiologist" when he is in fact a writer. But Rensberger must accept responsibility for writing as if no one outside Western science knew anything about animals. In addition to dismissing laymen and nontraditional scientists, he ignores native African notions of gorillas, lions, and elephants as "myth-filled," just as zoologists in North America have ignored the observations of native Americans and Eskimos. Such ideas are often the observations of hunters; admittedly they are as difficult of access as Western ideas are for aboriginals, but no less true because of that.

Attempts to discredit works like McIntyre's *Mind in the Waters* serve no purpose. Many more people are interested in such clearly labeled synthesis than are interested in the strictly biological view. And from science's point of view there is nothing wrong anyway, as writer/scientists like Lewis Thomas have shown, with bringing in philosophical issues. Indeed, what insight into the order of human ideas is to be had can be seen in a book like Adrian Desmond's *Hot-Blooded Dinosaurs* (1975). Desmond alleges that many dinosaurs were not weak-brained, cold-blooded animals but intelligent, gracile creatures who thoroughly dominated our mammalian ancestors in the Mesozoic.

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BOOKS

zoic era. He neatly demonstrates that it is our pro-mammalian feelings that prevent us from allowing dinosaurs these qualities. Thus does human prejudice shape science.

THE CONSIDERATION that there has been that science has recently begun to take a broader view and is giving us, in effect, new animals; that there is promise of interesting syntheses of scientific and humanistic views to come, and that through it all we are looking at ourselves; and that the animal considered apart from us is undesirable if impossible. In this light Paul Shepard's *Thinking Animals* (to be published April) provides an invigorating moving ground for animals and a wide range of human minds—the scientist to the humanistic, if there are such extremes. Shepard tells us very little about animals per se, but he does something that is rarely done with animals: gives them an identity of their own. This is a subtle feat: he achieves it by dealing with them at the level of conceptualization, not natural science. He pushes them off and contemplates them, as he believes primitive man did.

Shepard, Avery professor of human ecology at Pitzer College and the Claremont Graduate School in California, writes that primitive man had two points of view: that of the hunter whose primary interest was prey and whose success depended upon keen observation of the natural world and that of a primate whose primary interest was social relationships with other primates and whose success depended on keen observation of human relations. Language developed when man used the former to explain the latter to himself: the natural world came his primary metaphor, "animals [were] the tangible objects he needed to embody otherwise slippery ideas of different animals not only representable images... but evoked further thought:... lion ecology produced ecology of thought."

Children, Shepard believes, learn to think in the same fashion, by observing the world, learning the names of things, and then, in a burst of adolescent mental energy, discovering metaphor—a concept that connects seemingly unrelated things and events. They perceive animals as different

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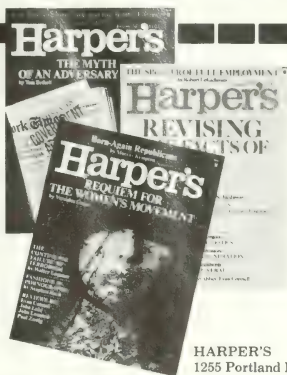
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from themselves, but see that between them "shimmering points of reflected order occur." Thus does a child give organization to his own world of abstractions, develop a sense of self, and grasp the nature of human thought. "The system of creatures," Shepard writes, "is a cosmic touchstone."

Ranging widely in mythology, literature, anthropology, and human behavior in support of his thesis, Shepard uses a method reminiscent of Joseph Campbell's. He writes with freshness and an almost angry brilliance, as though he had grasped the psychological need for natural ecosystems at the same moment they were disappearing from an industrial world. His com-

plex arguments may stymie the reader occasionally, but his progression of ideas is orderly and he recapitulates his ideas.

Shepard traverses an exciting and original landscape. The question his book raises is: where are we, a largely urban people increasingly ignorant of natural history, to turn for our animals and ecosystems? To wildlife studies, to be sure, but they provide us with only a beginning. We require a larger relationship with the natural world. Science's animal is still principally a beast machine, shorn of mystery and assumed comprehensible; but the supposition must be that just as our inner world of ideas is rife with mysteries

and incomprehensible junctures too, is nature. We need to infuseimals with possibilities again by acknowledging the breadth of what not known, *that some things never be known*, and that there be differing but equally valid perceptions—non-Western, nonmale, scientific.

The exhilaration of spirit possible in such an undertaking is extraordinary. It requires only that we abandon the hubris that has driven us to a single, acceptable truth aboutimals. When we do we will have Shepard's words, "an adequate release from which to rebound the ments of self."

BOOKS IN BRIEF

by Jeffrey Burke and Rhoda Koenig

Essays of E.B. White. Harper & Row, \$12.50.

This collection of pieces written over a period of more than forty years covers such topics as the difficulties of raising geese, the qualities of dead friends, Thoreau, and Christmas in Florida. Mr. White's humanitarianism, gentle humor, and good sense are too well known to need further illustration, but a word might be in order about some of his less appealing characteristics. For, after reading these thirty-one essays, I felt rather unsatisfied by their lack of bite, their frequent drift into wistfulness and sentimentality. He ends his description of the World's Fair with this fine sentence (describing a girl sitting in a robot's lap): "Here was the Fair, all fairs, in pantomime; and here the strange mixed dream that made the Fair: the heroic man, bloodless and perfect and enormous, created in his own image, and in his hand (rubber, aseptic) the literal desire, the warm and living breast"; but, before getting there, we must have more than a page of a cute little boy making his first long-distance call. "Death of a Pig" is sad and lovely and worthy of

pigs, but in a few other animal pieces anthropomorphism creeps in to a teeth-grinding degree—I liked Fred the dachshund much better before he started to talk. That Mr. White has so often been outspoken and correct on matters of importance before they became fashionable—the dangers of pollution, the necessity of treating Negroes as human beings—makes me feel a bit guilty about criticizing him at all; but oh! if he were not so incessantly lovable, I could love him so much more. —R.K.

Freaks: Myths and Images of the Secret Self, by Leslie Fiedler. Simon and Schuster. \$12.95.

This seems to be one of those books that sounded like a good idea at the time. Leslie Fiedler, an exceptional critic of American literature, has written fiction, poetry, numerous essays, and now something he calls "a meditation, a history, and a continuing dialogue with the world." In truth, *Freaks* is little more than an eloquent catalog of the grotesque, nature's mistakes in myth, legend, literature, painting, science, film, and, of course, the circus sideshow. Fiedler is nothing if not exhaustive: an entire chapter on hermaphrodites, another on Siamese twins, two on dwarves. There

are even derivative notions, such as the use of the word "freak" in the ties as an extension of "hippie"; the idea of "freaking out" as developed by rock musician Frank Zappa. In text, following a case-history approach, can be cruelly explicit, or dense with medical terminology, or simply fatal in its treatment of human beings; and the illustrations, over and over, follow suit. Given some aesthetic distance, however, as with paintings of Velazquez and the film of Todd Browning, Fiedler's discussions are interesting, insightful—a relief to the reader. If there were more of the latter one might be able to meditate with the author and share in his perception of "the freakishness of normal, the precariousness and surdity of being, however we define fully human." The more likely reaction is a spark of interest, a prolonged shudder, and finally, a regretful nod at so much intellectual coin spent.

Abortion in America: The Origins and Evolution of National Policy by James C. Mohr. Oxford University Press, \$11.95.

Legal abortion, say its foes, represents a decline from earlier standards of morality and obedience to reli-

Jeffrey Burke is copy editor of Harper's. Rhoda Koenig, formerly an associate editor of Harper's, is a senior editor at New York magazine.

ings. Yet 150 years ago, as James points out, abortions that took place before the fetus quickened, or occurred in the womb, were not considered illegal or immoral. Indeed, abortifacient drugs and devices were open-sold, even in religious publications (Parke, Davis marketed a syringe designed for the purpose), and abortions themselves carried on a busy, profitable trade.

In the middle of the nineteenth century, however, a change was perceived in the character of women seeking abortions. Instead of desperate unmarried girls, they were now middle-class women who wanted to limit the size of their families. After 1840, abortion was doubled and tripled. This aroused the concern of physicians, for a number of reasons: they worried about the dangers women ran by exposing themselves to strong chemicals or quack treatments; they worried about the loss of business to those same quacks; and they feared the growing independence of women who could devote their energies to matters other than childbearing and raising. (One of their arguments against abortion, ironically, is used by supporters today: the necessity of maintaining a high birthrate among middle-class women to counter population growth among the "undesirables.") Then, however, the undesirables were not poor blacks—less likely than whites to use contraceptives—Catholics.)

Through the efforts of politicians, physicians, sensational newspaper campaigns, and opponents of women's participation, antiabortion statutes were written into the laws of almost every jurisdiction by 1900, and abortion—at least officially—came to be considered not as a minor medical procedure but as murder. Mr. Mohr presents a thoroughly detailed account of this came about, calmly and effectively destroying many of the myths and assumptions that surround the issue. —R.K.

Forever Young, by Jonathan Cott. Simon and Schuster, \$10; paper, \$5.95.

Jonathan Cott has worked in radio, television, and publishing, written and edited several anthologies of children's literature, taken violin lessons, interviewed, originally for *Rolling Stone*, the eight people in this book.

As an expression of his varied interests, *Forever Young* is an excellent showcase. Cott holds his own with pianist Glenn Gould, drawing him out in the book's longest and most interesting interview, on specific performances, his eccentric radio shows, and his Canadian film documentaries. He visits the dentist with jazz violinist Stéphane Grappelli for anecdotes about a Parisian childhood and the fingers of Django Reinhardt. Harry Portch, the inventor of forty-three-tone octaves and odd musical instruments to play them, has been ill and isn't very talkative, so Cott chats a while, then fills in the spaces with his own research and reaction, as he does for the less substantial remarks of Henry Miller and poet and social critic Walter Lowenfels. German director Werner Herzog is so appealingly full of his films and himself that Cott just has to keep the recorder running. Finally, in the first and last pieces, interviewer Oriana Fallaci is predictably intense, but laughs now and then; while children's-book illustrator Maurice Sendak, appealing to the anthologizer in Cott, engages him in a pleasant ramble through literature.

Give eight creative individuals a chance to do what most people most like to do—talk about themselves—and it's hard to come up empty-handed. Yet Cott's persistent fluency can sound a bit mannered, perhaps affected, even cute. He can, eventually, cloy. Should it also strike some readers how appropriately "in" these subjects are, how right for *Rolling Stone*, the combination may be too smooth a package. —J.B.

The Second Ring of Power, by Carlos Castaneda. Simon and Schuster, \$8.95.

Those who have been following the saga of Carlitos and his omnivorous notebooks—or 365 Ways To Describe Sand—saw Mr. Castaneda and gurus Don Juan and Don Genaro leap from a high mesa at the end of *Tales of Power*, like so many jumping beans. The knowledge gained from conjuring up four best-sellers has helped Carlos land on his feet, fill the dramatic void left by the disappearing Dons with a proselytized troupe of four men and three women, and still write without contractions. His seven extras, when they aren't staring at the sun or com-

ing up the road, show Carlitos how to run around the walls, hang from nothing, make sparks fly from urine-soaked hands, and ward off great beasts by doing birdcalls while standing on each other's shoulders. The so-called wisdom—rehash and gnomic clarification of gnomic Yaqui utterance—complements the action quite nicely. Throughout there's the dedicated Castaneda, notebook ever in hand, scribbling feverishly—a habit which once (in *Journey to Ixtlan*) moved Don Juan to accuse him of masturbating. A flash of critical acumen, that; but the good Don put it better when, in *A Separate Reality*, he refused a copy of Castaneda's first book by saying, "You know what we do with paper in Mexico." —J.B.

Big Bad Wolves: Masculinity in the American Film, by Joan Mellen. Pantheon, \$12.95.

In her introduction, Joan Mellen informs us that American movies have propagated fear and suspicion between the sexes, encouraged cutthroat competition, glorified anti-intellectualism, and deterred the masses from purposeful collective action. After that, I'm afraid, she becomes a bit polemical.

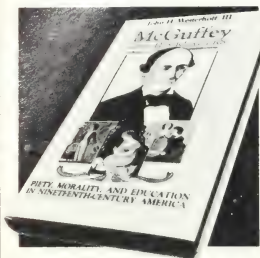
Miss Mellen's survey omits a number of films and actors, and distorts those she does consider. She tells us that in "twenties films the women were invariably reduced to stick figures, doll-like objects" (such as Gloria Swanson? Pola Negri? the cheerfully adulterous Lubitsch heroines?); she asserts (six times in four pages) that *It Happened One Night* is a paean to upward mobility, and that it "sought to dissipate energies that might have been directed toward the struggle for social change"; she sees in the Western hero a man on horseback in two senses ("We are asked, in fact, to surrender ourselves to men about whom the film deliberately tells us little, as if in our real lives we were being prepared to grant power on faith alone to a leader about whom we actually know next to nothing"); and she rebukes Groucho Marx for not being able to "admit [the world of the Depression] into his consciousness. Instead, he occupied himself with such absurdities as filling a ship's stateroom with people."

Miss Mellen's version of the masculine ideal is that of the smug schoolmarm or sensitive adolescent. "Wealth

McGUFFEY AND HIS READERS

PIETY, MORALITY, AND EDUCATION IN NINETEENTH-CENTURY AMERICA

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BOOKS

and success . . . or sexual prowess," she states virtuously, "have nothing to do with being a man." Tenderness, honesty, the ability to "nurture"—these are what win a woman's heart. Yet, for all her harping on openness and vulnerability, Miss Mellen displays precious little of these qualities herself. One would never guess from this book that masculinity had anything to do with eroticism or sensuality, or anything other than fulfilling the social contract. Instead of writing with passion or despair about her unhappiness with American movies, she sneers at them from a safe distance, holding her ideology in front of her like a rather large pocketbook. And, although she berates the screen heroes for their lack of humor, the only humor that finds its way into her book is the inadvertent kind: she writes that "few returned from the war with a light heart" and that the moviegoer experiences "the vicarious discharge in the dark of his daily frustrations."

All this is unfortunate, as Miss Mellen's comments on the brutality and implicit homosexuality of many contemporary films are not at all exaggerated. Her one-note harangue, however, gives the impression that the screen actors of the Seventies represent only a slight difference of degree and not a difference in kind. —R.K.

The Black Marble, by Joseph Wambaugh. Delacorte, \$9.95.

This fourth police novel by a former L.A.P.D. detective (whose name may be found among the credits of several law-and-order slots on television) differs from procedurals like *The Blue Knight* and *The Choirboys* in that it has a plot and at least one substantial character. Shabbier and about three trenchcoats clumsier than Columbo, Detective Valnikov tries to adjust to his new female partner, the very reluctant Natalie. On the other side of town, in alternating chapters, the Willie Loman of dog-trainers kidnaps and holds for ransom a pedigreed terrier whose owner, alas, only looks wealthy. Eventually they all get together in the same chapter, and justice triumphs. Meanwhile there's lots of four-letter wit in the squad room; lots of four-year-olds' scatological wit at the scene of the crime, a dog show, where nervous dogs relax certain mus-

cles. Wambaugh writes well enough if you don't mind the neon metaphor—to keep things moving along, but good guys, and the bad guys, Southern California's dirt and dazzle, are everything a casting director could do to sleep. It reminds you that reading a book is what you do *instead of* watching TV.

Granting a genre all its earmarks, one still expects something more. Fortunately there is Valnikov, perpetually hung over, with almost total recollection of the pettiest burglaries, hopelessly wondering why the city morgue isn't as nice as the emigré past of his Russian parents. His chivalrous incoherence is the perfect foil to the token female detective Natalie and nascent feminism. The interest is too human for some, the ending is happy; but somehow it works well enough to get you through prime time and into the late-night reruns.

Inklings, by Geoffrey Wolff. Random House, \$7.95.

The settings of Geoffrey Wolff's novel of literary backbiting are familiar enough: academia, publishing conventions, a New England summer party, and a saloon whose name hints at venereal diseases its writer has to give one another. The characters have also been written about before and often: the gladhanding publisher, the moderately successful cynical mad young genius, and the brainiac literary groupie.

Mr. Wolff takes us over this territory with the competence of an experienced guide, but with no great enthusiasm. If he has a number of exotic scenes to show off, he does so in the tone of reciting a speech prepared by the office. In his cynicism toward the literary biz, he has adopted the weariness of his critic hero rather than the exuberant, gleeful cynicism of Zola or Maupassant. One measure of indifference is the skimpiness of the plot, which does not get under the skin until the book is about two-thirds over and then seems to have been cranked from *A Handful of Dust*. The dialogue is a mixture of coarseness, erudition, and snappy patter that never quite adds up to realistic speech. A case, of course, of the writer's reach falling short of his grasp. —

THE BRIEF LIFE OF A POET

the author resists joining a club that would accept him as a member

by Calvin Trillin

MY DELIGHT AT receiving an invitation to include my biography in the fifth edition of *International Who's Who in Poetry* was not seriously diminished by the fact that I have never published a poem. My wife, Alice, on the other hand, harped on that subject as the simple absence of a poem in publication—from the beginning.

"Don't you think it's just a mistake?" she said, after she had read the letter

signed personally by Ernest Kay, D. Litt., F. R. S. A., Editorial Director.

That is hardly the response someone who has just been informed of international literary recognition expects in his wife. "Marvelous!" or "How exciting!" or "Oh, darling, I'm so proud!" are more on the order of the kind of remark I would have considered appropriate. At the very least, I would have expected Alice to say something like "Let's phone your mother so she can use it next time she tries to convince your aunt that you didn't grow to be a bum after all."

I would have expected her to begin calculating how many copies of *International Who's Who in Poetry* we should order at once, and to include having qualified me for "special concessionary terms for biographees only" of \$23.50.

What makes you think it's a mistake?" I asked.

"Well," she said. "There is the matter of your never having published a poem."

That is precisely what I mean by being ping. I handed her the envelope that contained the letter from Ernest Kay, D. Litt.,

F. R. S. A., Editorial Director, had come in. "Would you mind reading the words printed there in boldface type, Alice?" I asked. "The ones just above the return address that says, 'International Biographical Centre, Cambridge, CB2, 3QP, England.'"

"'Urgent-Press,'" Alice read, correctly. "It says, 'Urgent-Press.'"

"Just as I thought," I said.

"What do you mean—just as you thought?"

"I mean that you, then, are prepared to believe that Ernest Kay, D. Litt., F.R.S.A., the Editorial Director of *International Who's Who in Poetry*—a man who is advised, you'll notice, by a board that includes both Dr. Krishna Srinivas of the World Poetry Society International and Mrs. Frances Clark Handler of the National Poetry Day Committee; a man who has not only his D. Litt. but his F. R. S. A.; a man, I might add, who is clearly familiar with English zip codes—sent an international first-class airmail Urgent-Press letter to me by mistake?"

"In the absence of any other explanation, yes."

"It doesn't seem to occur to you that Ernest Kay, D. Litt., F. R. S. A., has specialists in American poetry listed right on his advisory board—Charles A. Wagner, Executive Secretary of the Poetry Society of America, for instance, and Dr. Lorena Simon, 'Texan Poet and Benefactor.' It doesn't seem to occur to you that he can call on these American specialists if he wants someone to submit a list of likely biographees, for instance, or to interview any specific American poet whose rhyme or meter is even remotely in question."

"You mean that you've met some of these people?" Alice asked. "Are you telling me you know Dr. Lorena Simon, Texan Poet and Benefactor?"

"Only by reputation," I said. "Her position on the advisory board of *International Who's Who in Poetry*, and all."

"Well, I don't doubt that your name came off a list," Alice said. "Maybe they got hold of a list of people who had sent for smoked sausage through the mail."

Calvin Trillin is the author of Runestuck.



THE BRIEF LIFE OF A POET

I said nothing for a moment. Then I said, "As birds to nests gray worms fore'er do bring / So thou, in truth, do bring me words that sting."

Alice said nothing for several moments. Then she said, "I was afraid of something like this."

ONE OF THE NOVELS E. M. Forster wrote as a young man was unknown to the general public throughout his lifetime. I told Alice the next morning as she joined me at the breakfast table.

"Are you reading that from the *Times*?" she asked.

"I am not reading it from the *Times*," I said. "I am stating it as an indisputable fact to demonstrate to you that an artist's important work is not necessarily flaunted in large-circulation magazines or hustled on the *Today* show."

"Or published?" Alice asked.

"Or published," I said. "Literary scholars have their methods. As you must know, there is a long and honorable tradition of poets writing for only a small circle of friends or patrons. I'm sure I've told you about the long narrative poem in iambic pentameter I wrote the summer I got out of college about working for the Time-Life International Industrial Development Conference in San Francisco—'Ode to Combined Assets of Thirty Billion and Other Holdings.'"

"And you think an agent of Ernest Kay, D. Litt., F. R. S. A., has now unearthed that poem?" Alice asked.

"It wouldn't surprise me," I said. "Although the fact that the International Biographical Centre is only sixty miles or so from London leads me to believe they may have stumbled across the poem I wrote around that period to my London landlady, Mrs. Krupovich, that nice woman who had no first language: 'There was a landlady on Collingham Place. / And she had an accent that was hard to trace. / She spoke bits of Polish, of English, of Greek, / But bits of them all was all she could speak.'"

Alice left the table.

AFTER BREAKFAST, I got out the Priority Biographical Questionnaire that had accompanied my invitation. After coping easily with a couple of

straightforward sections dealing with such matters as, date of birth, I came up short on one called "Personal Details, relating to family background, etc." I briefly considered writing, "Wife finds prospect of my being listed in this directory risible," and then decided against it.

The Priority Biographical Questionnaire was turning out to be as irritating as all of those nonpriority biographical questionnaires I seemed to spend all my time filling out in school and in the Army. What, after all, did "Memberships in Poetry and/or Literary Societies, etc. (with any offices held), in order of importance" have to do with anything? Were we talking about poets or Rotarians? What relevance was there, for that matter, in questions like "Publications (please list books of poetry, with year of publication)"? I pushed the form aside. Why should a poet spend his time—his creative time, I might say—filling out forms? This was not, after all, for *A World Guide to Middle-Level Bureaucrats* or *The International Who's Who in Insurance Adjusting*. A poet cannot be restricted by forms. A poet responds to an invitation to be included in *International Who's Who in Poetry* by writing a short, perhaps elegiac, note to Ernest Kay, D. Litt., F.R.S.A., thanking him for the honor while commenting favorably on the rhyme and meter of his name and title. I got out a piece of foolscap.

"Ernest Kay, D. Litt., F.R.S.A.," I began. I got up from my chair and walked to the window, staring out into the mist (or, perhaps, smog caused by air inversion). Gradually, the meter seemed to beat inside my head, and I returned to my desk to begin again:

Ernest Kay, D. Litt., F. R. S. A.,
The cocks do crow, the donkeys
bray,
The farmer smiles while making
hay—
You've heaped such goodies on my
tray,
Ernest Kay, D. Litt., F. R. S. A.

"Just like riding a bike," I thought. "Once you get the hang of it, it's there forever." The Krupovich poem, as closely as I could remember, was written in the spring of 1958, but the creative juices seemed to be flowing easily again. The second stanza seemed to spurt out almost faster than I could write it down:

Ernest Kay, D. Litt., F. R. S. A.,
Reserve my copy without delay.
Twenty-eight-fifty I'd gladly pay
(The merest pittance, as they say)
Ernest Kay, D. Litt., F. R. S. A.

Alice walked in just as I managed to get down a stanza redolent with etic allusions:

Ernest Kay, D. Litt., F. R. S. A.
You did not let your letter stray.
'Twas meant for me to win this day.
The fame for which all poets pray
Or Prufrock's name was Arthur J.
And the cruellest month was real
May,
Ernest Kay, D. Litt., F. R. S. A.

She picked up what I had written far, read it, shook her head from side to side in what did not seem to me an encouraging manner, and put it on the desk. I grabbed another piece of paper and continued writing:

Ernest Kay, D. Litt., F. R. S. A.
Against the doubters I'll not
ineigh.
Let sleeping dogs lie where they
lay,
While I stand lonely on the quay
Where fog has turned yon harbor
gray.
And put down words both sad and
tear.
Like couplets spoke by Olivier
Or lyrics sung by Johnny Ray,
Ernest Kay, D. Litt., F. R. S. A.
Ernest Kay, D. Litt., F. R. S. A.
Poetic dragons I will slay—
Rhyming, in a casual way,
Danny Kaye and the PTA
And "On the Road to Mandalay"
At Poetry Day in LA.
Ernest Kay, D. Litt., F. R. S. A.

I dropped my pencil and slumped back in my chair, exhausted by the effort. Alice picked up the poem and finished reading it. "I really know what to say," she began.

I shrugged modestly. I had suspected that last stanza might bring around. "Having a world-class poet as a husband might be like living in a salon," I said.

"To quote from Yiddish if I may, language used like French today, vav."

"Alice, what are you saying? don't want to live in a salon?"

"I'd prefer the cages of Bomba."

I thought it over for a while, throw away my Priority Biographical Questionnaire and you quit rhyming. I said. "Okay?"

"Okay."

THE SOUND OF DOOM

watching the Concorde descend

by Peter McCabe

FOR SEVERAL MONTHS before the supersonic airliner Concorde began its test flights to New York, the newspapers were full of stories about people demonstrating against the prospect of loud noise. Very few of the demonstrators had heard a Concorde, but they supported the unionizing efforts of the New York Port Authority to bar the plane from Kennedy Airport. Governor Carey predicted the airplane's takeoff and landing at New York would have "grave consequences," although he did not say whether these would be. Pete Hamill, a New York *Daily News* columnist, informed his readers that the Concorde's porters were the same inconsiderate who "built the Pan Am building on the ruins of Park Avenue." For all this I was aware of no corresponding opposition against the plane in London or Paris, and from what I knew, the British and French would never tolerate noise levels to which New Yorkers had become accustomed.

Opposition to the Concorde delayed its arrival in New York by eighteen months, and it was not until November 22 of last year that its inaugural landing was scheduled. That evening I made my way to the airport, expecting to report, after all I had read, on a momentous pitched battle. Photographers and television crews were assembled at runway 31, but there was no sign of the resistance. The Concorde did not show up. By the time the two planes—an Air France and a British Airways Concorde—appeared through the clouds, I had counted only a few pickets. I can report, however, that the two planes were eminently capable of frightening away the naïf. They were an ominous spectacle as they descended—two hungry pterosaurs swooping down, their rear fins hovering above the runway like talons. But I cannot say I was

disturbed by the noise they made; it was less irritating than the regular clatter of garbage cans outside my Manhattan apartment at four o'clock in the morning. Nor were the Concordes louder than other planes. I was told later that their landings had registered a decibel count of 98, less than the Boeing 707 that had landed on the same runway a few minutes earlier.

As I watched the British and French officials disembark, I thought they looked like men just back from a long, hard campaign. Yes, we ran into tougher opposition than we expected, they told reporters. No, we did not anticipate that landing permission would take so long. No, we did not count on spending \$4 million in legal fees. I spoke with one man who identified himself as a board member of Air France. "We really do not hold it against you Americans," he said, "but why would you not take into account that the Concorde must also fly into London and Paris? Our ears"—he tugged emphatically at his own—"are they any different?"

It is hard for me to fathom why the British and French should have been so puzzled and annoyed by the negative American response to the Concorde. Did they assume that all the plane had to do was fly the Atlantic in under four hours and it would be hailed as yet another triumph of man's unconquerable spirit? Don't they know about the superstitions and anxieties which now abound in this land? Haven't they been reading American newspapers? Don't they realize that this country is in the throes of reaction to its own progress? Evidently not. It seems they had not heard about powerful new groups in this country, groups that do not believe in reduced travel time. Perhaps they have not read about protests against nuclear power plants (which have been fixtures in Britain for twenty years), nor about the opposition to recombinant DNA re-

search. Do they suppose that people here still demonstrate against real evils, such as bad hospital conditions or corrupt judges, rather than against what they perceive to be threats to their present and future well-being?

If the Europeans kept up with the news from America, they would realize that many Americans believe that their current miseries can be blamed on the "harmful effects" of technological progress. In newspapers and magazines they would read about towns that do not want to grow and about people who have been dissuaded from wasting valuable energy and resources on unnecessary vulgarity. They would read about the obsessive need to clean up and correct man's abuses on every front; about new diets for shrinking planets and about teenagers who worship Koreans; about the coming utopia in which man will no longer be forced to accept what he does not need.

INTO THIS FOG the Concorde flew. In 1971, the antitechnologists, insisting that the desire to move more quickly from one place to another was not worthy of the human soul, decided that we did not need an American supersonic transport. Citing huge costs and the danger of environmental damage, they lobbied heavily against it, and after the usual tub-thumping in Congress the planned American SST was voted down. The price of an Anglo-French SST was none of their business, so instead of cost breakdowns the new Thoreauvians used a war dance against the Concorde. The Europeans, oblivious to the religious nature of these objections, thought they could convince the tribes with reason, with scientific studies which showed that the Concorde was quieter than the subway and the ambulance sirens, and that it did no damage to the ozone layer. It was all in vain. In response to reason and science,

Peter McCabe is the managing editor of *Esquire*.

the tribes told them to remember that Icarus's waxed wings melted when he flew too close to the sun.

Possibly the British and French might have reminded their opponents of Edward Gibbon's remark: "All that is human must retrograde if it does not advance." They might have used the countless examples from their history to demonstrate that he who represents the force against change becomes its victim. Some of the early arguments against trains suggest a remarkable correspondence with the modern objections to the Concorde. The first trains, like our latest airplanes, were denounced as "noisy and fearsome," "a menace to the countryside" (read: "environment"), the plaything of the rich, and serving no economic purpose. It was the Duke of Wellington, however, who put his finger on the main objection to trains, the one that most concerned those who wanted to preserve the status quo in early nineteenth-century England. "Trains," said the good duke, "would only encourage the lower classes to move around needlessly."

I do not know if the duke ever rode in a train, but I imagine that when he first saw one he cursed it as a fiery monster, bemoaned the rapidly changing times he was doomed to live in, and joined a group of conspiracy-theorists determined to prove that trains were a plot. If he were an influential figure today, I would picture him as a leader in the movement to escape the dynamism and clamor of American life. He might well have made the move "back to basics," donned his bib overalls, and shuffled off to Vermont to work a little dirt into his military boots. Meanwhile he would use his leisure to write letters to editors supporting the quest for a simpler, more comprehensible America.

The duke's views, of course, did not go unheeded in their time, any more than they would today. And history has recorded the opinions of many men, more thoughtful than he, whose bitterness toward technology and the pace of events constitutes the literature of reaction. After reading of Wellington's argument against trains, I read some of the poems of Matthew Arnold, whose lifetime encompassed several decades of the English Industrial Revolution. Many of his poems lament the passing of the old order, and their tone

reminds me of the nostalgia I have grown familiar with in the *Sierra Club Bulletin*. Arnold wished to slow down technological advance, which he saw as ruthless and unforgiving.

Technology is both of these; it is also an expression of man. But technology, rather than man's aspirations in conflict with one another, is more often blamed for society's problems. As usual, its role as scapegoat appeals to two groups—the wealthy and/or landed, and those who prefer to live in the past. The attraction of this "no growth, no technological development" philosophy for the landed and wealthy is easy to understand: they want to stop others "mucking up" the world they can afford to enjoy. As for those who live indulgently in the present or the past—the forever-young Sixties generation in this case—this group, never known for its diligence, is skeptical that society's problems will be solved, and as Tocqueville observed, "In skeptical ages the vision of the life to come is lost, and men do not want to think beyond tomorrow."

Nor do they wish to think about the potential value and application of technology, it would appear. In these circumstances what better than to turn inward, or to windmills, or to the relatively simple task of cleaning up, or to nostalgia? Nostalgia is the antidote to fear of what the future might bring. When expectations turn pessimistic, the market in nostalgia rises.

THESE ARE PEOPLE, however, who tell me that I am unaware of changing times, and that lessons of the past have no relevance to the current debate. At the same time, they say they are asking the question "whither?" rather than "how fast?" This, they insist, is the difference between the real progress of man's spirit and mere unchecked experiment. They argue that we have now spent enough time with technology to make some discriminating judgments about how best to regulate and use it. When I ask who will make these decisions, they invariably mumble something about this being the function of a responsible American government. It serves little purpose to remind these people that it has been the goal of the state recently to build only useless monuments and heavier missiles.

The misuse of technology, as Vietnam and elsewhere, has been responsible for its low ratings and obscured its political and social implications. Not all technologies have been kind to the middle class and the poor, at least not in the short term, but tendency today is to assume that technological progress operates against the interests of the majority, and in favor of those who command it can make it work for them. In political mists around the Concord was generally assumed that the plane landing in New York constituted a victory for the Establishment and defeat for the downtrodden people of Long Island, some of whom claim they could no longer find buyers for their \$100,000 homes. This assumption was based on the notion that the plane was thought to be intolerably noisy (which, it appears, it is) and that only the rich would benefit from it because of high fares. On a second point, I can only refer to the early nineteenth-century wisdom—that trains were the plaything of the rich (which soon proved wrong), to the Duke of Wellington's view—that trains would increase the mobility of the lower class (which was right).

Those who argued against trains said, "Why not ride horses? So why if they are slower?" Those who believe that the Concorde is merely transatlantic limousine service for the rich say, "Why not fly subsonic?" They ignore the fact that man is prepared to pay a price to move faster, arguing that the Concorde has been foisted on us by overpaid businessmen. I am unwilling to accept that. Instead, I prefer to think of it as enabling man to take yet another step in the natural direction of human development, which is from the small to the larger world. In pursuit of this man has looked to technology.

To protect the environment at costs is to restrict many of man's aspirations to the privileged class. Only through technological progress will the less affluent be able to afford to do what the rich can do—travel widely and at will. The privileged may say it is a pity to reduce the Atlantic to an obstacle no more impressive than Lake Erie, but without technology, the Atlantic would remain, for the rest of us, a vast, imponderable ocean.

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PUZZLE



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The cross-sectional diagram shows that the pyramid is made of interlocking triangles. Each triangle contains a six-letter word, which may be entered in either direction, starting at any circle. 35 triangles are required; 31 are the sons to the clues below; the other four, shown shaded, are the burial chambers of former rulers of Egypt, whose names will be revealed as the diagram is completed. (One, boy-king, needed only half a chamber and is already entered.)

Clues are listed in the alphabetical order of the answers; and 29 are uncommon words. Where the answers are entered must be determined by logic, using as a start letters already entered. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 81.

CLUES

Lowens the rank of sailor on rough seas
Fling a farthing within the foul links
He entertains us in a foreign sea

WINNER'S RULES

Send completed diagram with name and address to Triangulation, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by February 1. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened will receive a one-year subscription to *Harper's*. The solution

4. Search out things underfoot?
5. Racing is slightly different going around a curve
6. One turning less mad in battlefields
7. Shrewd State U. graduates
8. What one readily conceals he makes amends for
9. Ends every other type of callousness
10. Wags tail off dog . . . temperature rises
11. Western guy and girl turn over to love
12. Masters coreless microwave amplifiers
13. Mean male . . . unemployed Democrat at heart
14. Next to the canines, these show questionable morals
15. Ones leaving musicale use brute strength
16. Horselaugh that makes you chipper?
17. Expulsion results from our embracing virtuous woman
18. Hawk to ride a bicycle, one hears
19. Sort type or material in metric system?
20. Cincinnati player—worthless character—makes a charge at the quarterback (*two words*)
21. Tape-recorded first half badly . . . do it again
22. Mideast currency to exchange
23. Oblique moves show the limits of sidesaddles
24. Sailor with amputated sailor's foot bone
25. Run in, taste mashed potatoes
26. Something you do with thread, also something you do with a needle
27. Eat badly and talk back . . . this gets in hot water! (*two words*)
28. It's more concise from a master sergeant
29. Indian vehicles require heavy weight fuel
30. Trucker loses right tire
31. Gives instructions about Rex Stout characters

will be printed in the March issue. Winner's names will be printed in the April issue. Winners of the December puzzle, "The Djintecs," are Robert D. Hohertz, Webster Groves, Missouri; Mrs. William Ludwig, Santa Monica, California; and Ruth Herbert, Reston, Virginia.

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Political Technology

by Daniel J. Boorstin

March 1978 \$1.25

Harper's

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Ron Rosenbaum

which the author takes
grand tour of our
thermonuclear fortifications,
engages some missile
experts in candid discourse
on their role in
the End of the World,
progresses upon the
pornographic appeal of
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*with automatic transmission

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LETTERS

Art and the mind

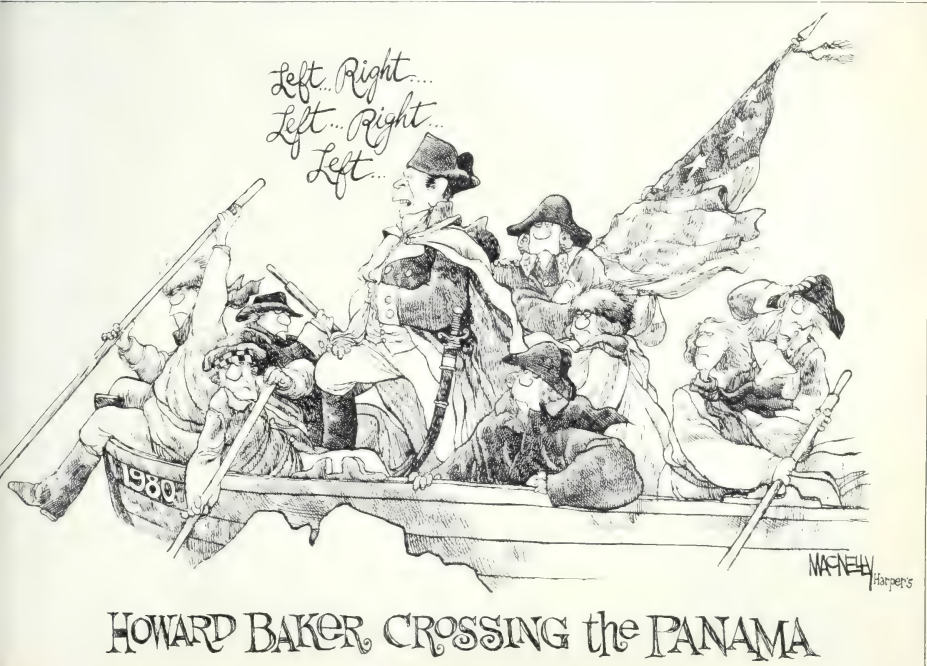
Regarding Sally Helgesen's "The Official Avant-Garde" [December 1977]: ent to college during the era when ctioners of Environmental Art were becoming noticed. One such as- unt taught at my campus, and my mmate, who could render almost thing or body with realism, took a drawing class from him. One day, a fit of artistic pique, no doubt ught on because most of the stu- ts were merely trying to draw some- ing which at least superficially resem- d the model, the aspirant explained view of Art. To paraphrase: "Art above all else, *feeling*. My own st artistic experience occurred when ent to an isolated beach with two nds, took off my clothes, lay on

my stomach, and while one friend was taking a movie, the other picked me up by the ankles and dragged me through the sand so that I could scar its perfection with my flailing arms. Now let me tell you, if you think the *movie's* art, you're all imbeciles; it's not the movie, but the *feeling*, the absolute *exhilaration* I experienced while being dragged through the coarse sand, waving my arms..." Et cetera. My roommate raised her hand to ask an apparently innocuous question: "Excuse me, but if the movie wasn't art, then why did you bother with it?" The obvious answer is that without the movie the aspirant would never arrive. Without the product, process would never grace the halls of the Museum of Modern Art. For her efforts at realism and clarification, my roommate

received a C. She dropped art and went on to become a lawyer, figuring that the environment would soon need someone on its side.

What clinched it for me happened later, when Environmental Art had finally arrived, and I went to see some of it. After staring vacuously at a wood-paneled room with a chain across its entrance to prevent me from disturbing the twigs on the floor, I had my hand slapped by a guard for peeking into a sackful of dirt entitled "Arizona Dirt." I changed my major at the soonest possible opportunity, and went on to get a Ph.D. in experimental psychology, figuring that since art had become conceptual, I might as well study the mind.

ALINDA FRIEDMAN, Ph.D.
Denver, Colo.



Architectural alterations

There are several points made in Brent C. Brolin's article ["Juxtapositions," January] that I take issue with, although I am generally in agreement with his complaints concerning modern architecture. Through his selection of photographs and examples we see three dominant schools of additive architecture denied validity: the "What building? school," the "Lowest-common-denominator school," and the "Re-assembled-symbolic-fragment school." What Mr. Brolin leaves us with is the "Chameleon school."

Unfortunately, competing toe-to-toe with McKim, Mead & White in the ornament game is a losing proposition for several reasons. Most working architects were trained in postornament schools and have little talent for using it properly: virtually all of the craftsmen who once created architectural ornament are dead; most important, when a new addition attempts to mimic a historic structure using contemporary, economic, temporal, and technological standards, what inevitably results is caricature. The addition degrades itself as well as its companion.

GARY SKOTNICKI

Department of Urban Planning
Dallas, Tex.

BRENT BROLIN REPLIES:

In trying to make new buildings sympathetic to old, each situation should be considered individually. There are some times when the architect should not be concerned with this question, but most contemporary designers seem to feel that way about every situation.

The fact that few architects are able to create ornament is no reason to abandon hope of relearning the skills. Eighty years ago few workmen knew how to work in the new technologies of steel and reinforced concrete, but that did not stop the exploration of these new fields. And craftsmen might be more eager to learn how to make beautiful ornament than they are to shovel concrete eight hours a day.

As to the question of new buildings that mimic old, we might remember that the quality of the visual relationship depends upon the skill of the designer. Michelangelo "mimicked" Brunelleschi when he added the new sac-

risty to San Lorenzo, but he did not create a degrading caricature. The hackneyed additions Mr. Skotnicki refers to are the result of third-rate designers trying to do something they feel is responsive in a given context. If first-rate designers ever deign to act in an equally responsible manner—like Robert Venturi in his Brant house in Bermuda—I have no doubt that the quality of the solutions will be upgraded.

The freshman senator

Hooray for Senator Hayakawa ["Mr. Hayakawa Goes to Washington," January]! If we had a few more people in Washington with his ideas, I would feel better about my future.

Of course, I shouldn't complain too much about my taxes, since recently I have been a direct beneficiary of the school lunch program. I have four children in school, and they are enterprising youngsters, so they purchase their school lunch tickets from the "needy" children (who are also apparently enterprising youngsters) for 25¢ each. Thus, a 50¢ lunch costs me only 25¢, and the "needy" kids pocket 25¢ while they go shoot baskets or something else at lunchtime.

Several things bother me about this arrangement, however. I have a patient who is a cook in the school cafeteria. She tells me that the government is not very particular about the quality of the food it purchases for the school lunch programs. Recently a memo was circulated for the cooks to "watch out for bugs in the canned beans." Not, mind you, to discard certain cans of beans, but to watch out for the bugs!

Well, these are just small matters, but Senator Hayakawa is a man after my own heart. My goal is to achieve as early a retirement as possible by controlling my standard of living now and in the future, and, I would hope, gaining some degree of financial independence. The government is redistributing more of my income each year, and I don't care very much for most of the ways the government spends its portion. I agree with the Senator that if the system continues its present course, Uncle Sam will be doing all the work, which will consist of printing the paper money to distribute to all of us as Uncle Sam sees fit. A few people will

still have to work, obviously, so I think the government will feel that "some are more equal than others," and continue to reward those foolish enough to toil a little more than those who prefer not to toil.

JAMES R. SAUER, JR.
Spokane, W.

"The United States," says Mr. Hayakawa, "is a profit-oriented society. That is almost the only general statement in his article that is close to the truth. Fortunately, it is not the whole truth. If we were a 100 percent profit-oriented society there would not be enough elemental concern for human beings and human values to keep our society in a minimal condition of health.

Still, one should probably not chastise the senator with complete absence of concern for human beings. And I am sure he knows that among the accepted objectives of our government is the promotion of "the general welfare." Although, significantly, he omits the objective in his enumeration of the functions of government. Mr. Hayakawa's radical defect is in what he must call his essentially material philosophy. The only people of whom he seems to approve are those he calls "the creators of our national abundance." These creators, he implies, are the financially successful. This from a man who was once head of a university!

HERMAN F. REED

Stamford, Conn.

It's kind of embarrassing to be a Californian as the enlightened we read Senator Hayakawa's views regarding "the prevailing political philosophy of rewarding the unsuccessful and punishing the creators of our national abundance." The Senator agrees: "There is no ruling class" in every nation and age, those with wealth, family, influence, and have exploited the disadvantaged. Fair, yes, yet no government has succeeded in holding back its born-advantaged elite.

The beneficiaries of our system are not "the unsuccessful," but rather the well-off fortunates. Striving for justice in this area is a mandatory function of any representative government.

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Treating with the Soviet Union

I wish I could believe in the soundness of America's present foreign policy as expounded by James Chace in his article "America's New Strategy of Containment" [January]. However, the basic error of détente and Mr. Chace's viewpoint is the equation of the U.S. and the Soviet Union as countries similar in outlook and goals. Détente, in order to be realistic, demands that your opposite number negotiate in good faith; this is precisely what has been lacking in a country motivated by Marxism/Leninism. Just about the time President Carter was telling the nation that he expected a SALT II agreement soon, Melvin Laird was telling newsmen the extent of Soviet violations of SALT I. When criticism of present U.S. policy toward the Soviets is voiced, it is the hope that we will be able to avoid the error of France and Great Britain prior to World War II: hoping that a totalitarian nation will keep bargains, despite strong evidence to the contrary.

Although trust in the Soviet Union as a reliable treaty partner is the basic error, there were other questionable assertions: that the Soviet rise to global-power status was inevitable, and that the Vietnam war demonstrated the limits of U.S. military power. In the year of the Cuban missile crisis (1962) the U.S. had unquestioned conventional and strategic superiority over the Soviet Union. From 1962 to 1968, the period of peaceful coexistence, and from 1969 to the present, the era of détente, the Soviet Union has been in an ambitious arms race with the U.S. and—*it would appear from reports*—is now winning.

Take a look at the facts: During the period 1962–1977 the U.S. has decreased its military spending (5 percent of the GNP) as compared with the Soviets' 15 percent; has reduced its conventional capabilities so that we can no longer defend Europe from a Soviet–Warsaw Pact conventional attack; has dismantled its ABM; is withdrawing troops from Korea; has slowed development of the MX; is willing to limit our cruise missiles and settle for a 6:1 MIRV disadvantage (see reports of proposed SALT II). What has the U.S. gotten from the Soviet Union ex-

cept empty promises and increased expansion at our expense?

The Soviet Union became a global power because the U.S. allowed the overwhelming superiority it had to be equaled and surpassed, since the U.S. alone has conducted its policy in fear of nuclear war. There has been strong evidence advanced that the Soviet Union feels it could win a nuclear war, if not now, then in the near future. With regard to Vietnam, suffice it to say that any limit on U.S. military capability was self-imposed by the U.S. on the basis of containment theory. Is there any doubt that had the U.S. entered the Vietnam conflict in order to defeat North Vietnam it could have done so rather quickly?

Mr. Chace's conclusions present an overoptimistic analysis of present U.S. capability, and if present trends continue Mr. Brezhnev's prediction in Prague may well come true: that by 1984 the Soviet Union will be able to extend its power wherever it wills.

LEONARD F. VILLA
Brooklyn, N.Y.

JAMES CHACE REPLIES:

In response to Mr. Villa's comments, I should like to point out that U.S. relations with the Soviet Union should be based on a sound estimate of America's national interest. I did not imply that the U.S. and the Soviet Union were "similar in outlook and goals." In regard to negotiations on arms-control agreements, we are all aware of the complexity of the verification process, and I was not aware that "trust in the Soviet Union as a reliable treaty-partner" was a tenet of U.S. foreign policy. I am at a loss to know how else the United States could have retarded Soviet development of sophisticated weaponry except through arms-control agreements.

As for the statement in my article that our involvement in Vietnam represented the limitation of American power, I stand by this statement. By power, I mean economic and political as well as military. As for "winning" in Vietnam, the cost of such a victory was such that the United States government refrained from imposing a Carthaginian peace. And if—by using nuclear weapons, for example—we had made a desert and called it peace, what kind of victory would this have been? At what political and moral cost?

In mem

Your brief note about Marion ders (November 1977), who died a heart attack at the age of 72, not do justice to her extraordinary contribution to *Harper's* as a se editor, as a writer, and as a g younger writers.

Those of us who were still tr our wings in the early Sixties fo her an absolute joy to work with: of ideas and shrewd advice, enthusic, funny. She had an infallible for the minor changes which could t a humdrum story into a really g one. To this day, when I am st about how to handle something, I o ask myself, "What would Marion d

Her own writing was witty and gant. She could be biting, as in unforgettable critique of social w and its jargon ("Social Work—A l fession Chasing Its Tail," *Harper's*, March 1957). Her commitment to cial justice showed in such pieces her interviews with Saul Alinsky ("Professional Radical," *Harper's*, J and July 1965), which she later tur into a book. Whether she tackled problems of New York City politi drug abuse, feminism, the draft, A nican Jews, medical care, or the ri to-life movement, she was always p vocative and never lost her fine se of humor.

After retiring as senior editor becoming a contributing editor *Harper's* in 1970, she found the t to write a biography of another standing journalist: *Dorothy Thompson: A Legend in Her Time*. In 1971 she became the managing editor of *Atlas World Press Review*, a post held with verve until the very end.

In her foreword to the book *Dorothy Thompson*, whom she l never met, Marion Sanders wound with a few lines addressed to Thon son: "For the past two years," wrote, "you have been a fascinati often infuriating presence in my l but always—as your friend Dame becca West put it—"rattling good company." I shall miss you." Marion S ders, too, was "rattling good com ny," and many of us will miss her v much.

MAYA PR
Washington, D

HARPER'S/MARCH 1

"LA COMEDIE HUMAINE"

es-in-progress on money, class, sex, and other topics of current interest

by Lewis H. Lapham

ES: Shrines. The customers come make confession. Consider the num- of people too abashed to ask ques- about their own money. They ine that the trust officer will chas- them. Perhaps this is because they eive of the trust officer as a sur- te deity, the keeper of seals and h fobs. The supplicants do not to be thought ungrateful.

nd yet, in the frenzy of the 1960s, protectors of the holy places made ckery of their own rituals. While nuring ominously about "the try going to hell," about blacks, al politics, and the music of ses- us guitars, the banks discovered they could borrow money at one and lend it at another. Under the e of sobriety they counted as as- hundreds of millions of dollars of s that could never be collected. y so doing they inflicted more age on the economy than the les marching under the banners of n and Ché.

AL REVOLUTION: Misnomer for a d coup d'état. In the 1960s the al revolution presented itself as a al equivalent for war. Vietnam did possess the romance of World War uch less that of the Spanish Civ- ar, and so the knights-errant of age set off on campaigns of cont- in New York, California, and free-fire zones of the Woodstock on. To the children of the 1950s, ght up on the thin gruel of Prot- at restraint and intellectual abstrac- the good news about promiscuity red with the force of divine revela- s H. Lapham, the editor of Harper's, is ng his way through the Balzac corpus.

tion. They went on crusade with the enthusiasm of career Army officers embarked for Danang. No seduction seemed too small or too inconsequen- tial. Veterans pursued the search even to the suburbs, even to the point of listening to discussions of aesthetic theory by girls who hoped to become actresses and whose names were as easily forgotten as the names of towns in South Vietnam.

By the early 1970s it had become apparent that the much-advertised sexual permissiveness was a sign of bore- dom. People wandered into the thea- ters of erotic fantasy when they could think of nothing better to do. Fantasy took the place of reality to the degree that reality was associated with mean- ingless routine, long hours of enforced leisure, and the absence of plausible goals.

The use of sexuality as a narcotic gives rise to a great restlessness of crowds in search of a connection. In the shuffling to and fro (among televi- sion images, in pornographic book- stores and movie houses, under the neon lights of Las Vegas, et cetera) the distinction between male and fe- male becomes blurred. People do not wish to remember who is supposed to be doing what to whom, and why. If the polymorphous state of mind makes it easier to take part in orgies, then the difference between masculine and feminine no longer serves a useful purpose. The confusion leads to the vogue for androgyny (cf. the New York cultural establishments and the lament of unhappy women), and to the conclusion that somebody else will have to bear both the responsibility and the children of the next generation.

ENERGY CRISIS: The crisis consists in our dependence on the Saudi Arab- ians or any other cabal of foreigners. European nations depend on one an- other as a matter of course, but to Americans this represents a confession of weakness and an admission of fail- ure. It violates the American sense of the fitness of things. Our dependence (on anybody for anything) imposes intolerable conditions on our ability to do exactly as we please.

CHURCHES: When man's mind func- tions as man's mind, that man comes into man's estate. He acquires the courage and freedom to paint pictures and work equations. Churches prevent this from taking place and say, in ef- fect, Fear not, my son, man cannot help but behave like an ape. Devour your neighbor, fornicate with whom- ever you please, drink yourself into a stupor. Such is the way of mortal man condemned to a life of ignorance and sorrow.

Between the ages of four and six a child understands that his mind is sexual and always will be sexual, but a well-ordered church denies this, as do German governesses. The subsequent doubt, fear, and guilt guarantee a con- tinuing profit in pornography and munitions. For doing a sexual thing (i.e., thinking) the child learns to punish itself.

BOURGEOISIE: The pleasures and achievements of bourgeois society rest on what the social scientists would call an "infrastructure" of stupidity, hypocrisy, and greed. This is unfortu- nate and possibly unnecessary, but as yet I don't see how it can be avoided.

A report on a matter of public interest:

How the Bell System is pumping more service out of less oil.

In 1973, when the OPEC oil embargo went into effect, the Bell System committed itself to reducing its energy consumption. That commitment has been fulfilled. In four years, the Bell System has saved the energy equivalent of almost 24 million barrels of oil and over 415 million dollars in energy costs—savings that help hold down the cost of your telephone bills.

Today, the Bell System is actually using 11 per cent less energy than it did in 1973, even though the number of

communications components—cables, wire and equipment such as your home telephone.

In general, it takes much more energy to manufacture such items from scratch than it does to recycle them. Because Bell System equipment is designed by Bell Labs to be reliable, repairable and recyclable, extensive energy cutbacks have been realized through 40 years of recycling and reuse. Now, more energy-efficient processes are constantly being devised by Western

Electric, some of which entail modifying original designs for even greater materials and power savings.

Since 1974, the Bell conservation program has saved the energy equivalent of over three million barrels of oil by recycling metals. Also, more than six million equivalent barrels of oil have been saved through the reuse of equipment. The average telephone, for example, is reconditioned three times before it is unrepairable or obsolete.

New technology does more with less.

Another area in which the Bell System is effecting energy savings is in power for switching and transmission equipment. Constantly, new energy-saving technology is being added to the system. *Item:* Over two billion power-saving transistors, diodes and integrated circuits have been put into use. *Item:* Light Emitting Diodes (LEDs) are replacing incandescent bulbs in switchboards and telephones, saving over 90 per cent of the previously required power. *Item:* A new



telephones in service has risen over 16 per cent and the volume of business has increased 33 per cent.

Here's how we are combining common sense with uncommon technology in four basic areas to achieve Zero Energy Growth.

Telephones are reconditioned three times.

The Bell System's energy needs begin with the power and fuel necessary to design and manufacture the basic

processor called MAC-8 is less than one-tenth the size of a postage stamp yet contains the equivalent of over 7,000 transistors. The MAC-8 can execute several hundred electronic "banking" functions, yet it will operate on only one-tenth of a watt of power.

Smaller vehicles power fleet.

Twenty-two per cent of Bell's energy requirements are in fuel for its fleet of over 170,000 vehicles, the largest privately owned and operated motor fleet in the world. Here, a number of commonsense procedures have been adopted: engines are carefully tuned for peak efficiency, smaller and more fuel-efficient vehicles are being used, and shuttle services have been set up between some company locations. In addition, New York Telephone Company is experimenting with nonpolluting, energy-saving electric-powered trucks. Due to these and other efforts, the Bell System in 1976 used over five per cent less motor fuel than in 1973.

Even employees' body heat is used.

Heating, lighting and air conditioning of Bell System's 1,000 buildings account for 45 per cent of its energy needs. Fuel economies have been achieved simply by removing thousands of unnecessary lights; by lowering temperature settings; by cutting back on hot water temperatures; and by heating or cooling unoccupied areas only to the extent required for equipment operations.

Moving beyond the obvious conservation measures, the Bell System initiated a building energy management program to redesign and retrofit existing buildings to improve their energy efficiency. Two examples of other power-saving programs at Bell facilities:

- On windy Block Island, Rhode Island, the New England Telephone Company began operating a wind

dynamo in September, 1976. It can produce up to 15 kilowatts of electricity to power a central office and microwave radio terminal. Excess power from the windmill is fed back to the power company.

- In AT&T's new Basking Ridge, New Jersey, facility, an innovative computerized system heats about 1½ million feet of office space by recovering excess heat from the building environment—lights, equipment and the body heat of employees. It is estimated that the system uses 25 per cent less energy than conventional heating/cooling systems.

Bell trials of solar heating and cool-

Windmill helps power central phone office and microwave radio terminal (tower at right) on Block Island.



ing are providing valuable data which should lead to more widespread use of alternate energy systems.

Today, throughout the Bell System, our commitment to energy conservation is more than a goal; it is an ongoing reality. And in looking to the future, we anticipate that in 1982 we will still be using no more energy than was used in 1973. *Keeping your phone system the best in the world.*



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French word for clarity. In England claret is used as a name for the red wines of Bordeaux.

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THE EASY CHAIR

What would happen to network television? To whom would Mr. Haldean or Mr. Dean sell their memoirs?

Among the intellectual classes it is customary to deny one's membership in the American bourgeoisie. The literary academician in good standing writes from what he is pleased to think of as a proletarian point of view. He disguises the miseries of affluence in the costumes of the poor and dispossessed, whom he has never met except in Russian novels or while traveling on a government grant through an archetypal slum.

ORACLES: They must be very rich or very poor. Banality in the mouth of the anonymous middle class sounds banal. The same opinions acquire the weight of great wisdom when announced by the *New York Times*, by a man who has made \$100 million in conglomerates, or by a sage who feeds on roots and berries in Boulder, Colorado.

BARGAIN (Faustian): The transformation of subject into object. Objects trade at fixed prices, and if a man can be made into such an object, then he can be sold on T-shirts. With any luck he might become a commodity as precious as an ounce of rhinoceros horn or an ottoman on which once reposed Sulaiman the Magnificent.

In contemporary society the bargain is made through the good offices of the media. The proposition is the same as the one offered Faust—money, fame, and knowledge in return for the loss of self. The people who agree to the contract become celebrities (i.e., objects), but they also become available to the public feast. This gives them well-founded reasons to feel anxious. What has been given also can be taken away. The image comes to stand as the only valid certification of being, and so the celebrity clings to his image as if it were life itself. Continual publicity becomes as necessary as the oxygen that sustains the artificial environment within a space capsule.

I suspect that many people know this, which would explain why they fear the media in the same way that a savage supposedly fears the anthropologist who wants to take his photograph. If the savage believes the cam-

era will steal his soul, the man hides from publicity knows that he would be imprisoned within an image from which he could never escape. The media are like a glacier that serves for a millennium a man with a flower in its mouth.

Anybody who would become an image must conform to the figure already cast in cliché or videotape. People come and go, but the image remains as immutable as the mask in ancient drama. The ingenue remains forever young, forever saying the same lines for the same reasons. The hero remains forever old, forever educating himself. Any awkward discrepancy between real and imaginary must be corrected by the use of light, cosmetics. Television resembles *commedia dell'arte* in that it depends on stock caricatures (the politician and the rock star instead of Hamlet and Columbine). Nobody gets a chance to change costumes. Norman Mailer begins and ends as the "enfant terrible" of American letters. Richard Nixon is on as the villain of American po-

JEWS: Distrusted because they think of money as a commodity rather than as a sacrament.

PHILOSOPHER KINGS: In the modern world they present themselves as bureaucrats rather than as despots. The delusion attaches itself to entire professions and can be found among economists, lawyers, architects, military officers, journalists, doctors, and foreign officials. The junior member of the firm assumes that they represent the society at large the service of which all else depends; the members postulate a world of abstraction in which the rules of the profession fortunately coincide with the universal laws of nature.

Doctors preside over the life and death of their fellow citizens. They observe that dead men cannot write poetry or conduct foreign policy in Africa, and from this undoubted fact they conclude that art and government amount to nothing much more than a pantomime staged by the great presario of biology. Economists correctly point out that no government has managed to preserve the integrity of the individual citizen while at the same time providing an equitable

ion of the wealth. They regard the future as an error in arithmetic. If only the politicians would let them adjust markets and assign values to the currency, they could construct a just society. Lawyers like to think that people act on good advice, and the press assumes that people read it for instruction. Without the military, nothing is safe.

Within the profession success or failure takes the form of a judgment conferred by a man's peers, not by the approval or disapproval of the public. Doctors bestow praise on a brilliant operation during which, unhappily, the patient died. Newspapermen admire the effects made possible by war and assassinations. Generals speak proudly of an otherwise disastrous maneuver carried out somewhere north of Saigon in accordance with the tactics of Robert E. Lee.

On being informed that he has been denied sovereignty the philosopher-bureaucrat retires to Cambridge, Massachusetts, with a feeling of aggrieved righteousness. Sometimes he publishes a farewell address in the newspapers, which, when deciphered, reads as follows:

The country deserves to be governed by people like myself. If it will tolerate the government of knaves, pedants, and fools, then clearly it cannot be a country worth governing.

"THE BEST PEOPLE": The phrase often comes up in conversation within the social, political, or literary oligarchies, but what does it mean? To whom does it refer? On longer acquaintance the best people prove to represent the realm of mediocrity. They can be counted upon to say nothing unsafe, commit only those crimes approved by established custom. This is probably "a good thing." The world couldn't possibly conduct itself on the lines set forth by men of genius. If mediocrity would not be inflated with specious virtue and applauded by gossip columnists it would be impossible to find enough people to give commencement speeches or write books deserving of annual prizes.

GOATS: Apparitions. They make themselves visible on city streets and railroad stations, reminding the

rich what can happen to people who fail to pay homage to the gods. Like characters in Shakespeare's plays, they can be understood as either symbols or stage effects. Nobody knows what becomes of a beggar after he has received payment and disappears into the mist.

A comparable attitude reveals itself in American foreign policy. To the United States the Third World takes the form of a black woman whom it has made pregnant in a moment of passion, and who shows up one day in the reception room on the forty-ninth floor, threatening to make a dreadful scene. The lawyers pay the woman off, in the hope that she will take the money and go away. Sometimes a guard accompanies her to the elevator.

FAT: Proof of having eaten and therefore a mark of age and experience. Given the judgment of appearance, which governs most of the transactions on the political and sexual surfaces of society, fat signifies poverty and the loss of innocence. The slender individual retains the promise of youth and the conviction that nothing permanent has happened, that it is still possible to play in the World Series or go to Paris and write expatriate verse.

NIXON (Richard M.): Nixon worshiped money with such fanatic and paranoid devotion that he made perfectly clear the ill effects of his delusion. He frightened people, and so it is polite to talk about him as if he were a weird and monstrous mutant. He held up a mirror in which too many people saw reflected too faithfully the ugliness of their own suppressed desire. His most indignant critics revile themselves.

PAIN: Among people who think of themselves as rich pain is denied in childhood but celebrated in adults. Life is a progression toward sickness. The rich, who can afford to buy the simulacra of knowledge or experience, acquire nothing of their own except pain. They talk about it incessantly, describing it whenever possible as sacrifice.

EGOIST: The whole world plays a supporting role in the egoist's melodrama. He chooses the script, assigns all the parts, edits all the dialogue. He never

knows why other people do what they do because it never occurs to him that they have obligations to anybody other than himself. They come and go like television commercials.

The egoist amends Louis XV's dictum, "après moi, le déluge," to read, "after me, nothing." He cannot envision a cataclysm because he cannot conceive of a world that exists without his presence in it.

FEMINISTS (Militant): When I read their announcements of a new sexual order I think of old gentlemen in the Racquet Club, beating their hands in the air demanding a triumphant return to the nineteenth century. Perhaps this is because the feminists borrow their definitions from the Victorians. They associate masculinity with machinery and J.P. Morgan. Femininity they associate with handicrafts, bondage, and irrelevance. Thus they accept precisely the same categories of human possibility and experience as the materialists whom they affect to despise. The ferocity of their polemic suggests that they are talking about a redistribution of the old spoils rather than about the creation of a new freedom. Perhaps this is true of all self-confessed revolutionaries.

ARABS (their popularity): The commercial interests ally themselves with the Arabs because the splendor of the oil money cannot be ignored. To the romantic interests on the left of the political spectrum the Arabs seem to have achieved the Utopia dreamed of in the music of the counterculture. Not only do they live in a religious and communal society, but they receive an unlimited allowance from the industrial West.

REASON: A faculty of mind for which most people have little liking and only occasional use. They know they must show the proper respect for it (in after-dinner speeches, when applying for foundation grants, on the occasion of signing contracts, et cetera), but these gestures conform to the conventions of a supposedly scientific age. When given a choice in the matter people prefer the comfortable familiarity of the irrational. They grudgingly accept the rational only when nothing else is possible or offered. □

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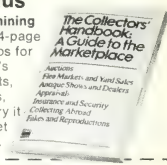
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THE PALESTINIAN DILEMMA

Can Israel be freed from its conquests?

by T.D. Allman

IT is amazing how quickly the question of the Palestinians has returned to the quest for peace in the Middle East. At the height of the summer, one President Sadat's visit to Jerusalem, one could read daily columns in the Palestine Liberation Organization. The fate of more than 3 million Palestinians—1.5 million of them living under Israeli rule—seemed trivial in comparison to the dramatic vista of Israeli-Arab reconciliation that so suddenly replaced the backdrop over the hostilities of a *ten-day conference*.

Today things are very different. The Palestinian question divided President Sadat and Prime Minister Begin at Ismailia, and prevented them from issuing a joint communiqué on peace. It was the Palestinian question that added Egypt to President Carter's international itinerary early this year, when he made an uncompleted stop at Aqaba, to declare that the Palestinians should participate in the determination of their future. Today it is clear that the grievances of the Pal-

estinians, from which much of Middle East conflict derives, remain a problem without a solution. Militant Arab states like Iraq and Libya have denounced President Sadat's peace efforts as a betrayal of the Palestinian cause. Syria, Lebanon, and Jordan—whose armies all have tried, but never fully succeeded in crushing the PLO—have renewed their support for the Palestinians. Even conservative Arab states such as Saudi Arabia and Kuwait have stood aloof from the Egyptian-Israeli dialogue, and declared there can be no peace until Israel permits self-determination for the Palestinians inhabiting the lands conquered in the 1967 Six Day War.

Most important of all, President Sadat himself—contrary to the initial hopes of many supporters of Israel—so far has rejected all offers of a sep-

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arate peace. To reach a comprehensive peace with the whole Arab world, Israel must grant the Palestinians self-determination. So where peace seemed at hand, it now is evident a chasm remains, though a bridge has been built. Condemnations of Israeli opposition to Palestinian self-determination have not ended, but begun a

Israel always has possessed an unrefutable response to its treatment of the Palestinians. It is that the Arabs have treated the Palestinians worse

When I visited the Israeli-occupied Gaza Strip last year, an American official told me the place was run like a vast concentration camp." But it does not contain the mass grave of Tel Zaatar—the Palestinian refugee camp near Beirut, the ruins of which I inspected a few weeks later. The Arab soldiers massacred thousands of unarmed Palestinians during the 1967 civil war. The Israeli occupation of the West Bank of the Jordan, which has been so widely condemned, has cost at most several hundred Palestinian lives over more than a dec-



cross the river in Jordan at least 100 Palestinians—mostly civilians—were killed during the month of September, 1970, alone. Palestinians born in Israel, it is often said, are treated as second-class citizens. Palestinians in Arab states like Kuwait are denied citizenship of any kind at all. Arab barbarity mocks all the mantras condemning Israel. But it also is one of the most misunderstood aspects of the entire Mideast problem. It always has had to fight on two fronts. Khalil Al-Wazir, one of the leaders of Fateh, the Palestine National Liberation Movement, told me in Beirut. "The struggle against the Israelis gets the most attention. But the struggle for Arab recognition of our rights has been much more costly." In 1948, twice as many Palestinians have been fighting the Arabs than have been fighting Israelis. Martyr's Day, the most solemn anniversary in the Arab calendar, commemorates the death of the first fedayeen, or man of sacrifice, in the struggle for Palestinian independence. His name was Ahmed al-Nashari. The date was January 7, 1965. He was killed not by the Israelis, but by Jordanian troops.

In the Palestinian struggle for self-determination were solely a struggle against Israel, it would not constitute a great obstacle to a settlement it does not want.

The Israelis long have been open to the possibility of transferring control of the Palestinians in the Occupied Territories from themselves to King Hussein of Jordan. But after so many years of Arab repression, Palestinians everywhere do not just want freedom from the Israelis. They want to be rid of Arab repression too. "Changing the status will not free the prisoners," warned Hasan Mulhim, the mayor of the West Bank town of Halhul, told me. "That is why everybody supports the PLO."

The result would be a paradigm of the future, were it not also a tragedy. Thirty years after the establishment of Israel, the Palestinians have a stronger sense of national identity than they had before they became a people without a country. Along the Jordan River in 1968, the Palestinians resisted an Israeli punitive raid, and it was difficult to judge who was more alarmed, General Dayan or King Hussein. In June in 1976, Israel and its most ardent Arab enemy, Syria, discovered

that they shared a common objective. Both wanted to emasculate the PLO. President Sadat and Prime Minister Begin embraced—and Yasir Arafat denounced them both. While the Arabs and Israelis, at least in their repression of the Palestinians, increasingly resemble each other, the Palestinians have been forged by dispossession into a people increasingly different from them both.

This is all the more evident precisely if one accepts the Israeli assertion that "there never was a Palestine Arab nation," which, after all, is only the adverse of the Arab contention that the Palestinians are part and parcel of an indivisible Arab world. According to this view, the Palestinians prior to the establishment of Israel were merely a "peasant" people with no national rights. According to one Israeli publication, not even dispossessing such a people could harm them. Instead, the Palestinians are described as the "passive beneficiaries of these developments." In a way neither side intended, there has come to be much truth in that statement. For as both Israelis and Arabs repeatedly have forgotten to their peril, to drive peasants from the land is to make them peasants no more. To destroy a traditional society is to conjure up an entirely new one.

WHATEVER THE Palestinians were in 1948, the statistics of 1978 show how they differ from the prevailing stereotype. According to data assembled by the United Nations and the Red Cross, the Palestinians have the second highest literacy rate—after the Israelis—in the Middle East. They also have the highest proportion of children in school, the highest proportion of university graduates, and the greatest ratio of skilled laborers to total work force of any Mideast people except the Israelis. Like the Israelis, who always show visitors a kibbutz, the Palestinians, who always tell them of the orange groves of Jaffa, have become a nation of apartment dwellers. They are the two most urbanized peoples of the Middle East. After thirty years of homelessness, not even the stereotype of the Palestinians as a people of the refugee camps is valid anymore. Of the more than 2 million Palestinians living beyond Is-

raeli control, less than a fifth actually inhabit camps. The majority of the inmates are children, old people, and those dispossessed by the Six Day War, not by the establishment of Israel itself.

The Palestinians' homelessness has wrought some astonishing social changes. This former population of illiterate peasants has become a nation of itinerant schoolteachers. This supposed cabal of saboteurs is now the major source of skilled labor for the Arabian oil states. Half a million Palestinians hold essential jobs in Kuwait, Saudi Arabia, and the Gulf. Among its other effects, dispossession has set off a Palestinian population explosion. Palestinians today comprise two-thirds of the population of Jordan, a third of the population of Kuwait, and about 12 percent of the population of Lebanon. Israel is only one of a number of countries with a burgeoning Palestinian population it can neither assimilate nor expel. One of the least understood reasons why so many Arab states support the Palestinians is not just that they oppose Israel, but that they see a Palestinian homeland as the only way to excise the growing Palestinian problem.

In a study sponsored by the American University of Beirut, Professor Nabeel Shaath has described a syndrome whose parallels with another national experience require no belaboring. "Faced with expulsion and exile," he observed, "the Palestinians had to seek a versatile education and exercise mobile professions." Dispossession by the Israelis, the Palestinians turned "to education as a means of national self-preservation." Encountering the Arabs' hostility, the Palestinian "had to study hard to enhance his personal competitive power."

Contrary to the usual assumption, therefore, the problem is not that the Palestinians are a primitive people mired in misery and camped on Israel's doorstep. The problem is that the more the Palestinians wander, the more they dream of returning home. The more cosmopolitan they become, the more they want some small corner of this earth to call their own. Just as Zionism originated not among Oriental Jews living under Moslem rule, but among assimilated Jews in the West, so the ferment that produced the PLO did not begin inside Israel or in the refugee camps.

THE PALESTINIAN DILEMMA

Yasir Arafat did not start out as a starved revolutionary in a Gaza camp, but as a wealthy contractor in Beirut. Does Prime Minister Begin find it offensive to treat with terrorists? President Sadat last year proposed that, if the Israelis preferred, they negotiate with two other members of the Palestine National Council—one a professor at Columbia University, the other a professor at the University of Chicago. Like the International Zionist Organization before it, the Palestine Liberation Organization embraces radicals and reactionaries, terrorists and the victims of terrorism. The Palestinians have been forged into a nation not by what they have, but rather by what they lack.

ISRAEL ALWAYS HAS staked its claim to the allegiance of the world on appeals to the conscience of the world. The blood guilt of the Holocaust is the legacy of us all. If the crime could not be undone, then were not its survivors entitled to our unquestioning loyalty?

The moral absolutism of this logic always has foundered on one geographical detail. Israel was not established on vacant land. Today there are not just 3 million Israelis. There are also more than 3 million Palestinians. Can mankind compensate for one crime by committing another that is small only in comparison? Or, to ask the question in a more political way, can just and permanent peace for one people be built on permanent injustice for another?

This question, on which all hopes for permanent peace now turn, was troubling enough as early as 1948, when the state of Israel was established and the Palestinians lost nearly four-fifths of their former homeland. Before 1967, the Israeli national endeavor consisted of securing and defending a Jewish homeland. The great barrier to peace was the refusal of the Arabs to accept Israel's right to exist within any frontiers. Today the President of Egypt addresses the Israeli parliament and even Yasir Arafat tells visiting American congressmen the Palestinians must accept the "Israeli reality." The question is no longer Israel's right to self-determination. The question is whether the Palestinians will have the same right too. Today the barrier to

a comprehensive peace settlement, as Prime Minister Begin very clearly has defined it, is that Israel "will not permit Palestinian self-determination."

In some vaster country this might be a smaller problem, and the costs the victor pays for denying another people the rights it cherishes for itself might be relatively slight. But in a land where the width of mountains and valleys between the Jordan River and the Mediterranean Sea is so narrow and so littered with the conflicting claims of history, no one people can crush another underfoot, and not live every day with the knowledge, however much it is denied, that beneath its boots lie the trampled rights of others.

In an Israeli cooperative I visited in occupied Samaria, Jewish children splashed in a newly built swimming pool. A kilometer away, the irrigation system of a Palestinian village was running dry. In Hebron, in occupied Judea, a settler pointed out that he was there by right. Had not Hebron always been a Jewish holy place? But Hebron is holy to Muslim and Christian too. Today even Prime Minister Begin concedes that if the Palestinians of the Occupied Territories were free to choose, they would welcome the PLO as liberators.

Prime Minister Begin calls the fenced-in Israeli compounds established in the lands conquered in 1967 the outposts of "liberated" Israel. But everywhere the settlements stand alone on hilltops, or ringed by barbed wire. Even in the land of the Bible, Jews find themselves inhabiting ghettos, and one solution to the problem of reaping the harvest of lands so recently tilled by others is for the Israeli colonists to seal themselves off from all contact with the Palestinians in whose midst they now live. In another Jewish settlement, a farmer ridiculed his neighbors' claims that his affluence was built on the Israeli seizure of their land and water. "The Palestinians are like children," he told me. "They complain all the time." I asked him if he ever had visited his neighbors, or invited them to visit him.

"Oh, I stay in the compound," he replied, "except to go to Jerusalem."

The relics of dispossession might be less troubling were it not that so many of the dispossessed remain there too. More than 2 million Palestinians are in foreign exile. But under Israeli rule

live an additional 1.5 million Palestinians—one for every two Israelis—days of war and more than a decade of occupying conquered lands have established a military cordon between the Israelis and their adversaries instead they have enmeshed the destinies of the two peoples more intimately than ever before. Seeking to drive the Arabs in 1967, Israel achieved "defensible borders" only at the cost of placing a captive population, half the size of its own, behind its own lines.

Denying others self-determination not only undermines one's own legitimacy, by transforming questions of right into matters of coercion. It creates a society composed of two inherently unequal categories of human beings. As in all societies built on racial discrimination between the rights of one people and another, the results are sometimes tragic, sometimes absurd, but always degrading to victor and vanquished alike. A Palestinian youth is imprisoned without trial, writing "Palestinian" on his identification card. With 90 percent of all land Israel reserved exclusively for Jews, with 80 percent of all the arable land in the occupied Jordan Valley taken from the Palestinians too, they become roving, landless laborers dispensable to the profits of Israeli factories and kibbutzim. But they cannot live where they work; "Jewish" land. One solution is to confine the laborers to their factories when work is done. This practice attracts no criticism until a factory locks down one night, with its Palestinian employees locked inside.

In such a society, to be the victim of official discrimination inevitably becomes, in the vernacular, to be treated "like an Arab." "Work" is the menial labor Israelis demand. Once, when Israeli police broke a strike, a union leader complained his men had not been treated like adults at all, but as if they were "pig Arabs." Then there are the more obvious costs, inevitable in any society built on the dominion of one people over another: the systematic use of torture in Gaza, reported by the United Nations; the political prisoners in Israeli jails, documented by Amnesty International; an occupation policy based on violations of human rights, recorded by the London *Sunday Times*.

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THE PALESTINIAN DILEMMA

The brutalization of the victims makes headlines. The brutalization of those who victimize them is scarcely mentioned at all, though it afflicts the whole of Israeli society. The most ironic legacy of the Six Day War is that Israel today is a less free and less attractive society, a nation less sure of itself than it was before all the battles were won. Since 1967, the social and economic distance between Western and Oriental Jews has lengthened. Under laws Prime Minister Begin has pledged to expand, reform and conservative Jews are denied the religious rights the orthodox enjoy. Before 1967, the proudest boast of Israeli democracy was that a Palestinian born in Israel enjoyed the same rights a Jew did. Today the tactics of military occupation used in Gaza, Samaria, and Judea are infiltrating Israel too. The government has embarked on a campaign to "Judaize" Galilee and other sectors with large non-Jewish populations.

The cumulative costs to Israel of a decade of military occupation of conquered lands can be measured in the corruption that weakened the Rabin government, in a sense of national malaise only temporarily dispelled by the Sadat visit, and by the fact that Israel has shown a far greater talent for defeating others than for triumphing over its own internal problems. Many intelligence experts believe that Israel has developed nuclear weapons. But it has not been able to defeat its inflation, now running at 35 percent. Israel, according to Pentagon analysts, now could defeat any combination of potential opponents. But Israel is unable to subdue its expanding annual balance-of-payments deficit, now \$3 billion, or \$1,000 for every Jewish citizen. Since 1975, Jews leaving Israel have outnumbered those arriving there to settle—the single most disturbing symptom of the country's diminished promise. The costs can be read in the national budget, too. Before the Six Day War, military expenditures absorbed some 13 percent of the Israeli gross national product; today, after more than a decade with "defensible borders," the military consumes as much as 45 percent of the GNP.

Prime Minister Begin long favored outright annexation of the Occupied Territories against the wishes of their inhabitants. In the months following President Sadat's peace initiative, Be-

gin repeatedly has reiterated his implacable opposition to Palestinian self-determination. But, at Ismailia, the prime minister did offer the Palestinians of Gaza, Samaria, and Judea what he described as "self-rule."

As they already do under the occupation, the Palestinians would elect some local officials and be responsible for some local affairs. But Israel would retain "its right and its claim of sovereignty." "Security and public order" also would remain "the responsibility of the Israeli authorities." The Begin plan gives Israel the explicit right to bar exiled Palestinians from returning home; it contains no provisions of any kind for the withdrawal of Israeli forces.

The chief benefits of the plan would be those long sought by Israel, not by the Palestinians. For the first time the Occupied Territories would be opened to totally unrestricted Jewish settlement. As for the Palestinians, they would be denied the right to call themselves Palestinians, and instead be obliged to choose "either Israeli or Jordanian citizenship." Palestinians could live and own property in Israel only by forsaking their Palestinian identity and becoming Israelis. But Israelis who settled the area under Palestinian "self-rule" would enjoy extraterritorial rights. They and their property would not be under the administration of the local government, and they would be immune from its laws.

Under the Begin plan, Israel as a whole would become in law what it has become in fact over the past ten years—a two-tiered state with a system of first-class and second-class human rights, with the ruling people confirmed in a position of supremacy over those they have conquered. It is a solution which not even those desperate for a settlement—including President Sadat, King Hussein, and many members of the PLO—could accept. It would deepen, not end, confrontation with Israel's neighbors, and make the present strains on Israeli life a permanent national condition. Above all, it would burden Israel with a resentful subject population forever. Israel would face the future clutching to its heart what can only be described as a demographic time bomb.

The statistics speak more eloquently than the politicians. Israel today rules

territories populated by approximately 3 million Jews and 1.5 million Palestinians, but this ratio, in spite of a constant stream of Palestinian refugees leaving Israeli-controlled territory, is rapidly changing in the Palestinians' favor. The Jewish population is increasing at an annual rate of only 1.5 percent. The Palestinian population is growing at the rate of 5.9 percent. Even if exiled Palestinians are denied all right of return, would require a major "Judaization" campaign—involving land seizures, deportations, and all the ensuing hardship and turmoil—to keep Israel and the Occupied Territories together, having a majority Palestinian population by the end of the century.

Palestinian self-determination, Prime Minister Begin believes, would confront Israel with "a mortal danger." But denying the Palestinians self-determination already has harmed Israel more than all the Arab armies have; and implementing the Begin plan would threaten both Israel's democracy and its Jewish character more than any Palestinian state ever could. As the euphoria produced by the Sadat visit to Jerusalem ebbs, the question remaining is not just whether the Palestinians will be granted emancipation, but whether Israel can be liberated from its conquests too.

SOLDIERS OF THE Israel Defense Forces." General Moshe Dayan told his troops in 1967, "We do not aim at conquest."

At the very moment when Israel last is in sight of achieving through negotiation all that it could only fight in the past, it is ironic that Israel's attachment to its conquests is now the principal barrier to comprehensive peace. The significance of President Sadat's visit to Israel—the most significant event since the Six Day War—was not, as some hope, that Israel can have peace and keep its conquests too. The significance was the conditions of peace, to which conquests have been held as bail, at last achieved.

Israel, we have been told for nearly eleven years, did not wage war to conquer. It fought for peace, security, recognition from its neighbors, freedom from the cycle of recurring violence. Yet the price of conquest is often

sight of the aims for which one originally fought. The central question of the Mideast today is not the question of territory that receives so much attention. The question is whether we are witnessing a classic case of military means usurping political ends.

It is important to understand what Israel inflicted on itself in 1967. For, by routing the Arab armies, Israel guaranteed the rise of Palestinian nationalism by showing the Palestinians they had only themselves on which to rely. The 1973 war was similarly important because it demonstrated that Israel will not have "defensible borders," no matter how extended, if their existence is a permanent offense to others.

Not all the lessons of the Middle East are lessons in limitations. Israel itself is modern history's most striking example in the ability of human beings to turn ethnic catastrophe into national triumph. And for this reason I am not persuaded by the volumes of Israeli literature which attempt to prove that it is impossible for the Palestinians to achieve through self-determination what Israel has done.

The Israelis argue that a Palestinian homeland would be too small, too poor, too overpopulated, too unstable, too vulnerable to external pressure to be a viable independent state. This literature indeed tells us all the things that are not true about a Palestinian homeland that we were told about a Jewish homeland, and much of it is true. A Palestinian state, like Israel itself, would be totally dependent on outside economic aid.

And the conservative oil states would have the same stake in ensuring Palestinian success as America has had in Israel over the past thirty years. It is equally true that a Palestinian state established in the Occupied Territories would no more provide a home for ev-

il Palestinian than Israel has provided a home for every Jew. But it would do what Israel has done. It could provide a refuge for those who need it, and give a sense of belonging to those who do not. Like the Jews, the Palestinians will remain a people whose population, influence, and resources of wealth will continue to lie largely outside their own borders, whether they are granted a state of their own or not.

The Israeli prognostications about a Palestinian state, however, fundamen-

tally err in one respect. The size of Delaware, hemmed in by Israel and Jordan, dependent on an American security guarantee to Israel for its creation, and on conservative Arab oil money for its survival—such a Palestinian state hardly could threaten Israeli security where the combined armies of Egypt, Jordan, and Syria have failed. Palestinian self-determination in fact would enhance Israeli security by excising a large and hostile population. The Palestinians would live in the shadow of Israel's military might, knowing that any aggression on their part would mean the certain loss of all they struggled so long to attain.

Of course there can be no just settlement in the Middle East after all that has happened, only a settlement in which the sources of future injustice are minimized. There can be no equitable settlement in the Middle East, only a settlement that in the future will give all the participants a greater incentive to preserve peace than to renew war. And there can be no perfectly safe settlement in the Middle East, though there can be the strongest possible guarantees both for the Israelis, who have only one country to lose, and

for the Arabs, who have had their lands overrun by Israeli forces. The problem with present Israeli policy is not just that the Begin plan, if implemented, would combine all the burdens of permanent conquest for Israel with all the risks of an endless Palestinian struggle for a homeland. The problem is that to offer "self-rule" while denying self-determination is a contradiction in terms. As Israel's former foreign minister Abba Eban has pointed out, Israel now faces only two options.

It can attempt "indefinitely to maintain her rule" over a conquered population. Or Israel can "seek a political separation with the highest possible degree of mutual contact: to be neighbors—neither ruling the others, nor being ruled."

General Mattitayahu Peled, one of the heroes of the Six Day War, presents the choice even more eloquently. "We can build a future on faith in ourselves or on contempt for others," he told me recently. "For our own sake, we should not oppose Palestinian self-determination. We should embrace it, with the magnanimity of a great-hearted and victorious people." □

HARPER'S/MARCH 1978

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THE COLLEGE ADMISSIONS GAME

University applicants compete against others of like interest

by Richard W. Moll

E DUCATION at a highly prestigious private college is still inaccessible to the majority of those who seek it. Although college and university enrollments nationwide are gradually declining (cost? fewer eighteen-year-olds? end of military draft for men? marketability of a college degree?), Yale and Williams and Stanford and Princeton and their handful of "colleague colleges" continue to entertain far more applicants than can be accommodated. The \$7,000-plus-per-year price tag at Harvard—and the availability of fine pub-

lic university training at half to one-third the price—have not discouraged a horde of candidates and parents from courting the old, elitist institutions, as the competition for this year's freshman class clearly indicated (see table below).

So some tired old questions obviously need to be revived. Who gets in? And what are the most selective colleges looking for? Is it what you know or whom you know? Is there some special talent one must possess to earn a place at Brown?

The lavish catalogs and we tweedy

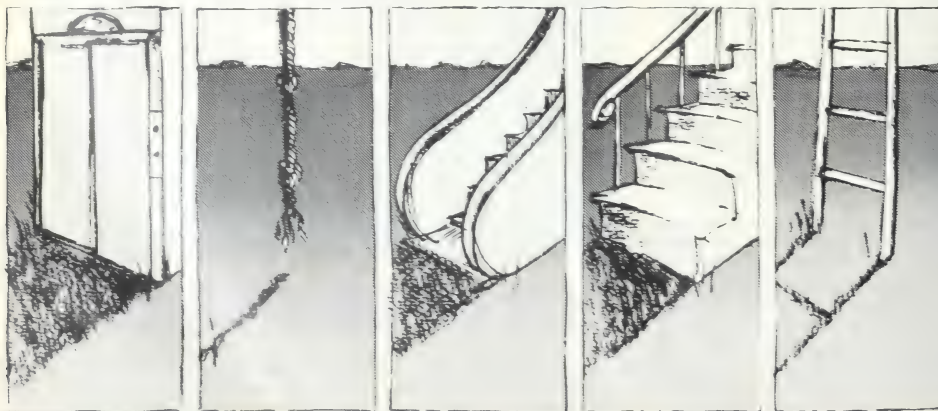
admissions officers are frustratingly evasive. Of course, the higher the college-board scores and the higher the grade average, the better the chance for admission. But what of the nebulous "personal evaluation"? More to the point, how is it that Janie Jones, the top 10 percent of her class with 600 SATs, president of the student council and chairman of the Community Drug Abuse Program, is passed over in favor of that popular but not particularly academic boy from the same school whose height, weight, and strength seem to be his most impressive statistics?

CLASS OF 1981 STATISTICS

College	Percent Accepted	Number of Applicants	Number Accepted	Desired Class Size
Amherst	15	3,764	581	375
Harvard/Radcliffe	18	11,913	2,183	1,625
Bowdoin	20	3,730	752	385
Williams	20	4,707	927	475
Princeton	22	10,449	2,291	1,115
Dartmouth	24	7,748	1,851	1,050
Stanford	25	9,900	2,520	1,500
Yale	25	9,875	2,429	1,325
Middlebury	31	3,433	1,071	520
Wesleyan (Conn.)	31	4,632	1,454	613

HIGHLY SELECTIVE colleges do not admit a single freshman class by means of a uniform standard. They admit five (or more) freshman divisions, using a separate norm for each category, and then lump the composite together as "class" (usually the "best ever"). The

Richard W. Moll is director of admissions at Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, New York. He held the same position at Bowdoin College, preceded by admissions work at Harvard and Yale.



ans that applicants compete against
h other within categories, not
inst all other candidates judged by
ingle admissions standard. The Mer-
Scholar, the extraordinarily talented
linist, the Vassar alumna's son, the
y all-round-kid, and the black are
going to nudge one another out of
running: they're competing against
ers of like interest and talent for
particular group's fair share of the
ss.

There are five categories that must
erge intact as each highly selective
ege structures and completes its
shman class.

The Intellectuals. The faculty of every
ege complains about the intellectual
rtcomings of the student body. All
essors want scholars who are pol-
ed at entry and will chase ideas with
ipline and creativity thereafter. And
missions officers listen to them. As a
ult, superior intellectual competence
uniformly admitted, even if the ap-
ant isn't very lovable, the future
man contribution" is in doubt, and
alumni couldn't care less if this one
in. If a student has opted to
every tough course the school of-
particularly if the school is known
e demanding), has emerged with a
r-perfect record, and has excep-
tional intellectual power as demon-
strated by standardized tests to prove
the good grades are no accident,
the student is admitted, almost invari-
ly. But there aren't enough "perfect"
tents around to fill even the most
ective colleges' classes.* Even if
ere were, a few would be passed by
make way for other candidates the
college wants, needs, and always

The Special Talent Category. Every
vdojn freshman class has a superb
key goalbie. Hockey happens to be
crucial sport at Bowdoin (where
Maine winters are long). A good
lie does not compete against the
00-300 candidates for the 380 fresh-
n slots—he competes against the
or three other hockey goalbies ap-

Last spring the college-board com-
er estimated that there were only
00 secondary school students in Amer-
who ranked in the top 10 percent of
junior class and scored 650 or higher
both the verbal and math sections of
Preliminary Scholastic Aptitude Test
(SAT).

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vacation colour that lasts.

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J. Michael Smith, Ph.D., Management Consultant
Smith, Niemerow & Associates, Inc., Los Angeles

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myself and my own reactions to life."*

"I cleared my thinking of a lot of
unnecessary garbage. I can concentrate com-
pletely on what I need to do now and have the
stamina to work more intensely than before."

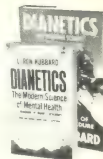
Since reading this book, I've only needed
half as much sleep, which all by itself has given
me 3 or 4 extra hours every day. I've felt
healthier and become much more active
physically. I even took up gymnastics!

Before I read *Dianetics*, my career plan was
based on taking the easiest path that avoided
things I didn't want to do. After *Dianetics* I
noticed I was achieving success in any field I
chose to pursue. So naturally I began choosing in
a positive way those things which I found most
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THE COLLEGE ADMISSIONS GAME

plying, in the hope that he'll be judged the most likely of this little subgroup to keep the puck out of the nets and, somehow, survive the academic rigors of Bowdoin. Each year Harvard will get its offensive and defensive lines in order, Penn will end up with a roster of minor sports celebrities, Princeton will get its distance free-styler, and Amherst its fullback. Now and then an expert oboist or vocalist or sculptor will squeak through the "special talent" door, but on the whole it is athlete against athlete. Forget the high rank and the high CEEBs: academic survival is what counts here, and the official rationale is in support of those winning teams that (reportedly) boost morale on campus and, more important (reportedly), lure the alumni to dig a bit deeper into their supportive pockets.

3. *The Family Category.* The public fills the coffers of the public university system. The private system counts on alumni to play the same role, rather more voluntarily. Many alumni are, of course, happy to do so in gratitude for good college years. Nevertheless, the college constantly floats inducements: gala reunions, winning teams, and, perhaps most important, the "edge" a son or daughter is promised in the admissions process. Most private institutions are generous in admitting alumni sons and daughters—at some, the percentage of legacies admitted is twice as high as for all candidates. The same applies to more removed relatives (grandsons, nieces, sisters, et cetera) if the "alumnus/a tie" is particularly strong: large gifts, or large amounts of time spent in service to alma mater.

At some institutions the "family" extends beyond alumni. Stanford seems particularly loyal to its home state of California; Harvard is good to candidates from Greater Boston. On the whole, however, the Family Category relates to the alumni; and the stronger the alumni tie, the stronger the favoritism in admissions. Legacies compete against legacies to claim a segment of the class. At Yale, for example, according to a published letter from then-president Kingman Brewster to all alumni, each class is carefully "targeted" to include at least 20 percent legacies.

4. *The All-American-Kid Category.*

This is the tough one. Most well-meaning and generally accomplished candidates fall into this huge group. They don't wear special labels or make special claims on a segment of the class. They usually don't have organized lobbyists hovering around the admissions office via phone or engraved letterhead. They're just the good kids who are decent but not outstanding as students, who help in a significant way to run the school and/or the community, who have enough intelligence and enough of the right priorities later to help the community and the nation keep moving along at a good pace and in the right direction.

The prestige college is swamped with them . . . and the admissions office is remorseful that more cannot be accommodated. Although most of the faculty are less than enthusiastic about this "type," the alumni will like them, particularly if they're good family friends or relatives. Meanwhile, the admissions officers meet dozens and dozens of them on the road and in office interviews, knowing full well that only a small percentage will be taken.

If an applicant falls by default into Category 4, he must be a very special person to win a place, because: 1) he is competing with hundreds of others in this division; and 2) other categories have more clout in claiming representation in the freshman class. Now and then, accidental factors such as wealth or a remote home state—most selective colleges want broad geographic representation—can give a candidate a boost.

Remember: Many of the applicants who are defined by Categories 1, 2, 3, and 5 are well-intentioned, upright, and affable *also*, so it isn't that the "good kids" are being overlooked altogether. Although the percentage admitted from this group is small, the number is large—usually the majority of a prestigious college's freshman class.

5. *The Social Conscience Category.* Because the elitist institutions of the nation were dominated for so long by children of the Protestant establishment, most of these colleges in recent years have tried to make good their debt to society. Great progress has been made, particularly in accommodating blacks. Many of the highly selective colleges had their social con-

sciences stirred by student demands in the late Sixties and resolved to halve the percentage of blacks in each entering class close to the percentage of blacks in the nation's population (about 11 percent). Some institutions, Wesleyan of Connecticut and Wellesley, for example, have come close to realizing this goal, thanks to ample resources and energetic recruitment. "The innovation quotient" becomes the vital criterion in this category, and often an admitted student—because of inadequate secondary schooling and a lack of incentive from family and society—is judged more on potential than on accomplishment. The size and quality of the minority-applicant pool dictate how flexible the admissions standards will become. But a respectable minority representation (now branching beyond blacks) is an essential component of the prestige college's curriculum today.

ADMISSIONS CATEGORIES vary in importance according to the institution. The female-oriented colleges are less preoccupied with athletes than the male-oriented colleges. Oberlin and Swarthmore and Bryn Mawr seem to devote more of the class to Category 1, the high-powered intellectuals, than other prestigious institutions do, large or small. And some colleges have other requirements. Those that have just gone off to Dartmouth, for example—often have a quota for the newly admitted members of which are forced to fit among themselves for the limited number of seats available.

A few institutions will readily admit that the category method (perhaps less rigidly adhered to than I have suggested here) is indeed the way the class is born. Many institutions are reluctant to make that confession publicly, and some colleges may not realize *themselves* that their long and tedious candidate-against-candidate review narrows eventually to form a class that might have emerged more easily through systematic category eliminations. A college simply can't apply a uniform standard of "academic personal excellence" and end up identically with an adequate showing of legacy students and minorities, with a basketball team, with the right geographic distribution.

Whitney Griswold, the late president of Yale, once said, "The admissions office is the umbilical cord of university." If the undergraduate college has many purposes (as a place for training the mind, as a national instrument for social access and change, as an internal vehicle for self-surveillance, et cetera), the admissions office must make certain that the human material is there, so that the institution can go about its variety of chores and achieve its manifold goals. Diversity—by design—is essential to each incoming outgoing class.

It must be said at this point, however, that undergraduate admissions officers and their staff certainly worry about things other than the diversity of the new class. They fret about gloomy forecasts of demographics. Some pessimists predict that by the year 2000 the eighteen-year-old population will have dropped by as much as a third. Coupled with that decline in the number of potential college freshmen is the growing percentage of young people who opt for post-higher education, leaving the private colleges not only with a decreased number of prospective students, but also with fewer students who want a private education.

This raises another sequence of related problems in the admissions of today: recruiting candidates, and the inevitable corollary, "marketing"—a new term in the admissions field, given the demographers and their message (an essential one). How much advertising can a college undertake before compromising the tone of a specific institution and higher education in general? Admissions directors now attend professional workshops on marketing, and they seek Madison Avenue advice on "positioning" their institution against rivals and "up-front" their "créneau," a specific mission a rival cannot claim. Which leads to a third consideration, and a dilemma-satisfying the faculty and administration on campus (most of whom read *Daedalus* in their spare time) while simultaneously attempting to speak the language of the potential candidates and their parents (many of whom read *Parade* in their spare time). The role-playing of the admissions director might seem like fun, but more often it is truly frustrating, and sometimes downright dishonest. Regardless

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GONE

by Alex B. Marton

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swinging from the vines of dreams.
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"I AM OPPOSED TO HAVING THE INTERIOR OF THE AUDI 5000 LOOK LIKE AN AIRPLANE COCKPIT."

AN INTERVIEW WITH HARTMUT WARKUSZ, HEAD OF STYLING



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Warkusz: It's not what I like or don't like—everything we do is tested and proved. Our psychological testing showed that dark colors and cockpit type interiors make drivers more aggressive, less relaxed. One of our principal objectives was to make the driver calmer. It is no good for you to go from a nice, calm, cheerful house right into an aggressive car.

Should a car's interior be like a house?

Warkusz: In some ways, yes. The old kind of interiors with stark black leather and polished chrome everywhere is no longer appropriate for today's cars. We wanted to create a more modern living environment inside the car. A car should be a pleasant, bright and comfortable place to be in. You should feel at home. Your living room at home isn't black all over, is it?

No. But my living room doesn't have wheels.

Warkusz: And we didn't just put wheels on a living room and so we didn't design the car only for the comfort of the driver. The Audi 5000 holds all 5 people comfortably. The trunk is huge enough to hold all their luggage.

The ventilating system is unique in that there are outlets to provide plenty of fresh air but not on anybody's neck. You can even have warm air on your feet and cool air on your face to keep you alert. For the sake of comfort and safety, the rear passengers have headrests, too. We have even gone so far as to be sure that the upholstery doesn't tear the fur out of a mink coat. Some fabrics we tested did just that.

Will this type of interior appeal to Americans?

Warkusz: We believe so, because we studied the American market very carefully. Not to copy, but to take American tastes into consideration. The Audi 5000 is altogether European, but there is no reason why a European car can't be bright and roomy and comfortable and quiet. A high performance European car does not have to look or sound like the cockpit of a plane.

The lines do look European.

Warkusz: Lines are not European or American. Lines can be ugly or beautiful, but most importantly, lines are functional or not functional. The aerodynamic values of the Audi 5000 make the air resistance very low. The drag coefficient is better than most other cars in our size category. Also, the aerodynamics made us lift up the tail of the car. That's one reason why the trunk came out so big.

For the same reason, we have complete instrumentation without two dozen unnecessary switches to distract the driver with playthings. I am glad you like the lines, but they are more than lines to me.

What would you want an American buyer to understand about it?

Warkusz: I would want him to understand the mature, functional design of the car. The pleasant, comfortable and quiet atmosphere of the interior. The high quality of the finish. And, the fact that it's the largest German car you can buy for the money—about \$8,500. And I would want the American buyer to understand that nothing about it is by chance.

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THE COLLEGE ADMISSIONS GAME of the problems raised by these questions, however, the end result of annual eleven-month cycle must be a full class, a class aligned to the various missions of the college, and a class satisfactory to all the lobbyists who have through a variety of channels (including the courts), legitimately claimed representation in any freshman class.

Perhaps the selective private college's admissions operation is beginning to sound rather distasteful. But, in fact, it is not. Although the demographic forecasts and the business of staging one another by means of innovative marketing techniques have scared off the more academic members of our profession, and although the phenomenon of the lovable dean-admissions who lingered comfortably at a single college for a quarter of a century has passed, the admissions territory's leadership consists of people who are committed, reasonably bright, painfully affable, surprisingly sensitive. Admissions officers often above the enormous pressures of the Categories to look rather thoroughly and sympathetically at the individual applicant. The merits of the individual frequently compel a director to forget the realpolitik of class diversity. The obvious academic competence of a quarterback, an alumni relative, a student council president, or a black of compromised standards in a given sentimental category.

We do, however, have a job to perform and institutional mandates to follow. Approaching college admissions systematically, as through character categories, is both wise and fair—only if we clarify our system to those who pay the application fee.

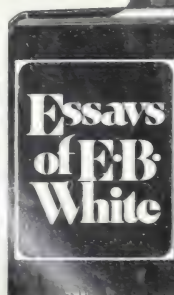
Regrettably, private-college admissions officers nationwide pretend much. First, we pretend that our institutions are more selective than they really are—some of us have simply been able to change from the competition of a seller's market to the challenge of a buyer's market. More unfortunately, we pretend that a candidate enters competition for a freshman class on even terms with all other candidates. It just isn't so, given the Classful Differences we must produce. Self-ception under pressure, although inexcusable, is understandable. But candidates deserve to know.

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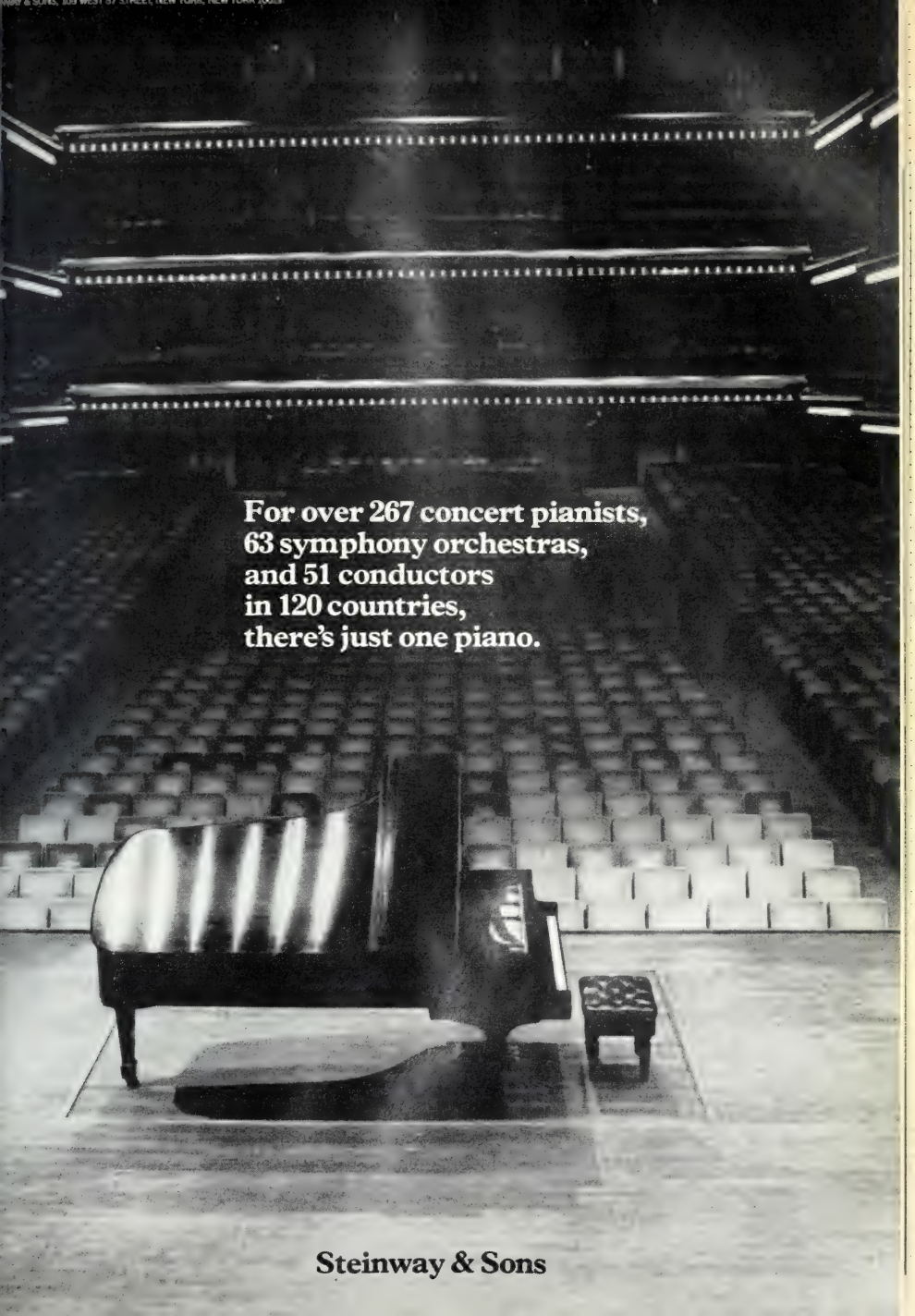
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DISGUIISING THE TAX BURDEN

Little-known facts beneath the rhetoric of reform

by Paul Craig Roberts

EVEN WHEN THEY appear singly, major tax increases have a way of slowing down the legislative process. It has to be worked out how to disguise the tax so everyone thinks it is falling on someone else. Then the Congress and the Administration have to work out among themselves who gets to hand out how much to which spending constituency. This is what is known as politics, and ordinarily the politicians can think of enough new rhetoric to explain the levying of new taxes. But by the end of his first year in office President Carter had proposed so many tax increases (the energy tax, the Social Security tax, and the tax-reform tax) that the system temporarily collapsed.

It was more new taxes than could be negotiated, and the major tax-reform proposals of last September have been withdrawn but not discarded.

From the standpoint of the government's interest, tax reform is a necessity. The rich are a depleted resource, and so it is inevitable that the government will come up with a new source of revenue in tax reform. As is customary in these matters, tax reform will be justified on the grounds of "equity," that is, closing loopholes and helping the poor. Tax reform to help the poor is easy, because the poor don't pay any taxes. Therefore, it doesn't cost the government anything. Look at the table prepared by the Tax Foundation from data published by the Internal Revenue Service in *Statistics of Income*, and be amazed at the distribution of the tax burden.

Half of the taxpayers, those whose adjusted gross incomes place them in

the bottom 50 percent, account for only 7 percent of the total personal-income-tax collections. Taxpayers in the lowest 25 percent account for less than half of 1 percent of the personal income tax collected by the government. That's why the government likes to cut taxes for lower-income groups. It doesn't cost much to buy half the votes, and what guilt-ridden upper-income taxpayer would complain about compassionate government?

Besides, "everyone knows" that the bulk of the taxes is paid by lower-income earners, while the rich largely escape taxation. Public citizens' tax-reform organizations, peoples' tax lobbies, and other sheltered spokesmen for organized welfare groups have no difficulty getting out their well-packaged, public-spirited message. Meanwhile, the true facts pass unnoticed in the IRS's *Statistics of Income*.

The table shows that taxpayers with incomes in the top 5 percent—those with adjusted gross incomes of \$29,272 or more—paid over one-third of the total personal income taxes collected by the federal government in 1975. The top 10 percent of taxpayers—those earning \$23,420 or more—paid nearly half the total tax bill. In con-

trast, the lowest 10 percent of taxpayers paid only one-tenth of 1 percent of the total tax bill. Taxpayers earning \$15,898 or more—those in the top 25 percent—paid 72 percent of total personal income taxes. Taxpayers whose incomes placed them in the top 1 percent paid more than two and half times the total taxes collected from the bottom 50 percent.

An income of \$59,338 may qualify for the top 1 percent, but what about the really rich? The latest *Statistics of Income* shows that the 1,149 taxpayers earning \$1 million or more in 1975 paid an average tax of \$1,011,311. The total tax paid by these few high-income taxpayers added up to \$1.1 billion. All of us might pause to ask what public services a taxpayer receives for a million dollars in income taxes.

The table reveals another interesting fact. Since 1970 the tax burden has shifted further away from the lower brackets. In 1970 the bottom 50 percent paid 10.3 percent of total income taxes, and the top 50 percent paid 89.7 percent. By 1975 the bottom's share had declined to 7.1 percent, while the burden carried by the top had risen to 92.9 percent. In addition, the Tax Foundation reports that "several mil-

PERCENT OF TOTAL TAXES PAID BY HIGH- AND LOW-INCOME TAXPAYERS
1970 and 1975

Adjusted gross income class	Income level		Percent of tax paid	
	1970	1975	1970	1975
Highest 1 percent	\$43,249 or more	\$59,338 or more	17.6	18.7
Highest 5 percent	20,867 or more	29,272 or more	34.1	36.6
Highest 10 percent	16,965 or more	23,420 or more	45.0	48.7
Highest 25 percent	11,467 or more	15,898 or more	68.3	72.0
Highest 50 percent	6,919 or more	8,931 or more	89.7	92.9
Lowest 50 percent	6,918 or less	8,930 or less	10.3	7.1
Lowest 25 percent	3,157 or less	4,044 or less	.9	.4
Lowest 10 percent	1,259 or less	1,527 or less	.1	.1

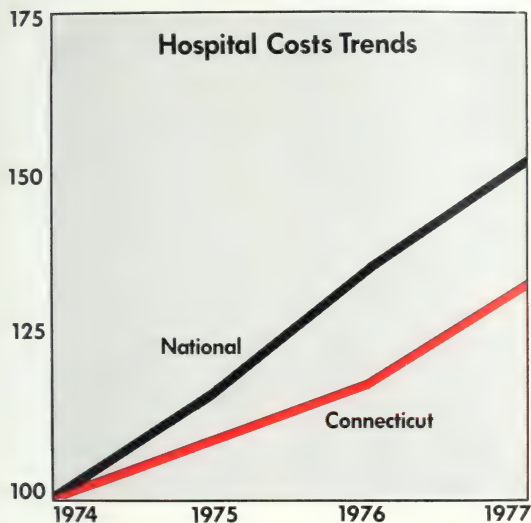
Source: Tax Foundation computations are based on Internal Revenue Service, *Statistics of Income*.

Paul Craig Roberts is an adjunct professor at George Mason University in Washington, D.C., and a member of the U.S. Senate staff.

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DISGUISED THE TAX BURDEN

lion taxpayers disappeared from the tax rolls altogether as a result of legislative changes benefiting those with lower incomes during the period 1914-75." Many of the untaxed receive transfers in kind, such as food stamps and housing subsidies, together with earned-income credits (negative income tax) and welfare checks, so that their real income exceeds that of many taxpayers.

Most people think that tax reform means making the rich pay taxes. They do not realize that the purpose of closing loopholes is to enlarge the tax base by redefining personal income to include fringe benefits and capital gains and by reducing deductions. Enlarging the tax base will raise everyone's taxes, but it will have the most severe effect on middle-income earners. The government is refashioning its tax net to catch those it pretends to protect. Fringe benefits are a larger percentage of a \$15,000 salary than they are of a \$100,000 salary, and so are itemized deductions. The government, of course, will give reassurances that it is only after the rich, just as it did when it brought in the income tax in 1914. Initially the personal-income-tax burden rested on only 357,515 people—less than one-half of 1 percent of the population. Only people with incomes much greater than average were subject to the tax. The rates ranged from 1 percent to 7 percent. Only income in excess of \$117,000 in today's

On January 21, 1978, President Carter proposed \$9 billion in revenue-raising tax reforms (along with tax cuts for lower- and middle-income earners that increase the progressivity of the income tax). Under the President's proposals, \$6 billion in tax revenues would be raised from the taxation of unemployment benefits and the elimination of deductions for sales, gasoline, and personal-property taxes and medical expenses. The elimination of these deductions will reduce the tax advantage of itemized deductions for homeowners. The President also proposed replacing the \$750 personal exemption with a \$240 tax credit. This change would temporarily benefit lower-income earners until inflation pushed their nominal incomes into the 33 percent bracket. All of these changes work to reinforce the adverse effect that inflation has on the taxpayer.

dollars encountered the first surtax bracket of 2 percent. The top tax bracket of 7 percent was encountered only by income in excess of \$2.9 million in today's dollars. The personal income tax soon found its way into the lower brackets. The income thresholds were lowered and the tax rates raised. The bottom bracket today, an income level not subject to taxation in 1914, is taxed at 14 percent—twice 1914's top rate. The tax rate today on the first \$500 of taxable income is twice as great as the tax rate on a multimillionaire's income in 1914. This does not mean that things got better for the millionaire. The rate in his bracket today is ten times greater, and his average tax rate is 11.4 times greater. In 1914 the total tax on a million-dollar income was \$60,000. Today it is \$685,000. Since, as a result of inflation, the value of money today is only about one-sixth of what it was in 1914, today's millionaire's after-tax income of \$315,000 is equivalent to a 1914 purchasing power of \$53,800. He has only one-seventeenth of the purchasing power of his 1914 counterpart. During a period that has seen a rise in the average standard of living, the millionaire's has declined drastically.

It is an interesting story to trace the growth of the personal income tax, but it can be summarized in the following way: Between 1914 and 1975 the population grew 120 percent, but the number of individual-income-tax returns grew by 23,800 percent.

HAILED EVERYWHERE as loopholes for the rich, deductions are the primary income shelter for those in the middle to lower tax brackets, where most of the income is. The percentage difference between adjusted gross income and taxable income is greater the lower the income bracket. For example, in the under-\$10,000 adjusted-gross-income class, deductions come to 48.9 percent of adjusted gross income. In the \$10,000-to-\$24,999 class, deductions are 31.1 percent of adjusted gross income, and in the over-\$25,000 class they are only 22.8 percent. The higher the income, the less it is sheltered by deductions.

According to the latest Treasury figures, the upper-income groups benefited from about \$16 billion in deduc-

tions, exclusions, and other privileges about half of which resulted from recognizing the difference between capital gains and ordinary income. Lower- and middle-income groups benefited from about \$50 billion in deductions and exclusions, such as the exclusion of unemployment benefits, Social Security payments, workers' compensation benefits, pension contributions and earnings, employer-paid medical insurance premiums and medical care, the deduction of interest on consumer credit and home mortgages, property taxes, medical expenses, and state and local taxes and the deferral of capital gains on the sale of a home plus credit for the purchase of a new home. For every dollar of upper-bracket tax savings, \$3 went to the lower and middle brackets.

Dr. Roger Freeman, former White House aide and Hoover Institution Fellow at Stanford University, summed up his book on tax loopholes (*Tax Loopholes: The Legend and the Reality*) as follows:

The literature of the tax reform drive usually asserts that most of the loopholes were designed for and work for the benefit of the rich, that poor and middle income taxpayers are taxed on all of their income, with no escape possibilities, and that most of the income that avoids taxation is to be found in the very high income brackets. The facts, however, suggest the opposite: much or most of the untaxed income is in the low and medium brackets.

That neatly sums up why the government's tax reformers are interested in reducing deductions. You can't raise revenues for the government unless you go where the untaxed income is.

Untaxed income also means fringe benefits. The President says that taxing fringe benefits means "the three martini lunch." But the unions are concerned rather than fooled. They know where the untaxed benefits are that would yield substantial tax revenue. Sen. Orrin G. Hatch (Rep.-Utah), a member of the Joint Economic Committee, has calculated that taxing fringe benefits as personal income "would mean an increase in taxes of \$240 on the average taxpayer." With the 76 million tax returns filed in 1975 that reported wage and salary income, there would come to \$18.21 billion, a tidy sum for government. That's why the

ns are supporting the resolution
roduced by Senator Hatch and Rep.
Kemp (Rep.-N.Y.) against the tax-
a of fringe benefits. They know
taxing fringes is the same as rais-
tax rates on existing wage and sal-
levels. You can't pay the IRS with
of your parking place, employer-
idized meal, employee discount, or
loyer-paid health insurance and
ion premiums.

ne third plank of the tax reform
fines assets as income, and in ad-
n to taxing the income from the
; confiscates part of the asset. Sup-
you invest \$10,000 in an income-
ucing asset, and inflation drives the
of that asset to \$15,000. Suppose
family educational or medical ex-
ces force you to sell the asset. Even
gh its replacement cost is \$15,000
e \$15,000 you receive will not buy
more than the \$10,000 you paid
e government will claim that you
a \$5,000 capital gain and tax it.
ose you are in the 25 percent
ket. That means \$1,250 of your
s will be confiscated by the gov-
ernment. The greater the inflation, the
er you hold the asset, and the high-
er your tax bracket, the more will
be confiscated. The reformers are even
ng about taxing the "capital gain"
an accrual basis whether or not
sell the asset.

ne tax reformers showed how far
want to go by proposing to tax
e owners on the rental value of
homes. It's called taxing imputed
The reasoning is that owning a
e provides income in kind (shel-
The value of that income is the
al value, so up goes your taxable
me by the rental value of your
—even though it is not rented
you are living in it. This reform
specially valuable to the govern-
as it pushes homeowners into
er tax brackets, which means they
higher tax rates on the same mon-
comes. It is valuable also because
tablishes a new principle of taxa-
that can be applied to home vege-
gardens and to the services of
ewives. Cooking services, sexual
ces, cleaning services, child-rear-
services, and laundry services are
income in kind. The imputed val-
f a housewife who is good at all
these tasks would exceed the sal-
and wages of many husbands.
government would then take your



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Solution to the February Puzzle

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1. A.B.-ases(anagram); 2. a-f.-fair; 3. a-m(us)er; 4. arches, anagram; 5. arcing, anagram; 6. a-renas, reversal; 7. astute, anagram; 8. atoner, hidden; 9. c(a)l(l)o(u)s(n)e(s)s; 10 cu(r)-T-ups; 11. gal-O-ot, reversal of O to O; 12. mas(t)ers; 13. m.-id(D)le; 14. molars, anagram; 15. mus(i)c(a)le; 16. nicker, two meanings; 17. ou(Ste.); 18. peddle, homonym; 19. poetry, anagram; 20. Red-dog; 21. repeat, anagram of "tape-re(corded)"; 22. rial-to; 23. sid(esadd)les; 24. tar-sal(t); 25. taters, "r" in anagram of "taste"; 26. tat-too; 27. tea(anagram) bag(reversal); 28. terser, hidden; 29. ton-gas; 30. t(r)ucker; 31. tutors, "R" in anagram of "Stout."

DISGUISED THE TAX BURDEN

house and make you hire out your wife to cover the unpaid taxes couldn't pay.

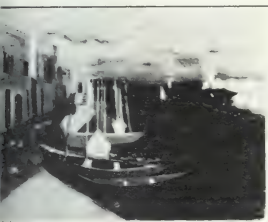
SO MANY MAJOR tax-increase proposals indicate runaway growth in Washington. It's not as if the government hasn't been raising. The government gets an automatic increase in tax revenues each year as a result of inflation. Look at what happens to the real tax burden on a person whose income rises with the rate of inflation over the course of his working life. To show that it's not just the upper-income taxpayers who are harmed, let's take for example someone who is today earning only \$6,240 a year. In 1976 he would have paid no taxes. Instead, he would have received a check from the Treasury for \$155 as a result of the ear income credit. But after 45 years of 5 percent inflation he would be earning \$56,077 a year, on which he would have to pay \$17,019 in taxes (at present rates). His after-tax money income would have risen from \$6,395 in 1976 to \$38,058 in 2021, or by substantially less than the rate of inflation. His after-tax income in 2021 would have a purchasing power equal to only \$4,345 in 1976 dollars. In spite of his much larger money income, this person would have experienced a decline in his living standard of nearly two-thirds. This is the result of progressive income taxation plus inflation, which together cause taxes on the same amount of purchasing power—\$6,240 in 1976 dollars—to rise from a rate of 2.5 percent in 1976 to a tax of 27 percent in 2021. The higher the inflation, the worse it would be for the person because the faster he would reach higher brackets.

Indexing the tax structure (adding it to offset inflation) would prevent this deterioration in the living standards of all Americans. One must think that this would make indexing an important issue of tax reform. It is not part of the tax reformers' proposals. The reformers argue that inflation causes government's cost to rise, so it also needs more revenue. However, the way it is now, the government's revenues don't simply rise by the amount of the inflation, but by 1.65 times the rate of inflation. A 10 percent rate of inflation means

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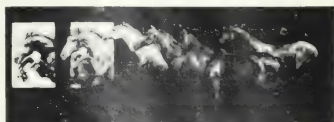
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DISCUSSING THE TAX BURDEN

a 16.5 percent increase in government revenues. That is why governments prefer to fight unemployment.

The claim that inflation hurts the lower income brackets more than the upper income brackets is doubtful. What inflation really does is to push everyone into higher tax brackets. As average incomes rise, more and more people will experience the woes of being nominally rich. One of the woes is that the higher your nominal or money income, the harder it is to stay even with inflation. As the tax bill gets bigger on every raise, your income has to increase progressively faster than the rate of inflation in order to stay even. This is another reason government prefers to reduce the tax rates in the lower brackets. Inflation soon moves the people out of them and into the higher brackets that were not cut.

Dale W. Sommer in the September 26, 1977, issue of *Industry Week* presents some interesting statistics from the U.S. Department of Commerce's National Income and Products Accounts that illustrate the extent to which American incomes have been undone by tax-flation. Over the past ten years the average wage has risen 77.3 percent, whereas the consumer price index has risen 75.4 percent. So the average worker has kept up with inflation. But the tax burden has risen 144 percent during the same period. On a per capita basis, Americans paid \$2,261 in taxes in 1976 compared with \$1,014 in 1966. The 144 percent growth in the tax bite exceeded the 126.6 percent growth in total production of goods and services (GNP) and the 119.2 percent growth in total national income.

Last year Americans paid \$16.7 billion more in taxes than they spent on the three basic necessities of food, clothing, and housing. The total tax bill came to \$486.4 billion, whereas the total spent on food, clothing, and housing came to \$469.7 billion. Compared with the \$2,261 per capita expenditure on taxes, \$1,048 was spent on food, \$354 on clothing, and \$780 on shelter. Added together the three necessities are still \$79 less than per capita taxes paid.

Taxes far outpace the growth in real income. In 1976 federal taxes grew 20.8 percent. The entire economy grew 11.6 percent, and 5.3 percent of that growth was the result of inflation rather

than an actual increase in the production of goods and services.

THE GREATEST LOOPHOLE of all in our income-tax system works for the benefit of government. It is the loophole that allows government to use inflation to increase taxes on constant and even declining levels of purchasing power without having to legislate higher tax rates. The central issue of tax reform is closing this loophole. But in their proposal to tax capital gains as ordinary income, the tax reformers show every intention of opening this loophole wider. The widening of this loophole allows government to establish a wealth tax in the guise of an income tax—wealth meaning asset. A wealth tax is not a tax only on the wealthy. Whereas a rich man owns more assets than one who is not rich, the nonrich collectively own many assets.

We have come a long way from the time three decades ago when F.A. Hayek said something about the road to serfdom. A serf was a person who did not own his own labor. Although he was not himself owned by another—that is, he could not be bought and sold like a slave—the feudal nobility, the state of that time, had rights over the serf's labor. When we say that a peasant was enserfed, we mean that he owed a certain amount of his working time to the state. Over time and regions this obligation averaged about one-third of a serf's working life.

The serf's position provides a perspective that lets us sum up the success of reactionary forces in this century in simple economic terms. In 1929 government in the U.S. had a claim to only 12 percent of the national income. By 1960 government had a claim to 33 percent of the national income. By 1976 government had extended its share to 42 percent. In relative terms our position today is worse than that of a medieval serf who owed the state one-third of his working time.

Many may reject this parallel. They may say that we have a democratic government controlled by the people, and that high taxes and big government merely reflect the voters' demands for public goods in the public interest. Such an argument is reassuring but problematical. The income tax was voted in under one guise and retained

under another. Furthermore, it was action of a past generation. For it is an inherited obligation, as were feudal dues, and it is seen that way by the Internal Revenue Service. All that have been born to the statist government that government is the instrument of social progress. Any clamors for reduction are translated into proposals for tax reform, which are further transformed into proposals for raising more revenues for government. We hear the talk about tax reform "equity," we might pause to consider if our cultivated progressive imagination allow, that "equity" means more to the productive to provide the revenues that build the spending consciencies of Congress and the federal bureaucracy. What is operating is not equity, but the government's self-interest.

The advent of several major tax increases in tandem will destabilize the economy, but from the government's perspective that is desirable. There have to be more government programs to deal with the consequences of instability. Every sophisticated person aware of how special interests use the legislative process for their own profit, but the same sophisticate is also schooled in how the legislative process furthers the special interests of the government. Inflation leads to imposition of wage and price controls and credit allocation, all of which increase the spoils, money, and influence divided up in Washington. Unemployment means more CETA jobs and public works, and what member of the government class is hurt by that? Simply, instability increases the demand for the services of bureaucracy and for pork-barrel legislation that builds the spending constituencies of both Congress and the Executive branch. It advances the careers of demagogues and technocrats who move up and forth from their think tanks, universities and in and out of government.

Perhaps all of this won't come to pass all at once. Government might engorge itself with Social Security energy taxes that it can't reach the reform dish. Or perhaps in a last-effort the vested interests of old will flex their flabby biceps and hamstring through a tax cut that will stave off serfdom and economic stagnation a while longer.

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Paul Bunyan was a legend.

But the huge harvest and regeneration of the mighty forests that gave birth to that legend is a fact. More, it is a practical lesson in the *economics* as well as *ecology* of the forest.

The story spans a century and deals with social and economic perceptions as well as forest ecology. And it illustrates the difference between turn of the century *logging* and modern *forestry*.

A hundred years ago this was the

After 156 years, this Eastern Hemlock was still too small to harvest when the trees around it were cut down back in '36. But with more room to grow, it doubled in size. Today, thinning the forests is one way to get big trees, faster.

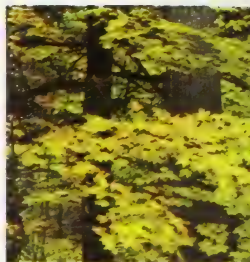
land of the Big Swedes and rough logging camps. The Great Northwoods. Loggers came to cut what they needed and move on. In terms of the times, this seemed no great evil. After all, "forests were endless." There were no incentives to stay and replant. Supply exceeded demand tenfold.

Enter Conservation.

But the forests weren't endless. And by the 1920s the best timber in the region was gone.

But if the 30s marked the end of one era, it also signaled the beginning of another: *the age of conservation.*

Today,



Today, Paul Bunyan's forests are thriving much of the forest is making a comeback thanks to the resilience of nature and ingenuity of modern forestry.

The new forest is comprised of aspen, pine and spruce. Nurtured and cared for by a new breed of forest production companies with their...



FREE IS WORKING

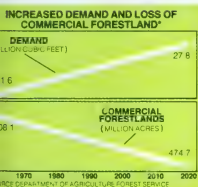


nd. They plant, thin, fertilize and little is wasted. Even aspen, considered "weed," is now used for wood, nearly every part of every tree is used, right down to the sawdust. And where natural regeneration is slow, foresters handplant the next generation of trees.

The result is a better quality forest. It is actually more productive than any other.

Operation Double Tree: Why needed and how it works.

In the U.S. alone, the demand for wood and paper products is expected to double in less than 50 years. Yet today, only about one-third of the country's total forest is used for repeated crops of timber.



That works out to about one acre for every man, woman and child. And each of those acres will have to be carefully managed to provide a lifetime supply of wood products. Thus the reason behind Operation Double Tree—the forest industry's program for intensive forest management can double the amount of wood available on the nation's productive forest. And do it in such a way that everyone can share in the benefits.

This is what Operation Double Tree is all about. But it's more than words. Here are some examples of how this practical brand of twentieth century conservation is working in the Lake States.

Managing The New Forest.

Item: In Minnesota, Boise Cascade gets more out of each harvest with a program that turns edgings, sawdust and other sawmill waste into useful wood by-products. Genetic research has even begun on the trees themselves, finding ways to make them grow faster and stronger. In the future these are the trees that will give us more wood, better wood, in a shorter amount of time.

Item: At the Cloquet Forest Tree Nursery in Minnesota, Potlatch is raising 250,000 seedlings a year in its greenhouse. Grown in small plastic containers, it takes the seedlings just six months to reach the size of two-year-old seedlings grown outdoors.

Now, instead of waiting several years for natural regeneration, foresters can promptly replant harvest sites and give the new forests a healthy head start.



Seeds for regeneration are collected by hand

Item: In Michigan, Packaging Corporation of America is recycling the sludge from its own water treatment plant to use as a fertilizer on crops of hybrid aspen. The trees are planted in rows, carefully spaced for weed control.

Packaging Corporation foresters expect their methods to produce mature aspen in as little as 15 or 20 years, compared to the 50- to 60-year period normal for wild, untended aspen. The new aspen will not only be ready for harvest sooner, but will have a better quality fiber and higher resistance to disease.

Item: On Blandin Paper Company plantations in Minnesota, foresters and

geneticists are working together to improve stands of trees. Using fast-growing white spruce on sites cleared of slower growing species, Blandin expects to double wood yield in the future.

A Long Way To Go.

So there's progress with Operation Double Tree in the Lake States, and in forests all across the country. But we still have a long way to go.

On the average, industry lands grow 50 percent more wood than the lands



We depend on trees for countless everyday products.

owned by government and private individuals. Yet, even here, there's room for improvement.

Overall, the American forest is only half as productive as it could be. And this is a waste. But by working together, all timber growers—private owners, industry and government—can learn to make the most productive use of our remaining commercial forests.*

Industry has invested millions to make the concept a reality. But money isn't enough.

Leaders and landowners alike must understand the problem. And, more important, the solution.

For information, write for our free booklet, "Managing the Great American Forest," American Forest Institute, P.O. Box 873, Springfield, VA 22150.

**Commercial forest is that portion of the total forest which is capable of, and available for, growing trees for harvest. Parks, wilderness and primitive areas are not included.*

Trees. The Renewable Resource.



Now. Only 1 mg 'tar.'

This is more than just low 'tar.' This is ultra-low 'tar.'
This is Now, a cigarette with only 1 mg. 'tar.' If you want to be sure
you're getting ultra-low 'tar,' count all the way down to Now's number.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER, MENTHOL: 1 mg. "tar", 1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report. AU

POLITICAL TECHNOLOGY

Reflections on the continuing American experiment

by Daniel J. Boorstin

WHEN WE LOOK BACK on the series of events between 1776 and 1789 which brought forth the United States of America, we must first be struck that the leaders were interested less in the ideology—the formula of a systematic philosophy—than in the technology of politics. They were testing well-known principles by applying them to their specific problems. Their special concern was to organize the means for satisfying needs and desires—which is a dictionary definition of technology. There are a number of clues in this open, experimental, *technological* spirit of our North American revolutionaries.

Our first and most obvious clues are in the ancient and enduring documents of the Revolution. The most important of these, of course, is the Declaration of Independence, which was signed on July 4, 1776. The most famous and best-known passage, the Preamble, is actually the least characteristic. The colonists' principles were first described as "self-evident." Then "a decent Respect to the Opinions of Mankind" (as well as the exigencies of diplomacy) required a cogent summary of the causes of the particular act which they declared—the separation of thirteen British colonies. When Jefferson was accused of writing a document that had not one new idea in it, he recalled his clear, simple, practical purpose: "Not to find out new principles, or new arguments, never before thought of, not merely to say things which had never been said before; but to place before mankind the com-

mon sense of the subject, and to justify ourselves in the independent stand we are compelled to take." The body of the document applied these well-known principles—not the dogma of a particular sect, but accepted tenets of British political life during the previous century—to the conduct of the British king, who had asserted unlimited sovereignty over certain American colonists. The heart of the document was a list not of principles but of grievances. Some twenty-six items indicted the king for a wide range of specific crimes. These ranged from the king's wanton refusal to assent to needed legislation, to interference with the courts, the imposition of standing armies without the consent of the colonial legislatures, the quartering of troops on unwilling inhabitants, the protection of murderers, the obstruction of seaports, and the cutting off of trade.

Our nation's birth certificate thus unwittingly but obviously certified a congenital concern for everyday consequences. The document was not primarily a declaration of principles or a proclamation of the rights of man, it was a declaration of *independence*....

While, of course, independence was what made the new nation possible, confederation was what made it durable. Despite its eloquence, the Declaration of Independence might have remained buried in colonial archives along with the early state papers of Bermuda, the Bahamas, and Jamaica if it had not been

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followed within a dozen years by the Constitution of the United States of America. The longevity and vitality of the Constitution came from the fact that the framers aimed to guide the future but not fence it in. The best evidence of their self-denying intention was that their document was so brief. The Constitution of the United States, which anyone can read in an hour, is a scant twenty-five pages long. By contrast the constitution of my home state of Oklahoma is 158 pages, not counting amendments. Because the framers of the federal Constitution were scrupulous to say no more than necessary, they provided a document uncannily open to the future.

The three opening words, "We the People," would prove troublesome. In their ambiguity was rooted the bloody Civil War of 1861-1865. For the leaders of the Southern states, preferring to imagine that these words really meant "We the States," argued that the states which had made the Union could also dissolve it.

The Constitution was not to take effect until the people had adopted it. "This expression [We the People]," explained Henry ("Light-Horse Harry") Lee, "was introduced . . . with great propriety. This system is submitted to the people for their consideration, because on them it is to operate, if adopted. It is not binding on the people until it becomes their act." The framers had the wisdom, in preparing a Constitution for posterity, not to try to elaborate or make more explicit the meaning of "the People." They did not say "we the property-owners" or "we the qualified voters." Their words, an adequate working definition in their time, would be a providential receptacle for new meanings—as civil and political rights were extended to non-property-owners—to former slaves, to women, to persons above the age of eighteen, and possibly to other categories now still beyond our imagining.

All the listed purposes of the Constitution grew out of the urgencies of the framers' recent experience. The tribulations of the loose confederation during the late war signaled the need for a "more perfect Union," the oppressive interference of the British government with the courts indicated the need to "establish Justice," recent civil disorders (Shays' Rebellion in western Massachusetts, and others elsewhere) made obvious the need to "insure domestic tranquillity," while the war itself and the later designs of European powers on the new nation showed the need to "provide for the common defence." This antidoctrinaire empirical spirit would keep the document openly responsive to later needs....

IN THESE AND COUNTLESS other ways the founding fathers declared themselves toddlers of an expanding future. Federalism was their grand device for holding together experimenting communities. The state's experiments were limited only when they violated the rights of individuals, threatened the experiments of others, or weakened the whole national community. The ingenious add-a-state plan allowed a national laboratory to grow by installments.

"We may safely trust to the wisdom of successors the remedies of evils to arise," Jefferson wrote to Adams less than a decade after the Constitutional Convention:

Never was a finer canvas presented to world than our countrymen. All of them engaged in agriculture or the pursuits of honest industry, independent in their circumstances, enlightened as to their rights, and firm in their habits of order and obedience to the laws. This I hope will be the age of experiments in government, and that their basis will be founded on principles of honesty, not of mere force. We have seen no instance of this since the days of the Roman republic, nor do we read of any before that. Either force or corruption have been the principle of every modern government.

The new nation was to be not a citadel but a laboratory.

The best symbol of the founders' experimental spirit was the federal system itself, very framework of the new nation. In retrospect, their inspiring tentativeness stands against the new absolute, the empyrean abstraction which others at that time imagined to be embodied in every really modern state. That abstraction was "sovereignty," haunted governments, inflating them with an ill-founded sense of omnipotence. The feudal world of medieval Europe saw political powers, rights, and duties diffused across the land in myriad, variegated clusters. As new national states emerged after the sixteenth century, each tried to homogenize its piece of the political landscape. Each tried to build a pyramid of power, which, of course could have only one apex.

By the later eighteenth century, British lawyers and political thinkers had imagined sovereignty to be the elixir of modern nationhood. They defined "sovereignty" as one and indivisible. "It is impossible," Governor Thomas Hutchinson of Massachusetts insisted in 1773, "there should be two independent Legislatures in the one and the same state." "In Sovereignty," Dr. Samuel Johnson wrote in *Taxation Not Tyranny* (1774), "there are no g

ions." For the American colonies the British were able to see only two alternatives, "absolute dependence" or "absolute independence."

Yet between the British government and the American colonial governments a working federalism had already emerged unannounced. While certain questions were decided in London, others were left to the capitals of the thirteen colonies. Sovereignty was diffused and divided.

American federalism—a product of Atlantic distances, American space, and the slowness of communication—existed in fact long before there was an American theory. Those who ruled the British Empire remained ideologues, but American colonial leaders were forced to learn lessons from their new situation. Divided sovereignty, grown up in violation of ideal metaphysics, was a leading fact of the Anglo-American experience, and a key to the American political future.

The founding fathers prepared the way to divide their laboratory of diffused and divided sovereignties into the full westward extent of the continent. What would happen if a growing people of varied origins and on varied landscapes went on trying federal experiments? The United States became a nation in quest of itself.

Two kinds of revolutions

IF WE LOOK BACK on the great political revolutions and the great technological revolutions (both of which are clues to the range of mankind's capacities and possibilities) we see a striking contrast. Political revolutions, generally speaking, have revealed man's organized purposefulness, his social conscience, his sense of justice—the aggressive, assertive side of his nature. Technological change, invention, and innovation have tended, rather, to reveal his play instinct, his desire and his ability to go where he has never gone, to do what he has never done. The one shows his willingness to sacrifice in order to fulfill his plans, the other his willingness to sacrifice in order to pursue his quest. Many of the peculiar successes and special problems of our time come from our efforts to assimilate these two kinds of activities. We have tried to make government more experimental and to make technological change more purposive, more focused, more planned than ever before.

These two kinds of change—political and technological—differ not only in their Why and their How, but also in their What of It? By this I mean the special character of their consequences. Political revolutions tend, with

"Technological innovations . . . tend to create new roles for the devices which they might at first seem to replace."



—Georg Rauch

certain obvious exceptions, to be *displace*. The Weimar Republic displaced the regime of Imperial Germany; the Nazis displaced the Weimar Republic; and after World War II, a new republic displaced the Nazis. Normally this is what we mean by a political revolution. But, to a surprising extent, political revolutions are *reversible*. In the political world, things can go home again. It is possible, and common, for a new regime to go back to the ideas and institutions of an earlier regime. Many so-called revolutions are really the revivals of *anciens régimes*. The familiar phenomenon of the counterrevolution is the effort to reverse the course of change. And it is even arguable that counterrevolutions generally tend to be more successful than revolutions. The reactionary, whose objective is always more recognizable and easier to describe, thus is more apt to be successful than the revolutionary. It is the possibility of such reversals that has lent credibility to the largely fallacious pendulum theory of history, which is popularized under such terms as "backlash."

Technological changes, however, thrive in a different sort of world. Momentous technological changes commonly are neither displace nor reversible. Technological innovations, instead of displacing earlier devices, actually tend to create new roles for the devices which they might at first seem to displace. When the telephone was introduced in the later nineteenth century, some people assumed that it would make the postman obsolete (few dared predict that the United States Post Office might become decrepit before it was fully mature); similarly when wireless and then radio appeared, some wise people thought that these would spell the end of the telephone; when television came in, many were the voices lamenting the death of radio; and we still hear Cassandras solemnly telling us that television is the death of the book. But in our own time we have had an opportunity to observe how and why such forecasts are ill-founded. We have seen television (together with the automobile) provide new roles for the radio, and most recently we have seen how both have created new roles (or led to the new flourishing of older roles) for the newspaper press. And all these have created newly urgent roles for the book.

A hallmark of the great technological changes is that they tend not to be reversible. I have a New England friend who has not yet installed a telephone because, he says, he is waiting until it is perfected. And a few of my scholarly friends (some of them, believe it or not, eminent students, writers, and pundits of American civilization) still stubbornly refuse for even less plausible reasons to have

a television set in the house. Who, having a telephone, now does without one, or having once installed a TV set, no longer has one. There is no technological counterpart for political restoration or the counterrevolution. Of course there are changes in style, and antique, the obsolete, and the camp have perennial charm. There will always, I believe, be some individuals, devotees of "voluntarism and simplicity," who go in search of their Waldens. But their quixotry simply reminds us that the march of modernity is ruthless and can never retreat. In France, for example, the century following the Revolution of 1789 was an oscillation of revolutions and *anciens régimes*; aristocrats were decapitated, parliaments were voted out of power, old ideologies were abandoned. But during the same years the trend of technological change was unmistakable and irreversible. Unlike the French Revolution, the Industrial Revolution—despite occasional William Morris—produced no powerful counterrevolution.

Finally, there remains a crucial difference between our ability to imagine future political revolutions and to imagine future technological revolutions. This is perhaps the most important, if least observed, distinction between the political and the technological worlds. In failure to note this distinction I describe the "Gamut Fallacy." "Gamut," an English word rooted in the Greek "gamma" for the lowest note in an old musical scale, means the complete range of anything. When we think, for example, of the future of our political and our governmental forms, we can have in mind substantially the whole range of possibilities. It is this, of course, which authenticates the traditional wisdom of political prophecy. It illustrates what we might call "John Adams's Law," namely, that political wisdom does not substantially progress. No more than the astronomical analogy of "revolving" (the primary meaning of "revolution") was tempting!

But the history of technology, again, is quite another story. We cannot envisage, even imagine, the range of alternatives for which future technological history will be made. One of the wisest (and, surprisingly enough, one of the most cautious) of prophets in this area is Arthur C. Clarke, author of *2001* and other speculations. Clarke provides us with a valuable rule of thumb for assessing prophecies of the future of man: his *Profiles of the Future* (after offering some instructive examples of prophecies by experts who proved beyond doubt that the atom could not be split, that supersonic transportation was physically impossible, that man could

er escape from the earth's gravitational
d and could certainly never reach the
(on), he offers us "Arthur Clarke's Law":
hen a distinguished but elderly scientist
res that something is possible, he is almost
tainly right. When he states that something
mpossible, he is very probably wrong."

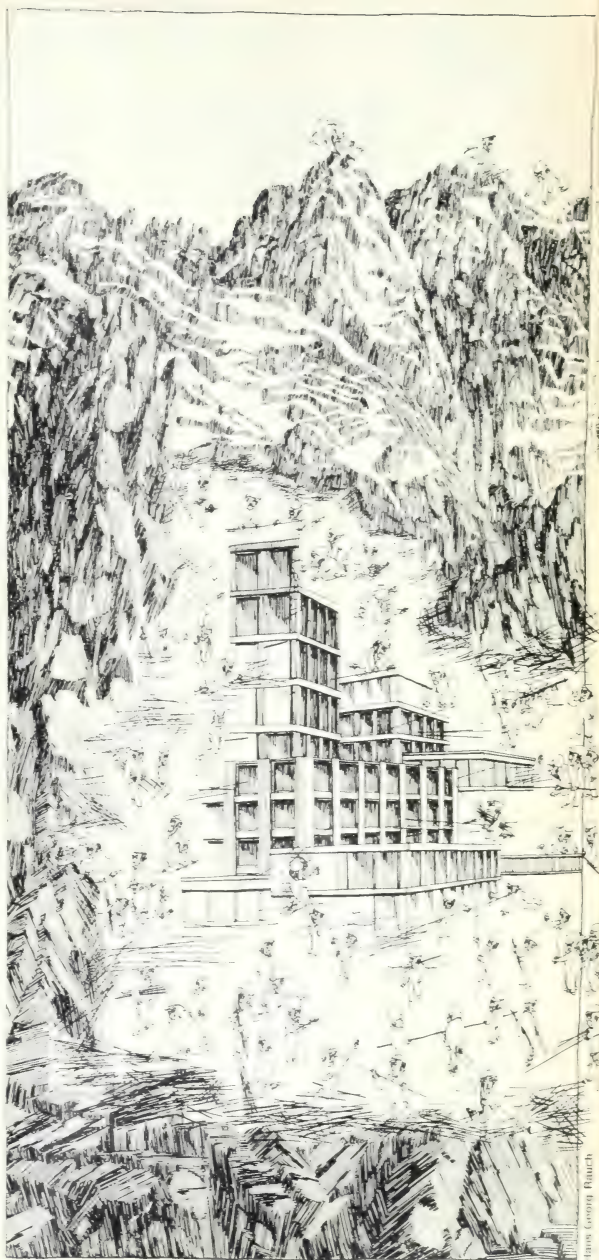
This is Clarke's way of warning us against
at I have called the "Gamut Fallacy"—the
taken notion that we can envisage all pos-
sibilities. If *anything* is possible, then we really
not know what is possible, simply because
cannot imagine *everything*. Where, as in
political world, we make the possibilities
selves, the limitations of the human imagi-
tion are reflected in the limitations of ac-
possibilities themselves. But the physical
ld is not of our making, and hence its full
ge of possibilities is beyond our imagining.

Experimenting with education

OF ALL A NATION'S institutions, its col-
leges and universities—next to its
churches—are the most easily petri-
fied. In England, for example, before
end of the nineteenth century the political
em had been liberalized, the franchise
adened, the economy industrialized. But
ord and Cambridge, the centers of aca-
sic prestige and power, remained relics
se customs could be understood only by a
pathy for the Middle Ages. The Old School
and the college blazer remain remnants
s snobbery. Long after Americans had
sed to study Latin, and the language was
loyed only by medical doctors writing
r prescriptions, Latin continued to be the
guage of college diplomas.

n view of this worldwide phenomenon
ademic stasis, the story of higher education
he United States is remarkable, perhaps
que. While our colleges and universities
e not failed to be citadels of the status quo,
r, more than in most other nations, these
stitutions have been frequently and liberally
gated by the currents of change. They have
a become some of the more conspicuous
ts for democratic experiment.

eedless to say, the American phenomenon
not been the product mainly of the desire
rofessors to dissolve the ancient categories
heir revered expertise or to enter the risky
petitive marketplace. Rather it has been
y-product of characteristically American
umstances. In the United States we offer
spectacle—unfamiliar on the world scene—
the endless fluidity of the categories of
wledge, and the intimate entanglement of



From George Putnam

Daniel J.
Boorstin

POLITICAL TECHNOLOGY

the so-called higher learning with the changing needs and desires—even the whims—of the larger community.

IN THE UNITED STATES, by 1977, there were some 10 million students in about 3,000 institutions of higher learning. The faculties of these institutions numbered over 700,000. During most of our history, excepting certain periods of war and depression, all these figures have been steadily increasing. The G.I. Bill of 1944 and its successor programs (1952; 1966) offered unprecedented opportunities and inducements for veterans of World War II, the Korean War, and the Vietnam War to enter colleges and universities. During much of our recent history, the absolute numbers, the proportion of the American population in such institutions, and the rate of increase of these numbers have been significantly higher than those in other industrially developed countries. At the same time, American education (including higher education) has been characterized by the lack of any national system. In most places, and certainly in Europe, the system was built like a pyramid. Elementary schools prepared vast numbers of people to read and write, then smaller numbers were selected for secondary schools, and finally a tiny proportion of these were sent on to colleges and universities. This elite group at the top tended to come, of course, from the wealthy and the wellborn.

Our arrangement—it should not be called a system—grew quite differently. American democracy gave a bizarre shape to our educational institutions. Instead of being a pyramid wide at the bottom, these institutions are very much like an inverted pyramid—top-heavy at the upper levels. From the traditional European point of view, our educational structure is upside down.

In place of an educational system we have had a widely diffused national program of educational experiment. Despite, even because of, this lack of a system, certain features have emerged in American education as a whole:

Community emphasis and community control. American institutions of higher education have tended to be founded by communities and to be supported by communities for particular purposes. They have been expected to justify themselves to the communities which founded them (commonly defined geographically or by religious denomination). For example, Harvard College, the oldest institution of higher education in the United States, was set up in 1636 by the Massachusetts Bay Colony

for a communal purpose, to provide a learned ministry. It was founded by an Act of the colony, was established with a gift from John Harvard, and then was supported by the colony through public appropriations and private gifts. The governing body did not consist of the scholars teaching there (as in Oxford or Cambridge colleges), but of a nonacademic board which was the ancestor of all the boards of trustees that control American universities today. A continuing community emphasis has kept these American institutions under the control of community representatives, and has created and confirmed pressure to satisfy the expectations of the community which has supported the institutions by municipal or state funds or by private donations. The spectacular growth of community colleges after World War II expressed this additional emphasis anew and helped expand opportunities for higher education under local control.

Adaptability of institutions and fluidity of subject matters. Such institutions—founded by a particular community—have tended to be willing, or even eager, to adapt themselves to whatever at the moment has been considered to be their sponsoring community's urgent needs. Just as Harvard College aimed to provide a learned ministry for the Massachusetts Bay community, so land-grant institutions (many of which were originally called agricultural and mechanical colleges) aimed to help farmers and their wives for rural America, normal colleges aimed to train teachers, a host of law schools, business schools, engineering schools, schools of journalism, school of nursing, and their descendants have aimed to provide qualified practitioners.

Traditional distinctions between high culture and low culture, between the "liberal arts" and the practical arts, and other time-hallowed distinctions have tended to dissolve. As new schools and new "programs" and new subjects for degrees and certificates have been freely added, the boundaries of traditional disciplines have been befogged. In England, for example, there has been a tendency to refine history as what is taught or examined in the Honours School at Oxford or in the Tripos at Cambridge. But in the United States, where we have had no Oxford or Cambridge to dominate the scene, people supply their own definitions. Sometimes these are crazy, often they are faddish, but often, too, they are fertile and suggestive. New subjects enter the curriculum casually. "No Trespassing" signs are hard for professors to erect. Sociology, anthropology, psychology, economics, and statistics

more easily interfused with history, or
 in to be taught in a regular curriculum.
 The man's sociology is another man's history.
 There come to be nearly as many definitions
 subjects as there are institutions; institu-
 tions compete in their definitions of subject
 matter and in their invention of subject mat-
 ters. This fluidity has, of course, encouraged
 the notionable, "newsworthy," and up-to-the-min-
 ute subject matters and those which seem to
 have some instant vocational use. The prestige
 of the subject—for both students and faculty—is indef-
 initely expanded. Just as German and French
 officers serving with the American Revolution-
 ary Army were astounded at the omnipresence
 of Americans who bore the title of captain, so
 European visitors nowadays are understand-
 ably puzzled at the range of subjects for which
 Americans can be awarded the B.A. degree
 and at the countless American "professors."

Competition among institutions. In coun-
 ties with organized, centralized systems of
 higher education, there tend to be a hierarchy
 of institutions, a uniform salary scale, and
 roughly uniform conditions of employment.
 In the United States the rule is diversity.
 An instructor in one institution may receive
 a salary as high as that of a full professor
 in another; he may have a smaller teach-
 ing load and greater freedom to define his
 subject. Institutions compete for faculty, fac-
 ulty members compete for positions elsewhere. The
 variations in the conditions of student life, in
 academic standards, and in extracurricular
 facilities produce a widespread competition
 among students. The diversity can increase oppor-
 tunities for self-fulfillment for both faculty and
 student. A student who has been disadvan-
 taged in family or in early education can en-
 ter an easy institution and transfer to a more
 difficult institution with higher standards.
 While each institution has an incentive to be
 "with it" in curriculum and living conditions,
 and to employ the full apparatus of advertis-
 ing and public relations, it also has an incen-
 tive to excel.

These characteristics of American higher
 education are all found in some form or other
 in American elementary and secondary
 education. Community emphasis and commu-
 nity control are ensured by locally elected
 school boards. Adaptability of programs and
 fluidity of subject matters come from com-
 munity pressures. And even the competition
 among institutions is expressed in the compe-
 tition between parochial and public schools,
 between private academies and public schools.
 In an increasingly mobile American popu-
 lation in which families with children often

choose their place of residence by the character
 and quality of the local public schools.

ALL THESE HISTORY-ROOTED character-
 istics have been modified and con-
 fused by certain developments that
 have climaxed in the later twentieth-
 century America. These have tended to remove
 or reduce the benefits of our traditional ex-
 perimentation and to substitute dogmatic cen-
 tral purpose—or the demands of a homoge-
 neous populism—for the plural experimental
 spirit. Most of these recent developments have
 tended to encourage or enforce a greater uni-
 formity in American educational institutions:

- a. The interpretation of the federal Constitu-
 tion, and numerous federal laws, to ensure
 the constitutional right of students to non-
 discrimination in educational opportuni-
 ties. The landmark here, of course, is the
 desegregation decision of the Supreme
 Court, *Brown v. Board of Education*
 (1954). One consequence has been a gen-
 eral reduction in the differences between
 institutions, even where their differences
 showed a variety of interest rather than an
 intention to discriminate. Thus there are
 fewer all-male or all-female institutions.
- b. Increasing sources of federal funding for
 education, e.g., funds for buildings, books,
 audiovisual aids, and numerous special
 programs (Head Start, et cetera), the
 founding of and increasing appropriations
 for the National Endowments for the Arts
 and Humanities.
- c. Increasing federal support of scientific and
 technological research and development,
 using university faculties and facilities. An
 obvious example is the federal support of
 the research climaxed in the first nuclear
 chain reaction at the University of Chicago.
 As much as half of the budget of some "pri-
 vate" institutions consists of federally fund-
 ed projects. The National Institute of
 Health has become a potent influence.
- d. Increasing foundation support for educa-
 tion, research, and publication. The Ford
 Foundation, the Rockefeller Foundation,
 the Guggenheim Foundation, and a host of
 other foundations, large and small, operate
 in the national arena.
- e. Increasing strength of professional organi-
 zations for teachers and specialized groups
 of scholars and of accrediting organiza-
 tions. For example, the American Asso-
 ciation of University Professors (which

**"In the United
 States we offer
 a spectacle—
 unfamiliar on
 the world
 scene—of the
 endless fluidity
 of the cate-
 gories of
 knowledge...."**

Daniel J.
Boorstin

POLITICAL TECHNOLOGY

has its rules of tenure and has blacklisted institutions) and the American Federation of Teachers and other unions. Accrediting organizations for colleges and professional schools (e.g., the North Central Association, the Association of American Law Schools) increase in power as their accreditation can affect the eligibility of an institution for sizable federal aid.

Increasing influence of students dominated by one or another current national political or reformist dogma.

- g. Increasing pressure for sexual, racial, and other "minority" quotas for teachers and students. Often these pressures take the form of special federal and state programs, enforced by administrative or quasi-judicial bodies, and by the threats of federal agencies to withdraw aid.

Despite these and other pressures toward uniform standards, uniform conditions, and uniform opportunities in American educational institutions, American higher education retains many of its historic strengths and weaknesses. At best, the American situation has offered a national opportunity for creative chaos, endless variety, and open opportunity. At worst the American situation has been anarchy and philistinism.

One notable consequence of this maelstrom has been the peculiar difficulty we Americans find in agreeing on the definition of an educated person. We become increasingly wary of traditional humanistic definitions of a liberal education, and dangerously reluctant to make literacy, much less literariness, a necessary ingredient of the highly educated.

The American experience—a federal experience with a strong tradition of community variety and local control—suggests that any effort to provide a more feasible, more precise definition of the "educated person" is not apt to succeed here through the proclamation or enforcement of national norms. Efforts to establish national standards in education have not been spectacularly successful. Where they have been somewhat effective it has been in a negative way—by finding means to prevent the violation of the rights of all citizens to equal treatment and equal opportunity. Or in the enforcement of minimum requirements (such as library facilities, numbers of Ph.D.s on the faculty, faculty freedom from interference by boards of trustees).

The American preoccupation with the future—to which the past and present are considered only a clue—has always made it difficult here to instill a decent respect for the

body of traditional learning, and the vocabulary required for that acquisition. Perhaps the closest approach to a universally acceptable American definition is Alice Freeman Palmer's "That's what education means, to be able to do what you've never done before."

THIS EXPERIMENTAL SPIRIT, which made the new nation politically possible, would explain much that would be distinctive of the nation's life in the following two centuries. The American limbo—a borderland between experience and idea, where old absolutes were dissolved and new opportunities discovered—would puzzle thinkers from abroad. With their time-honored distinction between fact and idea, between materialism and idealism, they labeled a people who had so little respect for absolutes vulgar "materialists." In the gloriously free cultures of the Old World it was not easy to think of life as experiment. But American life was experiment, and experiment was a technique for testing and revising ideas. In this American limbo all sorts of novelties might emerge. What to men of the Old World seemed a no-man's-land was the American native land.

The experimentalism which had worked on the land, and would test the varied possibilities of fifty states, had found new arenas in the course of the nineteenth century. What federalism was in the world of politics, technology would be in the minutiae of everyday life. While ideology fenced in, federalism—a technology—tried out. Just as federalism would test still unimagined possibilities in government, so technology would test unimagined possibilities in the modes of experience.

It was not surprising that the United States would become noted—some would even say notorious—as a land of technology. The Swiss writer Max Frisch once described technology as "the knack of so arranging the world that we don't have to experience it." But in American history technology could equally well be described as "the knack of so arranging the world as to produce new experiences." America the time-honored antithesis between materialism and idealism would become obsolete as that old petrified absolute of "sovereignty," which had made the British Empire come apart, and then made the American Revolution necessary. American experimentalism—in its older political form of American federalism and in its more modern generalized form of American technology—would become the leitmotif of American civilization.

Harper's INTERNATIONAL TRAVEL PLANNER 1978



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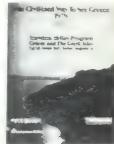
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An Opening Week: Celebration

Festivals and holidays, feasts and cultural programs enrich the travel calendar—and never more so than in 1978. There is an outpouring of celebrations throughout the world that creates for the traveler that marvelous Sense of Occasion that etches itself in the mind forever.

Traditionally, festivals have been holidays of feasting and celebration in honor of a happy event—the harvest of a local product, the return of the fishing fleet, the longest day of the year, the birth of a patron saint. In recent years, the word *festival* has stretched to include cultural events that draw together a galaxy of the world's great talents in music, art, drama, and film, a sudden richness in a single place for a short period.

Whether you stumble on a small town's religious pageant, put together simply, with tradition and reverence, or find yourself in a marvelous

concert hall, these festivals, holidays, and special events add brilliance and focus to a trip.

Our International Travel Planner is meant to give you the choice events in each country. Out of the thousands of happenings around the world, we have selected those which we feel will interest a knowing traveler. They can be the starting point from which you and your travel agent can create a memorable trip.

We've provided a tear-out card at page T24 for you to use. Just fill it out and send it along for free information about the countries, events, and services mentioned in the Travel Planner. You'll receive marvelous information to help you plan your next vacation.

1978 promises to be another great year for travelers. We hope you'll be sharing in the journeys and, along with them, in the celebrations.

EUROPE

A marvelous gathering of festivals and exhibitions; music, art, gastronomic, film, and sports events; national celebrations; and much more.

ANDORRA

July 24–26: FOLKLORIC FESTIVAL. Les Escaldes Village.

Sept. 8: OUR LADY OF MERITXELL NATIONAL FESTIVAL. Folkloric events.

AUSTRIA

March–June 30: OPERA SEASON. Vienna. Graz. Daily performances in Vienna.

March 18–27: EASTER FESTIVAL. Salzburg. Music.

May 19–28: AUSTRIAN WINE FAIR. Krems, Lower Austria.

May 27–June 25: VIENNA FESTIVAL. Vienna. City-wide concerts.

June 29–August 2: SARIN THIAN SUMMER FESTIVAL. Ossiach and Villach.

July 8–21: SEVENTH YOUTH FESTIVAL. Vienna. Music.

July 20–August 23: BREGENZ FESTIVAL. Bregenz. Open-air music, drama.

July 26–August 31: SALZBURG FESTIVAL. Salzburg. Superb music, drama.

August 13: AUSTRIAN GRAND PRIX. Zeltweg. Formula 1 World Championship.

September: VINTNERS' FESTIVALS. Lower Austria and Burgenland.

BRUCKNER FESTIVAL. Linz.

September 16–24: INTERNATIONAL FALL FAIR. Vienna.

October–November: STYRIAN AUTUMN FESTIVAL. Graz.

December 24: "SILENT NIGHT, HOLY NIGHT" CELEBRATIONS. Oberndorf, Hallein, Wagrain. Marks composition of the famous Christmas carol.

HIGHLIGHTS '78

Europe glows with anniversaries this year. Among the most noteworthy are:

- The Bicentennial of La Scala Opera House, Milan, Italy. A year-long celebration with special performances of opera, concerts, ballet.
- The 900th anniversary of the Tower, London, England. Special pageants and plays to honor the historic building throughout the year.
- The Ibsen Festival, Norway. Marks the 150th anniversary of the birth of the Norwegian playwright.
- The Schubert Festival, Austria. Commemorates the 150th anniversary of the death of Franz Schubert.

Plus an outpouring of festivals in France and the observance of Heritage Year in Great Britain, with emphasis on searching out American roots there.

BELGIUM

April 20–June 16: INTERNATIONAL CHORAL FESTIVAL. Kortrijk.

April 29–May 15: INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR. Brussels.

May 1: 1,010TH ANNUAL PERFORMANCE OF THE PLAY OF SAINT EVERMAR. Russon.

May 4: PROCESSION OF THE HOLY BLOOD. Bruges.

May 7–July 5, July 27–September 25: MUSIC FESTIVALS. Flanders, Ghent, Brussels, Leuven, Bruges.

May 20–23: 18TH ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL MILITARY MUSIC FESTIVAL. Mons. Bands from many countries.

May 21: CENTURY-OLD PROCESSION OF THE GOLDEN CHARIOT. Mons.

June 10–11: DAY OF FOUR PROCESSION Tournai.

July 2: 31ST ANNUAL GRAND FESTIVAL AND FAIRY NIGHT. Namur.

July 6: OMMEGANG PAGEANT. Brussels. Spectacular annual procession.

July 9–20: MEDIEVAL TOURNAMENTS. Bruges.

July 28–August 11: INTERNATIONAL MUSIC DAYS. Bruges.

August–September: MUSIC FESTIVAL OF FLANDERS. Ghent.

August 28: GRAND INTERNATIONAL STEEPLCHASE. Waregem.

September 9–24: 33RD ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR. Ghent.

September 23–October 8: 22ND ANNUAL OKTOBERFEST. Wize. Beer festival.

September 30–November 11: GRAND VARIETY FAIR. Liege.

November 25–December 3: MUSIC SHOW. Brussels. At Heysel.

December 17: THE "NUTS" FAIR. Bastogne. Commemorates famous reply to German demand for surrender.

BULGARIA

April 12–16: INTERNATIONAL WATER POLO TOURNAMENT. Sofia.

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May 1: LABOR DAY PARADES AND CELEBRATIONS.

May 10-14: VARNA '78—INTERNATIONAL CHORAL COMPETITION, Varna.

May 18-30: 12TH NATIONAL FESTIVAL OF HUMOR AND SATIRE, Gabrovo.

May 23-29: BULGARIAN FILM FESTIVAL, Sofia.

May 23-June 14: MUSIC WEEKS INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL, Sofia.

June 1-10: ROSE DAY FESTIVAL, Karlovo.

June 1-20: SUMMER FESTIVAL OF SYMPHONY, CANTATA, ORCHESTRAL OPERA AND CHAMBER MUSIC, Varna.

July 1-30: NEPTUNE FESTIVAL AND CARNAVAL, Albena, Zlatni Pyassutsi, and Slunchev Bryag.

July 14-27: INTERNATIONAL BALLET COMPETITION, Varna.

August 22-September 1: INTERNATIONAL FOLKLORE FESTIVAL, Burgas.

September 11-20: CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL, Plovdiv.

CYPRUS

April 2: PROCESSION OF ICON OF ST. LAZARUS, Larnaca.

Early May: FLOWER FESTIVAL, Anthestiria, Nicosia Festival, Theater, concerts, folk art.

May 15-31: INTERNATIONAL TENNIS TOURNAMENT, Nicosia.

May 26-June 1: THIRD CYPRUS INTERNATIONAL FAIR, Nicosia.

May 28-June 1: CELEBRATION OF THE "FLOOD," Kataklysmos. Festivities in all seaside towns.

June-July: ANCIENT GREEK DRAMA FESTIVAL, Kato Paphos.

July 1-15: CURIUM FESTIVAL, near Limassol. Ancient Greek and Shakespearean drama, concerts.

July 1-15: INTERNATIONAL ART FESTIVAL, Limassol. At the Public Gardens.

August 1-15: FOLK ART FESTIVAL, Pampaphia.

August 14-15: THE DORMITION OF THE HOLY VIRGIN, Monasteries of Trooditissa and Kykko.

September 15-30: WINE FESTIVAL, Limassol. Free wine at all open-air restaurants, folk dancing, singing.

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA

April 26-May 14: WORLD ICE HOCKEY GAMES, Prague, Prague Stadium.

May 3-10: INTERNATIONAL FAIR, Brno.

May 12-June 4: INTERNATIONAL SPRING MUSIC FESTIVAL, Prague.

June 23-25: 33RD INTERNATIONAL FOLK MUSIC FESTIVAL, Straznice.

July-August: BRATISLAVA SUMMER, Bratislava. Concerts, film festival, art.

August: CHOPIN MUSIC FESTIVAL, Mariánske Lazne.

August 25-September 22: 20TH DVORAK FESTIVAL, Karlovy Vary, Music.

August 26-September 10: AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION, FAIR, Ceske Budejovice.

August 29-September 3: EUROPEAN

TRACK AND FIELD CHAMPIONSHIP, Prague.

October: BACH FESTIVAL, Bratislava.

DENMARK

April 4-9: FOOD FAIR, Copenhagen.

1,000 international chefs participate.

April 5-end of August: DEER GARDEN FAIR, Copenhagen.

April 16: QUEEN MARGARETHE'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.

May 1-September 17: TIVOLI GARDENS SEASON, Copenhagen.

May 1-September 25: LEGOLAND SEASON, Billund, Jutland.

May 3-17: SCANDINAVIAN FURNITURE SHOW, Copenhagen.

June 23: MIDSUMMER EVE. Bonfire celebrations.

June 23-July 9: VIKING FESTIVAL, Frederiksund. Days of the Vikings relived.

July 1-August 31: SUMMER FESTIVAL, Copenhagen. Free concerts.

July 4: REBILD FESTIVAL, Rebild National Park, south of Aalborg, Marks American Independence Day. Largest such celebration in Europe.

July 8-11: TILTING TOURNAMENT, Sonderborg. Horsemen's festival.

Early July-early August: HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN FESTIVAL, Odense.

September-December: ROYAL THEATER SEASON, Copenhagen.

September 2-11: FESTIVAL WEEK, Aarhus. Opera, concerts, ballet.

September 14-17: 26TH SCANDINAVIAN FASHION WEEK, Copenhagen.

October 1-2: INTERNATIONAL FAIR FOR ARTS, HANDICRAFTS, Copenhagen.

October 13-22: FLOWER SHOW, Copenhagen.

FINLAND

March 19: REINDEER RACING COMPETITION, Rovaniemi.

June 5-11: DANCE AND MUSIC FESTIVAL, Kuopio. Ballet, folk, modern dance.

June 15-18: FESTIVAL, Vaasa. Music, art, drama.

June 23-24: MIDSUMMER CELEBRATION. Traditional festivity with bonfires.

June 27-July 7: ARTS FESTIVAL, Jyväskylä. Concerts, exhibitions, symposiums on industry and society.

July 9-30: OPERA FESTIVAL, Savonlinna.

July 14-16: JAZZ '78, Pori. Concerts, jam sessions.

July 17-23: FOLK MUSIC FESTIVAL, Kaustinen. International music and dance.

July 30-August 6: CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL, Kuhmo.

August 12-17: MUSIC FESTIVAL, Turku. Chamber music, symphonies, rock.

August 15-20: TAMPERE THEATRE SUMMER. Famous open-air theater.

August 18-September 1: HELSINKI FESTIVAL. Concerts, ballet, art exhibitions.

December 6: INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATIONS. Lighted candles.

FRANCE

March 26-April 2: EASTER FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND SACRED ART, Lourdes.

April 14: 15TH ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL

FESTIVAL OF CONTEMPORARY ART, Royan. Exhibits, ballet, theater, film.

May-June: FESTIVAL OF SAINT-DENIS, Saint-Denis. Opera, jazz, other music.

FESTIVAL OF VERSAILLES. Music of 17th and 18th centuries.

May 5-June 21: BORDEAUX FESTIVAL, Bordeaux. Music, drama, dancing.

May 17-28: INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL, Cannes, 31st year.

May 26: JOAN OF ARC FESTIVAL, Rouen.

June 2-25: MUSIC FESTIVAL, Strasbourg.

June 5-6: D-DAY LANDING ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS, Normandy.

June 7-July 13: MARAIS FESTIVAL, Paris. Drama and music in old homes.

June 7-July 7: FESTIVAL OF LYONS, Concerts, opera, ballet.

June 10-11: GRAND PRIX, Le Mans.

June 22-July 16: TOUR DE FRANCE CYCLERACE, Brest to Paris.

June 23-July 2: MUSIC FESTIVAL, Tour.

July 1-31: FESTIVAL, Arles. Includes bullfighting, guitar playing.

July-August: AVIGNON FESTIVAL. Theater, dance, film, music.

CASALS MUSIC FESTIVAL, Prades.

July 14: BASTILLE DAY.

July 15-September 23: SUMMER FESTIVAL, Paris. 120 concerts, exhibition.

musical competitions, jazz, dance.

July 15-August 4: INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL, Aix-en-Provence.

July 23-25: JAZZ FESTIVAL, Antibes. Jam sessions with top musicians.

September 1-17: INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL, Besancon.

September 7-18: EUROPEAN FAIR, Strasbourg.

September 8: FESTIVAL OF THE NATIVITY OF THE VIRGIN, Lourdes.

Early October: AUTOMOBILE SHOW, Paris.

October 28-November 12: GASTRONOMY FAIR, Dijon.

November 15-20: SEVENTH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC, Metz.

November 18-20: LES TROIS GLORIEUSES (WINE FESTIVALS), Nuits-Saint-Georges, Beaune, and Meursault.

December 3-24: TRADITIONAL CHRISTMAS FAIR, Strasbourg.

EAST GERMANY

June 11-18: HANDEL FESTIVAL, Halle.

July 2-9: ROSE SHOW, Erfurt.

September 3-10: FALL FAIR, Leipzig.

WEST GERMANY

May 1-31: MAY FESTIVAL OF BALLET AND MUSIC, Wiesbaden.

June 10-24: MOZART FESTIVAL, Wuerzburg.

June 16-24: EUROPEAN MUSIC FESTIVAL, Passau/Danube.

June 23-July 4: INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL, Berlin.

July 4-July 22: DERBY WEEK, Hamburg.

July: NYMPHENBURG SUMMER FESTIVAL, Munich.

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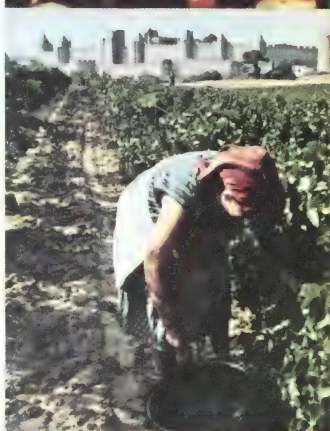
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Photographs by Slim Aarons

On the cover: Houseboats on Dal Lake in the romantic Vale of Kashmir in the Himalayas. Life here is lived on the water: cook-boat is tied up to houseboat, and both are poled to nesting places among the lily pads. The traveler who wants to experience houseboat living will find rentals here still agreeably low-priced.

July-August: MOZART CONCERT SEASON, Augsburg.

July-September: HEIDELBERG CASTLE FESTIVAL. Illuminations, concerts.

July 9-30: OPERA FESTIVAL, Munich. July 25-August 28: WAGNER FESTIVAL, Bayreuth. A major musical event.

August 6-20: INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW, Aachen.

Mid-August: ATHLETICS CUP, Dusseldorf. Track and field events.

August 15-21: WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP BICYCLE RACES, Munich.

August: INTERNATIONAL FAIR, Frankfurt.

August-October: WINE FESTIVALS.

September: WINE AND SAUSAGE FESTIVAL, Bad Dürkheim.

September 3-October 8: FESTIVAL WEEKS, West Berlin. Opera.

September 16-October 1: OKTOBERFEST, Munich. Beer festival.

Mid-September-mid-October: CONNSTATT FOLK AND BEER FESTIVAL, Stuttgart.

October 18-23: BOOK FAIR, Frankfurt.

GREECE

March 25: FEAST OF THE VIRGIN AND DEPENDENCE DAY. Parades.

April 1-October 31: SOUND AND LIGHT PERFORMANCES, Athens and Rhodes.

May 1: LABOR DAY. Parades, flower festivals, and fairs in most areas.

May-early June: THE PALAIOLOGIA CULTURAL AND ARTISTIC FESTIVAL, Mystra-Sparta.

May 9-30: FLOWER FESTIVAL, Edessa.

May 15-October 15: FESTIVAL OF FOLKLORE DANCES, Athens.

June-October: REGIONAL GREEK FOLK DANCE PERFORMANCES, Rhodes.

June 21: MIDSUMMER'S DAY FESTIVAL, Rhodes.

July-September: WINE FESTIVALS, Athens, Rhodes, and Alexandroupoli.

July-August: FESTIVAL OF ANCIENT DRAMA, Theater of Epidaurus.

September: CRICKET MATCHES, Corfu.

September 3-17: INTERNATIONAL TRAFFIC FAIR, Thessaloniki.

October 28: NATIONAL HOLIDAY. Military parades.

GIBRALTAR

April 22-23: SHARK ANGLING FESTIVAL.

July: CARNIVAL CAVALCADE. Amusements, dances. GIBRALTAR FESTIVAL. Music, art, drama.

October: DRAMA FESTIVAL.

HUNGARY

April 15-early September: ORGAN CONCERTS IN THE CATHEDRAL, Pannonhalma.

April 28-30: INTERNATIONAL EQUESTRIAN CHAMPIONSHIP, Kiskunhalas.

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May 17-25: INTERNATIONAL SPRING FAIR, Budapest.
June 1-3: INTERNATIONAL JAZZ DAYS, Szeged.
June 24, July 29, August 18-19: BEE-THOVEN CONCERTS, Martonvasar.
July 1-3: INTERNATIONAL EQUESTRIAN DAYS, Hortobagy.
July 18-August 19: OPEN-AIR FESTIVAL, Szeged.
August 19: 11TH NATIONAL FLORAL CAR-NIVAL, Debrecen.
September 24-October 30: ART WEEKS, Budapest.

ICELAND

April 20: FIRST DAY OF SUMMER. A holi-day unique to Iceland. Now celebrated mainly by and for children.
June 1: SEAMEN'S DAY. Sports, speeches, parades.
June 17: NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE DAY. Festivities and street dancing.
July 13-16: NATIONAL HORSE SHOW AND RACING, Thingvillir.
August 11-13: VESTMANNAEYJAR FESTI-VAL, Westman Islands. Bonfires, dancing, sports, entertainment.
October-May: NATIONAL THEATER, Reykjavik.
Icelandic Symphony Season. Performances every other Thursday.
October 9: LEIF ERICSON DAY. Cele-brates the discovery of North Ameri-ca by Ericson in 1000 A. D.

IRELAND

March 23-25: WORLD IRISH DANCING CHAMPIONSHIPS, Dublin.
April 19-23: 25TH INTERNATIONAL CHO-RAL & FOLK DANCE FESTIVAL, Cork. Features leading choirs.
May 19-28: DUNDALK FESTIVAL AND AMATEUR INTERNATIONAL THEATER FESTIVAL, Dundalk.
May 27-June 5: INTERNATIONAL BAND AND MUSIC FESTIVAL, Tullaniore.
June 3-10: FILM INTERNATIONAL, Cork. Short-film competition.
June 4-10: FESTIVAL OF MUSIC IN GREAT IRISH HOUSES, Dublin.
July 8-10: BACH FESTIVAL, Killarney.
July 29-August 2: SOUTH OF IRELAND AMATEUR OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP, Lahinch.
August 8-13: HORSE SHOW, Dublin.
August 24-29: INTERNATIONAL FOLK DANCE FESTIVAL, Letterkenny.
August 25-28: ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF TRADITIONAL IRISH MUSIC, Ennis.
August 26-September 3: ARTS WEEK, Kil-kenny.
August 26-31: ROSE OF TRALEE INTERNA-TIONAL FESTIVAL, Tralee.
September 12-October 3: INTERNATION-AL FESTIVAL OF LIGHT OPERA, Water-ford.
October 3-15: THEATRE FESTIVAL, Dub-lin.
October 18-29: OPERA FESTIVAL, Wex-ford. Also concerts, film exhibits.

ITALY

Throughout 1978: LA SCALA BICENTEN-NIAL, Milan. Special opera perfor-mances, ballet, concerts.
March 23: MAUNDY THURSDAY PROCES-SION, Marsala.
March 24: GOOD FRIDAY PROCESSION OF THE DEAD CHRIST, Chiète.
March 26: EXPLOSION OF THE CART, Flo-rence. Easter Sunday fireworks.
April 25: ST. MARK'S FEAST DAY, Venice. First gondola regatta of season.
May-June: CLASSICAL THEATRE FESTI-VAL, Syracuse. Performances of Greek and Roman plays.
May-July: SYMPHONIC SEASON, Venice.
May 1-July 1: 41ST FLORENTINE MAY MUSIC FESTIVAL, Florence.
May 4: CRICKET FESTIVAL, Florence. Live crickets for racing are sold in tiny cages.
SARDINIAN CAVALCADE, Sassari. 3,000 parade in traditional costumes.
May 15: RACE OF THE CANDLES, Gubbio. Colorful pageantry.
May 25: CORPUS CHRISTI FESTIVAL, Brin-disi.
June-September: SUMMER THEATER, Ve-rona.
June 2: FESTIVAL OF THE REPUBLIC, Rome. Military parades.
June 13: FEAST OF ST. ANTHONY, Padua.
End of June-beginning of July: TWO WORLDS FESTIVAL, Spoleto. Opera, concerts, drama, ballet, exhibits.

June 24 and 28: 16TH CENTURY FOOT-BALL GAME. Florence. In costume.

July-August: BALLET FESTIVAL. Numerous major international companies participate.

July 2 and August 16: PALIO. Siena. Medieval horse race.

July 16: FESTIVAL OF THE REDEEMER. Venice. Illuminated boats.

August: MUSICAL ENCOUNTERS. Sorrento. Chamber, symphonic concerts, recitals, ballet. Guest performers.

August-September: BIENNALE. Venice. One of the world's major film and art festivals.

August 14: THE PROCESSION OF CANDILESTICKS. Sassari, Sardinia.

September: 42ND INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR OF THE LEVANT. Bari.

Mid-September-early October: SAGRA MUSICAL UMBRA FESTIVAL. Perugia, Terni, Orvieto, Assisi, Todi, Sangemini, Gubbio, Narni, Foligno, Cascia, Passignano sul Tras, Meno, Castiglione del Lago, Magione, and Deruta. Opera, chamber music, organ concerts.

September 19: ST. GENNARO FESTIVAL. Naples. Honors city's patron saint.

October-May: OPERA AND SYMPHONIC MUSIC FESTIVAL. Bologna. Concerts.

October: TRUFFLE FAIR. Alba. Cultural and agricultural events.

October 3-4: FEAST OF ST. FRANCIS. Assisi. Italy's patron saint is honored.

October 5: GRAPE FESTIVAL. Cupramontana, Ancona.

October 18: TRADITIONAL SAN LUCA FAIR. Treviso.

December: PUPPET FAIR AND EXHIBITION MARKET OF THE CRIB. Lecce.

LUXEMBOURG

April 16-30: "OCTAVE" 300th annual pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Luxembourg.

May 1: LILY OF THE VALLEY DAY. Mondorf-Les-Bains. Non-stop entertainment program with evening ball.

May 14-22: INTERNATIONAL INDUSTRIES FAIR. Luxembourg-City.

May 16: DANCING PROCESSION. Echternach.

June 23: NATIONAL HOLIDAY. Fireworks, parades, dancing, concerts.

July-early August: INTERNATIONAL OPEN-AIR THEATRE. Wiltz.

July 8-9: REMEMBRANCE DAY. Ettelbruck. In honor of Gen. George S. Patton.

July 29-August 13: POTTERY AND CERAMIC EXHIBIT. Nospelt.

August 13: INTERNATIONAL MOTO-CROSS "GRAND PRIX DE LUXEMBOURG." Ettelbruck. World championship series.

Mid-August: BEER FESTIVAL. Clausen Luxembourg. Held in a jumbo tent.

August 27-September 10: AMUSEMENT FAIR. Luxembourg-City. Dates back to 1340.

September 3-4: WINE FESTIVAL. Schwebsauge. Wine flows from a fountain in the public square.

September 9-10: GRAPE AND WINE FESTIVAL. Grevenmacher. Fireworks.

MALTA

May 5-8: CARNIVAL. Valletta and throughout the country. Dates back 1535. Dancing competitions, band marches, decorated floats.

June: THE MALTA INTERNATIONAL AIR RALLY. Valletta. Light aircraft.

June 27-28: MNARIA FOLK FESTIVAL. Buskett Gardens, Valletta.

July 1-15: FAIR. Naxxar.

September 8: REGATTA. Grand Harbour. Boat races and pageantry.

MONACO

April 7-16: 78TH MONTE CARLO TENNIS WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP. Famous international tournament.

May 7: 36TH MONACO AUTOMOBILE GRAND PRIX. Monte Carlo.

May 13-15: INTERNATIONAL FLOWER COMPETITION. Monte Carlo. Under the patronage of Prince Rainier and Princess Grace.

June: 41ST INTERNATIONAL DOG SHOW. Monte Carlo.

July: 13TH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF FIREWORKS. Monte Carlo. Spectacular displays over the harbor.

July-August: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF ARTS. Monte Carlo.

July 13-16: ANTIQUE CAR RALLY. Along the Riviera.

August 4: RED CROSS GALA. Monte Carlo. Glittering evening with well-known performers.

November 18-19: MONEGASQUE FESTIVAL. Monte Carlo.

December: FIFTH INTERNATIONAL CIRCUS FESTIVAL. Monte Carlo.

NETHERLAND

March 23-May 21: "KEUKENHOF" 29th NATIONAL OPEN-AIR FLOWER SHOW. Lisse.

April 22: 31ST BULB DISTRICT FLORAL PARADE. Haarlem.

April 30: QUEEN JULIANA'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.

Mid-April-mid-September: TRADITIONAL CHEESE MARKET. Waagplein, Alkmaar.

Mid-May-mid-September: CHEESE MARKET. Gouda. Each Thursday morning. Traditional costumes.

June 1-23: HOLLAND FESTIVAL. Amsterdam, The Hague/Scheveningen, Rotterdam, Utrecht. Concerts, opera, chamber music, ballet.

July 1-August 6: WINDMILL DAYS. Kinderdijk, southeast of Rotterdam.

July-August: OLD CRAFTS DEMONSTRATIONS. Arnhem.

August 16-31: 31ST INTERNATIONAL SHOW JUMPING. Rotterdam.

September 2: FLORAL PARADE. Aalsmeer to Amsterdam and return.

September 19: PRINSIESDAG (PRINCE'S DAY). The Hague. Queen Juliana drives in a golden coach to the Hall of Knights to open Parliament.

Mid-October-early November: ART AND ANTIQUES TRADE FAIR. Delft.

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NORWAY

- March 9-12: HOLMENKOLLEN SKI FESTIVAL. Oslo. International cross-country and ski-jumping events.
- May-June: FJORD BLOSSOM TIME. White and red blossoms of thousands of fruit trees cover the slope. Best time: May 10-June 10.
- May 14: MIDNIGHT SUN AT NORTH CAPE. First day of round-the-clock sunshine.
- May 17: CONSTITUTION DAY. Bands, fireworks, bonfires.
- May 24-June 7: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF MUSIC, DRAMA, BALLET AND FOLKLORE. Bergen. Chief cultural event in Norway. Major stars in a magnificent program.
- June 23: MIDNIGHT CUP GOLF TOURNAMENT. Oslo and Trondheim.
- MIDSUMMER NIGHT. Bonfires, fireworks, open-air dancing. Festivities in Oslo, Lillehammer, and Trondheim.
- June 28-July 2: KONGSBERG INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL. Concerts and dancing highlighted by jam session.
- July: FJORD SKI FESTIVAL. Geiranger. Glacier skiing at Djupvass.
- July 31-August 5: MOLDE INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL. Star performers, Norwegian rhythm groups.
- August: PEER GYNT FESTIVAL. Vinstra. Drama.
- August 5-6: NORTH SEA FESTIVAL. Haugesund. Fishing from boats with rod and reel.
- October 1-31: STATE AUTUMN EXHIBIT. Oslo. Annual display of new graphics, paintings, sculpture.
- October 2: OPENING OF PARLIAMENT. Oslo. King Olav V performs ceremony amid pageantry.
- December 10: PRESENTATION OF NOBEL PEACE PRIZE. Oslo.

POLAND

- March 24-26: INTERNATIONAL FENCING TOURNAMENT. Warsaw.
- April 12-22: CHILDREN'S ART EXHIBIT. Poznan.
- May-September 15: CHOPIN CONCERTS. Warsaw. Every Sunday.
- May-October: NINTH INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY. Cracow.
- May 11-17: DAYS OF CHAMBER MUSIC. Lancut Lezajsk.
- May 12-14: JUVENALIA-YOUTH SPRING FESTIVAL. Cracow.
- June-July: 15TH FESTIVAL OF ORGAN AND CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERTS. Szczecin. In 12th-century cathedral.
- June 11-20: INTERNATIONAL FAIR. Poznan.
- June 16-18: NATIONAL FESTIVAL OF FOLKLORISTIC ENSEMBLES. Plock. Regional shows and a folk arts fair.
- July: BALTIC JAZZ MEETINGS. Sopot, Olstyn, Szczecin, Koszalin, and Kolobrzeg. Performances by top artists.
- Mid-August: 18TH INTERNATIONAL SONG FESTIVAL AND RECORDS FAIR. Sopot.
- August 30-September 4: 13TH ORATORIO AND CANTATA FESTIVAL. Wroclaw.
- September: ART FESTIVAL. Cracow.

- September 1-8: 11TH INTERNATIONAL FOLK FESTIVAL OF THE HIGHLANDS. Zakopane.
- September 16-24: "THE WARSAW AUTUMN"—22ND INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC. Warsaw.
- October: 21ST INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL—JAZZ JAMBOREE '78. Warsaw.
- October 15-23: INTERNATIONAL FAIR. Poznan.

PORTUGAL

- April 11: FESTIVAL OF OUR LADY OF BOA VIAGEM. Constanca.
- May 1-3: FONTE GRANDE FESTIVAL. Algarve.
- May-July 6: CONCERTS. Estoril.
- May 12-13: ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE. Fatima. Religious ceremonies.
- June 6-20: SANTAREM FAIR. Folk dancing, singing, fireworks, livestock.
- June 8-22: INTERNATIONAL FAIR. Lisbon.
- June 12: ST. ANTHONY'S EVE. Lisbon. Honors patron saint of lovers. Dancing in the streets.
- June 21-29: MUSIC WEEK. Lisbon. Focus on Iberian music.
- June 24-29: FOLKLORE FESTIVALS. Angra Do Heroismo, Azores. Honors Sts. Peter and Paul. Fishermen's holiday.
- First or Third Sunday of July: GREAT FESTIVAL OF THE RED WAISTCOAT. Vila Franca De Xira.
- July 5-9: THE RUNNING OF THE BULLS. Vila Franca De Xira.
- August 10-17: FESTIVAL OF THE GREEN CAP AND THE SALT PANS. Alcochete. Bullfights, amusements.
- August 18-20: FEAST OF THE AGONY. Viana do Castelo. Parades of enormous papier-mâché figures.
- August 23-24: TRADITIONAL FESTIVALS OF THE COUNTY AND ANNUAL FAIR OF ST. BARTHOLOMEY. Ponte Da Barca.
- September 1-5: WINE FESTIVAL. Palmela.
- September 20-30: FESTIVAL AND FAIR OF ST. MICHAEL. Cabeceiras De Basto.
- October 12-13: ANNUAL FALL PILGRIMAGE. Fatima.
- October 18-19: VINTAGES FAIR. Meda. Wine tasting, pageantry, exhibits.
- November 10-13: GREAT TRADITIONAL FAIR OF ST. MARTIN. Golega. Horsemanship, handicrafts, folk dancing.
- December 31: GREAT FESTIVALS OF ST. SYLVESTER. Funchal, Madeira.

ROMANIA

- May: "SIMBRA OILOR" TRADITIONAL SHEPHERDS' FESTIVAL. Mountain Areas.
- May 1: INTERNATIONAL LABOR DAY.
- May 21: SHEPHERDS' FEAST. Novaci. Pageantry in the Hirisesti Woods.
- May 28: "IN THE SPIRIT OF A BALLAD." Gura Teghliu. Singing.
- June 18: KING OF THE FIR TREES FESTIVAL. Tiha Birgaui. Folklore.
- July 2: CHERRY FAIR. Brincovenesti. Exhibits, special events.
- July 16: MUSIC AND FOLK FESTIVAL. Slanic.

- July 16: MAIDENS' FAIR. Mount Gaina. Songs, dances, and bazaars.
- July 30-August 6: SONGS OF THE OLT FESTIVAL. Calimanesti.
- August: FOLKLORE CARNIVAL. Constanta. Drama, music, dance.
- August 1-6: EIGHTH ANNUAL SONG OF THE MOUNTAINS. Iainici.
- August 12-13: THE SINGERS' FESTIVAL. Chilia.
- August 23: NATIONAL DAY. Marks liberation with parades, folk songs, dance and sports competitions.
- August 24: ARAD SONGS, DANCES AND COSTUMES. Moneasa.
- September 24: GRAPE GATHERING. Odobesti.

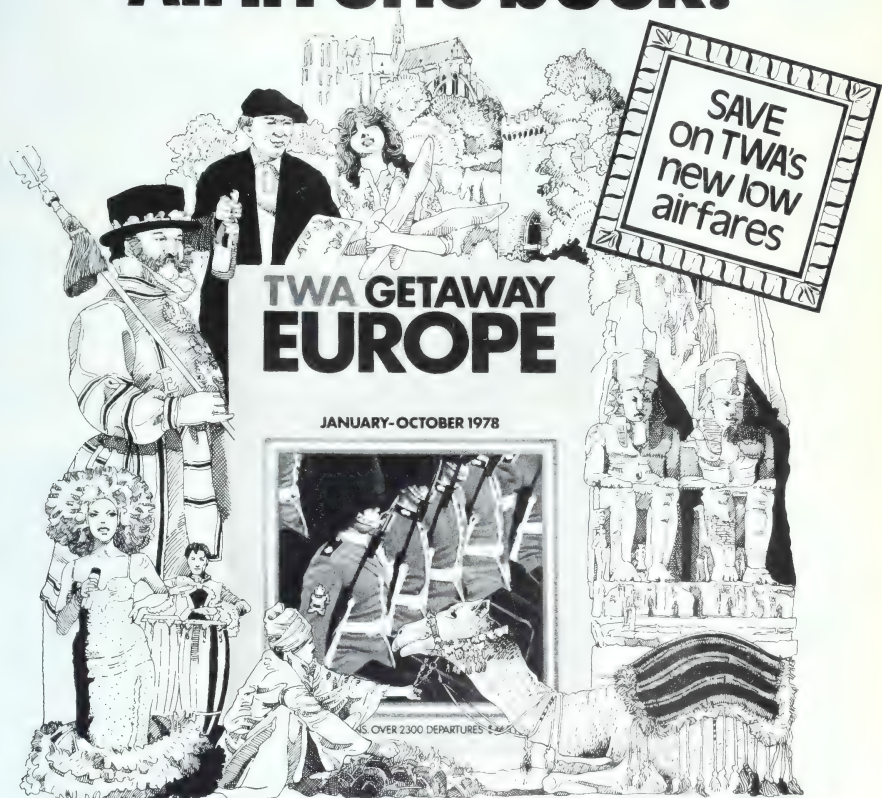
SPAIN

- April 18-23: APRIL FESTIVALS. Seville. Fair with exhibits, street carnivals, dancing, special foods, and bullfight.
- April 23: FESTIVAL OF SAN JORGE AND CERVANTES DAY. Barcelona.
- May 1-15: CORDOBA PATIOS FESTIVAL. Centuries-old celebration includes pilgrimage with horsemen and coaches, flamenco contest, flowers.
- May 3-7: HORSE FAIR. Jerez de la Frontera.
- May 9-25: FESTIVAL OF ST. ISIDORE THE FARMER. Madrid. Concerts, folk dances, sports competitions, opera.
- May 10-15: FESTIVITIES OF SANTO DOMINGO DE LA CALZADA. Santo Domingo de la Calzada.
- May 25: CORPUS CHRISTI FESTIVAL. Toledo. Held since 1230.
- June 17-24: FESTIVITIES OF ST. JOHN. Cudadela (Menorca, Balearic Islands). Medieval pageantry.
- End of June-beginning of July: 28TH INTERNATIONAL MUSIC AND DANCE FESTIVAL. Granada.
- July 6-20: FESTIVITIES IN HONOR OF SAN FERMIN. Pamplona. Famous "running of the bulls" festival.
- July 8: FESTIVALS OF MEDIEVAL THEATRE. Hita (Guadalajara). Dances, medieval plays, and a falconry contest.
- August: BIG MONTH OF FESTIVALS. Cadiz. Art events, bullfights, regattas, and international soccer tournament.
- August 1-15: SPANISH FESTIVAL. Nerja. Caves, Nerja. Music, ballet.
- September 6-10: SHERRY WINE HARVEST FESTIVAL. Jerez de la Frontera.
- September 18-26: GRAPE HARVEST FESTIVAL. Logrono. Tasting and singing.
- September 23-27: FIESTAS OF LA MERCED. Barcelona. Band festival, parade, medieval drama, swimming race across the port of Barcelona.
- October 2-30: MUSIC FESTIVAL. Barcelona.
- October 7-15: FESTIVITIES OF EL PILAR. Zaragoza.

SWEDEN

- April 30: WALPURGIS NIGHT. Bonfires, songs, and speeches hail spring.

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Mid-May-mid-September: DRAMA AND 18TH-CENTURY OPERAS, **Drottningholm**.

June 6: SWEDISH FLAG DAY.

June 23-24: MIDSUMMER CELEBRATIONS. Dancing around the Maypole, games folk dances.

Early July-mid-August: VISBY FESTIVAL. Mystical opera pageant.

July 2: THE CHURCH BOAT RACE, **Leksand**. Longboats compete to cross Lake Siljan to Sunday service.

July 8-9: ANCIENT GOTLAND ATHLETIC GAMES, **Stånga**.

July 14-17: LAPPLAND FOLK FESTIVAL, **Asele**. Held for more than 200 years.

August 26-27: LAPP FESTIVAL, **Arvidsjaur**. Lapplanders' special holiday.

September 11-15: WORKING ENVIRONMENTS FAIR, **Jonkoping**.

December 10: NOBEL FESTIVITIES WITH NOBEL PRIZE CEREMONY, **Stockholm**. By invitation only.

December 13: ST. LUCIA'S DAY. Candle crowns are worn in the traditional procession of the Queen of Lights.

SWITZERLAND

April-June: CONCERTS, **Locarno**.

April 15-24: SWISS INDUSTRIES FAIR AND WATCH AND JEWELRY FAIR, **Basel**.

April 15-May 15: GRAND TULIP EXHIBITION, **Morges**. At Parc de l'Indépendance.

April 16-17: SPRING FESTIVAL, **Zurich**. Symbolic burning of Old Man Winter.

April 22-23: 800TH ANNIVERSARY CEREMONIES, **Lucerne**.

April 29-May 9: BEA-HANDICRAFT, AGRICULTURAL, INDUSTRIAL, AND COMMERCIAL EXHIBITION, **Berne**.

May-July 1: 23RD INTERNATIONAL LAUSANNE FESTIVAL, **Musik**.

May 14: FLORAL FESTIVAL, **Locarno**.

June: INTERNATIONAL JUNE FESTIVAL, **Zurich**. Concerts, plays, ballet.

June 14-19: NINTH INTERNATIONAL ART FAIR, **Basel**.

June 18-July 2: 17TH INTERNATIONAL HIGH ALPINE BALLOONING WEEKS, **Murren**.

Early July: 12TH INTERNATIONAL MONTEUX JAZZ FESTIVAL. Folk, soul, rock, country-and-western music.

July-August: SUMMER CONCERTS AND THEATRICAL PERFORMANCES, **Lausanne**. Free.

July 7-23: JAZZ FESTIVAL, **Montreux**.

August: 31ST INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL, HORSE SHOW, AND INTERNATIONAL TENNIS TOURNAMENT, **Locarno**.

22nd YEHUDI MENUHIN FESTIVAL, Gstaad.

August 16-September 8: MUSIC FESTIVAL, **Lucerne**. Concerts, opera, guest performers, and leading conductors.

September: 33RD INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL, **Montreux**. Symphony concerts, oratorios, religious music.

September 9-24: 59TH SWISS COMPTOIR NATIONAL AUTUMN FAIR, **Lausanne**.

September-November: 34TH INTERNATIONAL MUSIC CONTEST, **Geneva**.

October 23-28: THE GOLDEN RING—EUROVISION SPORTS CONTEST, **Lausanne**.

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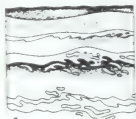
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BERMUDA

April 20-22: AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION. Botanical Gardens.
Early May: INTERNATIONAL RACE WEEK.
May 12-14: DOG SHOW. Paget.
June 10-12: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS. Hamilton.
June 16: NEWPORT-TO-BERMUDA YACHT RACE.
Early July: 18TH INVITATIONAL LIGHT FISHING TACKLE TOURNAMENT.
August 2-3: ANNUAL CUP MATCH CRICKET FESTIVAL.
November 11: REMEMBRANCE DAY CELEBRATION. Hamilton.
Mid-November: BERMUDA LAWN TENNIS CLUB TOURNAMENT.
Early December: ANNUAL GOODWILL GOLF TOURNAMENT.

THE BAHAMAS

April 20-22: 25TH ANNUAL OUT ISLAND REGATTA. George Town, Exuma. Annual sailing event with work sloops.
April 26-28: BILFISH TOURNAMENT. Walkers Cay.
May 1-August 31: GOOMBAY HOLIDAY. All islands, but concerts, folklore show, jump-up dances, goombay music in Nassau.
June 16-19: SMALL BOAT FISHING TOURNAMENT. Walkers Cay.
June 26-27: BLUE MARLIN FISHING TOURNAMENT. Cat Cay.
July 4: 10TH ANNUAL GREEN TURTLE CAY REGATTA. Abaco.
July 7-8: THE COMMONWEALTH FOOD, FRUIT AND FLOWER FAIR. Jumbey Village.
July 9-14: BAHAMAS BILFISH CHAMPIONSHIP. Chub Cay.
July 10: INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATIONS.
August 19-20: AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP. Freeport, Grand Bahama.
September 23-24: THIRD ANNUAL NASSAU CITY GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.
October 12: DISCOVERY DAY. San Salvador. Columbus landed here in 1492.
November 19-25: ABACO WEEK. Marsh Harbour. Golf, tennis, fishing regatta, crafts exhibition, film festival.
November 25-December 1: 13TH BAHAMAS FLYING TREASURE HUNT. Nassau.

THE CARIBBEAN

ANTIGUA

April 23-30: 11TH ANNUAL SAILING WEEK. Yacht races, shore parties, festivities.

June 10: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.

July 30-August 6: Steel band and calypso competitions, military parades, float.

November 1: STATE DAY. Public holiday with military parade.

ARUBA

April 30: QUEEN JULIANA'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.
May 1: LABOR DAY CELEBRATIONS.
June 24: ST. JOHN'S DAY. Country people perform folkloric dances.
June 18-25: ARUBA SPORTS UNION OLYMPIAD. St. John's. Tournaments in soccer, baseball, table tennis, cycling.
July: INTERNATIONAL TROLLING TOURNAMENT. Also held in October.
December 15: KINGDOM DAY. Marks the achievement of semi-autonomy by the Netherlands Antilles in 1954.

BARBADOS

April: INTERNATIONAL ATHLETIC MEETS. Bridgetown.
May 1: MAY DAY CELEBRATIONS.
May 15: WHITMONDAY. Fairs, pageantry, throughout Barbados.
June 1-30: CROP-OVER FESTIVAL. Bridgetown. Arts, crafts, fashions, concerts.
July-February: POLO. Bridgetown and St. James.
July 5: CARICOM DAY. Parades, speech to mark signing of the Caribbean Community Agreement in July 1979.



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August: HORSE RACING, Bridgetown.
September–November: HORSE SHOW—JUMPING, Bridgetown.
November 30: INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATION.

BONAIRE

April 30: QUEEN JULIANA'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.
June 24: ST. JOHN'S DAY.
June 29: SAINTS PETER AND PAUL DAY.
October: 11TH ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL SAILING REGATTA, Kralendijk.
November: FOURTH INTERNATIONAL TROLLING TOURNAMENT.
December 15: KINGDOM DAY (Autonomy Celebration).

CAYMAN ISLANDS

May 16: COMMONWEALTH DAY. Sailboat regatta.
June: ANNUAL FLOWER SHOW, Grand Cayman.
June 10: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS.
July 4: CONSTITUTION DAY. Regatta.
October 31: HALLOWEEN FESTIVAL. Costume parties.
November 14: REMEMBRANCE DAY. Memorial services.

CURACAO

April 30: QUEEN JULIANA'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION. Music, parades.
June 24: ST. JOHN'S DAY. A fisherman's holiday on land.
July 26: CURACAO DAY, Willemstad. Marks discovery of island.
October 12: COLUMBUS DAY. Cultural program in Willemstad.
December 5: ST. NICHOLAS DAY. Parades. Toys for the good.
December 15: KINGDOM DAY AND ANTILLEAN FLAG DAY. Marks first raising of the Antillean flag, in 1954.

DOMINICA

May 1: LABOR DAY AND TRADE UNION FESTIVITIES.
June 10: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION, Roseau. Military parade and other festivities.
July 4: CARIBBEAN DAY.
August 1: EMANCIPATION DAY. Recalls abolition of slavery.
November 3–4: NATIONAL DAYS. Carnival, folklore programs, and other events to mark granting of associated statehood to Dominica in 1967.

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

April 21–23: NATIONAL QUEEN CONTEST. Santo Domingo. Selection of Miss Dominican Republic.
May 27–28: FLOWERS FESTIVAL, Santo Domingo and other areas. Pageantry.

GRENADA

May 15: WHITMONDAY YACHT CLUB FESTIVITIES.
May 25: CORPUS CHRISTI RELIGIOUS PROCESSIONS.
August 1–2: EMANCIPATION DAY. GRENADA-CARRIACOU REGATTA, HORSE RACING.

GUADELOUPE

April–December: BICYCLE RACES. In most towns and villages on Sundays.
July 14: BASTILLE DAY. Parades, fireworks.
July 21: SCHOELCHER DAY. Holiday honoring Victor Schoelcher, who led the fight for abolition of slavery in 1848.
August 13: FETE DES CUISINIÈRES (COOKS' FESTIVAL), Pointe-à-Pitre. After High Mass at Cathedral, visitors may attend a five-hour gourmet feast, followed by singing and dancing.
November 1: ALL SAINTS DAY. Candle lighting at tombs and monuments in all island cemeteries.
November 5–December 1: CONTE DE CHUM "First France-to-Pointe-à-Pitre singlehanded transatlantic boat race."
November 22: SAINT CECELIA'S DAY. Music festivals honor the patron saint of musicians.



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CAYMAN ISLANDS

Grand Cayman Cayman Brac
Little Cayman

HAITI

April 14: PAN-AMERICAN DAY.
May 1: AGRICULTURE AND LABOR DAY.
 Parade of workers and a fair.
May 18: FLAG DAY AND UNIVERSITY DAY.
July 3: CARNIVAL OF FLOWERS. Pageantry.
August 15: ASSUMPTION DAY.
September 22: SOVEREIGNTY DAY.

JAMAICA

May 16-22: JAMAICA JAZZ PARTY '78. Montego Bay.
June: JAMAICA DERBY. Kingston. Horse racing.
June-July: FESTIVAL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS. Includes start of Jamaica National Dance Theatre season.
August 2-3: INDEPENDENCE CELEBRATIONS.
October 1-15: 20TH ANNUAL BLUE MARLIN INTERNATIONAL FISHING TOURNAMENT. Port Antonio.
October 18: NATIONAL HEROES' DAY.

MARTINIQUE

May 1: LABOR DAY. Parades, yawl race, skeet shoots.

May 15: PENTECOST MONDAY. Beach picnics, sports events.
July 14: BASTILLE DAY. Military parades, fireworks.
July 21: SCHOELCHER DAY. Celebrates the abolition of slavery in 1848.
August 15: ASSUMPTION DAY. Religious holiday honoring the Virgin Mary.
November 1: ALL SAINTS DAY. Every cemetery on island is illuminated in a very dramatic evening ceremony.

MONTserrat

Mid-June to mid-July: LEEWARD ISLANDS CRICKET TOURNAMENT. Plymouth.
July 5: CARICOM DAY.
August: WEST INDIAN NETBALL TOURNAMENT. Plymouth.
December 12-27: CARNIVAL CELEBRATIONS. Calypso shows.

PUERTO RICO

Mid-April: 11TH ARTISANS FAIR. Mayaguez. Exhibits and sales.
April-May: AROUND PUERTO RICO RACE. from San Juan. Cruising sailboats.
May 2: SAN FELIPE APOSTOL PATRON SAINT FESTIVAL. Arecibo.
May-June: 14TH INTERNATIONAL THEATER FESTIVAL. San Juan.
May 22-30: FIESTAS DE CRUZ (RELIGIOUS SINGING FESTIVAL). Old San Juan.

June 8-July 3: PABLO CASALS MUSIC FESTIVAL. Rio Piedras. Concerts with guest performers.
Mid-June: 10TH AIBONITO FLOWER FESTIVAL AND EIGHTH FOLK FAIR. Aibonito.
June 24: SAN JUAN BAUTISTA PATRON SAINT FESTIVAL. San Juan. Public parties, bonfires on beaches, street dances and concerts.
July 16: VIRGEN DEL CARMEN PATRON SAINT FESTIVAL. Catano, Ponce, and Cabo Rojo.
July 22-26: SANTIAGO APOSTOL PATRON SAINT FESTIVAL. Liza Aldea. Traditional costumes, music, dancing.
July 25: CONSTITUTION DAY. San Juan. 24th anniversary of commonwealth status for Puerto Rico.
August: 17TH ANNUAL DORADO BEACH "SAIL IN." For small boats.
September 8: NUESTRA SENORA DE LA MERCED PATRON SAINT FESTIVAL. Jayuya.
September: 25TH INVITATIONAL INTERNATIONAL GAME-FISHING TOURNAMENT. San Juan.
October: SUNFISH CHAMPIONSHIP REGATTA. Isla Verde.
Cyclists: INTERNATIONAL RACE.
October-January: COFFEE HARVEST.
Mid-November-mid-December: 13TH FESTIVAL OF PUERTO RICAN MUSIC. Old San Juan. Symphonic and folkloric concerts, musical shows.

SABA

April 30: QUEEN JULIANA'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.
December 5-7: SABA DAYS. Sports and folk events.
December 15: KINGDOM DAY. The autonomy of the Netherlands Antilles is celebrated with sports events and dancing.

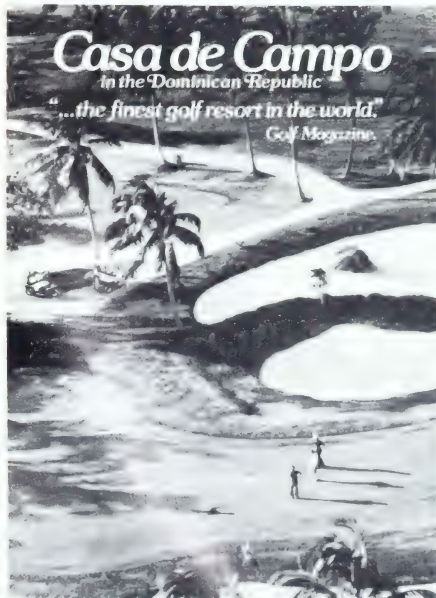
ST. BARTHELEMY

May 4: ASCENSION THURSDAY.
May 14: PENTECOST MONDAY. Beach parties.
July 14: BASTILLE DAY CELEBRATION.
August 15: ASSUMPTION DAY.
August 19-20, 26-27: FESTIVAL OF SAINT BARTHELEMY. French country fair, the Caribbean. Streets are lined with booths. Sports events, dancing.
November 1: ALL SAINTS DAY.

ST. KITTS, NEVIS, ANGUILLA

June 10: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S OFFICIAL BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION. all islands.
July 5: CARICOM DAY.
August-September: ARTS FESTIVAL. St. Kitts. Music, drama, exhibits.
August 6: AUGUST MONDAY. Nevis. Horse racing.
November 14: PRINCE OF WALES' BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION. all islands.
December-January: CARNIVAL. all islands. Calypso shows, steel bands.

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ST. LUCIA

June 8: FEAST OF CORPUS CHRISTI.
July: FOOTBALL SEASON BEGINS.
July 5: CARICOM DAY.
July 14: BASTILLE DAY CELEBRATIONS.
Castries.
August 4: EMANCIPATION DAY.
August 30: FÊTE LA ROSE (Flower Festival).
October 2: THANKSGIVING DAY AND HARVEST FESTIVAL.
December 13: ST. LUCIA DAY. Aquatic sports.

ST. EUSTATIUS

April 30: QUEEN JULIANA'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.
November 16: STATIA & AMERICA DAY. Sports events, dancing, other events mark first recognition of American flag by a foreign government, in Fort Oranje in 1776.

ST. MAARTEN

April 15-25: FOURTH ANNUAL SAILING RACE. Virgin Gorda-Martinique-St. Maarten.
April 30: QUEEN JULIANA'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION. Parades, fireworks, sports events.
May 1: LABOR DAY.
November 11: CONCORDIA DAY. Marks agreement between the Dutch and French in 1648 to divide the island.
December 15: KINGDOM DAY. Marks the autonomy of the Netherlands Antilles. Sports, dancing.

ST. VINCENT

May 1: LABOR DAY. Union celebrations.
May 27-29: ANNUAL ST. VINCENT/BEQUIA YACHT RACE AND REGATTA.
June 10: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.
July 3-4: CARNIVAL.
October 27: STATEHOOD DAY.

TRINIDAD AND TOBAGO

April: FESTIVAL OF LA DIVINA, Trinidad and Tobago.
GOAT AND CRAB RACING, Buccoo Village, Tobago.
May 25: CORPUS CHRISTI DAY PROCESSION. Port of Spain.
June 19: BUTLER'S DAY, Trinidad and Tobago.
July: FOLKLORE COMPETITIONS, Trinidad and Tobago.
FOOTBALL SEASON, Port of Spain and San Fernando.
August 4: CARIBBEAN DAY, Port of Spain. Cycling, other sports.
August 31: INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATION, Trinidad and Tobago.
November 1-2: ALL SAINTS AND ALL SOULS DAY, Trinidad and Tobago. Lighting of cemeteries with candles.



A Haitian woman wears 19th-century costume at Habitation Leclerc.

BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS

April 7-9: SPRING REGATTA, Virgin Gorda.
August 5-6: FESTIVAL TIME, Tortola and Virgin Gorda. Marks the abolition of slavery in 1838. Steel-band music, calypso contest, street dancing, picnics.
October 21: ST. URSULA'S DAY.

U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

April 17-22: CARNIVAL CALYPSO TENT.

St. Thomas. Calypso song competition.

April 24-29: CARNIVAL, St. Thomas. A wealth of exciting activities.

April 25: TRADITIONAL MARKET FAIR, St. Thomas.

July 1-3: GAME FISHING TOURNAMENT, St. Thomas.

July 1-4: ST. JOHN FESTIVAL AND PARADE, Cruz Bay.

July 4: ROUND-THE-ISLAND YACHT RACE, St. Thomas.

July 26-30: GOVERNOR'S INVITATIONAL BLUE MARLIN TOURNAMENT, St. Thomas.

October: ANNUAL WAHOO FISHING TOURNAMENT, St. Croix.

October 24: HURRICANE THANKSGIVING, all three islands.

November: LIBERTY DAY, all three islands.

ASIA AND THE PACIFIC

AFGHANISTAN

September 1: PASHTUNISTAN DAY CELEBRATION. Parades, tribal dances, wrestling and other sports.

October-early November: AFGHAN EQUESTRIAN GAMES. Buzkashi, Kunduz, Baghian, Mazar-i-Sharif, Samangan.

BURMA

Early April: WATER FESTIVAL.

May 1: MAY DAY CELEBRATIONS. Rangoon. Exhibits of Burmese product displays, fireworks, and cultural programs.

REPUBLIC OF CHINA (TAIWAN)

April 5: TOMB SWEEPING DAY AND ANNI-

VERSARY OF THE DEATH OF CHIANG KAI-SHEK.

June 10: DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL.

June 18: BIRTHDAY OF CHENG HUANG, GOD OF TAIPEI. Processions on stilts, dragon and lion dances.

August 15: BIRTHDAY OF KUAN YIN, GODDESS OF MERCY.

August 17-September 17: MONTH OF GHOSTS. Tribute to the dead.

September 16: MID-AUTUMN MOON FESTIVAL.

September 28: CONFUCIUS'S BIRTHDAY. Celebrates establishment of Republic of China.

HONG KONG

June 10: DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL. Races.

July 17: BIRTHDAY OF LU PAN, MASTER BUILDER. Honors those in building trades.

August 17: GHOST FESTIVAL. Incense and food offered to ghosts of ancestors.

September 16-17: MID-AUTUMN MOON FESTIVAL.

INDIA

April 10: HOLI, Northern India. Traditional throwing of colored water on friends. Greetings and sweets are exchanged.

April 19: POORAM (TRICHURI). Kerala. Procession of elephants carrying deities. Music.

April 20: MEENAKSHI KALYANAM (MYTHICAL WEDDING OF LORD SHIVA AND MEENAKSHI). Madurai.

May 22: BUDDHAN PURNIMA. Celebrates birth, enlightenment, and passing of Buddha.

July 7: RATHAYATRA (TEMPLE FESTIVAL). Puri, Orissa.

August 25: JANMASHTAMI, Bombay, Mathura, Agra. Anniversary of the birth of Lord Krishna with special prayers and rites.

October 31: DIWALI (FESTIVAL OF LIGHTS).

November 14: PUSHKAR FAIR. Races, exhibits, music.

INDONESIA

April 1: MEDAN ANNIVERSARY. North Sumatra. Fair, cultural programs mark city's founding.

April 5-6: SEA FESTIVAL, along the coast. Night cultural events, sports.

April 21: KARTIN DAY. Marks Birthday of Raden Adjeng, leader in movement of emancipation of women. Fashion shows, other events.

May-October: CLASSICAL DANCE FESTIVAL. Pandaan.

RAMAYANA BALLET FESTIVAL. Yogyakarta.

June 14-24: ANNUAL FAIR. Jakarta.

June 22: 450TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION. Jakarta.

August-October: KERAPAN SAPI BULL RACES. Madura Island.

August 17: INDEPENDENCE DAY.

JAPAN

April: CHERRY DANCES, Tokyo and Kyoto. Extravaganzas to celebrate the cherry blossom season.

April 29: EMPEROR'S BIRTHDAY.

May 3-5: KITE BATTLES, Hamamatsu, Shizuoka. Massive kites are masterworks of art and made by craftsmen according to age-old tradition.

May 5-19: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL. Osaka. Music, dance, and drama.

May 11: OPENING OF CORMORANT FISHING SEASON. Nagara River, Gifu. Fascinating and ancient method of fishing for trout.

May 15: HOLLYHOCK FESTIVAL, Kyoto. Magnificent pageant reenacting ancient Imperial procession.

Mid-May: SANJA MATSURI, Asakusa Shrine, Tokyo. Lively and colorful festival involving parading of two huge portable shrines.

June 15: SANNO FESTIVAL, Tokyo. Gayest festival in Tokyo featuring procession of portable Shinto shrines.

July 7: STAR FESTIVAL, Tanabata. Colorful mid-summer festival celebrating lovers represented by the stars who meet across the Milky Way once a year.

July 16-17: GION MATSURI, Yasaka Shrine, Kyoto. One of the most famous festivals of Kyoto, Japan's former Imperial city. Magnificently decorated floats and shrines.

July 24: WILD HORSE CHASE, Fukushima. Reenactment in white traditional costumes of chase of wild horses by ancient samurai warriors.

August 1-7: NEBUTA MATSURI, Aomori. Fantastic floats paraded through the city streets amid much dancing and gaiety.

August 6: PEACE FESTIVAL, Hiroshima. Festival in memory of A-bomb victims at the Peace Memorial Park.

August 12-15: AWA ODORI, Tokushima. A citywide festive event of singing and dancing non-stop, day and night.

August 16: DAIMONJI BONFIRE, Mt. Nyogadake, Kyoto. Spectacular bonfire in shape of Japanese character meaning "great" which highlights the Bon Festivities.

October 22: JIDAI MATSURI, Heian Shrine, Kyoto. A breathtaking procession

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FRANZUS

sion of over 2,000 paraders in costumes representing important epochs in the city's history.

November 3: CULTURE DAY.

KOREA

May 5: TANO FESTIVAL DAY, Seoul.

Wrestling, women's style.

June 10: FARMER'S DAY. Dances and music.

July 17: CONSTITUTION DAY.

August 15: LIBERATION DAY AND MOON FESTIVAL.

October 1: ARMED FORCES DAY, Seoul.

Military parades.

October 3: GAECHON CULTURAL FESTIVAL, Chinjoo, Kyongsangnam-Do. Literary contest, wrestling, archery and bullfights.

MACAO

April 29: GODDESS A-MA FESTIVAL. Macao's most important event.

May 13: OUR LADY OF FATIMA PROCESSION.

June 10: DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL.

November 13-19: INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL, OPEN-AIR PORTUGUESE FEIRA.

November 18-19: 25TH MACAO GRAND PRIX. Motor racing classic.

MALAYSIA

April 2-3: MALYSIAN GRAND PRIX. Motor racing.

May-September: MIGRATION OF THE GIANT TURTLES. From the South China Sea to beaches off the East Coast states of West Malaysia.

May 29-June 10: FESTIVAL OF CULTURE. Kite-flying competition.

July 2-5: ANNUAL SEA SPORTS AND FUN FAIR, Lumut Perak.

August 22-26: MADE-IN-MALAYSIA TRADE FAIR, Kuala Lumpur.

August 31: NATIONAL DAY. Parades, fireworks mark Malaysia's founding.

September 9-22: MALAYSIAN STAMP EXHIBITION, Kuala Lumpur. At the National Museum.

October 6: UNIVERSAL CHILDREN'S DAY. Special awards ceremony at Kuala Lumpur.

December 10-11: ENDURO GRAND PRIX, Selangor. Racing at Batutiga Circuit.

NEPAL

April 12-13: BASKET AND CHARIOT FESTIVAL, Bhadagaon. Afternoon events.

May 22: BUDDHA JAYANTI, Lumbini and Swayambhunath Stupa. Marks birth of Lord Buddha.

August 20: MATAYAA (MUSIC, DANCE AND HUMOR FESTIVAL), Patan. All-day events.

September 16: WOMEN'S FESTIVAL, Pashupatinath.

December 29: KING'S BIRTHDAY. Huge procession, cultural events, fireworks.



Soaking in a hot bath is one of the pleasures of a Japanese inn, or ryokan.

PHILIPPINES

April 9: BATAAN DAY. Marks fall of Bataan and re-enactment of Death March at Mt. Samat Shrine.

April 24: MAGELLAN'S LANDING, Cebu. Pageantry.

May: MAYTIME FESTIVAL, Santacruz.

June 12: INDEPENDENCE DAY.

July 4-7: RIVER FESTIVAL, Bocaue. Holy Cross of Wawa is carried on decorated river barge.

Chiang Mai and Paklat. Water-throwing festival. Fish and birds are set free.

May 21: VISAKHA PUJA. Marks birth, enlightenment, and passing into Nirvana of the Buddha. Candlelight processions.

October 27-November 24: TOD KATHIN, Bangkok. Processions, folk dancing, music.

November 13: ELEPHANT ROUND-UP, Surin.

November 13-15: GOLDEN MOUNT FESTIVAL. Honors Buddha's relics. Rites, bazaars.

December 5: KING'S BIRTHDAY AND NATIONAL DAY.

SINGAPORE

June 10: DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL.

August 9: NATIONAL DAY. Parades and a fair commemorate founding of Singapore.

August 4-September 1: MARKET FESTIVAL. Fair with local handicrafts.

October 13-November 10: PILGRIMAGE TO TOKUSO ISLAND. By Chinese Taoists.

SRI LANKA (CEYLON)

April 13-14: SINHALA AND TAMIL NEW YEAR. Fireworks.

May 22: REPUBLIC DAY. Fireworks, parades.

June 20: POSON FESTIVAL, Mihintale, Apuradhapura. Recalls the introduction of Buddhism to Sri Lanka in 247 B.C.

July-August: FIRE-WALKING FESTIVAL, Kataragama, ESALA PERAHERA, Kandy. Procession of elephants.

July-September: TEMPLE FESTIVALS, Jaffna. End-of-harvest festival.

THAILAND

April 6: CHAKRI DAY. Marks enthronement of King Rama.

April 13-15: THE SONGKRAN FESTIVAL.

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Boats piled with produce in the floating market of a Bangkok canal

THE PACIFIC

ALASKA

May 19-21: "LITTLE NORWAY" FESTIVAL. Petersburg. Norwegian folklore.
June 7-11: KING CRAB FESTIVAL. Kodiak. Pageantry. Lots of crab to eat.
June 16-18: MIDSUMMER FESTIVAL. Palmer.
June 19: 12TH ANNUAL MIDNIGHT SUN OUTDOOR FOLK DANCE FESTIVAL. Anchorage.

June 21: MIDNIGHT SUN BASEBALL GAME. Fairbanks. At Growden Memorial Field.
July 16-30: SOUTHEAST ALASKA FINE ARTS CAMP. Sitka.
July 27-29: WORLD ESKIMO, INDIAN, ALUT OLYMPICS. Fairbanks. Walking on knuckles, ear-pulling, seal-skinning.
August 16-20: TANANA VALLEY FAIR. Fairbanks.

AUSTRALIA

April 8-15: CUP WEEK. Sydney. Horse racing.
April 25: ANZAC DAY.
June 5: FOUNDATION DAY. Western Australia.
August 26: HENLEY-ON-TODD REGATTA. Alice Springs. Mock boat races on the bed of the Todd River.
September 10: AUSTRALIAN GRAND PRIX. Melbourne. Auto race of open-wheel cars over 60 miles.
September 23-30: CARNIVAL OF FLOWERS. Toowoomba.
September 26-October 3: WARANA SPRING FESTIVAL. Sydney. Floral parades, music, drama.
November 4-11: MELBOURNE CUP CARNIVAL. Horse racing.
December 26: YACHT RACE. Sydney to Hobart. Racing classic.

COOK ISLAND

March 26-27: EASTER SUNDAY AND EASTER MONDAY. Muri Beach. Religious rites, sports, evening dances.
April 25: ANZAC DAY PARADE. Rarotonga.
July 28-August 6: CONSTITUTION CELEBRATIONS.
October 26: GOSPEL DAY. Marks arrival of first missionaries with open-air pageants.

FIJI

April 30: AUCKLAND-SUVA YACHT RACE.
June 9-19: SOUTH PACIFIC BOWLING CARNIVAL. Suva.
August 27-September 3: HIBISCUS FESTIVAL. Suva. Displays, dances.
September: NATIONAL ARTS AND CRAFTS DISPLAY. Suva.
Mid-September: ORCHID AND HORTICULTURAL CIRCLE FLOWER SHOW. Suva.
October 31: DIWALI (FESTIVAL OF LIGHTS).
November 13: PRINCE CHARLES'S BIRTHDAY.

GUAM

June 13: FIESTA OF ST. ANTHONY. Tamuning.
July 4-21: SPIRIT OF AMERICA CELEBRATION. Celebrates liberation from Japanese.
August 18-20: WATER FESTIVAL. Meri.
November 11-12, 18-19: ARTS FESTIVAL. Chamorro and Agana.

HAWAII

To August 31: BISHOP MUSEUM EXHIBITION. Honolulu. Marks 200th anniversary of Captain Cook's arrival.
March-April: CHERRY BLOSSOM FESTIVAL. Honolulu. Japanese tea ceremony, bonsai, flower arranging, fashion show.
March 26: EASTER SUNRISE SERVICE. Honolulu. At Punchbowl National Memorial Cemetery of the Pacific.

arch 29–April 2: MERRIE MONARCH FESTIVAL. Hilo.
ay 1: LEI DAY. Honolulu. Hula pageant at sunset and lei competitions.
ay 15–June 18: FIESTA FILIPINA. Honolulu. Filipino music and folklore.
ay 26–29, June 2–4, 9–11: 50TH STATE FAIR. Honolulu.
ptember 15–October 21: ALOHA WEEK. Pageantry, street dances, parades.

MICRONESIA

ay 7: FIESTA OF ST. JOSEPH. Tinian Island.
ay 13: SAN ISIDRO FESTIVAL. Saipan.
id–May: SCHOOL FAIR. Ponape. Children show their art work.
ly 2–4: LIBERATION DAY. Saipan.
ly 12: PALAU FAIR. Koror.
ugust 23: LEGISLATIVE DAY.

NEW CALEDONIA

ay 1–7: ARTS SEASON. Noumea.
ly 13–14: BASTILLE DAY CELEBRATIONS. Noumea.
ptember 24–October 1: ANNIVERSARY OF FRENCH POSSESSION. Noumea. Horse races, regatta, other events.

NEW HEBRIDES

ay: LAND DIVERS FESTIVAL. Bunlap, Pentecost Island.
ay 2: LABOR DAY.
ly 14: BASTILLE DAY CELEBRATIONS. Torchlight parades on main island.
nd of August: TOKA DANCE. Tanna Island. Old-time native feast.
ptember 2: AGRICULTURAL SHOW. Vila.

NEW ZEALAND

pril 25: ANZAC DAY.
ay 29–June 1: ARTS AND CRAFTS DISPLAY. Dunedin.
ay 30: MAORI REGATTA. Waikato River. Canoe races.
ay 30–31: SPORTS TOURNAMENT. Masterton.
ugust 15–29: ORANGE FESTIVAL. Taunanga. Displays of flowers and floats.
ugust 16–September 2: INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR. Wellington.
ptember 24–29: ANNUAL BLOSSOM FESTIVAL PARADE. Alexandria.

PAPUA NEW GUINEA

ne: FRANGIPANI WEEK. Rabaul.
 Celebrates first flower to bloom after the eruption of local volcano.

June 10–12: NATIONAL CAPITAL SHOW. Port Moresby. Fair.
July: FLORES SHOW. Madang.
August: MABAROSA FESTIVAL. Madang. Dancing, singing, sports.
September 16: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
October: TOLAI WARWAGIRA (DISPLAY OF HANDICRAFTS). Rabaul.
November: PAPUA SAFARI. Port Moresby. Motor rally.
PEARL FESTIVAL. Samarai, Milne Bay.

TAHITI

April 30: MISS BORA BORA CONTEST.
July 14–21: FÊTES DE JUILLET. Papeete, Raiatea, and Bora Bora. Bastille Day celebrations.
December 3: TIARE TAHITI DAY. Papeete. Tiare, Tahiti's national flower, is distributed to all.

TONGA

April 25: ANZAC DAY.
May 4: PRINCE'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION. Dancing, singing and feasting to honor Crown Prince Tupouto'a.
May 13–21: RED CROSS WEEK. Children's fashion show, bazaar, ball.
July 4: KING'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.
September: ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOWS. Horse racing, chariot racing, and coconut-tree-climbing contests.
November 4: CONSTITUTION DAY.
December 4: KAPUA TUPOU I DAY.

THE MIDDLE EAST

EGYPT

March 1: INTERNATIONAL TENNIS TOURNAMENT. Cairo.
May: ARABIAN HORSE FESTIVAL. Luxor.
September: BOAT SHOW. Cairo.
December: INTERNATIONAL ROWING FESTIVAL. Luxor.

IRAN

Mid–July: FILM FESTIVAL. Tehran.
August 24–September 3: ART FESTIVAL. Shiraz.
October 24–30: FESTIVAL OF CULTURE AND ARTS. Tehran.

IRAQ

April 9–16: SPRING FESTIVAL. Mosul.
October 1–21: INTERNATIONAL FAIR. Baghdad.

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ISRAEL

April 19-May 18: SPRING FESTIVAL OF MUSIC, DRAMA AND DANCE, Jerusalem. Concerts, competitions.
April 22-28: PASSOVER OBSERVANCE.
April 25-May 1: NINTH INTERNATIONAL BOOK FAIR, Jerusalem.
May 11: INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATIONS. 30th anniversary of Israel.
End of July-mid-August: ISRAEL FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND DRAMA, Jerusalem, Tel Aviv, and Caesarea.

AFRICA

ALGERIA

April 14-26: FESTIVAL OF FLOWERS, Miliana.
Early May: FEASTS OF RABB, Tlemcen. Pilgrimages, folk dances.
June 1-14: CHERRY FESTIVAL, Miliana.
July 14-27: HARVEST FESTIVALS, Miliana.
August: ANNUAL GRAND FESTIVAL OF WHEAT, Tiaret.
August 18-September 1: MEDITERRANEAN GAMES, Algiers.

ETHIOPIA

May 1: WORKING MEN'S DAY. Parades, speeches.
September 27: FEAST OF THE FINDING OF THE TRUE CROSS.
December 28: FEAST OF ST. GABRIEL, Kullubi. Pilgrimage.

GHANA

March-April: VOLO FESTIVAL, Volo. East of Akuse. Celebrated to mourn the dead and pay homage to the living chief. Grand durbar, folk-music competitions, drumming, and dancing.
Third week of April: ASIKLOE FESTIVAL, Anfoega. Colorful traditional displays.
Early May: WINNEBA DEER HUNTING FESTIVAL, Winneba, west of Accra. Two Asafo groups compete to catch the first deer.
June: AHOBAA KAKRABA FESTIVAL, Abura, Central Region. Celebrated to drive away diseases.
July 1: GHANA REPUBLIC DAY CELEBRATION. Parades.
SEKONDI YAM FESTIVAL. The eating of new yams.
First week of July: BAKATUE FESTIVAL, Elmina. One of the greatest festivals in Ghana. The omanhene, chief of this area, is carried to the river, where offerings are made to the gods and the river is opened to fishing.

KENYA

March 24-26: AFRICAN SAFARI RALLY, Nairobi. Road race. 26th year.
Mid-June: AGRICULTURAL SHOW, Nakuru.
June 19-28: MUSIC FESTIVAL, Nairobi.
End of August: AGRICULTURAL SHOW, Mombasa.
Early September: KENYA FLYING SAFARI, Wilson Airport, Nairobi. Air race.
September 26-30: INTERNATIONAL SHOW, Nairobi. At Jamhuri Park. Trade and agricultural show.
November: SEA FISHING FESTIVAL, Malindi.

MOROCCO

April: CHERRY FESTIVAL, Sefrou.
Mid-April: DOR ESH SHEMAA, Salé. Wax-lantern procession, an entertainment dating back to Barbary times.
Mid-May: ROSE FESTIVAL, Kelaa des N'Gouna.
May 26: NATIONAL FOLKLORE FESTIVAL, Marrakesh.
Early October: DATE FESTIVAL, Erfoud. Nearly a million date palms grow here.
EQUESTRIAN FESTIVAL, Tissa (near Fez).

NIGERIA

March-May: EGUNGUN FESTIVALS, Oyo, Ijebu, and Igbo. Tribal rites.
May: AGEMO FESTIVAL (THE AGELESS FESTIVAL), Ijebu, Igbo. Dancing and drumming with a highlight: local king dances.
July-August: AWAKERE FESTIVAL, Warri. Masquerade dance performances.
August: OSHUN FESTIVAL, Oshogbo. Sacrifices and dances.
December: IGUE FESTIVAL, Benin City. 15th-century paganry.

SOUTH AFRICA

April 1-29: ARTS AND SPORTS FESTIVAL, Cape Town.
April 10-22: RAND AGRICULTURAL SHOW, Johannesburg.
September: SPRING FLOWER SHOWS, Cape Province.
October: WORLD ROLLER-SKATE MEETING, Johannesburg.

TUNISIA

March 19-April 16: ORANGE TREE FESTIVAL, Menzel Bou-Zelta.
April 9-16: SPRING FESTIVAL, Nabeul. Regional fair with folklore shows.
May 7-14: HORSE RIDING FESTIVAL, Le Kef. Horse races.
June 15-August 15: INTERNATIONAL MUSIC AND CORAL FESTIVAL, Tabarka. Coral exhibits and music.

August 13-20: THEATER FESTIVAL, Kaba. Plays, conferences.
September 19-24: WINE FESTIVAL, Grombalia and Bou Argoub.

ZAMBIA

May 25: AFRICA FREEDOM DAY. Sports Competitions.
May 30-June 2: COPPER BELT AGRICULTURAL SHOW, Ndola.
July 29: UMUTOMBOKO CEREMONY, Lupula Province. Ancient rites honor chief.
September 1-4: AGRICULTURAL AND COMMERCIAL SHOW, Lusaka.
October 24: INDEPENDENCE DAY.

CENTRAL AMERICA

BELIZE

April 8: CROSS-COUNTRY BICYCLE RACE from Belize City.
September 10: NATIONAL DAY. Marks defeat of the Spanish in 1798 by British settlers. Formerly known as the Battle of St. George's Day.
November 19: CARIB SETTLEMENT DAY, Stann Creek and Toledo. Music and dancing recall the first Carib settlement.

COSTA RICA

April 11: ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF RIVAS.
May 25: FEAST OF CORPUS CHRISTI. Religious processions and services.
June 29: FEAST OF STS. PAUL AND PETER. Pageantry and processions.
July 9-16: UNIVERSITY WEEK, San Jose. Art, drama, dances, sports.
July 25: CELEBRATION OF THE ANNEXATION OF GUANACASTE. Dances, horse races, rodeo, bullfights, fireworks.
August 2: FEAST OF OUR LADY OF THE ANGELS, Cartago.
September 15: INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATIONS.
October 12: RACE DAY. Marks the discovery of America by Columbus.

EL SALVADOR

April 21-May 2: FAIR OF THE HOLY CROSS, San Juan Nonualco.

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Our warm thanks to the government tourist offices, the consulates, the European Travel Commission, the Caribbean Tourism Association, and the Pacific Area Travel Association for their help in gathering dates and events.

Compiled by Frances Shemanski

Since much of our information was gathered months in advance, we suggest you verify dates and events. Both are occasionally subject to change. (Events which do not specify a city are nationwide.)

July 17-26: FIESTAS DE SANTA ANA.
August 2-7: AUGUST FESTIVALS, San Salvador. Religious processions with floats.
September 13-16: HOLY ROMAN CROSS FIESTA, Panchimalco.
November 16-28: FIESTAS DE SAN MIGUEL.
December 1-10: FEAST OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, Izalco.
December 10-17: FEAST OF ST. LUCY, Zacatecoluca.

GUATEMALA

April 21-29: LOCAL FAIR, San Marcos. Exhibits, special programs.
May 1-5: FAIR OF THE CROSS, Lake Amatitlan. Religious pageantry.
June 10-13: ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA FESTIVAL, San Antonio Aguas Calientes.
June 26-28: FAIR OF ST. PETER, San Pedro Sacatepequez.
July 11-17: FIESTAS JULIAS LOCAL FAIR, Huehutenango.
September 10-15: STATE FAIR, Quezaltenango.
October 15-18: FAIR OF ST. LUKE, San Lucas Toliman, Lake Atitlan.
October 20: FIESTA MARKING THE REVOLUTION OF 1944.
December 12: GUADALUPE HOLIDAY. Religious rites and pageantry.
December 16-24: POSADAS. Nine nights of Christmas processions.

HONDURAS

April 30-May 4: HOLY CROSS FESTIVAL, Gualala.
May 18-25: FERIA SAN ISIDRA, La Ceiba. Music festival.
June 21-29: FEAST OF ST. PETER, San Pedro Sula.
July 22-30: DISCOVERY OF AMERICA PAGEANT, José Santos.
October 2-5: FEAST OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI, San Francisco de Yojos.

NICARAGUA

August 1-10: SANTO DOMINGO FIESTA, Managua. Popular feast with fireworks, parades, costumes.
August 15: FIESTA OF THE ASSUMPTION, Granada. Processions, rites.
September 30: DANCE OF THE BULLS, Leon. Honors San Jeronimo.
December 7-8: FIESTA OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, Managua, Leon, Granada. Religious pageantry.

PANAMA

April: COFFEE FAIR AND FLOWER FESTIVAL, Boquete. Coffee-blossom exhibits, pageant on coffee growing.
April 9-16: TOMATO FESTIVAL, Nata de Los Caballeros.
May-November: CONCERT SEASON, Panama City. At National Theater.

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May 25: CORPUS CHRISTI RELIGIOUS FESTIVAL. Los Santos and Penonome. "Great Devil Montezuma" pageants and dances.

July: INTERNATIONAL AQUATIC FESTIVAL. Tobago Island.

July–September: 27TH INTERNATIONAL FISHING TOURNAMENT.

July 16: FESTIVAL OF THE PATRON SAINT VIRGIN EL CARMEN, Tobago Island.

July 19–23: ST. LIBRADA FESTIVAL, Las Tablas.

August: 10TH FESTIVAL DE MANITA, Ocu. Folk festival with typical music and dances of the region.

August 6–9: CORN WEEK FESTIVAL, Panama City. All kinds of foods and handicrafts made of corn.

September 23–27: OUR LADY OF MERCY FESTIVAL, Guarate. Religious procession, folk dances, parades.

October 11: ANNIVERSARY OF THE REVOLUTION, Panama City. Classic "Guardia Nacional" race at the Presidencial Remon Racetrack.

October 21: FESTIVAL OF THE BLACK CHRIST, Portobelo.
TORITO GUAPU FESTIVAL, Anton.
Folklore.

SOUTH AMERICA

ARGENTINA

July: NATIONAL CATTLE SHOW, Buenos Aires.

July 9: NATIONAL DAY OF ARGENTINA.

July–August: SNOW FESTIVAL, Bariloche. Ski events and championships.

SNOW FESTIVAL AND SKI TOURNAMENT, Los Molles Valleciors.

October: NATIONAL YACHTING CHAMPIONSHIP, Olivos, Buenos Aires.

November: INTERNATIONAL FISHING CONTEST, Bariloche.

November 10: DAY OF ARGENTINE TRADITION.

December 1–2: FESTIVAL OF THE TROUT, Mar del Plata.

December 14–26: HANDICRAFTS FAIR, Chaco.

BOLIVIA

July 16: LA PAZ DAY. Civic and folkloric events, parades.

Early August: INDEPENDENCE CELEBRATIONS.

BRAZIL

April 14–29: SHRIMP FESTIVAL, Joinville. Variety of shrimp dishes.

May 1: NATIONAL DONKEY FESTIVAL, Panels.

May 14–19: FESTIVAL OF POPULAR MUSIC, Brasilia. Concerts, competitions.

May 29: COWBOY FESTIVAL, Oeiras.

June 1–7: 103RD ANNIVERSARY OF THE ARRIVAL OF ITALIAN IMMIGRANTS, Rio Grande Do Sul, Caxias do Sul.

June 22–23: FEAST OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST, Recife.

June 23–30: FOLK FESTIVAL OF THE AMAZONAS, Manaus.

July: WINTER FESTIVAL, Ouro Preto. Drama, music, art exhibits, dance.

July 14–30: WINE FESTIVAL, Andradás.

August 20–24: CATTLEHANDS' RODEO, Barretos. Competitions in calf catching and roping, folk dances.

August 24: DRUMBEATS FOR EXU, Pernambuco, Voodoo.

September 24–October 4: FIESTA OF ST. FRANCIS, Caninde. Pageantry.

October 1–30: FEAST OF OUR LADY OF THE PENHA, Rio de Janeiro.

November 14–29: FLOWER AND ORCHID EXHIBIT, Brusque.

RODEO, Palmeria dos Indios

December 24–January 6: THREE WISE MEN PAGEANT, Pernambuco.

CHILE

April: VINTAGE CELEBRATIONS, Aconcagua, Curico and Maule.

June–September: SKIING SEASON, Central Region (near Santiago) and Southern Region.

June 29: ST. PETER'S DAY.

September: AGRICULTURAL AND ARTISAN INTERNATIONAL FAIR, Parque Cerillos.

COLOMBIA

June 20–26: BAMBUCO FESTIVAL, Neiva. Music and dancing to the rhythm of the bambuco.

July 9–23: INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR, Bogota.

July 14–17: SEA FESTIVAL, San Marta.

September: THEATER FESTIVAL, Bogota.

December 27–January 1: INTERNATIONAL SUGAR CANE FAIR, Cali.

ECUADOR

June 24: ST. JOHN'S DAY, Otavalo. Pageantry.

June 28–30: ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL'S DAY, Otavalo, Cotacollao, Tabacundo. Religious rites, folk dances, singing.

September 2–15: YAMOR FESTIVITIES, Otavalo. Aborigine rites and art.

September 19–25: BANANA WORLD'S FAIR, Machala.

October 3–12: GUAYAQUIL'S DAY. International fair, concerts.

December 1–6: QUITO'S FOUNDING DAY. Folk dances, bullfights.

FRENCH GUIANA

July 14: BASTILLE DAY.

October 14–29: CAYENNE FESTIVAL

GUYANA

July 4: CARIBBEAN DAY.

August 1: COMMONWEALTH DAY.

PARAGUAY

May 14–15: INDEPENDENCE DAY. Parades.

June 24: ST. JOHN'S NIGHT, Asuncion. Barefooted "promiers" walk over flames.

August 15: ASSUMPTION DAY AND FOUNDING OF ASUNCION CELEBRATIONS.

October 12: RACE DAY AND COLUMBUS DAY CELEBRATIONS.

PERU

May: ALASITAS FAIR, Puno. Miniature popular art.

June 21–28: INCA FESTIVAL, Cuzco. Includes Sun Festival.

June 23–24: SAINT JOHN'S FESTIVAL, Iquitos. Folklore and dances.

July 21–28: TINGO MARIA COFFEE FESTIVAL, Huanuco. Exhibits and displays.

July 28–29: INDEPENDENCE OF PERU NATIONAL FESTIVAL. Parades, fairs.

August 29–30: FEAST OF SANTA ROSA, Lima. Pilgrimages.

September 22–29: INTERNATIONAL SPRING FESTIVAL, Trujillo. Song and dance contests.

October 20–24: BULLFIGHT FAIR, Lima.
December 6–8: PILGRIMAGE TO THE VIRGIN DE GUADALUPE SHRINE, Guadalupe. Folklore events and a fair.

SURINAM

April 30: QUEEN JULIANA'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS, Paramaribo. Parades.

July 1: FREEDOM DAY, Paramaribo. Kromissie Shows with women in costumes.

November: KONFRIEJARIE (PEOPLE'S FAIR), Paramaribo. Agricultural displays, sports competitions.

URUGUAY

August: LIVESTOCK FAIR, Montevideo.

VENEZUELA

April 19: NATIONAL HOLIDAY, Marks Venezuelan Declaration of Independence.

May–September: MUSICALS OF THE CROSS, Caracas. Music, song, and folk dances to ward off evil spirits.

May 25: CORPUS CHRISTI DAY, San Francisco de Yare.

July 24: BOLIVAR'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION. Honors the Liberator of South America.

August 14–21: NATIONAL FESTIVAL AND FAIR, Tariha. Bullfights.

September 22–23: LA LURA DANCE, El Vagon, Flacon.

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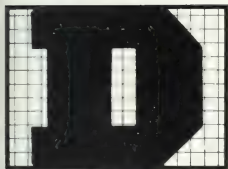


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THE SUBTERRANEAN WORLD OF THE BOMB

by Ron Rosenbaum



IF ANYONE EVER tell you about the last letter of Our Lady of Fatima? It's more than a dozen years since the night it was revealed to me, but I remember the circumstances exactly. I was

in an all-night place called the Peter Pan Diner with a high school buddy of mine. It was 1964, I was 17, and we had been arguing for hours, as we often would, about such matters as the nature of Time before the creation of the universe and the mystery of the afterlife, when this guy hit me with the Fatima prophecy. He said he'd heard it from some seminarians who said they'd heard it from people in the church hierarchy, who said it was a hush-hush matter of intense concern to the Vatican, and to His Holiness himself.

Back in 1913, the story goes, a holy apparition appeared to three Portuguese children near the shrine to the Virgin at Fatima. The heavenly messenger handed the kids three sealed letters for transmittal to the Pope. Eyes only.

The first letter—marked for immediate unsealing—astonished Pope Pius X with a graphic description of a horrifying world war, this just months before the guns of August opened fire. The second letter, said to be marked "Do not open for twenty-five years," shocked Pius XI in 1938 with its vision of an even more terrible tragedy due to engulf civilization.

And then just last year—and here my friend's voice dropped, presumably to avoid frightening the people drinking coffee at the next table—just last year, he said, that wonderful man, the late Pope John, unsealed the third and last letter.

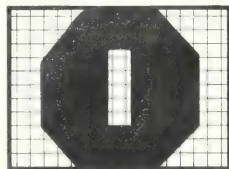
The last letter. The chill I felt creeping over me could not be ascribed to the Peter Pan Diner's creaky air conditioner.

"What was in it?" I asked.

"Nobody knows," my friend said.

"What do you mean nobody knows? They knew about the other ones."

"Yes," said my friend. "But this one is different. They say that when the Holy Father opened it and read what was inside he fainted on the spot. And that he never recovered. And that Pope Paul ordered the letter to be resealed and never opened again. Want to know why? Because the letter tells the exact date of when a total nuclear war that will destroy the entire human race will break out and the pope can't let it out because of the mass suicides and immorality if people were to learn exactly when they were going to die."



ON JANUARY 13, 1975, the *New York Times* published a brief dispatch headed AIR FORCE PANEL RECOMMENDS DISCHARGE OF MAJOR WHO CHALLENGED "FAILSAFE" SYSTEM.

"What Major Her- ing has done," according to the lawyer for the ICBM launch officer, "is to ask what safeguards are in existence at the highest level of government to protect against an unlawful launch order . . . what checks and balances there are to assure that a launch order could not be affected by the President gone berserk or by some foreign penetration of the command system."

The major was not a hysterical peacenik. A combat veteran of Vietnam, he insisted he would have no moral scruples about killing 10 million or so people with his fleet of missiles. He just wanted to make sure that when he got the launch order it wasn't coming from an impostor or a madman.

Sorry, major, the Air Force replied, a missile crewman like you at the bottom of the chain of command

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has no "need to know" the answer to that question. In fact, you have no business asking it. When the *Times* story appeared, the Air Force already was on its way to hustling the major into suspension and early retirement.

Interesting. I thought to myself back in '75 as I tore out the story. But so many years after *Dr. Strangelove* and *Failsafe*, how was it possible that this question did not have a satisfying, reassuring answer, even if the Air Force did not want to disclose it to this troublesome major? And so I filed the clipping away in the semi-oblivion of my "possible stories" file.

Two years later I was prowling the corridors of the Pentagon with that now-tattered clipping and a need to know. I was trying to find someone who could give me a satisfactory, reassuring answer to Major Hering's question. I wasn't getting any answers. What I was getting, I realized, right there in the Pentagon, was an onset of Armageddon fever unlike any since that night in the Peter Pan Diner when I heard about the Fatima prophecy.

I think it had something to do with seeing the man with the black briefcase face to face. It happened in a parking lot in Deerfield Beach, Florida, in January, 1976. I was traveling with and reporting on President Ford's Presidential primary campaign. The man with the black briefcase was traveling with President Ford, ready in case the President had to interrupt his Florida primary campaign to wage a nuclear war.

You know about the black briefcase, don't you? Inside are the Emergency War Order (EWO) authentication codes, which are changed frequently and are supposed to ensure that only the President, their possessor, can authorize a thermonuclear missile or bomber launch. When then-President Richard Nixon boasted to a group of congressmen shortly after the Saturday night massacre that "I could go into the next room, make a telephone call, and in twenty-five minutes seventy million people will be dead," he left out one detail: he would have to take the black briefcase into the room with him.

That day in Deerfield Beach, Commander in Chief Ford was making his way through throngs of suntanned senior citizens and pale Secret Servicemen out onto a fishing pier to pose with a prize marlin. Passing up a glimpse of the big fish, I was ambling back across a parking lot toward the press bus when suddenly I came upon the man with the black briefcase.

Somehow he seemed to have become separated from the Presidential party in the procession toward the pier, and now he stood fully and formally uniformed in the midst of baggy Bermuda shorts and tropical shirts. Peering about, looking for his lost Commander in Chief, the nuclear-briefcase man looked cut off, detached, uncertain how to respond. And in a different sense so was I, I felt a peculiar sense of dislocation staring at that briefcase. (In case you're interested it's a very slim and elegant one: supple black pebble-grained leather with a flap of soft leather fastened by four silver snaps.)

If you wanted to get technical you could say that if the word of a surprise attack on the way reached

the President while he was posing with the prize fish, the fact that the man with the black briefcase was here with me and not out on the pier might delay our potential for nuclear retaliation by several, perhaps crucial, seconds. On the other hand some half-a-billion citizens on the other side of the world might enjoy two or three more breaths before their lives were snuffed out by missiles sent by the black-briefcase code. Silly to make these calculations, but what is the proper response to the intimate presence of a key element of the doomsday trigger system? Scream bloody murder? Or should one take, as I did at the time, a detached, esthetic approach to the tableau—relish the piquant frisson of irony at that artifact of instant apocalyptic death standing like a scarecrow amidst the sun-ripening age of the retirees?

Last year when I came upon the Major Hering clipping and read it again, that unsettling vision of the man with the black briefcase came to mind. And my response was different. This time I felt possessed by a "need to know," a compulsion that eventually led to a 4,000-mile tour of the nuclear trigger system, a pilgrimage that led me down into the Underground Command Post of the Strategic Air Command, up into B-52 bomb bays, down into missile silos, and deep into the heart of the hollowed-out mountain that houses our missile-attack warning screens.

My first stop was Washington, D.C., where, in the course of doing some preliminary research, I came upon a very unsettling document that has kept me up for many nights since. Entitled "First Use of Nuclear Weapons: Preserving Responsible Command and Control," it is the transcript of a little-noticed set of congressional hearings held in March, 1976. The transcripts represent a concerted effort by the International Security subcommittee of the House Committee on International Affairs to get the answers to Major Hering's question (indeed, it seems the Hering controversy in part provoked the hearings) and to questions about the curious behavior of then-Defense Secretary James Schlesinger in the last days of the Nixon Presidency.

As the impeachment process wore on and reports circulated about the President's potentially unstable temperament at the time, Schlesinger took an extraordinary action: he sent out orders to the various communications centers in the nuclear chain of command to report back to him, Schlesinger, any "unusual" orders from the President. The implication was that Schlesinger wanted to know about and, perhaps, veto, a potentially deranged Nixon whim to nuke Vladivostok or the House Judiciary Committee.

The brief flare-up over the Schlesinger order illuminated little more than the extent of consensus ignorance on just how we actually will do it when we do it. Like the facts of life to a bemused child, the facts of nuclear death, before it comes, are more like vague notions than actual clinical details.

We know there is no button wired into the Great Seal in the Oval Office. But that one phone call, the one that kills the seventy million—just where does it go? Who answers? Will the people who answer be loyal

to the President or to the Secretary of Defense if the President's mental condition is suspect? If the Secretary of Defense could veto a launch by a mad President, could a Secretary of Defense *initiate* a launch if he felt the President was playing Hamlet and was mad *not* to launch?

The Command and Control hearings document reprints in its appendix a disturbing analysis of these questions by a professor of government at Cornell named Quester. Among other observations, Professor Quester suggests that it is the very precautions taken to thwart a madman general like *Strangelove's* Jack D. Ripper that have left us at the mercy of a madman President. Making sure that no one *below* the President can launch a nuclear war means giving to the President alone more unchecked power to do it himself on a whim and a single phone call. But the more power placed in the President's hands alone, the more vulnerable the entire U.S. nuclear arsenal¹ is to being disarmed by simply knocking off the President. There must be some provision for a retaliatory threat to be credible in the event a "suitcase bomb," for instance, results in the death of the President, Vice-President, and most of the Cabinet, and no one can remember whether it's the Secretary of Agriculture or Commerce who is constitutionally mandated to decide whether we bomb Russia or China or both.

If such contingency plans—for physical rather than constitutional launch orders—exist, as Quester believes, then in effect we are almost back where we started. Because "Plan R," the linchpin of General Jack D. Ripper's surprise nuke attack plan in *Strangelove*, was just that sort of contingency plan—devised to ensure that our bombers would attack their targets even if the U.S. command authority were vaporized in a surprise attack.

Professor Quester's analysis opens up a dismaying number of disturbing paradoxes in "Command and Control" theory as well as practice. More disturbing than any one of these questions is the fact that these problems haven't been solved to everyone's satisfaction by this time. I felt a sinking feeling reading Quester and the other documentary analyses attached to the hearings: O God, did I really have to worry about this? Weren't people scared enough that it had been taken care of completely by now?

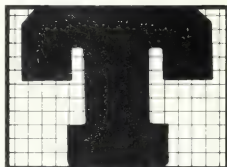
I went through the hearing testimony without much consolation. Some admirals and generals complained to the subcommittee that the new failsafe systems were too stringent—that, in fact, they were worried that they might not be able to launch their nukes when the time came because of all the red tape the bureaucrats had put between them and their missiles. But when the committee tried to get the answers to questions such as those raised by Quester about the actual control of nuclear weapons at the top of the chain of command and the mechanics of the transfer of constitutional succession, they were told either that such information was classified and they had no "need to know," or that "no one was sure" what would obtain.

So I took my underlined and annotated copy of

the Command and Control hearings transcript over to the Pentagon. Most questions were referred to the Strategic Air Command headquarters in Omaha, Nebraska, and that's when SAC gave me the big invitation.

Would I like, the SAC people asked, to visit the Underground Command Post buried beneath the Nebraska prairie? Would I like a tour through a Looking Glass Plane—one of the curiously named "airborne command posts" that would take over the launching of missiles if the SAC Underground Command Post suffered a direct 5-megaton hit? Would I like to go to a missile base in North Dakota and descend into an operational launch capsule and crawl into a B-52 bomb bay? Would I like to enter the hollowed-out mountain in Colorado that housed the headquarters of the North American Air Defense Command, the supersensitive safety-catch on the nuclear trigger?

Thermonuclear porn revisited



HE NEAREST MOTEL to the SAC Command Post is a Ramada Inn in a place called Bellevue, Nebraska. I stayed up late the night before my descent into the underground war room rereading *Failsafe*, spellbound once again by the scenes in the war room—half the book takes place there—the very underground war room to which I was to descend the next morning. Rereading *Failsafe* was one of the final assignments in the task of preparation I'd given myself in the month between my visit to the Pentagon and my actual departure for triggerworld. The overall task had been to recapitulate the ontogeny of the thermonuclear fever I suffered as an adolescent by rereading, in the order I'd originally devoured them, all the classics of a genre I've come to call thermonuclear pornography. Back when I was a kid I'd read it all.

I'd started with the soft-core stuff: the tear-jerking, postattack tristesse of the slowly expiring Australian survivors in *On the Beach*, spiced as it was with a memorable seduction ploy in which a doom-maddened woman goes so far as to unfasten her bikini top on a first date, a hint of the unleashed inhibitions the end of the world could engender. This only aroused my appetite for the more explicit stuff: such nuclear foreplay novels as *Red Alert* and *Failsafe* with their mounting urgencies as the stiffening finger on the atomic button brought the trembling world to the brink of "going all the way," to use a metaphor from another adolescent preoccupation whose urgencies may indeed have fueled this one. To a bored and repressed high school student, nuclear war novels were not about skin-searing blast-burns but were dramas of inhibition and release. In that sense the foreplay genre was

somehow unsatisfying, ending, as most of them did, with some chastening and guilty retreats and vows of eternal nuclear chastity forevermore. Fruitlessly, I scoured the subgenres of post-World War III science fiction (mutants stalk humans in the rubble; wise aliens sift through ruins for clues to the extinction of life on Planet III) for at least a retrospective fantasy of what the actual outbreak of Armageddon would be like, but all they delivered were teasing references of the sort Woody Allen parodied in *Sleeper* ("We believe that the individual responsible for touching off the thermonuclear catastrophe was a man named Albert Shanker but . . .").

It was not until I began reading the truly-hard-core stuff—the strategists—that I found some measure of voyeuristic satisfaction. Reading Herman Kahn's *On Escalation* was like coming upon an illustrated marriage manual after trying to figure out sex from Doris Day movies. With what fierce joy and strange receptivity did I follow the exquisitely fine gradations on the forty-four-step escalation ladder erected by Herman Kahn, with its provocatively titled rungs like No. 1, "Hardening of Position"; No. 11, "Super Ready Status"; No. 37, "Provocative Counter Measures"; all the way up to the ultimate and total release of No. 44, "Spasm War."

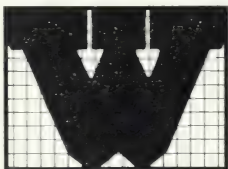
That night in Bellevue I felt a renewed rush of that thermonuclear prurience when I reread the first big war-room scene in *Failsafe*.

Do you remember the war-room scenes in *Failsafe*? Do you remember *Failsafe*? That was the trembling-on-the-brink novel that wasn't funny like *Strangelove*. Or witty. But powerful. In *Failsafe*, a condenser burn-out in a war-room machine fails to send a "recall message" to a nuclear-armed B-52 as it approaches its "failsafe point," and the bomber heads toward target Moscow as men in the White House and the SAC war room try to defuse the fateful, final explosion.*

Back to the war-room scenes in *Failsafe*. Here's something you might not remember about those scenes, something I recalled only on rereading the novel. When the big crisis occurs, the war room is sealed off and two civilian visitors touring the place, just as

I will be, are trapped inside as the greatest drama in history unfolds before them.

Before falling asleep that night in my Ramada Inn room, I must admit I entertained myself with some old-fashioned nuke-porn fantasies. After all the SALT talks had broken down, détente was crumbling into recriminations about human rights. Jimmy Carter was flying around in his nuclear emergency command plane and running nuclear-alert escape drills at the White House. Did he know something we didn't? Alarmist articles with ominous titles such as "Why the Soviet Union Thinks It Can Fight and Win a Nuclear War" were appearing in sober journals. A Soviet surprise attack could happen at any time, warned retired Colonel Richard Pipes in *Commentary*. What if it were to happen tomorrow? I fantasized. What if, as in *Failsafe*, I was to find myself trapped on the Command Balcony when the real thing began and the footprints of incoming missiles began stalking across the big war-room screens.



HAT AN EXCITING prospect—that memorable phrase of John Dean's on the White House tapes leaped to mind. I wouldn't mind it one bit: I realized that in some small way I might be hoping for it. That I could entertain such shameful speculation indicates not only that nuclear annihilation appeals to infantile fantasies of grandiosity but also that it is almost impossible to take the idea of nuclear annihilation to heart, so that it can be felt the way other deaths are feared and felt. What sane human could be excited at the prospect of his friends and loved ones dying on the morrow. Yet there is something in the totality of the way we think of nuclear death that not only insulates but appeals. I think it has to do with some early extreme ways of phrasing and thinking about it.

When early strategists began to talk about the totality of nuclear war, they used phrases like "the death of consciousness" on the planet. Kissinger used the only slightly more modest phrase "an end to history." Without consciousness not only is there no history, there is no sorrow, no pain, no remorse. No one is missing or missed. There is nothing to feel bad about because nothing exists to feel. A death so total becomes almost communal. The holocaust of the European Jews left behind millions to feel horror, bitterness, and loss. When people began applying the word "holocaust" to nuclear war they meant a holocaust with no survivors, or one in which, to use the well-known phrase, "the survivors would envy the dead." Even now when a much-disputed scientific report argues the probability for long-term post-holocaust survival,

* *Failsafe* and *Dr. Strangelove* are based on mistaken premises, as Sidney Hook pointed out in his contemporaneous polemic *The Failsafe Fallacy*. The Air Force never had a policy of ordering planes to strike their targets unless recalled at a certain point. Bombers would fly to designated points outside Soviet airspace during alerts, but the policy, now known as "positive control" rather than the tainted "failsafe," required that a bomber turn around and head back unless it received a direct voice-communication order to strike. A mechanical failure might cause a plane to turn back by mistake but not to head for Moscow. Unfortunately Hook falls victim to a fallacy of his own in *The Failsafe Fallacy*, assuming that by discrediting a key assumption in a speculative novel he has somehow discredited the notion that we have any reason to fear a nuclear war caused by mechanical failure. In fact, warnings of possible surprise attacks have been triggered on NORAD radar screens by flights of Canadian geese and the reflection of the moon under peculiar atmospheric conditions. Under certain contemplated alert postures—the hair-trigger, or launch-on-warning, stance, for instance—such mechanical errors could be enough to launch our entire arsenal mistakenly.

at least in the southern hemisphere, one does not, if one is an American, think of surviving a total nuclear war. One thinks of dying in a flash before there's time to feel the pain. Could that be the attraction, if that word may be used, of nuclear war? Is there some Keatsian element "half in love with easeful death" in our fantasies of the end?

Back in 1957 Norman Mailer wrote in *The White Negro* that the absoluteness of the idea of nuclear annihilation will liberate the psychopath within us, and, indeed, Charles Manson wrote of the welcome cleansing prospect of atomic war. In a curiously similar passage in a letter home from Korea, David (alleged "Son of Sam") Berkowitz wrote of his desire for release from atomic fear.

Such theories perhaps account for the perverse fantasy "attractions" of Armageddon, but how to account for the desensitization to the reality? As the demons of nuke-porn fantasies gathered about me in my Bellevue room that night I began to wonder if the very structure of the nuke-porn genre I'd been rereading that had been so stimulating in my adolescence—that thrilling sense of the imminence of release it created—might contribute to the problem of response I felt as an adult. The cumulative effect of pornography, particularly on a virginal sensibility, is to arouse expectations of intensity that reality sometimes fails to deliver. Back in junior high and high school saturation with nuke porn led me to a preoccupation with the dates and deadlines, with that familiar adolescent question. "When will it finally happen?"

Of course there was always an erotic component to the original thermonuclear fever. According to one study of the premillennial fevers that have swept religious communities (from the early Christians, who castrated themselves to avoid the heightened temptation to sin in the little time remaining before the Second Coming, to the wave of ark-building that swept the Rhine when a noted sixteenth-century astrologer predicted a Second Flood), in almost every instance the terror at the prospect of the end of the world was mingled with "fierce joy, sexual orgies, and a kind of strange receptivity."

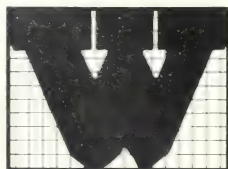
Back in October, 1962, when it seemed at last it would happen, it was with thrilled anticipation and fevered fantasies that my (male) high school cronies and I regarded the Soviet ships approaching the imaginary line in the Atlantic Ocean, breach of which, could shortly trigger all-out war. The chief fantasy engendered in the giddiness of the lunchrooms and locker rooms was this: As soon as the Absolute Final Warning came over the P.A. we'd steal a car and approach one of the girls at the other lunch table with the following proposition: The bombs are gonna fall in twenty-four hours. You don't want to die a virgin, do you?

But the October crisis passed and we were all still virgins. There still remained homework to do before graduation. The famous *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* doomsday clock has hovered close to the witching hour for three decades and we still haven't heard the

chimes of midnight. The Fatima prophecy still had power to chill me when I heard it in 1964—after all, hadn't C.P. Snow declared in 1960 that nuclear war was a "mathematical certainty" by the end of the decade? But by 1970, when the C.P. Snow deadline passed, I'd forgotten there was something special to celebrate.

It's not that these people were false prophets—indeed, at worst they may have been merely premature, at best they may have issued self-unfulfilling prophecies; by arousing enough concern they helped prevent or postpone that which they predicted. But whatever processes of internalizing, eroticizing, or numbing were responsible, there is no question that the Seventies have been a decade almost totally desensitized to the continued imminence of doom that caused hysteria fifteen years

(1970).



HAT HAPPENED to the superheated apocalyptic fever that pervaded the national consciousness from the mid-Fifties to the early Sixties? The bombs are still there, and the Threat, but when was

the last time you had an opinion on the morality of massive retaliation? Can you even recall having an opinion on the gun-in-the-fallout-shelter question? Ban-the-bomb marches? The better-Red-than-Dead debate? Does anyone live his life as if the End were really twenty-five minutes away? Why did we say Good-bye to All That? Or did we?

In his study of Sabbatai Sevi, the fabulous false messiah of seventeenth-century Palestine, scholar Gershom Scholem distinguishes between two strains of eschatological (end of the world) sensibilities: the apocalyptic and the mystical. In the apocalyptic mode, the various revelations of cataclysmic messianic adventures, and, to shift to a Christian example, the visions of the titanic last battle at Armageddon (an actual place in the disputed West Bank, by the way), are taken to represent actual physical upheavals, literal military battles that will be waged on the surface of the earth. In the mystical mode, on the other hand, these climactic wars between the forces of God and His Adversary, and similar upheavals described in sacred books, are said to be waged *internally*—within the mystical body (*corpus mysteriorum*) of the believer—for possession, not of the world, but of the soul.

After reading the literature of nuclear annihilation it seems clear to me that what happened in the mid-Sixties was an internalization of the apocalyptic fevers and their transformation into mystical symptoms.

When the test-ban treaty drove the visible mushroom clouds underground in 1963, it was not long before there sprang up among post-Hiroshima progeny the impulse to ingest magic mushrooms and their psy-

chedelic cognates. The experience of "blowing the mind" from within was an eroticized replication of the no-longer-visible explosion. The once-feared death of consciousness on earth threatened by nuclear annihilation was replaced by the desire for the annihilation of the ego. It's possible that the concept of "bad vibes" can be seen as a cognate of invisible radiation. A generation that grew up with the fear of the ineradicable contamination of its mother's milk by fallout has developed a mystical obsession with the purity of all it ingests, and it can be argued that Jack D. Ripper, the nuke-mad commander in *Strange Love* obsessed with the purity of his "precious bodily fluids," is the spiritual godfather of the health-food movement. The guru who offers a short circuit to "the clear light" is particularly seductive to a generation that expected to be short-circuited to heaven by the "light brighter than a thousand suns."

That short-circuiting of time had long-term characterological effects that are only now being revealed: a belief that one would never live to be a grown-up discouraged any patience for the acceptance of the need to grow up. Indeed, like Peter Pan (not the diner), the bomb allowed the transformation of the present into a never-never land in which no gratification need be postponed and one could celebrate here what Tom Wolfe aptly called the "happiness explosion" instead of the unhappy one we once feared.

In a similar way the antiwar movement, which grew in part out of the ban-the-bomb fervor, found part of itself seduced into a mystical fascination with making bombs. One of the women survivors of the Weather Underground townhouse-bomb-factory explosion wrote a poem called "How It Feels to Be Inside an Explosion"—perhaps the ultimate internalization.

The persistence of the explosive word "blow" in the slang of the late Sixties and early Seventies may in itself be a residue of the internalization of the apocalyptic. Why else do we describe ourselves as feeling blown away, and getting blown over, blown out, getting the mind blown, getting blown (sexually). And is it an accident that the moving epitaph Ken Kesey spoke for the climactic failure of his attempt at a mystical group-mind fusion that failed to transcend fission was, as Tom Wolfe records it, "We blew it."

There is an undeniable but puzzling erotic element in the mystical symptomatology. As I was trying to explain my theory of nuclear pornography to a onetime SDS activist, now a feminist, she did a double take and said that the transformation I was talking about paralleled an explanation she had been developing for the persistence of rape motifs in the sexual fantasies of purportedly liberated women. Rape, she said, in the imagination of many women is an analogue of the unthinkable in nuclear terms, a traumatic, disarming surprise attack that leaves the consciousness devastated. Since there is no certain defense, and constant fear of psychic annihilation is impossible to live with, a transformation occurs in which the constantly terrifying specter of the external rapist is internalized and transformed into an erotic actor in sexual fantasies.

Tomorrow morning at last I would be able to stop fantasizing about the nuclear trigger. I was going to put my finger on it.

Alone with the sanest men in America



HEY CALL IT the "Command Balcony" of the war room, and it was to be, after two preparatory briefings, my first vision of triggerland. The Command Balcony—I loved the lofty theatricality of the

name—was where the President's phone call would be answered when he decided the time had come to unleash the missiles.

Uneasy is the descent into the war room. One is led down steel corridors where hard-nosed security-detachment men wearing blue berets and conspicuously displayed pearl-handled pistols guard the blast-proof doors which are marked NO LONE ZONE. The doors, my guide reassures me, are also gas- and radiation-proof and able to withstand a direct hit with a five-megaton warhead. This is not totally reassuring. In order to take my mission to the command post with proper seriousness, I had absorbed a full-scale "Briefing on Soviet Strategic Capabilities," which emphasized the growing threat from larger Soviet missiles able to deliver a "throwweight" up to twenty megatons with increasing accuracy. But no matter. Provisions have been made against the sudden vaporization of these underground premises. The instant the circuits begin to melt, all command-post functions will instantly revert to "The Looking Glass Plane." This curious code name is given to the "airborne command post," one of a rotating fleet of planes that have been circling the Midwest since February 1961 ready to take over the running of the war from above the blasts.

At first I thought the code name "Looking Glass" must refer to the postattack function—reflecting messages back and forth to surviving authorities at various points on the ground, or perhaps to the mirror-bright aluminum bottom half of the plane designed to deflect the glare of the nuclear blasts from the battle below. I couldn't believe the Air Force would deliberately advert to that dark Carrollian fantasy of hallucinatory chess. But when I asked my guide, an Air Force major, about the origin of "Looking Glass" he told me, "Sir, I can't say for sure but I assume they had that Lewis Carroll book in mind." Later that day I would be taken through an actual Looking Glass Plane on standby for an eight-hour shift aloft, but that morning when I went through the blast-proof doors and out onto the Command Balcony, then I was truly through the looking glass—although, as I would soon find out, not the side I thought.

The Command Balcony is a glassed-in mezzanine of

the small two-story theater that is the war room of the Strategic Air Command. In the orchestra pit below, the "battle staff" works away at computer terminals and radar displays complete with all the glowing dials of dimly lit, melodramatic movies. Looming over all, of course, is the fourth wall of the theater—the "big board." Its six two-story-high panels dominate the view from the Command Balcony. Above the open panel closest to me the alert-status indicator reads 1 on a scale of 5. During the October War of 1973 it read 3. A whirling red light flashed above the big board and a message flashed on ordering the battle staff to cease all unnecessary tasks and stand by for orders.

This morning as I walked in the big board was blanked out. For security purposes, I was told. It was not until some moments later that I was to look up and see that fateful sign on the big board. First I wanted to sit in the command swivel chair. There it was ahead of me, a big black swivel chair in the central well of the Command Balcony. The chair is reserved, in time of nuclear war, for the commander in chief of the Strategic Air Command, or CINCSAC as he's known on the Command Balcony. It's from this chair that CINCSAC will gaze at the big board and make his moves in the decisive first minutes of nuclear war. On a panel in front of the CINCSAC swivel chair are the red phone and the gold phone. The President and the Joint Chiefs call in the orders on the gold phone. CINCSAC executes them on the red phone.

"The President can make you a General," observed onetime CINCSAC General Curtis Lemay, who sat in this chair for many years, "but only communications can make you a commander."

I seated myself in the swivel chair. I picked up the gold phone. I picked up the red phone. The battle staff was humming away beneath me. And for a moment, sitting there in the CINCSAC swivel chair, indulging myself in the seductive grandiosity of this position in the last synapse between command and execution of that awesome final order, for a moment I felt like a commander.

I also felt like a child, let loose with the war toy I'd always wanted. And I also felt like a potential war criminal. Will some tribunal in the rubble see this article and condemn me posthumously for failing to rip both gold and red phones out of their sockets?

But suddenly, when I looked up from my command-chair reverie to the big board, I felt foolish. A three-line message had flashed onto the big board. Could this be it? Not quite. When I read it I cringed. All my fantasies fled in embarrassment. This is what the message said:

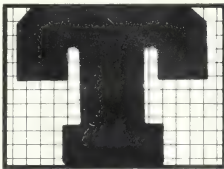
WELCOME MR. RON ROSENBAUM
FROM HARPER [sic] MAGAZINE
TO COMMAND BALCONY SAC HEADQUARTERS

Then an Air Force photographer stepped forward to take my picture in the command chair as a memento, and then a whole dog-and-pony show of a briefing began, featuring a call on the red phone from the Looking Glass Plane airborne with a preprogrammed "Greetings from the captain and crew to Mr. Rosen-

baum, distinguished visitor to SAC's command post."

I could go on. It was in many ways a fascinating briefing but from the moment I saw that first WELCOME sign on the big board I had the sinking feeling they had turned this place, this focal point of nuke-porn fantasies, into a tourist trap. It might as well have been Disneyworld or some bankrupt and bogus "astronaut-land" in some bypassed south Florida subdivision for all the magic that remained. Suddenly all that had seemed forbidden, awesome about the stage upon which civilization's final drama may be played appeared like cheap stage tricks. Even the dimmed lights, "the pools of darkness" that in *Failsafe* "gave the sense of immensity of almost limitless reach," were dimmed only for the duration of my stay on the Command Balcony. They were dimmed to make a slide show, complete with flashlight pointer, more visible as it was projected on the screen. I felt cheated, teased with the illusion of command, then brought down to earth feeling like a cranky, disappointed tourist. A thermonuclear crisis would just not seem at home here on the Command Balcony any more than on a high school auditorium stage.

And that perhaps was the point. The Strategic Air Command is proud of its command-and-control system, does not think of it as an exotic, thrilling Strangelovian mechanism. It's *just* a mechanism, a sophisticated one, but a neutral mechanism they administer, certainly not an evil one—it hasn't done any evil, it hasn't really done anything except be there so long it's become routine.



HAT MOMENT on the Command Balcony, I later realized, was the point at which I passed through to the other side, a Looking Glass of sorts. I was the one who had been living in a fever of Carrollian nightmares. The world I'd stepped into was relentlessly sane, its people very well adjusted. The paradoxical metaphysics of deterrence theory had become part of their ground of being. No one gave it a second thought, seldom a first. They spent little time in reflection of any kind, much less a Looking Glass sensibility. They were not there to shoot missiles and kill people. They were there to *act as if they would* shoot missiles and kill people because by so doing they'd never have to actually do it. They were content that their role was ceaselessly to rehearse, never perform that one final act.

They could have fooled me. I was fascinated by the aplomb of the missile crewmen I met. These are the guys who will actually pull the trigger for us. Of course they don't pull a trigger, they twist a key. Each two-man crew of "launch control officers" must twist their respective keys simultaneously to generate a "launch

vote" from their capsule, and the two-man "launch vote" of another capsule is required before the four twisted keys can together send from ten to fifty Minutemen with MIRVed warheads irrevocably on their way to their targets.

These men will not be voting alone of course. When we pay our income taxes we are casting our absentee ballot in favor of a launch vote, and, should the time ever come, in favor of the mass murder of tens of millions of innocents. Morally, metaphorically, our finger is on the trigger too. But theirs are on it physically day in and day out for years.

I tried to get them to talk about it. Up at Minot AFB the Fifty-fifth Missile Wing helicoptered me out to an operational Minuteman-missile launch capsule nestled in the midst of vast fields of winter wheat. Fifty feet below the topsoil in the capsule I tried to edge into larger subjects—does it make a difference being able to know your target?—but there seemed to be nervousness on both sides, perhaps because of the presence of a senior officer and a tape recorder. Fortunately at the last minute I was able to arrange, as the final unofficial stop in my tour of the nuclear fortifications, a different kind of meeting with missile crewmen.

Let me tell you about that last stop. Because it was there that I finally got the feel of those brass launch keys—I actually got to twist them and get the feel of launching a nuke—and it was there that I first discussed such issues as nuclear surrender and the Judo—yes, Judo—Christian ethic, and it was there that I first learned the secret of the spoon and the string.

I can't tell you exactly where it was—I agreed to keep the name of the base and the names of the missile men I spoke to out of the story. But I can tell you it was a Minuteman base and the men I spoke to were all launch-control officers. And these are no ordinary missile crewmen. Even among the highly skilled Minutemen men these are the crème de la crème I'm visiting with this Saturday morning. These six guys in their blue Air Force fatigues and brightly colored ascots are a special crack crew of missile men culled from capsules all over the base into a kind of all-star team. This morning they are practicing in a launch-capsule "problem simulator" for the upcoming "Olympic Arena" missile-crew competition out at Vandenberg AFB, where they will represent the honor of their base in a kind of World Series of missile-base teams.

You see, the Air Force goes to some length to imbue the men in its missile squadrons with a military esprit—a task rendered difficult by the sedentary and clerical nature of military-capsule duty. Missile men never need learn to fly a plane and most don't. The romantic flyboy spirit is something of a handicap for men condemned to spend twenty-four hours in a twenty-by-nine-by-ten-foot capsule. There's no need to develop that special brand of nerve and confidence Tom Wolfe, in his study of astronauts, called "the right stuff." The right stuff for a missile crewman is a disposition far more phlegmatic and stolid. So the typical missile crewman of the sample I met was often a pudgy bespectacled graduate of a Southern technical school with a low-key, good-ol'-boy sense of hu-

mor, who volunteered for missile duty because the Air Force would pay for the accounting degree he could earn in his spare time in the launch capsule. The Air Force is still run by flyboys who tend to treat the missile crewmen as junior partners. Still the Air Force tries to incorporate the missile men into its traditional gung-ho spirit. It gives them all dashing ascots to wear, as if they were units of some Austrian Ranger battalion trained to kill men with their bare hands, when all they actually are expected to do with their bare hands is twist a key. (One almost suspects some deadpan tongue-in-cheek flyboy parody in the ascot touch.) And there are all sorts of patches and merit badges for the annual "Olympic Arena" competition, which is strenuously promoted and prep-ped for all year round.

This morning these missile men have been practicing for "Olympic Arena" in a special glass-walled launch-control capsule "simulator" that replicates the conditions of the big missile Olympic games. These are not as dramatic as they might sound—no jousting between Titans and Minutemen, no target shooting, no actual launchings at all, in fact. Instead the competition consists of "problems" computer-fed into the capsule simulators, and the crews go through the checklists in their capsule operations manuals to solve the problems. Problems thrown at them can be anything from retargeting half their missiles from Leningrad to Moscow to putting out a fire in the capsule trash bin. For every possible problem it seems there is a checklist to follow, and the activity I watch in the capsule consists mainly of finding the right checklist in the right briefing book and following the instructions. Victory goes to those who follow their checklists most attentively. More like a CPA competition than an Arthurian tournament.

During a break in the problem-solving I am invited into the capsule simulator to look around. It is exactly like the working missile capsule I had been permitted access to a few days ago in every respect but one. The keys. In the working missile capsule the keys are locked securely in a fire-engine-red box that is to be opened only in time of high-level nuclear alert. But as soon as I walked into the simulator that morning I caught sight of the now-familiar bright red box with its little red door wide open. And then I saw the keys. They gleamed brassily, each of them inserted into their slots in the two launch consoles, just as they will be in the last seconds before launch. Apparently the keys had been left there from a launch-procedure problem. I looked at the key closest to me. It had a round brass head, and looked like an old fashioned apartment key. It was stuck into a slot with these positions marked upon it: SET on top, and LAUNCH to the right. This particular key was turned to OFF.

I asked one of the crewmen if I could get a feel of what it would be like to turn the key.

"Sure," he said. "Only that one there, the deputy commander's, the spring-lock mechanism is a little worn out. Come over here and try the commander's key." First I tried the deputy's key all the way to the



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right from OFF to LAUNCH. Almost no resistance whatsoever. Very little ~~resistance~~.

"Come over and try the other one," one of the crewmen suggested. "That'll give you the real feel of a launch."

To launch a missile, both launch-control officers in the capsule must twist their respective keys to the right within two seconds of each other and hold them there for a full two seconds. The key slots are separated by twelve feet so no one man can either reach over or run over from one key to another and singlehandedly send in a "launch vote." Even if this were to happen, a two-key-twist, two-man "launch vote" from a second capsule in the squadron is still required to send any one missile off.

I sat down in the commander's chair—it's not unlike an economy-class airline seat, complete with seat belt. I turned the key to LAUNCH. This time it took some healthy thumb pressure to make the twist, and some forearm muscular tension to hold it in LAUNCH. Not a teeth-clenching muscular contraction—the closest thing I can compare it to is the feeling you get from twisting the key in one of the twenty-five-cent lockers at Grand Central Station. Nothing special, but the spring-lock resistance to the launch twist is enough to require a sustained effort of will from the person doing the twisting. For two seconds that person and at least three other people must consciously believe they are doing the right thing killing that many millions of people. Two seconds is perhaps time for reflection, even doubt.

Later, outside the simulator, I asked the missile crewmen if they'd ever imagined themselves having a doubt about their grip on the keys when the time came for that final twist of the wrist. What made them so sure they'd actually be able to do it, or did they just not think of the consequences?

"No," one of the crewmen said. "During training out at Vandenberg they'd show the whole class films of the effects of nuclear blasts, Hiroshima and all that, just so we wouldn't have any mistake as to what we're getting into. It's true that they ask you if you will carry out a properly authenticated launch order, and they check your psychological reaction, and the checking doesn't stop there. We're constantly required to check each other for some signs of unusual behavior. But you have to understand that when the launch order comes it won't come as a sudden new trauma. We get practice alerts and retargeting procedures all the time, and the launch will just be a few more items on a procedural checklist we've gone through thousands of times."

By this time we'd adjourned to a small, concrete-floored room containing vending machines for Coke and candy and a few scratched metal folding chairs. Being in a room with the sanest men in America can be disconcerting. And these men were—officially—extremely sane. That constant psychological checking of each other they spoke about is part of the Air Force's Human Reliability Program, which is supposed to be a kind of mental early-warning system to catch people with access to nuclear warheads who are

going insane, before their madness turns violent or, worse, cunning.

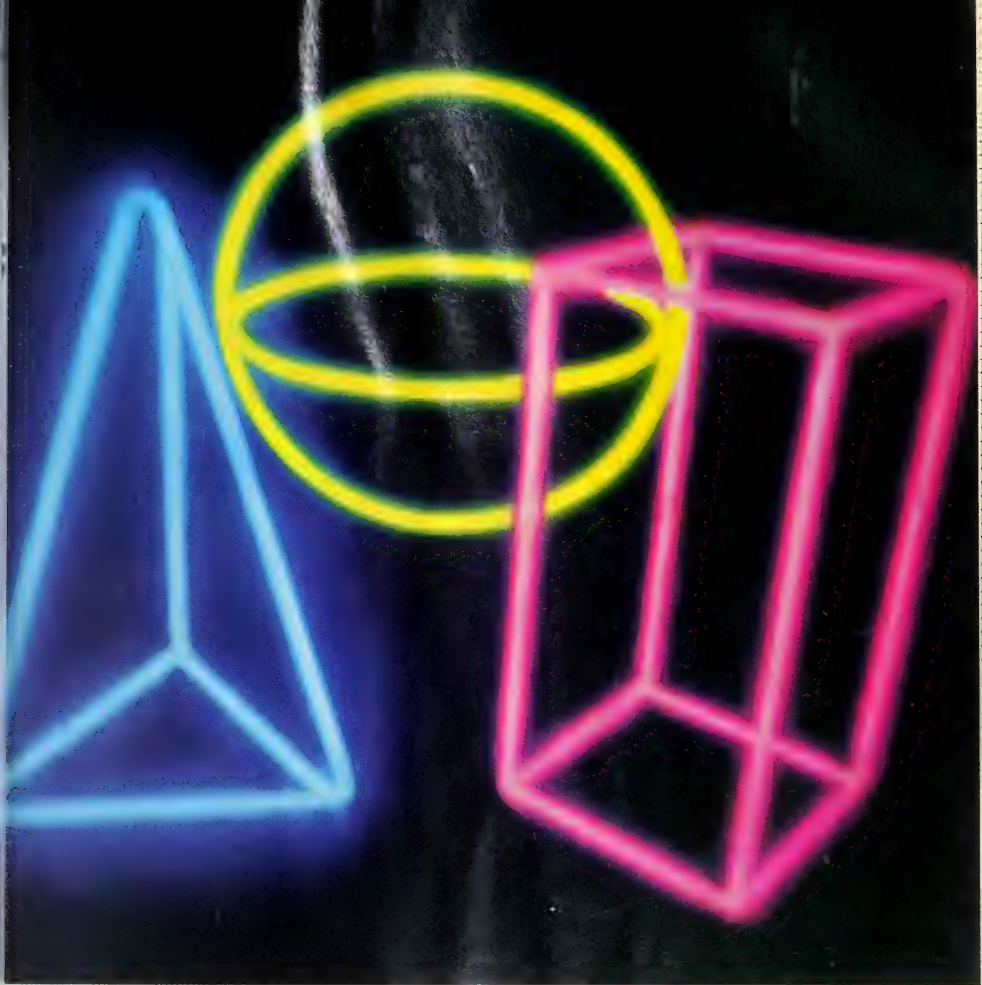
Of course the Air Force definition of sanity might seem a bit narrow to some, involving as it does the willingness to take direct part in the killing of, say, 10 million people by twisting a key when the proper order is given, while insanity means trying to kill them without proper orders or refusing to kill them despite orders. Nonetheless it is fascinating to read through Air Force Regulation 35-99, Chapter 7, "Psychiatric Considerations of Human Reliability," which is the missile-base commander's guide to early detection of "Concealed Mental Disorders." Regulation 35-99 divides these hidden threats into four categories: "The Suspicious," "The Impulsive," "The Depressed," and "Those with Disturbances of Consciousness." Regulation 35-99 then details "the early signs in observable behavior that strongly suggest the possibility of present or emerging mental disorder" in each category.

Now the trickiest category, according to Regulation 35-99, is "The Suspicious" (don't ask me what school of psychopathology this taxonomy comes from), which enumerates thirteen "clues to paranoid traits." Tricky, because as the Air Force points out "the following clues are sometimes seen in normal everyday behavior." Indeed, it is difficult to read the description of the thirteen clues without thinking of the "normal everyday behavior" of nuclear powers.

There is, for instance: "a. Arrogance—wherein the individual assumes or presumes the possession of superior, unique, or bizarre abilities, ideas, or theories."

Now, one would think that a man able to participate in the launch of up to thirty separate nuclear warheads and help extinguish human civilization with a twist of his key would be a bull goose loony not to "presume the possession of superior, unique, or bizarre abilities." The implication here is that sanity in a launch means *not* thinking about this reality, sanity means the kind of studied insanity or fugue state that ignores one's true relation to the world. Then there is: "b. Lack of humor—especially the inability to laugh at oneself, one's mistakes or weaknesses." Now that is pretty funny. When you think about all the occasions for merriment there must be down there at the controls of an ICBM launch capsule, it's hard to believe anyone would be crazy enough not to see the humor in it all. It's good to know that Regulation 35-99 will keep an eye out to yank the occasional gloomy guy right out of there, so we can be assured that when we go we'll die laughing.

Now clue "c."—"legal or quasilegal controversy about pay, time, accidents, unsatisfactory purchases, or matter of authority"—is an interesting one for a couple of reasons. This "paranoid trait," according to the regulation, "is often seen in conjunction with 'letters to the editor,' 'to the president of the company,' or 'to senior commanders.'" One can immediately see the appeal of this definition to the senior commanders who administer the regulation. But it raises interesting questions. One does not want the launch capsules filled with teeth-grashing irritable



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cranks, yet the presumption of irrationality that attaches to any question about "matters of authority" assumes that all authority is rational, an assumption that was implicitly challenged by Secretary of Defense Schlesinger when he tried to ensure that if President Nixon went batty and decided to launch a few nukes during the impeachment crisis, someone would question his authority.

But for the moment let us leave Regulation 35-99 behind with a parting glance at the Air Force's official characterization of the Mad Bomber. He comes under subsection 7-14, which cites "Some Specific Cases of the Paranoid Schizophrenic" for the missile-base commander to have in mind when he's checking out his men. The only other "specific case" mentioned in this subsection is an unnamed "would-be assassin of President Roosevelt [who] came to Washington to shoot the President and thus to draw public attention to the buzzing sensation in his head."

"To the Mad Bomber of New York," according to the regulation, "the need for revenge seemed paramount, dating back to an ancient grudge against a public utility company."

And yet isn't our nuclear retaliatory policy based on our belief in revenge—that any strike against us must be avenged with nuclear warheads even if it means destroying the rest of human society? Just as planting bombs in public places did not restore the Mad Bomber his pension rights (apparently the source of his grudge against Con Ed), neither would a retaliatory nuclear strike restore the lives or freedom lost from the strike we suffered first. Could this analysis of the Mad Bomber have been a sly comment on the sanity of the nuclear balance of terror slipped into the Air Force insanity definitions by some military shrink with a sense of irony?

In any case let us return to that vending-machine room off the launch-capsule simulator, where indeed a discussion ensues with the sanest men in America, which gets into the basic question of revenge by way of Las Vegas and leads us to the secret of the spoon and string.

I don't want you to get the wrong idea about these missile crewmen. I soon discovered that the Human Reliability Program in practice does not necessarily eliminate all but docile automatons. The missile men have lively responsive intelligences and very upbeat personalities. And despite their devotion to pure professionalism, even they are not entirely unconscious of the ironies of their particular profession. They, too, occasionally get that sense of dislocation at the awesomeness of their position and the ordinariness of their life. I got that sense from listening to one of the crewmen tell me a story about a curiously dislocating encounter he had in a Las Vegas hotel.

He'd accumulated some leave time from the long hours of vigils he had spent down in his launch-control capsule, and he'd decided to spend it in the gambling palaces of Vegas.

"I went alone and one night I wanted to get into one of the big floor shows they have," he told me. "Well, when I asked for a ringside table they told

me that as I was by myself, would I mind sharing with another couple. I say okay and these two people introduce themselves. The guy says they're from North Carolina where he's a dentist. Then he asks me what I do."

Introductions can sometimes be awkward for a Minuteman launch-control officer. A stranger will casually ask him his line of work and if he just comes out and says "I'm a Minuteman-missile launch-control officer," well, it's not as if everyone will stare into his eyes for signs of incipient missile-shooting madness, but there is, sometimes, a feeling of wary scrutiny. People don't know exactly how to respond to the unprepossessing presence of a man who is the most powerful and deadly warrior in human history.

"But not this dentist." He displayed none of the usual fears about Strangeloves in disguise, no suppressed whiff of awe at the personified presence of the end of the world.

"Hell no," the missile crewman was telling me. "The only thing this guy was worrying about was whether the thing would actually take off when it came time for wartime launch. He kept saying, 'I just want that bird to fly when the time comes.' He kept saying, 'I want that bird to fly.'"

The crewman shook his head. "It was funny because when the bird flies that means he and his family are probably vaporized. I couldn't figure it. It used to be people you'd run into would worry we'd go off half-cocked and start a war. Now this guy was all excited like he couldn't wait to see it."

"Fact is," said another missile crewman, "most of us have never even launched even a test down at the Vandenberg range. And nothing's ever been test-launched from an operational silo. Once they had a program that was going to let us launch from one of our silos. No warhead of course. From here into the Pacific. But some Indian tribe objected to missiles flying over their sacred burial ground or something and they canceled it. I can maybe see what that dentist was getting at. You sit down there and you know you've got launch capability and you know when you and your buddy turn the keys she'll fly all right but you sure would feel more comfortable if you had it happen once. I tell you I've spent a year and a half underground and I'm halfway to my M.S., but for all those hours down there, when I get out I sure would like to be able to say 'I launched a missile.'"

Again I asked these sanest of all men how they could be sure they'd be able to launch when they knew it was for real.

"One thing you have to remember," one of the crewmen told me, "is that when I get an authenticated launch order I have to figure my wife and kids'd be dead already up above. The base is ground zero. Why shouldn't I launch? The only thing I'd have to look forward to if I ever got up to the surface would be romping around with huge mutant bunny rabbits." We all laughed. It seemed funny at the time.

"Okay, then, put it this way," I said. "If you assume that when you get the launch order everyone on our side has been devastated by a Soviet first

strike, is there any purpose served by destroying what's left of humanity by retaliating purely for revenge?"

"What it all comes down to," said one of the older crewmen, "is the Judo-Christian ethic."

"You mean Judeo-Christian," one of the others murmured.

"Right, like I said, the *Judo-Christian* ethic teaches that you never strike first but if someone hits you, you can strike back."

"Wait a minute," I said. "Isn't it Christian to forgive, turn the other cheek, rather than seek revenge? Say you're Jimmy Carter, a serious Christian, and you're President when the whole deterrence thing fails and for some reason the Soviets are tempted to strike or preempt our strike. You see those missiles coming in on the radar screen and know mass murder is about to happen to your people and nothing you can do will stop it. Is there any point in committing another act of mass murder?"

"You think he should surrender?" one of the crewmen asked me.

"I don't know," I said, taken aback by the abruptness of his question.

"That's the thing, you know," another crewman said. "Once you start thinking about all that your head starts going in circles. You got to change the subject. There's a point where you gotta stop asking questions and go to work. You've just got to have faith that you're doing the right thing. It all comes down to professionalism. We know our presence here helps deter war and . . ."

"Course we thought about the problem if we get a launch order if one of us in a capsule crew suddenly turns peacenik at the last minute," one of the crewmen interrupted to say. "And we came up with a solution. We figured out that the whole two-key thing is really bullshit when you get down to it because we figured out how to get a launch with just one man and a spoon and a string."

"Spoon and a string?"

"Well," the crewman continued, "what you do is rig up a thing where you tie a string to one end of a spoon and tie the other end to the guy's key. Then you can sit in your chair and twist your key with one hand while you yank on the spoon with the other hand to twist the other key over." Now this guy was talking about using some old-fashioned ingenuity to carry out an authorized "execution order." It could of course be used in the service of an unauthorized launch conspiracy. Since launching an ICBM still requires a launch vote from two separate launch-control capsules, it would require two men in cahoots with two spoons and two strings—and probably two pistols—to carry out such an unlikely caper; however, since the two-key system is at the heart of the credibility of the entire command-and-control system, someone in the Air Force just might want to get out a spoon and string, go down into a capsule, and see whether someone might have overlooked a little safeguard.

Nevertheless, I actually found myself more reassured by the missile crewmen's willingness to tell me

about the spoon-and-string trick than I was frightened by its possible application. The kind of person who'd cheerfully volunteer the spoon-and-string story is not the kind of person who'd be likely to conspire to use it to try to provoke World War III.

In fact I was quite impressed with the robust psychological health of the missile crewmen. If they didn't engage in rigorous analysis of the moral consequences of their triggerman role, none of them seemed at all the type to want to conspire to start a nuclear war. They put in a lot of idle hours down in the capsule studying for accounting and law degrees, and a nuclear war would seriously disrupt their professional prospects when they got out. Meeting the missile men was the most reassuring part of my trip.



MAJOR HERING, you'll recall, was likewise not the least concerned with the mental health of his fellow crewmen. He was worried about the upper links in the chain of command.

And unhappily, as one studies those upper reaches more closely, the chain of command seems less like a chain than a concatenation of spoons and strings.

How will Vice-President Mondale, off in Hawaii when a suitcase bomb blows up the White House, wage nuclear war from Waikiki with no black-briefcase man at his side. And don't think President Carter, notified of what looks on the radar screens like a surprise attack, will be able to dip into Russian literature to help him decide whether to retaliate against Moscow and Leningrad, or Leningrad and Kiev. If, in fact, the Joint Chiefs do decide to consult the Constitutional Commander in Chief on the nature of a retaliatory response (faced with a 'use it or lose it' situation military commanders tend to shoot first and consult the Supreme Court later; the Joint Chiefs have no need of the President to launch the missiles physically if they feel he's wavering when the time has come to strike back), the consultation will consist of presenting the Commander in Chief with comprehensive preprogrammed attack options generated by our chief nuclear war-gaming computer, the SIOP machine.

SIOP, I should explain, stands for "Single Integrated Operating Plan." It is the basic nuclear war plan for all U.S. forces and details exactly which missiles and which bombers will blow up which targets in case of nuclear attack. The SIOP machine is a vast computer complex in a subbasement of the Underground Command Post that generates the Emergency War Orders for transmittal to each element of the SIOP attack. In addition, the SIOP machine is constantly war-gaming its own war plan against its own estimate of the Russian war plan, which SIOP

calls RISOP, and updating itself after it counts the computerized death score.

What this means in practice is that the key decisions about how we will respond in every conceivable nuclear crisis have already been made by the SIOP machine. Most of us may not think of nuclear war at all these days. The SIOP machine thinks about nuclear war for us twenty-four hours a day. The SIOP will run our nuclear war for us.

In fact, the only moment in my entire sentimental journey I felt genuinely "in touch" with nuclear war was the time I felt the SIOP machine. I don't think it's on the regular tourist trail in triggerworld but I made a special request to see the SIOP machine after reading so much about its awesome capabilities. Even in sophisticated strategic literature the SIOP is spoken of with reverential, almost Delphic, awe, and its pronouncements are surrounded with Delphic mystery. No one even knows how many targets are on the SIOP hit list. One scholarly study of recent nuclear targeting strategy devoted a long footnote to examining whether a fragmentary declassified report which declared that there were 25,000 targets in the SIOP really might have been a misprint, perhaps deliberate, for 2,500 targets.

The secrets inside the SIOP machine, our actual war plans, are perhaps the most secret secrets in America. According to a two-part report by Seymour Hersh in the *New York Times* (December, 1973), a story whose implications were lost in the Watergate deluge, the Nixon Administration's hysterical and ultimately self-destructive reaction to the Ellsberg affair may have been triggered not by his release of the Pentagon Papers but by the possibility—explored secretly in the highest councils of the Nixon White House—that Ellsberg might also release some of the sacred SIOP secrets. In 1961, in the days when he was an eager young Rand Corporation analyst, a fledgling Strangelove who had already made a highly respected debut with a pamphlet on the "Art of Nuclear Blackmail," Ellsberg had been summoned by the Pentagon to review the existing system for the command and control of the nuclear trigger weapons. As part of that work Ellsberg was permitted to review the SIOP and the Joint Strategic Target List. In a recent talk on "the nature of modern evil" at the *Catholic Worker*, Ellsberg, now repentant, described his first look at the primitive SIOP. It shocked him, he said, to learn we had only one nuclear war targeting plan: hit 400 targets in Russia and China. Estimated casualties 325 million. Whether Ellsberg went on to help redesign the SIOP he would not say, and whether he had any significant knowledge of the SIOP secrets as it evolved into a sophisticated computerized targeting system Ellsberg would not say. But according to Hersh's unnamed source (who sounds like Ehrlichman), the very possibility that Ellsberg would reveal sacred SIOP secrets the way he revealed the Pentagon Papers—the possibility that he would thereby show the Russians our hand in the bluffing game that is deterrence strategy—was enough to drive Nixon and Kissinger up the wall. According to this theory all the seamy things

done to Ellsberg and the Watergate cover-up that was necessary to even *them* up can be traced to fear for the sanctity of the SIOP.

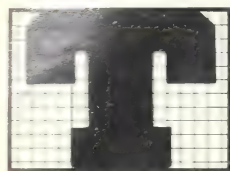
Well, you might say, doesn't everyone know what we'll do when attacked? What difference does it make which missiles go where when they all go boom and make everyone dead? It makes a difference to the strategists. For them the game of deterrence, the delicate balance of terror, is not a stalemate but an ongoing poker game in which the dynamics of bluff, ambiguity, and esoteric as opposed to declaratory policies are constantly shifting. As Bernard Brodie, the elegant grand master of civilian nuclear strategists, notes, "Good military planning should distinguish between what the President says he'll do and what he's likely to do." Kissinger, an unreconstructed Machiavellian among strategists, called the latter—our real plans as opposed to what we say we'll do—the esoteric strategy.

Inside the SIOP machine are not only the secret war plans of our esoteric strategy but, in addition, a wide array of targeting options based on computerized war-gaming of possible Soviet responses to our responses to their responses. One missile crewman I spoke to, overwhelmed by the majesty and complexity of the SIOP, burst into a veritable ode to its chivalric, jousting-like possibilities. "Just think," he said, "we're engaged in a test of wills with the Soviets somewhere and they push us too hard and push comes to shove, we don't have to choose between incinerating the planet and giving up. With the new SIOP options we can pinpoint a shot across the Kamchatka Peninsula and if they don't start listening to reason just walk those Nudets [Air Force word for nuclear detonation] across Siberia till they start to feel the heat in Moscow. Course they'll probably start on the Gulf of Mexico with theirs, walk 'em across to Houston, and start to head north, but we'll have our response to that all programmed in the SIOP. You know something else? I understand that before Carter took office he was given a detailed SIOP briefing and the guy was so shaken by it, that's why he suddenly comes out and says we got to abolish all nuclear weapons. The SIOP was too much for him. He just couldn't handle it."

So what actually goes on within the SIOP machine? Many nuclear wars: "practice" wars between SIOP and RISOP. After each battle a computer program counts the dead, estimates the damages, and looks for a way to improve the score in our favor in the next nuclear war. The predictive value of the nuclear wars waged within the SIOP machine is handicapped since it has to match itself against its own estimate of RISOP, which, like SIOP, consists of preplanned reactions that can be changed or rejected by national leaders in the heat of crisis. So the wars within SIOP can become a tenuous solipsistic affair, like a computer playing chess with itself. Still it is awesome being in a room in which the world has ended so many possible ways, perhaps even the precise way it will.

Toward the end of my tour of the SIOP machine I asked the colonel guiding me through the warrens of computers in the SIOP subbasement if I could

touch the machine. He looked at the captain accompanying me and shrugged. Not far from me was a first-generation computer element of the SIOF machine. On top of its stacked magnetic tapes was a red "Top Secret" sign, but there was nothing secret for me to see. Only to feel. So I put my hand on its gray alloyed surface and felt in my palm the residual hum and tremor of the thousands of nuclear wars waged by SIOF and RISOP, those ceaselessly clashing computer programs, locked like Gog and Magog in endless Armageddons within its ghostly circuitry.



THAT WAS THE closest I came to the answers. The answers to Major Hering's question. To my questions about the nitty-gritty details of our actual as opposed to our declared or bluffed targeting strategy. All the answers but one. What happens if we lose?

It was at the very end of my tour of the SIOF machine that I happened to ask an innocuous question that led me down the road into the swamp of "surrender studies."

"In all these wars between SIOF and RISOP," I asked the colonel in charge of the SIOF room, "do we always win?"

The colonel seemed taken aback. He said something about "programming optimum outcomes" or something like that.

"Well, does SIOF ever admit defeat to RISOP or surrender to it?"

"I should hope not," he said.

I had heard whispers about forbidden "surrender studies" when I was down in Washington, whispers about people who have been hounded out of government for daring to suggest that, despite our endless contingency planning and war-gaming, we wouldn't know how to surrender if forced to because we're not permitted to consider the possibility of a loss. It sounded silly, and until that brief exchange in the SIOF room I'd assumed—as I had when I first read of Major Hering's question—that someone somewhere had the answers. But now I was told that even the SIOF machine was not programmed to consider surrender. And so when I returned from my pilgrimage I decide to track down these "surrender studies" I'd heard about.

What I discovered was that in the entire exotic garden of nuclear-war-fighting strategy theory, surrender is the one forbidden fruit. A subject more unthinkable than The Unthinkable itself. In fact, thinking about it has actually been declared illegal in some cases.

Indeed, the short, sad history of surrender studies in the nuclear age reveals that the few intrepid theo-

reticians who have ventured into that *terra incognita* have come back scarred by the charge that just talking about it can cause it. Back in 1958 a Rand Corporation analyst by the name of Paul Kecskemeti published a modest scholarly monograph entitled *Strategic Surrender*. Beginning with the premise that surrender, like war, is an extension of politics by other means, Kecskemeti explored the various strategies of twentieth-century surrenders—what each party to a surrender was able to win and lose (yes, a loser can "win" a surrender by getting more concessions than his actual strength should command). High marks go to the Vichy French and Germans for their eminently professional disposition of the surrender of France in 1940; a pathetic failing grade to the Americans and Italians who botched the surrender of Italy in 1943. Though his is largely a historical study Kecskemeti did append to the work a section on "Surrender in Future Strategy," with a subsection on "Surrender in Nuclear War"—the latter slightly more than one page long. That was enough. When his book appeared, the great post-Sputnik, Red-or-Dead debate still raged across the land and Kecskemeti had been gracious enough in his preface to acknowledge that "this study was prepared as part of the research program undertaken for the United States Air Force by the Rand Corporation." Swift and massive retaliation fell upon the book. You could call it overkill. There were outcries from the warlords of Congress that taxpayer money was being used to pave the way for capitulation to the Soviets. President Eisenhower was described as upset and horrified as he demanded an immediate explanation from the Pentagon. "I've never seen Ike more mad," said one aide. Everything at the Pentagon stopped for two hours while they tried to get to the bottom of the surrender-study flap. The *New York Times* reported a "tumultuous session" of Congress, and "the most heated debate of the year" brought forth near unanimous passage of one of the strangest resolutions ever to issue from that body. This one, attached as a rider to an appropriations bill and passed in August, 1958, specifically forbade the use of any federal funds to finance the study of surrender.

On the inside cover of the library-battered copy of *Strategic Surrender* I have in my hands, some outraged reader has scrawled: "Americans would rather die on their feet than live on their knees." It's an attitude that has made even the boldest nuclear strategists a bit gunshy about discussing surrender. In what seems like a characteristically black-humored recognition of the delicacy of using the forbidden word, the index to the second edition of Henry Kissinger's early study of *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy* contains the following laconic citation: "Unconditional Surrender. See Victory, Total."

Even the fearless Herman Kahn, forever urging us to call a spade a spade and a grave a grave in matters of nuclear war, prefers to discuss "responses to post-attack blackmail" rather than "surrender negotiations." In his treatise *On Thermonuclear War*, Kahn grumbles that "the investigation of the feasibility of various [postattack] blackmail tactics is not only a difficult

strategy. Finally, last August, I felt compelled to make a second pilgrimage. I was looking for some way to escape from the accumulation of nuclear esoterica I had submerged myself in and all of which seemed to be insulating me further from rather than bringing me more "in touch" with nuclear war, whatever that meant—I was sure I would know it if I felt it.

So I flew up to Boston on Hiroshima Day. A small item in Boston's *Real Paper* had attracted my attention: someone was actually going to hold an old-fashioned ban-the-bomb-type demonstration up there to commemorate the Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombings. I'm not talking about one of those anti-nuclear-power demonstrations. These have become very fashionable lately after the organizational success of the Clamshell Alliance's mass civil disobedience on the site of the proposed Seabrook nuclear reactor. There's no shortage of anti-nuclear-power demonstrations.

But a demonstration against nuclear weapons. How odd. As a sometime chronicler of the antiwar demonstrations of the late '60s and early '70s I knew that he only people who still did that were the small and aging band of the pacifist faithful, the War Resisters League, and other, smaller, old-fashioned peace groups; and I couldn't recall the last time I'd heard of them doing anything. This demonstration, part of a series of Hiroshima Day actions, seemed to have been endorsed by many of the old peace-movement people hoping to rebuild the kind of mass movement that had disappeared after the test-ban treaty was approved. Apparently this was causing some ruffled feathers among the anti-nuclear-power partisans. According to a friend of mine in Boston, the Clamshell Alliance had refused to give its support to the Hiroshima Day demonstration because "some of them think it's just these old peace-movement people trying to take advantage of the energy the Clamshell people have established. The Clamshell people believe it's important to organize a base in the community rather than just to demonstrate." This snooty attitude confirmed a theory I'd had that the anti-nuclear-power movement was a way for activists to sublimate their feelings of impotence in the face of the massive nuclear-weapons establishment. You can prevent a reactor from being built, you can even shut it down if it's unsafe, but the nuclear warheads are already there, they are extremely unsafe, and no one believes they'll ever go away.

I remember how far gone into the swamp of strategic thinking I was by the time I arrived at Faneuil Hall or the opening speeches of the Hiroshima-Nagasaki-an-the-bomb demo-commemoration. I can remember because my first few pages of notes on that event are devoted to a four-line joke I found written on a wall of the men's room at Faneuil Hall and an analysis of the way that particular joke illuminated the dilemma of just-war theologians who employ the principle of "double effect" (developed in the thirteenth century to justify the use of the catapult as a siege weapon) to justify the "unintentional" slaughter of innocents contemplated by certain nuclear retaliatory strategies.

The joke on the men's-room wall was unusual only in that it was not really dirty, just mildly "sick."

"How did you get that flat tire?" it began.

"I ran over a milk bottle."

"Didn't you see it?"

"No, the damn kid was carrying it under his coat."

Get it? Now let me explain what this has to do with nuclear war. The late '50s and early '60s were full of heady debate for theologians with almost everyone wrestling with the problem of whether conduct of thermonuclear war could, or should, be guided by the same moral principles that were used to define a "just war" or whether thermonuclear war must be considered beyond the bounds of anything justifiable under any circumstances. Even thornier was the question of whether possession of nuclear weapons for deterrent purposes without use, but with the threat of potential use, could be moral if use was immoral. And were some kinds of use, some kinds of threatened use, better than other kinds of threats? No one wrestled more heroically with these problems than Protestant theologian Paul Ramsey. No one tried more strenuously to demonstrate that the application of complex Judeo-Christian moral principles to the most esoteric elements of nuclear strategy was a possible, indeed important, enterprise. Differing with Christian pacifists and "international realists," both of which schools insisted that no moral distinctions could apply to such an essentially immoral or amoral (respectively) enterprise, Ramsey plunged into the thicket of targeting strategy. For my money his finest or most ridiculous hour is his attempt to synthesize an acceptably Christian deterrent posture: he calls for a declared policy of massive counter-city retaliation that will really be a bluff.

Here the milk-bottle joke is instructive. According to Ramsey's just-war reasoning (and assuming the milk bottle is some deadly weapon), it is okay to run over the boy as long as you *intend* to run over only the milk bottle. Or to apply it now to nuclear targeting, it is okay to respond to a nuclear strike by hitting an enemy's military targets (counterforce targeting) and killing tens of millions of people who happen to live within radiation range—it is okay so long as you *intend* to knock out only the military installations and the killing of innocent civilians is "unintentional" collateral damage resulting from the "double effect" of an ICBM on both combatant and noncombatant elements of the population.

This rationalization was developed to justify the use of the catapult as a siege-breaking weapon since it was impossible to see over the besieged walls to make sure the catapulted projectile hit only the combatants within a city. Ramsey also endorses a modified "bluff of deterrence" position: he believes that an *efficacious* deterrent threat requires that we declare we will wreak retaliation on cities, but that when the moment for retaliation comes we should adhere to counterforce military targeting or none at all.

Ramsey's efforts are a heroic act of rational apologetics, but one can't help but wonder if they don't serve to legitimize all forms of nuclear response since only a few scholastic quibbles seem to separate the sanctified from the unsanctified bomb blast.

technical question, but seems contrary to public policy as set forth in recent legislation forbidding use of federal funds for the study of 'surrender.' But the master strategist is something less than his usual crusading self when he quits the subject with the terse comment that "such research is important." When he publishes research on surrender problems, Kahn talks of "conflict termination." He talks of "crisis resolution," and, most ingenuous of all, "de-escalation." None, not even he, dares call it surrender.

Officially anyway. Inconclusive inquiries to the Defense Department failed to turn up any indication that the surrender-study ban had ever been repealed, although no one there seemed to know of its existence or was prepared to believe its existence, even after I read them several front-page *New York Times* stories on the controversy.

Keeskemeter remembers. I spoke to him last summer, almost two decades after the big fuss, and it sounded to me as if in his scholarly way he was still steamed up about what happened to his book. He blamed it on "a stupid article in the *St. Louis Post*," leaked, he said, by Missouri Senator Symington, the former Secretary of the Air Force, who was preparing to run for President on a Strengthen-America's-Defenses platform.

Keeskemeter described the Senate debate on surrender. "Sensational, demagogic—and silly," he says. "My book was totally misunderstood. The question is whether great powers are able to end a war short of total annihilation. If this is to be done it must be thought about ahead of time."

The seductions of strategy



Y PURSUIT OF what might seem like the arcana of surrender studies led me next to a question, another one of those Carrollian rabbit holes in the landscape of nuclear strategy, that is even more fundamental and immediate: Will we respond to a Soviet nuclear attack at all? Is it possible in some circumstances, despite our declarations, that we just won't retaliate?

I first came upon this notion in an elegant analysis of "War Termination" by Fred Ikle, the hawkish former head of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. (Ikle took over after the doves there were purged in exchange for Henry Jackson's support of the original SALT agreement.) In the conclusion of his analysis Ikle argues that deterrence—the threat of nuclear retaliation if we are attacked—commits us to a morally abhorrent, genocidal, retaliatory vengeance if the threat fails and we are attacked. The logical implication is that in the aftermath of a Soviet surprise

attack, we might surrender without firing a shot.

Turn the other cheek and give in. No less a person than Richard Nixon acknowledged the possible wisdom of such a course of action. Consider the situation I'd be in, Nixon said, "if the Soviet Union, in a surprise attack, were able to destroy a lot of America's fixed land-based missile force and would confront the U.S. with a choice of doing nothing or launching air- and sea-based nuclear forces only to suffer the U.S.S.R. inflict even more damage upon us in return." The implication is that Nixon would have surrendered in such circumstances.

I used to have long arguments on this point back in high school. What good would pure vengeance do you if you're dead, I'd ask. Ridiculous, my friend would say; if they knew someone like you was running things and bluffing they'd be more likely to attack. So don't tell them, I'd say, make them think we won't strike back but if it does happen, don't. What is to be gained by killing off the rest of the human race?

I had long dismissed this as a naive adolescent hobbyhorse of mine until I tried the question out on the missile crewmen that morning and found it provoked an interesting discussion about the Judeo-Christian ethic. I was even more surprised to find when I plunged back into the literature of nuclear strategy upon return from my tour, that "Deterrence as a Great Big Bluff" is discussed by some of the most sophisticated nuclear strategists as a very real possibility.

The most rational deterrence policy, writes Bernard Brodie, perhaps the most authoritative and rational of the first generation of strategists, involves convincing an enemy that we are utterly inflexible, vindictive, and even irrationally committed to retaliation against any potential attack, no matter what.

But, argues Brodie, that most rational deterrence policy "involves commitment to a strategy of response which, if we ever had to execute it, might then look foolish." In other words, a rational person may decide it's foolish to retaliate. "It remains questionable," Fred Ikle tells us, "whether the execution of a retaliatory strike can serve the national interests once it has failed as a threat." And there it is again, in the most graphically possible terms, in, of all places, *Strategic Review*, one of the most militantly—albeit scholarly—hawkish nuclear-strategy journals. In the February 1976 issue, *Strategic Review* military strategy writer R. J. Rummel asks, "If deterrence fails would a President push the button? Of course not."

What does this mean? Is Jimmy Carter, who pledged never to lie to the American people, bluffing us along with the Russians? Is that part of the esoteric strategy? Has he secretly decided he won't push the button in that situation? Do the Joint Chiefs know? Would they let him get away with it? Do we want him to tell us and thus the Russians, making an attack at least marginally more likely?

As you can see, once you get into the Looking Glass world of esoteric strategy, answers become elusive and the questions develop elaborate mirror images: What do we think they think we think they think about what

we plan to do? Nuclear war is waged these days not with missiles but with conceptions of missile strategies, with manipulations of perceptions and metaphysical flanking maneuvers. Mental nuclear war (after Blake's Milton: "I shall not cease from mental flight . . .") goes on all the time, often in obscure and veiled forms.

Consider the esoteric implications behind the appearance and disappearance of a single footnote from the prepared text of a speech Henry Kissinger delivered to the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco on February 3, 1976. Appended to his otherwise unremarkable address on "The Permanent Challenge of Peace: U.S. Policy Toward the Soviet Union" was an eight-line footnote—appended, that is, to some printed versions of the speech and not to others. The official version delivered to the Soviet embassy by the State Department did have the footnote, and there was a message for the Soviets in that footnote, a veiled threat of great consequence between these lines:

To be sure, there exist scenarios in planning papers which seek to demonstrate how one side could use its strategic forces and how in some presumed circumstance it would prevail. But these confuse what a technician can calculate with what a responsible statesman can decide. They are invariably based on assumptions such as that one side would permit its missile silos to be destroyed without launching its missiles before they are actually hit—on which no aggressor could rely where forces such as those possessed by either the U.S. or the U.S.S.R. now and in the years ahead are involved.

Now the real subject of this footnote is a declared U.S. nuclear strategy known as the "ride out" doctrine. Under it, we have committed ourselves not to respond immediately to a Soviet missile attack we see developing on our radar screens. Instead, incredible as it may sound at first, we are pledged to just sit back and rack the incoming missiles, presumably aimed at our missile silos, watch as they blast holes in the Great Plains, ride out the attack, count up the number of missiles we still have left in working order, and *then*, and only then, strike back.

There are several strategic considerations behind what sounds like very odd behavior. First, we have confidence that our silos, for now at least, are sufficiently "hardened" so that the Soviets could not confidently expect to knock enough of them out to cripple our ability to retaliate. Second, confidence in our ability to ride out an initial attack allows us the luxury of not having to fire off our missiles merely on the basis of a radar warning that our silos are under attack; which means that we are less likely to be put in the "use it or lose it" dilemma, as the strategists call it, and precipitously launch our missile force on the basis of perhaps mistaken warnings or small accidental or unintended Soviet launches. Finally, declaring that we'll keep our missiles in their silos during a first strike against us almost compels the Soviets to target on them rather than on our large cities. They are bait of a sort.

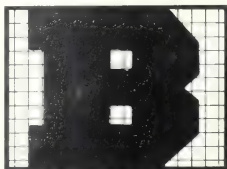
Between the lines of that footnote there was an ex-

plicit message for Soviet nuclear strategists: a warning to them that if they attempted to develop a silo-busting missile capability—warheads accurate and powerful enough to destroy our Minutemen *inside* their hardened silos—they'd be making a big mistake and wasting billions of dollars. Because if they did develop that capacity we could simply renounce our "ride out" policy and shift to a "launch on warning" stance. This would make them look silly because under that posture, at the first sign of attack our missiles would let fly and the billions of dollars the Soviets had spent on a silo-busting capacity would be wasted busting empty silos.

Of course there are grave dangers to a launch-on-warning policy. Critics call it a "hair trigger" posture. And indeed if the Soviets thought we had shifted to it, they would, in the event of an accidental launch on their part, feel compelled to launch the rest of their arsenal because they'd know our hair trigger would be sending ours their way before we'd have time to verify whether it was an accident.

When the footnote set off a controversy over a possible U.S. "hair trigger" stance, and the footnote was dropped and then restored again, the State Department blandly denied there had been any change in U.S. policy. And officially there had not been. But Kissinger was playing what his former aide, Morton Halperin, calls the game of "the clever briefer." The footnote was designed to frustrate the ambitions of a hypothetical wily Kremlin advocate making a brief for a silo-busting capacity. "You want us to spend billions for this," a Soviet leader would reply to "the clever briefer." "But Kissinger has declared they will go to launch-on-warning if we do it and we will have gained nothing for our billions. What do you say to that?"

There is no good answer. Even though the footnote was deleted and the veiled warning shrouded in ambiguity, raising the possibility should be enough to defeat the arguments of "the clever briefer." That doesn't mean that the feint worked, that we won the War of Kissinger's Footnote. Indeed some military critics argue that Kissinger's subtle Machiavellianism was no match for the Soviets' mushrooming megatonnage. But that, in any event, gives you an idea how the game is played.



Y THIS TIME, several months after my return from the nuclear shrines, several months of immersion in the literature of nuclear strategy, pursuing the paradoxes of esoteric and declaratory strategy ostensibly to write about the state of the art, I realized something was happening to me. I was becoming obsessed by the art, hooked again as I was as an adolescent by the piquant intellectual seductiveness of nuclear

I have been staring at blast wounds and radiation burns on and off for two days. The organizers of the three-day demonstration had assembled every major Hiroshima documentary film and they were running them over and over in various church basements around Boston. In addition, there was a round-the-clock three-day vigil in memory of the victims of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. At first, rather than standing in public I preferred to sit in anonymity and watch the wound films. I felt that after all the intellectualizing and the metaphysics of deterrence theory I might have lost a sense of compassion and that a good dose of Hiroshima horrors might bring me back to my humanity.

I was wrong. Too many pictures of wounds end up blurring the distinctions between the agony left behind by any war and the potential for utter annihilation to be feared from the next one. After all, the missile crewmen told me they had been shown graphic films of Hiroshima before being asked if they'd be willing to twist those keys. And still they'd said yes.

At last, driven by shame, perhaps at my lack of response to the wound watch, I headed for the plaza outside Faneuil Hall, where I resolved to spend the hours until dawn standing silently in the memorial vigil for victims of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The vigil—a semicircle of people standing still around a mushroom-shaped memorial—had been going on round the clock since the anniversary hour of the Hiroshima bombing, and would continue until eleven the next morning, the time the bomb hit Nagasaki. I had actually resolved to stay up all night in the vigil on each of the previous two nights, but it was raining one night and there were some friends to see the second night and I never quite made it out onto the plaza. But this time I was determined to make it nonstop through to the dawn, hoping to do some quiet thinking about the whole matter. Instead of running around looking for another esoteric document, another trigger icon to touch, another fantasy to explore, I needed to stand still and think for a while.

The sociable sounds of a late-night singles-bar complex and the aromas of an all-night flower market wafted over to that part of the plaza where memories of mass death were being memorialized in defiance of the summer merriment. The semicircle around the mushroom-cloud memorial was manned mainly by members of the old peace-movement crowd sprinkled with some young Boston Brahmin pacifist types. On a nearby bench, apparently keeping an intermittent vigil on the vigil, were two shopping-bag ladies. They spent most of their time endeavoring to fix the mechanism of a rusty, skeletal umbrella someone must have discarded many rains ago. There was a rambling discussion in some obscure mode of communication in which I could make out references to cancer of the thyroid, which one or both of them thought she was getting. About 2 or 3 A.M., a wino tried to challenge the silent vigilants to argument on nuclear strategy but he tired of the lack of response. The singles bar closed up and until dawn there was little but silence to disturb the thinking I wanted to do.

For the first three hours I tried my best to think about the victims of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, but was thinking mainly about my feet. Should I shift my weight from the right to the left and back again, divide it between the soles of both. Which strategy was more likely to get me through the morning with the least discomfort? (Ever since high school days working in a supermarket job I've had trouble standing up for prolonged periods. I have high arches, you see, and...)

God, how inhumane, you must be thinking to yourself. This guy is at a memorial for 180,000 people blasted and burned and he's talking about his high arches. In my defense I would say I was aware of the absurdity of it—the emblematic absurdity at least. By spending an inordinate amount of time thinking about my physical stance I was avoiding what I felt was my duty in this story, in life, to find a comfortable stance, the correct strategic stance, or at least a moral position, on the subtleties and the stark cruelties of nuclear war.

As I shifted about for a stance I recalled my first phone conversation with Major Hering. It had taken me some time to track him down. He's an ex-major now and he and his family have had to shift location more than once as he looks for the right position, readjusts to the civilian job market. In the meantime he'd been doing some long-haul trucking in order to make ends meet.

At first the Air Force had tried to disqualify him for missile-crewman service under the provisions of the human-reliability regulation: because he wanted to be reassured a launch he executed was constitutional, he was, they tried to say, unreliable. When that failed the Air Force removed him from missile-crewman service and tried to transfer him to other duties. The major appealed that decision all the way up to the Secretary of the Air Force, lost, and then took an early retirement. He really had wanted to be a missile crewman and he fought his appeal fiercely with copious research into command-and-control problems to support his thesis. He told me he had a number of filing cabinets filled with documents that supported his position and revealed new unanswered questions and he felt I should read through the files and the transcript of his hearings and appeals before I spoke to him. "It'll take you about a week or more of reading," the ex-major told me. I'd have to wait until after his next truck run, and after his new job was resolved. Then he'd be prepared to get back into it with me. "This whole thing has taken a lot out of me, as you can imagine, so I'd want to know you're serious before getting back into it all again," he said. The next time I called his number he'd moved to another city and I decided to pass up the filing cabinets.

I had a feeling that Major Hering's question had cost him a lot, cost him a comfortable couple of years down in the cozy launch-control capsules, years in which as it turned out he never would have had to face the constitutional command question his stringent conscience compelled him to ask. Cost him a promising military career and a couple of years of his

life trying to extract from fragmentary unclassified sources what were the contingency plans for constitutional succession problems at the top of the chain of command and control. Finding himself alone among all missile crewmen in thinking independently on such questions must have been a burden.

Should we call our own bluff?



ESKEMETI, RAMSEY, all those who try to think about nuclear war as more than the three-dimensional chess of the strategists suffer for their efforts.

There are two kinds of "unthinkables" in the thinking on this subject. There is the fashionable "unthinkable" of Kahn and company (how many million casualties are "acceptable" in a nuclear war: twenty? forty?), which in fact was never unthinkable at all to the Defense Department and defense contractors who funded this self-proclaimed daring intellectual adventure. And then there are unfashionable unthinkable questions. Major Hering's question. Unilateral disarmament. Remember that? While Herman Kahn's unthinkables have bankrolled him into a comfortable existence giving posh seminars on the shape of centuries to come, a man like David McReynolds, the War Resisters League organizer who helped lead the big ban-the-bomb demonstrations in the Sixties, sits in a drafty old room near the Bowery and speaks to an audience of five. He's raising again the question of unilateral disarmament at an anarchist-sponsored "Freespace University." In addition to the moderator and me, there are two men off the Bowery with shopping bags who seem mainly interested in getting out of the rain. There's an unreconstructed Stalinist who keeps changing the subject to a long-winded defense of the legitimacy of Soviet intervention in Czechoslovakia (counterrevolutionary provocation, he says) and an ex-Marine who begins all his questions with long quotations from Marcus Aurelius.

Despite it all, McReynolds delivers a brilliant polemical analysis of deterrence theory, in which he argues that unilateral disarmament is the only moral alternative to the mass murder for vengeance our declared retaliating policy calls for. Despite Air Force Regulation 35-99, McReynolds may be the sanest man in America on this subject, yet he has me and a Marcus Aurelius freak to listen to him, if you don't count the shopping-bag men.

Speaking of shopping-bag people, it's getting close to dawn now at this vigil we've drifted away from. I've drifted into a trance after settling into a more or less comfortable stance, but the shopping-bag women bring me out of it with a vociferous discussion of the skeletal umbrella and more talk of thyroid cancer. I

feel a groggy illumination at this point: here, before me, was a perfect emblem of what I'd been trying to think about—how the shopping-bag ladies were not unlike sophisticated nuclear strategists, arguing in their peculiar language over the operation of that rickety contraption of an umbrella which, like the contrivance of deterrence theory, provides only symbolic protection for the two powers who seek shelter beneath its empty framework. Suddenly, I realized that the fact that these women had been talking about cancer of the thyroid as they watched the vigil was no accident. An increased incidence of thyroid cancer was a much-feared consequence of strontium 90 in the fallout-scare days of the late '50s and early '60s. They were *thinking* about it. Maybe, unlike the rest of us, they never stopped thinking about it. Maybe that's what drove them to the streets and shopping bags. Maybe they were among the unfortunate few who have not been afflicted by that mass repression we've used to submerge nuclear arousal in our consciousness.

Who else do you know who talks about it?

Well I figured it all out after dawn. My stance.

The illumination I finally received that morning came in the notion of a simple modest proposal. Open up the SIOP. The most frustrating barrier to intelligent thinking about the strategic and moral consequences of our nuclear policy is our continued preoccupation with esoteric strategy—with bluff, ambiguity, and mirror-image metaphysics.

Every targeting strategy, every targeting option the SIOP machine presents to the National Command Authority, represents a profound moral choice. An eye for an eye. Or two eyes. Two cities or one. Total vindictive retribution. Symbolic response or none at all. It's impossible to calculate the moral consequences we as individuals bear for such choices made in our name if the actual content of the choice is hidden behind the sleight of hand of esoteric strategy.

Should we resign ourselves and allow the SIOP machine and its think-tank tenders to make perhaps the most important decisions ever made, to churn out "optimum outcomes" according to definitions of "optimum" values that remain hermetically sealed in its program? We have no way to engage the machine or those who program it in debate over those values or the options they generate. If we were to move toward a democratically determined SIOP, we would have to reveal our bluffs, lay our cards on the table. Games of bluff are inevitably incompatible with democratic decision-making since an electorate can't vote to bluff by policy without, of course, betraying any possible success to an adversary.

Well, let them know. Let us know. Let us no longer be insulated from the master target list, from the master targeting strategy, from the moral options. We are all missile crewmen—all of us who pay taxes pay for the twin brass keys, even if we won't twist them ourselves when the time comes. But in one way or another we all have our finger on the trigger, and it's about time we knew where we're aiming, who's really giving the orders to fire, and whether we ought to obey. □

HARPER'S/MARCH 1978

Wish You Were Here

Dear J——,

It's wonderful here. The air is crisp and clean and there's lots to do. I swim mornings, play tennis afterward, and hang out afternoons at the little antique store in town, where the guy who owns it has been telling me all about the thousands of postcards he has neatly filed (by subject matter and style!) in shoe boxes that he'll take out on request, and which he now does as soon as I walk into the store—I don't even have to ask anymore, he knows I'm hooked. (Maybe you'll be too—see enclosed.) I got fascinated by the photographed cards—of buildings and mon-

uments and things that don't even exist anymore and could look at them endlessly, but his passion for the novelty ones, which are also the oldest, and be polite I let him tell me all about them. He has a wonderful collection (he tries *not* to sell them) cards that do things—cut-out cards, jigsaw (very rare), trompe l'oeil cards (all they do is you), and installment cards. You would get a kick out of these. You were meant to send one per day or whatever to the same person, and since the more were better then you would know that the person



Above:
Kuta Beach, Bali
Victoria Barr. 19

Left:
Miami Beach,
Florida.
Curteich-Chicago
"C.T. Art-Color"
Date unknown.

The Artists' Postcards that appear on these pages are from an exhibition traveling around the country under the auspices of The Publishing Center for Cultural Resources, New York.

by Suzanne Mantell

them to would get them in the order you sent
t, and they all fit together in some shape, with
kind of message—a mail-movie, sort of. Some
e cards have things on them, glitter and lace
fur and feathers and ribbons—isn't that against
lations now, I mean, isn't the only protuberance
ed the actual postage stamp? Anyway, he hasn't
nced me that these are prettier than the pho-
phed cards (or less part of the nostalgia fad,
se some of them are really ugly), but he has
me some understanding of how things move in

cycles (a history lesson for my vacation, my own bus-
man's holiday). At first only artists and lithographers
did up cards—the government held a monopoly from
1872 to 1898; before that there *were* no postcards,
so the history is a short one really. As developments
developed and the wars came and went and civic pride
grew it was all the rage then to document the economic
boom—highways and bridges and hotels and the new
high school in town—everything was photographed,
and before Kodak came up with color some local folk
would put it in by hand. Even though he isn't crazy



Above:
Untitled element 1,
Russell Drisch, 1977.

Left:
Vinth Green and
Club House.
Date unknown.

about these. I still find them the best. He told me at dinner yesterday that he's a serious "deltiologist" and loves all postcards except "museum reproductions," because these aren't "representations of the popular sensibility." He told me my favorites are called view cards and that he likes them too, but not so much because they're too common. (I tried to read something personal into that but luckily I couldn't.) He approves of the cards I've been sending to everyone . . . real vacation cards—sunsets and palm trees and ocean views. His idea is that artists' cards and

commercial cards are getting at the same thing, essence of place or spirit. He showed me some work, done by artists on commission, to explain better to me. He likes these cards especially for what they show about the older cards, which aren't as conscious. He gave them to me (so I can write to him when I get home!). Tell you more about everything when I'm back.

Love to all.

S

Suzanne Mantell is an associate editor of Harper's.



Above:
East Side Sunset
4" x 6".
Saul Steinberg, 1977

Right:
Oregon Mountains.
Pacific Novelty Co.
Date unknown.





Left:
From the Melon Collection.
Christopher Hewat. 1977.



Below:
We Can't "Bear" to
Leave the White Mountains.
The Atkinson News Co. Date unknown.

popular desires and/or fantasies: to be tan. Larry Williams. 1977.

right:
Girl. Photographer and date unknown.





A story by Stephen Dixon



Stephen Dixon is the author of *No Relief*, a collection of short stories. His story "Mac in Love" was awarded an O. Henry Prize.

THE MAN CRASHED through the second-story window and landed on the sidewalk. He was lucky he wasn't impaled on the iron gate spikes in front of the building. I was tying my shoes at the time. Squatting near the curb and watching my hands deal with the laces when I heard the crash and glanced up to see the man and glass. I covered my head, thinking they were going to hit me. The glass did. I actually thought that about the man and glass. Things happened so fast. My thought processes, man and glass, screams from the street, screeching tires of a car whose driver didn't see the glass but thought the man was going to land on his roof. The glass riddled his hood and doors. Some glass landed on my head and clothes. One piece slit my cheek but didn't stay in it and later on a policeman said I should have the cut stitched, but I thought it wasn't that bad. He said it'll make a scar if you don't get it stitched and I said I don't think so and if it's stitched there'll be little scar holes where

the needle went in with the thread. I hid my handkerchief to my cheek till it was soiled and then someone else's handkerchief till the bleeding stopped. The driver's handkerchief I offered to give it back but he said it cost 39 cents plus tax and then a policeman told him to get his car out of the middle of the street and I never saw the driver again. The policeman was right. There is a scar on my mind, though. People say it gives me a character on what they don't say is a rather bland face. Maybe three people have said so since I got the scar a year ago. One policeman said, "You originally German?" "No." A total stranger, educated there, at least? "No." A total stranger, she spoke to me on a cafeteria line. "I got the scar. I thought you might've gotten it stitched in a German university club." "I don't think they still did that," I said. "I was in Germany last summer," she said, "Heidelheim, home of the student prince, I think, and I definitely do do it, yes."

The man landed on his front and slid a

"I'll have to take these for the rest of my life. Thank God."

by Sy Levin

I'm an advertising copywriter. And I had an assignment to create a message about the effectiveness of pharmaceuticals. In other words, that you get back what you pay for them.

I was reviewing the literature when I realized it was talking about me. I have high blood pressure.

My doctor discovered it about six months ago. Today it's very much under control, thanks to a small tablet I take daily.

It's an expense and another daily "cost," but when my doctor explained the alternatives, I knew I was ahead of the game.

High blood pressure can lead to kidney failure, stroke, or heart attack. Any of which could, obviously, mean long hospital stays and considerable expense. Or worse!

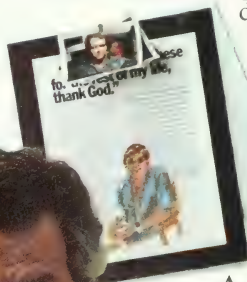
I consider this cost-effective—no argument one of the strongest continuing pharmaceutical research. My own experience is

only one example. For some ulcer patients, a drug that can reduce the need for surgery has recently been approved. So has another that dissolves pulmonary blood clots.

Research *will* undoubtedly lead to more breakthrough controls or cures. It'll save more suffering—and a lot of money.

Let's remember that—despite the need to hold down medical care costs. Let's remember that we dare not jeopardize research for better drugs and medical devices.

I'll remember it.
Every single day.



The
Pharmaceutical
Manufacturers
Association.

If a new medicine can help, we're working on it.



In Saronno, all we think about is love.



For it was here that Amaretto, the drink of love, began 450 years ago. When a beautiful young woman created an extraordinary liqueur for the man of her heart. To be known for the way you make love in Italy... believe us, that is no small matter.

So here in Saronno, we do not fool around with love. We still make Amaretto di Saronno as we have for centuries. We allow the flavor to develop until it is soft and full. We take our time — can love be hurried?

Sip it as it is, on the rocks in a mixed drink. Just bear in mind: only Amaretto di Saronno is *originale*. There are other amarettos you can buy. But true love comes only from Saronno.

*As featured in: The Foreign Vintages, Inc. Great Neck, New York ©1977



Love-On-The-Rocks.

Just pour a little over ice. Salute! For free drink and food recipe booklets, write: Dept. 13, Foreign Vintages, Inc., 98 Cutter Mill Road, Great Neck, N.Y. 11021.



Amaretto di Saronno® Originale
From the Village of Love.

to within a foot of me, his head pointing my knee. Blood spurted out of his nose and with some time between the landing and and splattered my pants and shirt. The s fell all around us. I yelled "Oh, no!" and still. People were screaming. Cars stopped, echng one first. The whole block seemed top but not all at once. Across the street bar with an outdoor patio. The tables e filled and all the people at them seemed op. A young woman dressed like a gypsy leading two unleashed dogs across the t stopped, but the dogs started to bark. oubadour was juggling and standing on pe sprung from a lamppost to a no-parking pole in front of the patio. Barefoot, four up, one foot raised. Holding three sticks fire at the ends of them once he caught wo he'd thrown in the air. The fires didn't . He was up there a minute holding the s, statue-like, foot raised, staring at the md, before he jumped down, unfolded an stos blanket and wrapped the fire ends ne sticks with it. When he opened it a few nds later only smoke escaped. A bus at rner stopped, though I didn't see when, hen it drove away. I remember hearing licopter, but it just went away. And other ds from far off. Honking. Someone using achine to get a plaster wall down to the inal brick. That never stopped. The man, use of the noise his machine was making, ably didn't hear the window crash or he didn't want to stop. Later I walked past window a half-block away and saw him g the machine on the wall. Second story . All the windows open. Furniture covered, s over his nose, hair plastered white, i all around him nearly stuffed with dust some of it drifting outside.

ood ran from the man's face and hands to knee. He seemed unconscious. I was still ing my shoelaces. I was going to untie the r shoe and tie it tight but didn't. I stood Movement began on the street again. Both shoes were still quite loose but I didn't s of it till I got home. I was going to touch nan to see if he was breathing but didn't.

I started up, drove off, people ran over, bus was gone, other people at the tables d up, the gypsy woman began screaming ran off with her two barking dogs. The badour made rapid mime looks one after other—compassion, wonder, confusion, or, fear, shock, pity, displeasure—and did several mime steps back to the rope seemed to be concerned, for a woman ing to the man on the ground ran into rope and was choking. He slapped her ; saw she was all right, apologized with

his hands and a look, unhooked the rope from the lamppost, untied the other end from the no-parking sign pole, folded up the rope and put it with his fire sticks and asbestos blanket into a leather satchel, grabbed his money bag off the sidewalk and tied it to his belt, put his slippers on, his satchel over his shoulder, and got on a unicycle and made motions with his hands and arms for the people on the sidewalk to clear a path for him and cycled through it and around the corner and out of view.

I WAS SO DISTRACTED by the actions of this man that for a minute or so I'd forgotten the man on the ground. People had crowded around us. "What happened?" they asked. "Is he okay? Did he jump? Was he pushed? Is he insane? What was it, drugs? Epilepsy? Alcohol? Money he owed?" "I don't know," I said, shaking my head, hands over my eyes, on my ears, by my side, "I don't know, I don't know, I don't know."

Later someone said to me, "Why did you think he leaped?"

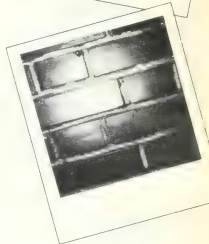
"Did I say he leaped?"

"I heard you. Someone asked how you thought he did it, and first you said you didn't know and then that he probably leaped."

"Well, maybe he had to have leaped. If not that, then he could only have been thrown out the window headfirst by two very strong people holding an arm and leg each but I don't think that was it. He had to have gotten several feet away from the window and then like a sprinter starting off run to it at full speed and leaped. I say that because the window was entirely knocked out, and it was a big window, almost ceiling to floor, and the old kind—I don't know about the glass, but a thick wooden frame. The mullions, as you can see, were completely smashed except for a couple of small pieces hanging to the sides but not by much. The force of him crashing through the glass, not being pushed, could only have done that, I think. Unless, of course, four to five very strong men pushed him with all their might from behind at exactly the same time. But then I couldn't explain his dive. No, he leaped."

Several ambulances were called. Before one came someone tried to stop the face bleeding by pressing down on various pressure points but didn't succeed. The man bled a lot. People were horrified, some. A few young boys, teenagers, passed by the crowd, saying, "What happened? What's happening, baby? Hey, look at the stoned-out dude down there," and

"He was just flying. Face like a bird, partially opened beak. Not a calm face like a pigeon but just a face of no concern like a gull or tern."



they all laughed. Some people got angry with the boys but only expressed it to one another or themselves after the boys had left.

The ambulance came. And police and voluntary auxiliary police. The police asked the questions and searched through the second-story apartment and the auxiliary police kept the crowds back and cars from driving along the street. The police asked me the most questions and someone who lived in the man's building but not in the same apartment and whose answers had to be translated by an auxiliary policewoman the second-largest number of questions. One policeman asked me, What did I see? Almost everything. Did you see anyone push him? No. Did you see him jump through the window? No. Did you see anyone else in the apartment before or after he jumped? No. Then what did you see? "I saw him in the air after he leaped through the window."

"How do you know he leaped and wasn't pushed?"

"You said jumped so I thought you meant leaped but I don't know if he leaped, jumped, or was pushed. If he actually even accidentally fell."

"He didn't. Did he say anything, this man?"

"No."

"On the ground, in the air, from his apartment before he came out?"

"Nothing that I heard."

"What was his expression when he was in the air?"

"He looked like a bird."

"What expression's that?"

"His eyes were open and arms were out and he seemed to have the expression of a flying bird."

"I don't get it. What is that expression? Happiness? Nastiness? Pride in his flying? Hunger, plundering, fear, what?"

"Disconcern."

"You mean unconcern?"

"No concern. No expression. He was just flying. Face like a bird, partially opened beak. Not a calm face like a pigeon but just a face of no concern like a gull or tern."

"To me the gull always looks nasty and tern I don't know as a bird."

"The tern looks like a small gull and the man didn't look nasty, so maybe he didn't look like either of those birds."

"Did he at least have the expression of someone who you might think had just been pushed or thrown out of a window?" No.

"Have you ever seen this man before?" No. "You don't live around here, then, or not for long?" Wrong. "Where do you live?" I gave

my address. Gave my profession. That when he claimed to first notice the slit in his cheek and asked if I'd like the doctor to stitch it. When I said no he mentioned the possibility of getting a scar.

He called over the doctor, who said, "Let me see this famous cheek." The doctor asked me if I'd like Merthiolate or something, "Just to lessen the chance of getting an infection. If you don't want that stitched we can have one of the cops take you to the hospital too."

"No thanks."

"Getting back to the man," the policeman said. The man was being strapped to a stretcher. He still seemed unconscious. Bandages had been wrapped around his face, hands, and feet.

"Yes?" For we were both watching the stretcher being slid into the ambulance.

"Oh, nothing. I don't have any more questions. What's your phone, business or home, just so we can reach you?"

I have none, but gave him the hours of the day I could best be reached at work or home.

"Oh, yeah. What, and I don't want to see you any longer with that cut, what were you doing when the man came through the window or seconds before? I have to get that done."

"No problem. Tying my shoes."

"Tying your shoes, good. Though though you didn't think of tying them sooner, later."

"Too bad also I wasn't wearing sandals, loafers or those sneakers, whatever they're called, with no laces, which you can just use. I was thinking about buying a pair this summer."

"Too bad you didn't."

"Why? I'm not sorry I was here when it happened. Sorry for the man of course, but not for me. And I feel lucky enough I was two feet closer in to the sidewalk—not that I'd ever be, since I always do my shoe tying by the curb so people can pass. By the way, what do you think, he'll die?"

"Can't say so, but probably no. They usually don't."

The auxiliary police had to clear an area by going through the crowd so the ambulance could get through. "Come on, folks, help them help them out," a policeman said, I suppose meaning the ambulance, the man inside, and the auxiliary police. Lots of people stood around talking after the ambulance left. No one seemed to know the man. "At first I thought I did," someone said, "but then I knew I didn't."

"He did live there, though," a waiter at the bar patio said, still holding a cocktail. "That I'm sure of, for I've seen him come



nd out of that building around the same
at night for five years, though never
in the bar for a drink.”
“You’ve worked here that long, Chuck?”
one said. “I thought for one year, maybe
at the most.”

“That long, really. It’s amazing the way it
How do you stand it? I heard your boss
bastard of the worst order.”
ust between you and me and this whole
he is, but what’s not that easy to get
days is a decent living.”
hen you do all right? I wouldn’t’ve
ght it.”

PEOPLE PASSED, STOPPED, joined the
crowd, left; most of those from
the beginning or so were gone. Cars
were allowed on the street now. The
ary police prevented everyone but the
nts from entering the building. Even these
le had to show proof, or the landlady—or
e she was the super’s wife—sitting on
op step of the stoop had to give an okay
a head sign or hand wave to the auxiliary
e below.
hey’d never let people like that on the
force,” someone said, looking at the aux-
-police.
“You mean they’re not?” a woman behind
said.

“Those four? Your first clue’s no gun, which
real cops have to have, on duty or not.
then they’d never let them get like—what
at big girl there, seventy to eighty pounds
weight, and the tall skinny one in a uni-
-five sizes too tight, and his hair a pigsty.”
“No gun, that’s true. Why do they do it,
if they can’t even protect themselves?”
“They want to play patrolman, that’s all.
They’re stupid, because they don’t even get
it.”

“They do a good job,” someone else said.
e of them was killed stopping a mugging
year just a few blocks from here.”

“That I didn’t know. I’m sorry for all the
h things I might’ve said about them.”
uddenly a young man came running up
block screaming, “Ricky, Ricky, what’s
ened to Ricky?”

“Get off that glass,” an auxiliary policeman
holding his club between two hands
thwise across his chest and moving to the
and stepping on the glass himself.

“Glass? Where?” He was right on it. “Oh,
God. I didn’t see it. I’ll get it in my feet.”
umped around as if the glass was already
ing in him, smashing the glass under his

sneakers even more.

“I said get off it, now get off,” and the
young man ran into the street and around the
glass there and tried getting up the building’s
steps.

“You can’t go up there,” an auxiliary po-
licewoman said, guarding the steps and hold-
ing the club across her chest.

“But my brother Ricky. Someone said he
got hurt. Look at his place.”

“He your brother? Excuse me, maybe
you should speak to the officer. Officer Gulan-
us!” she yelled to the window.

A policeman stuck his head past the broken
window. “Yeah?”

“The man’s brother, he says.”

“Come on up here, kid.”

The crowd had thinned some by now but
with the appearance of this young man it grew
to the size it was soon after the man had
jumped through the window. “The brother,”
a few people said.

“Of who?” someone said.

“The man who went through that window.”

“That what happened? I thought someone
got mad at the landlord there and busted it
out. The guy die?”

“From one story up ten feet to the ground?
He probably just got a sprained ankle and
walked away.”

“That’s his brother all right,” the waiter
said, coming over again, this time no tray.
“I’ve seen him around too. Mostly helping his
brother up the stairs when the guy was dead
drunk or high on drugs. I couldn’t tell which.”

“You should speak to the policeman there.”
I said.

“I got work to do and my own reasons for
not talking to cops.”

“What a neighborhood,” someone said to
me.

“It has its moments.”

“Moments. hell. You live around here?”

“Few blocks away.”

“How could you? There’s craziness all
around every minute of the day. Pimps,
whores, cars running you over, burglars, pick-
pockets, muggers, women getting raped, I
hear, drunks, bums, people peddling dollar
joints right under your nose, three-card monte
sharks right nearby cheating everyone blind
with their shells. I’m from Chicago and we’re
supposed to be bad, right? Riots, gangsters,
mayor who frauds your votes and installs his
friends, but we’re not a quarter what you guys
are. You’ve a family to live with too?”

“No.”

“I was thinking if you had one and lived
here, I’d really feel sorry for you. I don’t
mean to be rude but if I was told I had to on

**“There’s crazy-
ness all around
every minute
of the day.
Pimps, whores,
cars running
you over,
burglars,
pickpockets,
muggers,
women getting
raped . . .”**



Stephen Dixon
THE VILLAGE

my life raise my little kids in this neighborhood, and we have one, I'd kill them both."

"All right, show's over, why not everyone go home?" an auxiliary policeman said.

"Because it's a slow Tuesday night," someone said. This made a few people laugh.

"Listen to them," the man said. "People would never speak to a cop like that in Chicago. They'd be considerate, would listen to what he said, or be afraid of getting their head bashed in by one."

"It's only meaningless talk," I said. "No harm to it. Harmless talk."

"That's what you have to think, perhaps, but you're going to see one happy guy to leave this hole tomorrow," and he moved on.

By now I could only recognize about two people from the original crowd and the landlady and auxiliary and regular police. In the window I could see the young man crying and the policeman with his arm around the boy's shoulder.

"Is that the kid who jumped?" someone said. "He looks okay to me."

"He's standing, at least," someone else said. "That's a lot more you can say for a lot of people in this area."

I wanted to say something to correct their information or interpretation of the situation and even of this neighborhood but didn't. It was already an hour since the man had jumped or whatever he'd done through that window. The waiter was going off duty for the night. At least I assumed so because he had his street clothes on and was heading for the avenue, but maybe he was only on his break. The policemen got in a patrol car with the young man. The auxiliary police continued to guard the glass part of the sidewalk and building stoop.

"What are they going to do, arrest him for breaking a window?" someone said, watching the patrol car drive away.

"If they do, don't worry," someone else said. "tomorrow he'll be out bright and early to break another window glass or somebody's leg."

I started to walk out of the crowd. "He wasn't the one who jumped, was he?" someone said, meaning me.

"I think so. He's got all the blood on his clothes, and did you see his face?"

"No," a third person said. "He was standing on the sidewalk when that lady on the stoop there threw a TV set out the window."

"Was she throwing it at him?"

"Go ask him. All I know is she threw it out without first opening the window, and whether it's the glass or TV that hit him is a good guess. Someone did say a kid grabbed the TV

right after it landed and ran away with

"When it was so smashed up?"

"Apparently it wasn't."

A COUPLE OF BLOCKS AWAY the troubadour from before had drawn a chalk circle of maybe a diameter of twenty feet on a sidewalk corner. A crowd was standing on the outside perimeter of the circle two and three deep. I stood and watched the act for a while. He rode his unicycle on the circle line a few times, never once getting more than a half-inch off the line either way. While he was riding he took a mallet off a woman's head and put it on a man's head a few feet away. He tried to light someone's cigarette while he was riding but couldn't do it after three tries and snatched the cigarette out of the man's mouth on the fourth time around and threw it away. He tried to take a watch off a woman's wrist while he was riding and gave it back to her the next time around when she didn't even know it was gone. Then he put the bike on its side and did tricks with his hat, rolling it down his back and catching it just before it touched the ground, balancing it on his nose, knees, toes, and kicking it off his toes and landing it on his head. He next did a juggling act with scissors, hatchets, and knives and then the same juggling act with a borrowed kerchief around his mouth, which broke most people's heads up, and then with the kerchief tied around his eyes, which got the greatest applause. He gave the kerchief back to the woman, looked at her, and took a gun out of his hat. Someone screamed, and he swiveled around and aimed the gun at this person and pulled the trigger and out flew a parachute with a message attached to it which said, "These days, generosity really counts." Then he bowed and passed the hat around. He did quite well. Lots of compliments also. One woman said to him she'd traveled throughout Europe and Asia and had never seen a performer with so many perfected skills. A man emptied his change purse into the hat and said, "Bravo, Horatio, you are simply divine, the world's best." When he shoved the hat in front of me, something, I backed away and nearly fell from the curb. Someone grabbed my arm to stop me from falling. At that moment when this person was helping me to stand straight again, the crowd was laughing. When I turned around the troubadour's painted white face was right up against mine and he suddenly jumped back and shook his body and head as if I'd frightened him. Then he continued to pass the hat around and I walked home.

HARPER'S
MARCH 1978

IN OUR TIME

by Tom Wolfe

New Frontiers in Education



High School Civics

"Go ahead. Try me. The next one of you peckerwoods who sprays burning lighter fluid into my locker, boosts the tape deck out of my car or pees on the upholstery, hits me in the back of the head in the hallway with a johnny-mop canister or a urinal puck, tries any mackin' or jackin' in the back of the class, seals up this room with Krazy Glue so I can't get out, makes goomba-goomba sounds and asks the substitute teacher if she's got life insurance, or refers to me as "you molloyfoggin' lamehead" is gonna get a new hole in his nose."

DUBIOUS HINDSIGHT

by Wilfred Burchett

Decent Interval, by Frank Snapp.
Random House, \$14.95.

FRANK SNAPP, the CIA's Chief Strategy Analyst in Vietnam during the last two-and-a-half years of the war, does his best, throughout the 580 pages of *Decent Interval*, to incite moral wrath against his superiors. Not all that difficult! They included Presidents Nixon and Ford, former Secretary of State Kissinger, former Ambassador to Saigon Graham Martin, former CIA chief in Saigon and Snapp's immediate boss, Tom Polger. Their principal villainy, apart from having ignored Snapp's advice and thus lost the war, is that they were responsible for having abandoned during the chaos of collapse scores of thousands of high- and low-paid agents of the United States in South Vietnam.

Snapp admits—albeit reluctantly—to contributing to the CIA plot of keeping both the U.S. government and public chronically misinformed as to what was going on in South Vietnam during his years of service. But readers will seek in vain for any analysis of why America was in Vietnam or of what the real reasons were for defeat—far less any condemnation for the measures employed to try to ensure victory. Snapp does reveal, however, his own character as well as that of his colleagues. Example: bar gossip among the (CIA) Station fellows:

Wilfred Burchett, a left-wing Australian journalist who lives in Paris, was a personal friend of Ho Chi Minh's, and now visits Vietnam regularly. His most recent book, Grasshoppers and Elephants: The Viet Cong Account of the Last 55 Days of the War, and the forthcoming (in April) South Africa Stands Up, are both published by Urizen Books.

At cocktail hour, we sidle bravely up to the bar at the compound and exchange shop gossip. Someone asks: Did you hear about the female agent undergoing a lie-detector test? She bit off her tongue and spit it at the interrogator. And that was that.

(Snapp would not have known that the "woman agent" had followed a tradition probably started by Ho Chi Minh's uncle, Hoang Xuan Hanh. Captured while fighting against the original French invasion, Hoang Xuan Hanh, while trussed up and awaiting interrogation, had banged his jaw against the ground to bite off his tongue and avoid betraying secrets.)

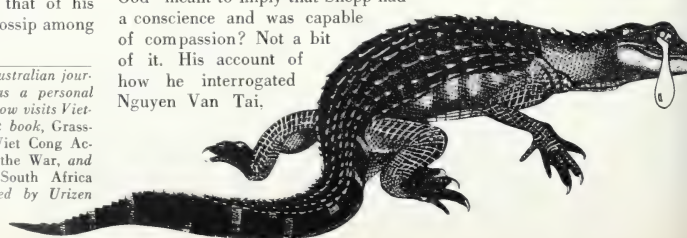
You counter [Snapp continues his account of bar tales] with your favorite. Female agent hanged by her captors. Evidently she knew too much about corruption and drug-trafficking at the highest levels of the South Vietnamese government. So the authorities did away with her before she could talk. Her American interrogator (not me, thank God) found her the next day, swinging from the light cord in her cell, her four-year-old son—also arrested—sitting quietly in a corner playing with her sandals.

Was the parenthetical "not me, thank God" meant to imply that Snapp had a conscience and was capable of compassion? Not a bit of it. His account of how he interrogated Nguyen Van Tai,

whom the CIA believed to be the highest-ranking North Vietnamese prisoner—Hanoi's deputy minister interior, according to Snapp—how the prisoner was disposed of is the measure of author Snapp. Van Tai had been captured in 1970.

His jailors had soon discovered one essential psychic-physical trait in him. Like many Vietnamese, he believed his blood vessels constricted when he was exposed to fresh air. His quarters and interrogation room had thus been outfitted with heavy-duty air conditioners, which had been kept thoroughly chilled. For over eight months with him in custody, the Vietnamese interrogators had been kept thoroughly chilled. They were unsuccessful.

Then Snapp took over, "playing the insolent American with no respect for age or experience." No success in months of effort, Snapp claims to have achieved a small breakthrough by working with Nguyen Van Tai's longing to be reunited with his wife and children. He released the prisoner in the fridge room with the signing of the Paris Agreement to end the war, providing for the exchange of POWs and the release of political prisoners. Like tens of



Others, however, Nguyen Van not released.

it before North Vietnamese rolled into Saigon, a senior official suggested to South Vietnamese authorities that it would be useful if he [Tai] "disappeared." South Vietnamese agreed. Tai loaded on to an airplane and was flown out at ten thousand feet over the South China Sea. At that time he had spent over four years in solitary confinement in a snow-covered room, without ever having admitted who he was.

Identity of the "senior CIA official" was not revealed. Logically, as the man in charge of the prison, it would be in his interest to protect himself. In any case, if he had questioned the right of an American to order the disposal of a Vietnamese in such a barbarous fashion, he would have been in a difficult position. It is not clear that the CIA was above all national and international laws and codes of conduct.

When Washington was privy to the disposal of people like Nguyen Van, it was in the manner thereof is not relevant. But Snapp reveals murder projects did enter Washington's consciousness.

Snapp requested contingency plans from the intelligence community to determine if there might be a way to jog the North Vietnamese off dead center. One project drawn up jointly by the CIA and the Pentagon called for the assassination and/or kidnapping of one or more of North Vietnam's leaders, on the theory that this might precipitate such turmoil in the country that the survivors would be forced to bow to U.S. demands. In my conversations and I were asked to evaluate the scheme, we could hardly contain our amusement. As the American raid on the Tay prison camp outside Hanoi in November 1970 had proved painfully, our intelligence on the life and times of the North Vietnamese was something less than accurate.

Critically Snapp and his men do not see anything intrinsically wrong in murdering or kidnapping Premier Pham Van Dong, or party leader Le Duan, or a few other top Vietnamese leaders. What was wrong was that "if we couldn't accurately pinpoint the where-

abouts of a large number of American prisoners in the North Vietnamese capital how could we expect to locate and snatch select members of the party leadership?"

THE IDEA THAT the knocking off of a few top leaders would force Hanoi into a panic-stricken surrender was as primitive and absurd a concept as most of the others on which America's Vietnam policy was based. As a diligent interrogator of suspected "Communist" prisoners—he reveals it was originally in this role that he was brought back to Saigon after having returned to Washington as chief analyst of political trends in Hanoi—Snapp was in a good position to dispel such illusions. A study of why a woman would bite out her tongue and how Nguyen Van Tai could resist years of physical and mental torture should have taught him something of the character and motives of Vietnamese patriots. But there is no evidence that he ever tried to come to grips with this, or with the real nature of the war. Not even with the history of Vietnam.

"Why are the Vietnamese the way they are?" was a question I put to Premier Pham Van Dong in Hanoi in April 1977. "Because we have lived through an extremely turbulent history," he replied. "We have always had to fight against foreign invasions. Continually, continuously. And our people know their history. Our people always won. It must be difficult for people outside to conceive us standing up to over half-a-million Americans with the most perfected weapons and unlimited economic power. But our women, even our children, faced this—our greatest trial—with tenacity and serenity. We have a marvelous nervous system and don't get flustered. We are calm and confident because throughout the centuries we were forced into perpetual struggle against nature and invaders. Our history is only that—struggle against nature and invaders—especially in the North."

When I asked General Van Tien Dung, the stocky, smiling former Hanoi textile worker, the secret of victory in the fifty-five-day campaign which ended the war—and which he commanded in the field—he replied similarly: "It was the culmination of all

the past victories of our ancestors—above all the will and determination of our people to die rather than live as slaves."

Yet Kissinger, Snapp, and others believed to the last that victory depended on finding the right blend of stick and carrot to impose a *pax americana*. It worked in Saigon: Why not in Hanoi?

Snapp makes a few valid points as to why the Paris Agreement never worked. Kissinger knew that Thieu in Saigon repudiated the agreement before it was signed, but he was too intent on giving the appearances of an end to the war—in order for Nixon to win the 1972 election—to care what happened later. Snapp confirms that the early violations of the Paris Agreement were committed by Thieu's forces with U.S. backing. But nowhere does Snapp point to any pressure from Washington, or advice from the CIA, that the Paris Agreement should be implemented, although it gave the United States the most that could be salvaged from the wreckage into which successive U.S. Administrations had steered their Vietnam policies.

Once all other avenues, except those of battlefield solutions, were closed, the overall errors were compounded by those of evaluations of the battlefield situations. Included in these were total neglect of the human factor—elements that computers cannot digest. Snapp gives some belated recognition of this gap in intelligence gathering. Explaining the lack of information about troop movements on the eve of Van Tien Dung's final offensive, he writes:

Unfortunately, all of us in the analytical business in Saigon had come to rely excessively on electronically-obtained intelligence in lieu of human-source data in fast-moving situations. As I drew up my conclusions I thus ignored the only real clue to North Vietnamese plans. I then did what an intelligence officer can only at great hazard: I guessed at the adversary's intentions—and was dead wrong.

Why no human-source data? Snapp does not explain, because the explanation represents a stunning defeat. Just as Westmoreland had to invent the "body count" as the measure of operational progress because he never had occupied territory to report, so Snapp and his men had to rely on monitored reports of the adversary's com-

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munications system, because they had no human reporting on which they could rely. It meant the war was already lost to them.

Snepp's wrong guess, which must also have influenced Thieu's wrong guess, was crucial to all that followed. "The Americans love captured documents," Pham Van Dong had told me in discussing the final victory. He added with a great laugh: "We made sure they got plenty, as well as misleading radio intercepts." If the CIA and the Thieu regime had been firmly rooted among the people such dupery would have been impossible.

The first blow of the final offensive was aimed at Ban Me Thuot, a crucial area dominating the Central Highlands of South Vietnam and vital roads leading to the Coastal Plains. Even after the CIA had decided that something was "moving" in the Central Highlands, they were induced to believe that Pleiku, 100 miles due north of Ban Me Thuot, and Kontum, 25 miles due north of Pleiku, were the main targets. Troops were thus withdrawn from Ban Me Thuot to reinforce the garrisons further north.

Van Tien Dung, who personally directed the operation, moved the best part of three divisions, including artillery and tank units, into the villages surrounding Ban Me Thuot on the night of March 9, 1975. Tanks were hidden behind trees that were half sawn through during the night by the tank troops and local villagers, ready to fall to the ground the moment the tanks leaped forward early next morning. Night photographs from reconnaissance planes could reveal nothing. The incredible thing, and one of the great merits of the People's War, which depends on the cooperation of the local population, is that neither the CIA, nor the Defense Attaché's Office (DAO), nor the Saigon Command got any word of the presence of those troops, tanks, and artillery units. The fighting was over by 10:30 A.M. on March 11, and Snepp admits that the CIA only learned by aerial reconnaissance on March 14 that Ban Me Thuot had fallen. So much for the advantages of "electronically-obtained intelligence." It was on March 14 also that Paul Léandri, the courageous correspondent for Agence France-Presse, was shot dead by a Saigon police officer for refusing to disclose the source of his dis-

patch of the fall of Ban Me Thuot in the manner of its falling.

At the embassy in Saigon, had no idea that Van Tien Dung was even in South Vietnam, much less that he had set up a headquarters west of Ban Me Thuot and preparing to attack the town. NVA [North Vietnamese Army] build-up in the area had gone unreported, except for those few intelligence reports no one believed.

There must have been scores of officials who knew. But Snepp drew no conclusions from the fact that sands whose loyalties had been purchased by American dollars were interested enough to save the continuation of a Saigon regime, even to pick up a telephone to report on what was going on.

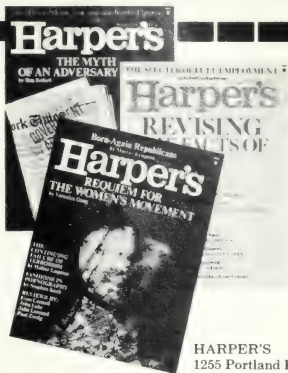
On the other side things were the opposite. In my own long work with the National Liberation Front between 1963 and 1966, a minute two hours' warning was always available regarding enemy attacks—including air attacks. General Van Tien Dung assured me that the maximum delay of learning—even in Hanoi—Saigon's operational plans was a matter of hours. Snepp implicitly confirms

Among those responsible for the ultimate North Vietnamese victory was the spy in Thieu's entourage who ranked high on the credit list. To this day his identity remains a secret known only to the North Vietnamese. [Hanoi has promised sensational revelations about patriots who worked at top levels inside the Saigon hierarchy.] But at the time he provided his spectacular intelligence to Hanoi, four members of Thieu's inner circle were on the CIA's list of possible Communist collaborators and could have disclosed his accomplishment. Among them was the chief of the counterespionage section of the Military Security Service (MSS), a man whose family had close ties to Thieu's secretariat. . . . Two of them, including the MSS man, had been actively supported in the early phases of their career by the U.S.

Blood is thicker than water. Vietnamese patriots at all levels they have done throughout their years of active fighting history great risks to help the survival of their nation. Neither money nor could purchase their patriotism.

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SNEPP DRAWS heavily on the excellent and vivid account by General Van Tien Dung (*Dai Than Mua Xuan* ["The Great Spring Offensive"], published serially in two official Hanoi newspapers in 1976) to explain the shattering defeats of the Saigon forces, but he omits any reference to the local guerrilla organizations, whose activities alone explain the rapidity with which the Saigon armies were outmaneuvered, isolated, and driven into panic-stricken flight. Such organizations were supposed to have been wiped out years earlier under the CIA-initiated Phoenix Program, the original aim of which, according to William Colby—later head of the CIA—was "to capture Communist cadres and bring them in alive so they could be interrogated and exploited for intelligence services."^{*}

The real content of the Phoenix Program was the murder of tens of thousands of South Vietnamese as "Communist suspects." The "problem," according to Snapp, was that

no one, neither Vietnamese nor American, had ever decided who was to be considered a Viet Cong cadreman. Was he a local village chief who served the North Vietnamese part time? Or did the definition extend only to hard-core Communists with full party membership? For lack of specific guidance, the Phoenix men opted for a scattershot approach, picking up anyone who might be a suspect and eventually, when the jails were filled to overflowing they began simply taking the law, such as it was, into their own hands.

Even before the press corps got wind of the Phoenix excesses however, the CIA was running for cover.

Snapp claims that the CIA pulled out of the overt leadership of this generalized assassination program in 1969, but in fact it continued with ever-growing momentum until the final days of the war. After the Paris Agreement, and within the framework of "Acceler-

ated Pacification," those marked down for Phoenix "zapping" included anyone tagged with a "neutralist" or "third force" label.

Snapp, and this is the main thrust of his book, bewails the fact that due to Washington-Saigon bungling, among those "abandoned" were

literally hundreds of high-level defectors who had worked closely with the Station over the years to pinpoint and hunt down their former Communist comrades; and countless counter-terrorist agents—perhaps numbering as high as 30,000—specially trained to operate with the Phoenix Program.... The full impact of CIA losses and failures in Vietnam will probably never be known.... But based on what can be ascertained, it is not too much to say that in terms of squandered lives, blown secrets and the betrayal of agents, friends and collaborators, our handling of the evacuation was an institutional disgrace.

Snapp uses a Pentagon estimate of about \$5 billion worth of military hardware lost, "including 550 tanks, 73 F-5 jet fighters, 1,300 artillery pieces, 1,600,000 rifles...."

He deals in interminable detail, to the extent of hundreds of pages, with the infighting among the embassy, the CIA, the DAO, and the USIA, between these groups and Washington, and the wrangling and scrapping within each of the services. He makes it clear that the main danger to the Americans being evacuated and to the whole evacuation scheme came from their "own Vietnamese": that on one occasion a warning was given that jet bombers would be used against Saigon troops hindering the evacuation of Americans.

There is a graphic description as the helicopter evacuation started to get under way from the roof of the American embassy, and abandoned former U.S. employees started to clamber over the walls of the embassy compound. U.S. Marine guards set about their appointed task "with appropriate military precision, cracking heads with rifle butts, stomping on hands and fingers as wave upon wave of humanity broke on the wall below them like a storm tide."

Ironically, it was the dire predictions of Ford, Kissinger, and Schlesinger, of the hundreds of thousands of American collaborators to be slaugh-

tered unless Congress coughed up a few hundred million dollars more to continue the war, that produced panic. The North Vietnamese troops already in and around Saigon kept a tacit agreement not to hinder evacuation of Americans and Vietnamese as long as those who wanted to were out of Saigon by April 30. Snapp admits that a few shells lobbed at Saigon, or a few shoulder-fired missiles against the vulnerable helicopter could have blown the evacuation operation to smithereens.

All in all, Snapp's story is a sorry one, stretched out far too long in telling. His capacity for compassion is limited to a guilt feeling for the scores of thousands of "abandoned" American Vietnamese. Not for the millions of other South Vietnamese, 9,000 of whose 15,000 villages have been destroyed and 43 percent of whose arable lands had been rendered unlivable by various CIA-controlled programs. There are no words of regret for the social debris left behind, tens of thousands of prostitutes, drug addicts, beggars, mutilated wrecks of the Saigon army, nor the tens of thousands of political prisoners who starved or were stretcher-carried out of the prisons of the Saigon regime. Behind the well-documented picture of chaos, inefficiency, corruption, and betrayal, Snapp's main reproach is to the whole sorry enterprise failed. Even his sentimental guilt feelings become suspect when he quotes one of his admired Station colleagues, Bill Johnson, after the latter had just arranged for the evacuation of some officials of the South Vietnamese Central Intelligence Organization and Special Police Branch: "I wasn't really interested in helping these fellows for humanitarian reasons. I did so because it could help set up intelligence networks inside Saigon from the outside."

Snapp continues: "In his conversation with the officers, Johnson did broach the possibility of evacuating their subordinates, the 800 or more high-risk Vietnamese employed at CIA and Special Branch headquarters. Neither did they. 'Our concerns were purely professional, not humanitarian,' he explained."

This is the quintessence of the cynicism that dominates the book from first page to last.

^{*}According to Horst Faas, a West German photographer who spent many years in South Vietnam for Associated Press, I was an early target for a Phoenix-type operation. Faas accompanied an entire battalion of U.S. troops on an operation the specific object of which was to capture me. A whole battalion!

O KIPLING, MY KIPLING

by Timothy Foote

Strange Ride of Rudyard Kipling: His Life and Works, by Angus Wilson. Viking, \$15.

IN ENGLAND on a visit from India with his parents, the three-year-old Kipling chugged down the main street of Bewdley crying, "Out the way, out of the way, there's an Ruddy coming." Back in Bombay where his father ran the Sir James Jeebhoy Art Museum, it is remembered that the boy tossed lumps of clay into the classrooms. Not far from the Kiplings' house stood a Tower of Silence atop which Parsees exhumed their dead. One of Kipling's earliest memories was of his mother's face "when she found a child's hand in her garden and said I should not ask questions about it. I wanted to see it under her hand."

From the age of six, as nearly everyone knows, Kipling was boarded out for years, in England. His other-kind and coddling parents placed him and his baby sister Trix in the care of a female religious zealot in Ramsgate, near Portsmouth. Trix became the lady's pet. Ruddy was misused in various ways that included being sent to school wearing the signal on his back. "If you cross-examine a child of seven or eight on his own doing," he would write nearly twenty years later in *Something of Myself*, "he will contradict himself very noticeably. If each contradiction be taken down as a lie and retailed at breakfast, life is not easy. I have known a great amount of bullying, but this calculated torture—religious as well as scientific. Yet it made me give credence to the lies I soon found it necessary to tell; and this, I presume, was the foundation of literary effort."

At age sixteen, when he had written and was brilliantly playing Beetle on the resident member of Stalky & Co. at the United Service College in Devon,

Timothy Foote is a senior editor of *Time*.

his mother feared that the bespectacled Ruddy was being bullied by "the rougher" lads. Concerned about the boy's future, his father, Lockwood Kipling, wrote the headmaster: "I must confess from what I have seen of Ruddy it is the moral side I dread a breakdown on. I don't think he has the stuff to resist temptation. Journalism seems to be especially invented for such desultory souls." He worried lest Ruddy, if turned loose in London, be shipwrecked upon the aesthetical-comical-tragical coast of Bohemia to which he had access through the world of his favorite uncle-in-law Edward Burne-Jones. Accordingly, in 1892 Ruddy was returned to India to become "50% of the staff" of the *Civil & Military Gazette*, a frontier daily in the Punjab.

He worked ten to fifteen hours a day, breaking down twice from heat, fatigue, and disease. Men and women dropped all around him, done in by typhoid and cholera. Evening meals began automatically with thirty grains of quinine in the sherry. The night, he writes, "had got into my head," a plague of sleeplessness and prowling anxiety that lasted a lifetime. For relief he frequented the half-world of all-night liquor shops and opium dens, protected by innocence and reportorial curiosity. And, to escape the "horror of the great darkness," he wrote stories and poems. In just under seven years, already the author of *Plain Tales from the Hills* and *Barrack Room Ballads*, he left India for good. Taking a room in Villiers Street near London's Charing Cross Station, he put a cheeky placard on the door: "To Publishers, Classics while you wait."

He was not yet twenty-four. In less than two years he had become famous, a literary star praised by Henry James, faster risen than anyone since Dickens. Kipling, in fact, had a voluble facility with words hardly matched by anyone since Dickens. One man's blacking factory, moreover, is another man's

Southsea. As novelist Angus Wilson makes clear in this judicious but affectionate biography, Kipling was possessed by "deep melancholy and self-distrust." He was a prey to insomnia and sporadic exhaustion and an unshakable sense (which most of us try to forget most of the time) that life is brief, perilous, and very likely without meaning. After an agonizing, apparently unconsummated affair with Flo Garrard, the model for Maisie, the prototypical feminist in *The Light that Failed*, Kipling broke down. In 1890 the Athenaeum Club announced that "Mr. Rudyard Kipling has been ordered to take a sea voyage." He sailed on an old P & O liner.

THESE EARLY details, many of them familiar, reflect the most formative moments of Kipling's life. With such things to meditate upon Angus Wilson might have been tempted to shove off into some sticky Bruce Mazlishian psychoanalytical morass, or, critically defensive, to expend his time and energy in wrangling with famous writers—I. S. Eliot, Orwell, Trilling, Edmund Wilson*—who have variously tried to bear witness to Kipling's magic while acting as if their affection for him were something shameful, like being caught bathing in chocolate malted milk.

*Eliot regarded Kipling not as a poet at all, but as a "great verse writer," some of whose verse was almost good enough to be poetry. Orwell called him a "good bad poet" whose poems are "capable of giving true pleasure to people who can see clearly what is wrong with them." But even with the best passages, he adds, "one has the same sense of being seduced by something spurious." Trilling admitted to getting his "first introduction to a generalized notion of society" from the *Jungle Books* before he abandoned Kipling for Wells, Shaw, and political liberalism, "though even then," he concludes graciously, "a natural gratitude kept green the memory of the pleasure he had given."

Wilson, however, is in some ways the almost perfectly balanced witness. A subtle ex-colonial (from South Africa) who knows Anglo-Saxon attitudes inside and out, he is, like Kipling, a writer much preoccupied by the presence of the bizarre and nightmarish in human life. He dislikes liberal humanism but has gone on record as detesting sentimentality "about the primitive, the unsophisticated and the physically strong." What he presents is an elegant, thoroughly up-to-date literary biography, scattering snippets of the life and works and critical *aperçus* as he goes. He agrees with most of the Kipling studies that have come out in the decade since 1965—the hundredth anniversary of Kipling's birth—that Ruddy, was nothing like the jingoistic, Blimpish, bloody-minded, ham-handed not-so-crypto-Fascist that many Americans who may not have bothered to read Kipling still imagine him to be. On the other hand, Wilson has no use for the corollary critical view that the really interesting Kipling, the valuable Kipling, is the author of a few of the later stories—abstruse, complex, modernist, and irony-proof—and thus presumably worthy of our sophisticated tastes.

For Wilson, the Kipling who matters is the brash chameleon poet of colonialism. The man's reputation should be greater than it is, he thinks, but it will always depend on the vision of India, what Wilson calls "the great East Window that dazzles, shines and glints and darkens as nothing else in literature." That window is largely composed out of early pieces—"laconic masterpieces," Borges once called them. Its radiant central pane is *Kim*. Wilson justly regards it as a better book than *Passage to India*, both because of the knowledge and affection it shows for the teeming life along India's Grand Trunk Road, and for its grasp of the pervasive, down-to-earth presence of religion in India.

Being English, Wilson has no fear of pointing out that books like *Kim*, often thought to be of interest mainly to children, are works of art and wisdom contrived for grown-ups as well. Among others he cites *Rewards and Fairies* and *Puck of Pook's Hill*, through which, once India had slipped away into the past, Kipling brilliantly began shaping links between himself, English landscape, and English history. The *Jungle Books* stir Wilson's ad-

miration still, and they lead him to Kipling's conception of the Law, something between life-saving prudence, protective ferocity, and the Golden Rule, which in the Mowgli stories is fused unforgettably and forever with the mysterious world of animals and children. Anyone who regards the best of these stories as puerile, anthropomorphic, or childishly sentimental is too immature to read them, and should keep to his lair until after the evening kill.

Wilson loves Kipling. But he also unabashedly dislikes quite a bit of the man's work. *The Light that Failed* he accurately dismisses as "a farrago of misogyny, mock heroism and self-pity." Like other humane critics he sees and does not admire the pleasure in bullying found in *Stalky & Co.* To his credit, Wilson never apologizes. But he steadfastly tries to explain. His Kipling is all of a piece: a stoic genius, with an incredible range of skills, working within a romantic tradition; a "gentle-violent" man who sought refuge from chaos and despair by hewing to, and praising, the Law, Duty, Work, and loyalties outside himself—the family, the regiment, the club, England itself, though he was capable of lampooning most things with savage wit, such as those "flannelled fools at the wicket/Or the muddled oafs at the goal."

Kipling, in short, is not only a major writer, but a subtle, practicing survivor from an inner and outer world more wonderful, and deadly, than any yet dreamed of by the aesthetic critics, urban liberal critics, and galloping self-expressionists whom he attacked and was attacked by. They are present in the gabble of the Bandar-Log (the mouthy monkeys who plague Mowgli in "Kaa's Hunting") and the deadly moth, in a later story, "The Mother Hive," who creates deformed larvae that endanger the hive, and coos over them: "all so delightfully clever and unusual and interesting."

SINCE T.S. ELIOT went off to Lausanne with a nervous breakdown, and came back bearing *The Waste Land*, nobody has much doubted that an artistically compelling view of society can be partly the product of the artist's neurosis. The genesis of some of Ruddy's public

political views was certainly present in W.H. Auden would have described Kipling's insecurity as a pure case of postlapsarian angst. Wilson more says that Freudianism is too simple to explain the man, noting that Kipling suffered most, perhaps, from the effects of having three generations of Wesleyan evangelical faith (which the poet himself said, explained his chafing at preaching in verse) suddenly dashed by post-Darwinian despair.

In Kipling's India there was need of neurosis to see that what was for society is precariously perched on the brink of dissolution. To survive it was clear, one must conduct oneself like the inhabitants of some threatened hill station in the Punjab. No room for artistic self-preoccupation, or self-indulgence. What mattered was the everlasting effort to make things work, and a useful conspiracy to honor and encourage those who did so. That was Kipling's view of India and of human life. He rarely glanced over the cowardice, chicanery, sheer bestiality of the world, colonial and otherwise, but he persisted to see in certain human enterprises the likeness of a noble aspiration. Orwell attacked Kipling for misunderstanding that making things work in India—all that railway-building and setting up of courts and offices—was a quixotic delusion because, in Orwell's view, the whole colonial enterprise was simply one of economic exploitation. But Orwell praised Kipling in the next breath for keeping the cost of "civilization." Orwell wrote, "We all live by robbing Asians, coolies and those of us who are lightened" all maintain that those who lie ought to be set free; but the standard of living, and hence our enlightenment," demands that the robbery continue. The humanitarian is also a hypocrite." Kipling, in contrast, left-wing intellectuals, Orwell concludes, "sees clearly that men can only be highly civilized while other men are inevitably less civilized, are they guard and feed them." Citing Kipling's concern for the soldiers and workers of many colors and races, who do guard and feeding, Orwell quotes his attack on people who sneer at a British soldier, "making mock of forms that guard you while you sleep."

That sentiment, today in the West, is faintly mirrored by the bur-

er declaring: "If you don't like it, when you're in trouble call a lie."

W Wilson's judicious celebration of Kipling will strike American readers as a question. As early as 1892, a few years before Abe Beame was even born, Kipling presciently described New

City as "the shiftless outcome of blind barbarism and reckless extravagance." He married a frugal American girl, but was continually depressed by the American attitude toward the U.S. had, he found, "unlimited meticulous legality, but of lawlessness or any conception of what it implied, not a trace." It was not surprising that when Kipling later told his wife's countrymen to join in taking up the White Man's burden (a phrase he invented) to join England in trying to keep the world from confusion and old night, Americans were almost amused and inspired. Though something very different from what Kipling had in mind later on, during World War II, this of the Atlantic Kipling has never been forgiven for the phrase. Nor for his immodest verse from *Recessional*, his long hymn about prideful power

politics, which makes slighting reference to the "lesser breeds without the Law." Kipling meant the Germans, whom he already saw as lawlessly likely to threaten Western society. Nevertheless, in America and elsewhere, the term has been taken as a derogatory reference to black, brown, and yellow peoples.

The British Empire lasted more than a hundred years. From the Marshall Plan onwards, what Henry Luce used to refer to hopefully as the American Century lasted little more than a decade and a half. We are much better placed now than we were even ten years ago to understand Kipling's *Recessional*. We did not "bind our sons in exile to serve our captive's need." But there is the Peace Corps. We did not take up the White Man's Burden. But we have Affirmative Action—and the Bakke backlash, as Orwell would have predicted, supported by many a liberal who has suddenly found that his own ox, or his own son, is likely to be gored. And we have ethology which reliably informs us that animals practice mysterious disciplines, apparently following hidden Kiplingesque laws, that only a few years ago we would

have dismissed as childish nonsense, anthropomorphism, or perhaps a sign of "vestigial animal totemism" in the viewer.

Has Kipling's hour in the New World come round at last? Probably not. For one thing, his manner is too old-fashioned and too English. If it does, though, a fan may note, with mixed feelings, that the man is the kind of writer whose works could easily lead to Tolkienesque cult worship. He created several complete fictional worlds: Colonial India; Roman Britain; 1066 and all that. As well as memorable characters who reappear in story after story: Puck; Old Hobden; Kim's Holy Man; that benevolent manipulative Mrs. Hauksbee; Ballou of the *Jungle Books*; "half headmaster and half bear." There are catch phrases, rituals, and shibboleths. ("A brave heart and a courteous tongue will carry you far in the jungle, youngling.") One can imagine the BBC taking the Yankees by storm with an "Upstairs, Downstairs" series on the schemy-seamy side of Simla. One can almost imagine a bumper sticker that reads "Honk if you hate Shere Khan."

HARPER'S/MARCH 1978

BOOKS IN BRIEF

by Michael Malone

by Ruth Kirk. William Morrow, \$10.

those for whom snow is only one shovels, skis on, or sings at Christmas. Ruth Kirk has a lot of information animal, vegetable and mineral. She is the Will and Durant of snow. This illustrated study of a natural phenomenon (her first book) moves us gracefully through a blizzard of facts, myths, and personal observation, and megalomaniacal data that is knowledgeably red and pleasantly presented. It is more analytic rather than explorative, and it makes no pretense at scientific

Michael Malone is the author of two novels, *The Roses Red* and *The Delectable Plains*, and of *Psychotypes, a study of human typology*.

rigor. It focuses on snow's impact (both benevolent and hostile) on human life. From that broad center, *Snow* drifts easily from field to field, from archeology to sports, from the personal drama of Scott's doomed Antarctic expedition to the terrestrial drama of glaciers, from the molecular structure of crystals to Hannibal's march over the Alps, from sled dogs to snowmobiles, from auroras to avalanches.

The author clearly lives in responsible relationship to a natural world from which most of us are regrettably so estranged that we turn to books like this one, books that can lead us back, even at second hand, toward the wonder with which philosophy always begins. It isn't true that no two snowflakes are alike, but we may still con-

template the mystery of their multiplicity.

Writing (in General) and the Short Story (in Particular), by Rust Hills. Houghton Mifflin. \$8.95.

This book proposes to teach beginners how to write serious modernist short stories, the "loftiest of literary forms." Admitting he may have set himself a hopeless job, Rust Hills asks us to remember that miracles can happen: "I took the slick fiction out of *Esquire* and converted the magazine over to literary fiction. I really did that. I published most of the major writers of our time. They were all amazed at first." Perhaps equally amazing is Hills's anticipation that "famous writers-in-residence" are going to send

BOOKS

their students to his book for "the essential techniques of fiction." Despite his obvious good intentions and proven excellence as an editor, his manual falls into the same flaws of format for which he faults his predecessors. It is filled with lists, diagrams, definitions of terms like "epiphany," formulas, and silly mock examples. He is best when he diagnoses specific techniques (of, for example, foreshadowing) and demonstrates how they do work or why they don't: he can tell you why and where a story succeeds or fails. That makes him a good editor. But he is not a writer. When he becomes facetious (as in a section on knowing your character: "And for goodness' sake, what about his toilet training?"), or jocose ("the Karamazov boys"), he can be as cute as a Polish joke. Nor is he a critic. Even if one ignores specifics—misinterpreting of a Frost poem, and calling the architectural structure of *Tom Jones* "irrelevant and nonfunctional"—Hills simply hasn't the analytic tools necessary to delineate fundamental critical principles.

There's nothing wrong with most of the observations in this "informal textbook." Except that people don't become good short-story writers by reading textbooks. Good writing cannot be taught. It can be learned by those who are gifted, through study of its craftsmen and through practice of its craft, but fiction can no more be created by mastering the practical instructions in a manual than one can have a baby by attending Lamaze classes. And Hills knows this: "All you have to have is originality of perception and utterance; and if you've really got that, you're the kind of person who could really use this book, without really probably needing it in the first place, if you see what I mean."

The Romance of American Communism, by Vivian Gornick. Basic Books, \$10.

Throughout 1974, Vivian Gornick went upon an American pilgrimage to talk with apostles of a god that failed. The journey was a personally significant one. What she learned in the richly varied interviews that compose her book is significant for us all—not merely because her revelations about the experiences of forty-seven former members of the American Communist

Party contribute knowledge to a part of our history that has been little explored, but because her insights contribute understanding and charity to a part of our citizenry that has been persistently denied both. The flaw in this otherwise remarkably sensitive study devolves from a conscious rhetorical principle. Gornick's style is intense, emotional, and occasionally so highly pitched that what should be moving veers into the maudlin. But, she tells us, "for thirty years now people have been writing about Communists with an oppressive distance between themselves and their subject, a distance that often masquerades as objectivity but in fact conveys only an emotional and intellectual 'otherness'—as though . . . something vaguely non-human was being described." Her effort has been to replace the abstractions and monolithic myths with portraits of individuals whose commonality was a shared faith. As in profound religious conversions or absolute loves, that faith was regenerative and encompassing; it vanquished what Spender once called "the loneliness of the universe." It is this "romance," the experience of ideological passion, that is Gornick's primary concern, though she does not, by any means, minimize or trivialize the cost, the ugliness, the suffering when, for many, vision atrophied into dogma, lives were stolen, friends betrayed, faiths collapsed into fear and anger. Her emphasis, however, is not on why or how people stopped being Communists, but on how they experienced being members of the party. It made them feel, passionately, that a dream could be made true.

Walking Dead, by Peter Dickinson. Pantheon, \$6.95.

Author of critically acclaimed mysteries like *The Poison Oracle* and *King and Joker*, British suspense writer Peter Dickinson specializes in exotic external settings and neurotic internal ones. He has now given fans a tenth sample, and not a very lively one, of his particular brand of Why-Do-Its. *Walking Dead* is the story of a man and his rat and of how they engineer the great escape of a tortured sect of guerrilla mystics out of a subterranean political prison on a corrupt Caribbean island. The hero, Dr. Foxe, a behav-

ioral scientist who studies the performance of rats in mazes, finds himself in a labyrinth when he is forced by O, a sadistic dictator, to experiment on human beings instead. The "living dead" Foxe, a man so emotionally constricted he seems never to be let out of his Skinner box, decides to rebel when he learns with astonishment that he has "the power of voodoo magic. Or does he?" Quentin the lab rat is his medium, is he? Certainly he makes a compelling companion. But Dr. Foxe, trapped in Dickinson's allegorical maze, gets all the lines.

Going After Cacciato, by Tim O'Brien. Delacorte, \$8.95.

Military defeat has been called an orphan and an amnesiac, but war may have no fathers, it seems unlikely to produce sons with excellent memories. Tim O'Brien, author of *If I Stay in a Combat Zone*, is a son of Vietnam. He was there; he remembers; he tells a story of the dead to tell, and his voice is a skilled one. *Going After Cacciato* is a forceful and troubling novel, a portrayal of the special horrors of despair, madness, and brutality. America's involvement in Indochina that have been starkly revealed in recent nonfiction reportage (*Dispatches* and *Rumors of War*), woven with a dream vision of the war are "realistic" chapters (threatening the deaths of fellow squad members the strongest in the book. Many have already appeared in various magazines; one received an O. Henry award. In fact, they are so remarkably and so self-contained that the elaborate visionary plot in which they are set strikes the reader as an afterthought, evocative, intelligent, and well-written but a novelistic bridge with too much of its symbolic braces showing. The jungle below that bridge are stories like "Pick-Up Games" and "Last Zone Bravo," that can stand without the best of war fiction—stories in comparison with which the adventures in *The Naked and the Dead* seem sentimental, and the misadventures in *Catch-22* almost sensible. General Treadwell apparently remarked, "I do not see the arms and legs fly." The general should be here to read *Going After Cacciato*.

HARPER'S/MARCO

ECSTASY AND POETRY IN CHICAGO

Middle-aged lawyer goes to his first poetry reading

by Lowell Komie

NOVEMBER 1977, Robert Bly came to Chicago to read his poetry on a Friday evening at the Museum of Contemporary Art (MCA) on Ontario Street.

In order to understand this piece you have to know (a) that Bly is a poet and translator (Rilke, Lorca, J. V. Neruda, Kabir) of national prominence; (b) that I am a lawyer in Chicago of occasional prominence with many of the same concerns (love, death, marriage, family), though my yearnings are not so much poetic as perhaps relieved from the male climacteric; and (c) that I am fifty (the same age as Bly). I also write and publish short stories; so this piece will probably eventually turn out to be about myself. All I intended to make you feel comfortable with my vantage point. I also wanted to be looking at a lot of young people lately. The story opens with me standing on the steps of the MCA waiting for a lady poet who was supposed to meet me at 6:00. It's now 6:15. We were going to have dinner together and then go to the Bly lecture. My wife has given me the event to engage in cultural pursuits. I try to keep my word.

Robert Bly—striding down the sidewalk, a tall, pleasant-faced man, a friendly face; he looks like a mischievous Lutheran minister. He's carrying a brown Orient bag and he's with Lisel Mueller, another noted poet, and her husband. They look at me. I nod. He looks like a nice man. He seems to have a special sense of energy and humor. He is after all a farmer. He lives on a farm in the southwestern part of Minnesota. He is primarily a poet. His latest book, *This is Made of Camphor and Gopher-*

wood. The first lines: "My friend, this body is made of camphor and gopherwood. Where it goes, we follow, even into the Ark. . . ."

Bly likes to work with masks. He stands in the vestibule, sets his Northwest Orient satchel down, and pulls out an ornate hood with eye slits and tassels. It looks like the cover a rabbi removes from a Torah, cylindrical and tasseled. Bly puts the hood over his head. He's wearing a red-checked flannel shirt. He begins slowly to rotate. Lisel Mueller and her husband laugh. Bly then takes the hood off and tries on a rubber mask, a long toothless face . . . he looks like Andy Gump. Two frizzy-haired girls in the lobby are watching through the glass. He bows seriously to them. Andy Gump saying hello. The last time Bly read in Chicago a marauder group known as the Chicago Surrealists threw a pie in his face (or rather in his mask). The rumor is that the surrealists intend to strike again tonight. The MCA staff doesn't seem to be concerned. It consists of one tall, thin young man with a beard, and a young girl in jeans whose bare midriff juts out above her tight-waisted jeans. If she's waiting for the surrealists you can't tell because all she does is comb her hair and rub against the aluminum ticket rail.

Bly opens the lecture with a quote from Freud. "Sexual energy is all around." He stands grinning. I can't disagree with him. The girl in front of me has long, shimmering chestnut hair. My lady poet has now arrived. Breathless. Beery. She taps her cigarette on the box and shakes her head, shamed to have been so late. Later when Bly puts on the tasseled hood she'll throw her head back with laughter.

A guy comes in with a knapsack. Maybe a surrealist with a hidden pie? He's blond and bearded and looks like

a Jesus person. The museum guard with the bare midriff is now talking to a young man in silk pantaloons and laced high-top boots. I have a feeling that the surrealists are infiltrating while our guard abandons us for her evening's lust.

Bly says he'll read a little Alexandre. I don't know Alexandre. Bly assumes that the audience knows Vicente Aleixandre, the Spanish poet who won the Nobel this year. Bly tells us that he gave the New York publishers Lorca and Jiménez. Then last year he offered them Alexandre, but they turned him down, so Bly translated and published Alexandre himself. When Alexandre won the Nobel, the *New York Times* called Bly at his Minnesota farmhouse to find out who Alexandre was, since the Bly translation was one of only two translations of Alexandre's work available in America. Apparently Alexandre is still alive in Spain; he was too poor to flee Franco. Today he's an old man. A few years ago Bly met with him. He tells how Alexandre accepts telephone calls only between 2:00 and 2:05 each day and if you don't reach him during that five-minute interval, you're out of luck.

A very young woman editor, straight black hair, gaunt-cheeked, black eyes, no makeup, leans over from the row behind us. She recognizes my poet friend and they whisper together. The young editor (speaking of Bly): "He owes his grocer over two thousand dollars. That's why he's out giving readings." I look at Bly. He and I are the only two men in the room who owe money and wear ties. I'm in a blue blazer and white shirt and tie. He wears a sort of ascot. All the other men in the audience wear turtleneck sweaters, flannel shirts, jeans, work-shirts, corduroy jackets. Apparently I'm the one in costume. No one seems

Komie is a lawyer and writer from

to stare at me though. After the whispering the editor behind us sneaks us a copy of her *Poets Newspaper*, and although she objects, I ask her the price of a single copy. "Twenty-five cents," she tells me. I give her a quarter. Then after looking at her newspaper, overcome with philanthropy, I give her a check for \$5, a year's subscription. She is very appreciative. She has her camera ready in case the surrealists attack.

BLY IS NOW talking about Rilke. He has done the translation, *Rilke: Ten Sonnets to Orpheus*. He and Lisel Mueller have been translating a poem of Rilke's this afternoon. He tries to recite it and Lisel says to him, "You'd better read it, Robert." Then Bly tells us that Rilke was once employed by Rodin as a writer of letters, perhaps a secretary. Rilke was very young and was suffering from a writer's block. Rodin suggested that Rilke go down to the Paris Zoo and stand in front of the tiger cage and watch the movements of the tiger. He'd soon overcome his block. Rilke did watch the tiger—for three weeks—and then he wrote his famous poem about the panther. Bly smiles and waits for the audience murmur.

Suddenly he switches to one of his own lines on love. "All day I loved you, in a fury, holding on to the tail of a horse."

He talks about making love all night in the stillness of a Minnesota winter's night. Vapor on the window. The heavy whiteness of the fields. The damp bed and the wind howling. Tree shadows on the snow. "All day I loved you in a fury." Bly's face is so bland and open. He seems gentle and assuring. A broad, open smile. He repeats the line with emphasis. "All day"—breathily on day—"I loved you." He pauses. His hands trace patterns. Even more than the kind, open face you notice the hands. Constantly in motion, opening, closing, tracing, he turns sentences by the whirling movements of his hands, accenting words, thrusting like a conductor. His hands not only lead and pantomime, they also soothe.

My poet friend hands me a folded note. It's a poem that she's written. Not about Bly. It's about me. Apparently she's considering me as a lover. That's very kind of her. There's a rather

garish but perfectly adequate Holiday Inn across the street and we could go over there at intermission and declare our troth. The Chicago night is not quite so still and white as the Minnesota night. But it will suffice.

A few lines from her folded note:

"You dream of the writer as protagonist, to whom all things come.

"I dream of a corner thief with bright eyes putting one over.

"You dream of ze CASTLE, and ze PIE, I dream of ze mud, ze lyrical mud.

"You dream you're Cary Grant.

"I dream of you."

I quoted her poem out of context and I apologize to her. She's really a very sweet lady and an old friend. I don't think she's actually serious. She's just rather whimsical, as most poets are, and tonight I'm the recipient of her whimsy. I haven't been passed a folded note since freshman algebra. I also advise that the poem was photostated, so it's highly likely that she's passed this same note to other gentlemen. I pat her knee and smile. She smiles. I wish my wife could be dealt with as easily. A bemused smile. A knee pat.

Bly is now walking through the audience in a rubber mask, his "businessman's mask." It has a bald fringe, a long hooked nose, gray pallor. The mask is very angry. Bly growls as he passes between the rows. He looks like a Kabuki animal character or perhaps a rubber-masked Frankenstein. That's closer to it, a bold Frankenstein monster in a plaid flannel shirt. Mr. Businessman. Bly growls, "This is the Landscape of Zero. I am the Father of Righteousness." The little college girls titter and draw their legs up as he passes. "I built the skyscrapers in this town. I hope you like them." More laughter. Will the surrealists come with a pie? A perfect time. I watch the young woman editor. She has her camera ready. I watch the guy with the knapsack. Bly is teetering before me. The mask is gray as death. The businessman's face leers. My poet friend touches his back as he goes by. Suddenly he turns to both of us. "I live inside your television sets," he says. I wish I had a pie. "I'm Johnny Carson," he says to me and touches me on the shoulder. The audience laughs. Then he goes back to the podium and announces intermission. He pulls off the mask. His hair is tousled. He's sweaty

like a linebacker on the sideline just pulled off his helmet. He runs his head.

INTERMISSION

I BUY THE camphor-and-ginger wood book and walk around the vestibule stand in the vestibule and smoke. My friend is in the room. It's cool and foggy on the street. Across the street there're saloon art galleries. Two couples come and go, walking, swaying, laughing. The men are carrying glasses. One of them shatters his glass on the steps of the museum like a concussion grenade. I go inside and sit down.

Bly is back on stage again. He's talking about Jungian archetypes. Jungians talk about archetypes. A friend complained to Bly that the C.G. Jung Institute in Zurich would be in the hall and everyone would be "having more archetypes than I." "Too many archetypes in America," Bly says. "He means stereotypes," a friend whispers. "Doesn't he?" "I get in an archetype and get boxed in," a man in his twenties gets caught in the archetype of separation. He loses his feminine side. Bly whirls and his head like a Hindu dancer. A young man he was caught in the type of the Norwegian-Lutheran Minnesota the chickens walk on Communist ground. He whirls again. After he came to Chicago and Arthur Schnabel in concert and his first exposure to culture. He immediately moved to New York City and life began.

He holds his hands again in the position of a Hindu dancer as if he were holding a pair of finger cymbals. Kabir is a fifteenth-century Hindu. Bly his principal American translator. More than 600 poems of Kabir's. The fifteenth-century Hindu image of God was an image of a man and a woman making love. The hands moving, guiding playing the imaginary cymbals. Why are there no women in the poetry? Why are we the only culture that does not admit women to the divine? Is it because of our notions of sexuality? Are we all caught up in the archetype of the Missionary Position? The Orientals give beautiful names to sexual positions, "Butterfly," "Cliff to a Cliff." The audience laughs. One of the girls in front of me f

eyes at her boyfriend. "Horse
ing in River." I know who Bly
is like now. It's George Carlin, the
e from the Carson show with the
l and baseball sweat shirt. Carlin's

w he's talking about (Mirabei?)
aby?) Mirabei, a fifteenth-cen-
Hindu woman poet, the counter-
of Kabir. Only about fifty poems
irabei's exist. "Looking away."
pauses. The hands come slowly
his head turns. "Looking away."
oks back at the audience. "I am
tonished at the light coming off
ther person." Pause. "I take the
that ecstatic human beings have
for centuries." Bly begins danc-
g. This big farmer from Min-
a. I finally realize I'm watching
ecstatic poet. "Making love with
ma and eating little." He grins,
nting beads and forehead sheaths."
ices the audience. His hands are
vertical Hindu prayer position in
of his face. Mirabei or just the
ic Bly? I don't know. Now def-
y Mirabei because he gives the
ution. "I have felt the swaying
a elephant's shoulders and you
me to climb on a jackass? Try
serious." "I don't steal money
haven't hit anyone. What will
charge me with?" No getting
d into an archetype for old Mira-
Bly grins again and runs his hand
gh his hair, stops dancing, and
s facing the audience with his
s on his hips.

on't get in over your head and
oxed," he says. I wonder if he's
ing to me. I'm about the only man
ge in the room. His chest is heav-
rom all the dancing. "If you want
rid of an archetype, you're go-
o have to break with the arches-
s daughter." Laughter. "As soon
o imagine God is outside of you,
the sky, the archetypes get you."
suddenly in Carlin's voice. A
to. "Don't Touch My Booze." B-
rryman.") "Why did Anne Sex-
ommit suicide?" ("Archetype of
nsane." "Monroe?" ("Archetype
e Pin-Up Girl.") Hand through
air again. His breathing is regu-
ow. He says he wants to read one
poem. "You get taken in by an
styphe you get duller." "The de-
s of life can save you." One final
t. I wonder if he has credit cards.
he really owe his grocer \$2,000?

Can he explain to the grocer that he's
an ecstatic poet, and that as soon as
he's through exorcising the dervishes
he'll pay his bill? In the meantime,
could he please just have one more box
of crackers and a tin of sardines? I
could bring him home with me. Put
him up for the night. My wife would
be reading in the living room by the
fireplace, in her robe. "This is Robert
Bly," I'd say. "He's in Chicago for
the night and I said we'd put him up.
It's okay, isn't it?" She'd smile, put
her book down, and get up and shake
Bly's hand. "How can you put up with
this guy?" Bly will ask her, dropping
his Northwest Orient bag on the car-
pet and taking both her hands. Or may-
be I should introduce Bly to my whim-
sical poet friend and let her take care
of him. Perhaps we could all go over
to O'Rourke's and drink some beer,
throw a few darts and talk poetry. I
wonder why he mentioned Berryman.
Bly might have been a friend of Berry-
man's. Berryman taught at the Uni-
versity of Minnesota. Bly's farm isn't
that far from St. Paul/Minneapolis.
Maybe 100 miles. They were probably
friends. A strange combination, the
ebullient, joyful poet; Berryman the
sad mystic.

Bly reads his final poem, the last
section of "The Cry Going Out Over
Pastures." Before he reads he pauses
and says to the audience, "I love the
way Chicago is getting full of poetry.
Something good is happening."

The Cry Going Out Over Pastures

*I first met you when I had been alone
for nine days, and now my lonely hawk
body longs to be with you, whom it
remembers... it knew how close we
are, we would always be. There is
death but also this closeness, this joy
when the bee rises into the air above
his hive to find the sun, to become the
son, and the traveler moves through
exile and loss, through murkiness and
failure, to touch the earth again of his
own kingdom and kiss the ground....*

*What shall I say of this? I say, praise
to the first man who wrote down this
joy clearly, for we cannot remain in
love with what we cannot name....*

The audience is quiet for a moment.
Bly repeats the line, "There is death
but also this closeness." He's smiling at
me. □

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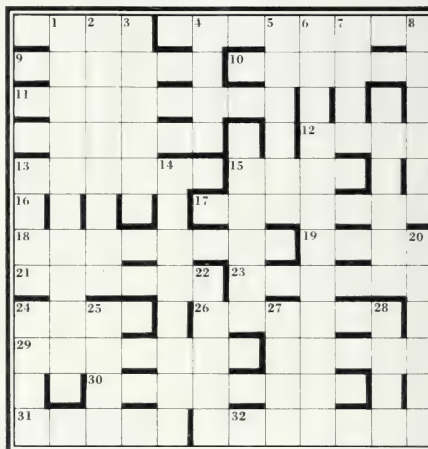
HEADHUNTING

by Richard Maltby, Jr.
(with acknowledgments to Zander of *The Listener*)

This month's instructions: The first letter of a clued answer is out of place in the diagram. Thus, if the answer were SLEEP, it would be entered as LSEEP, LESEP, LEESP, or LEEPS.

Additionally there are nine unclued lights which have something timely in common. These words are to be entered with their normal spelling. The diagonals 4 to 16, 8 to 31, 20 to 32 form a message appropriate to the theme that links the nine unclued lights. Clue answers include four proper names and one common foreign word. The unchecked letters in the diagram may be rearranged to spell out: R.S.V.P. CHECKED MR. BILL'S SLY CRIME: CALLING UNCLUED SPOTS "HEAD LIGHTS." As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 36.



CLUES

ACROSS

9. Broken hearts—they are rarely elemental! (6)
10. Suites transcribed from organ material (6)
11. Puccini's first song, competent and in condition to be played (8)
12. Incompletely see a street direction (4)
13. Energy spasm is able to promote digestion (6)
15. Substantial amount of real estate? (4)
17. Eight-furlong race cut short in the middle—an act of God, perhaps (7)
18. Getting set design of era in decline (8)
19. Chop this in a restaurant and press a suit with a fork (4)
21. Zulu's ancestor discloses source of income (6)
23. Listen: give a piece of your mind to a lady physicist (6)
24. Precisely quoted verbally but not well written (4)
26. I'm making deposit in vault: I'm overdrawn in the last month (6)
29. Holy (i.e., not so great in the sack) (7)
30. Beat soundly the juices you pour on a leg roast? (8)

DOWN

1. Put another way, hears nonsense after talk with a hippie in his home (11)
2. A typing pool is lead by East Arab (8)
3. Leaves one's darling too loveless (6)
4. Defile Annie Oakley (4)
5. Put out as a result of improper stares (6)
6. One thousand points up—shuffle, cut all aces—then blow it (12)
7. Eat in a circle? Just the opposite course! (4)
8. U.S. Bond encounters rising value (6)
14. Purchase cutters, hear other vehicles (8)
20. Around the men's club, what comes up is urges for sweet things (6)
22. Name Hungarians cloaked in sable (5)
24. Make money from rail disaster (4)
25. Deface a short neckerchief (4)
27. End result of Male Lib: reactionary black humor (4)
28. Gospel celebrity topless accidental success (4)

CONTEST RULES

Send completed diagram with name and address to Headhunting, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by March 10. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened will receive a one-year subscription to *Harper's*. The solution will be

printed in the April issue. Winners' names will be printed in the May issue. Winners of the January puzzle, "M Wine in Old Bottles," are Fred Canavan, Jackson Heights, New York; William H. Smith, Athens, Georgia; and M. K. J. McDonald, Detroit, Michigan.

Government and the Ruin of Private Education

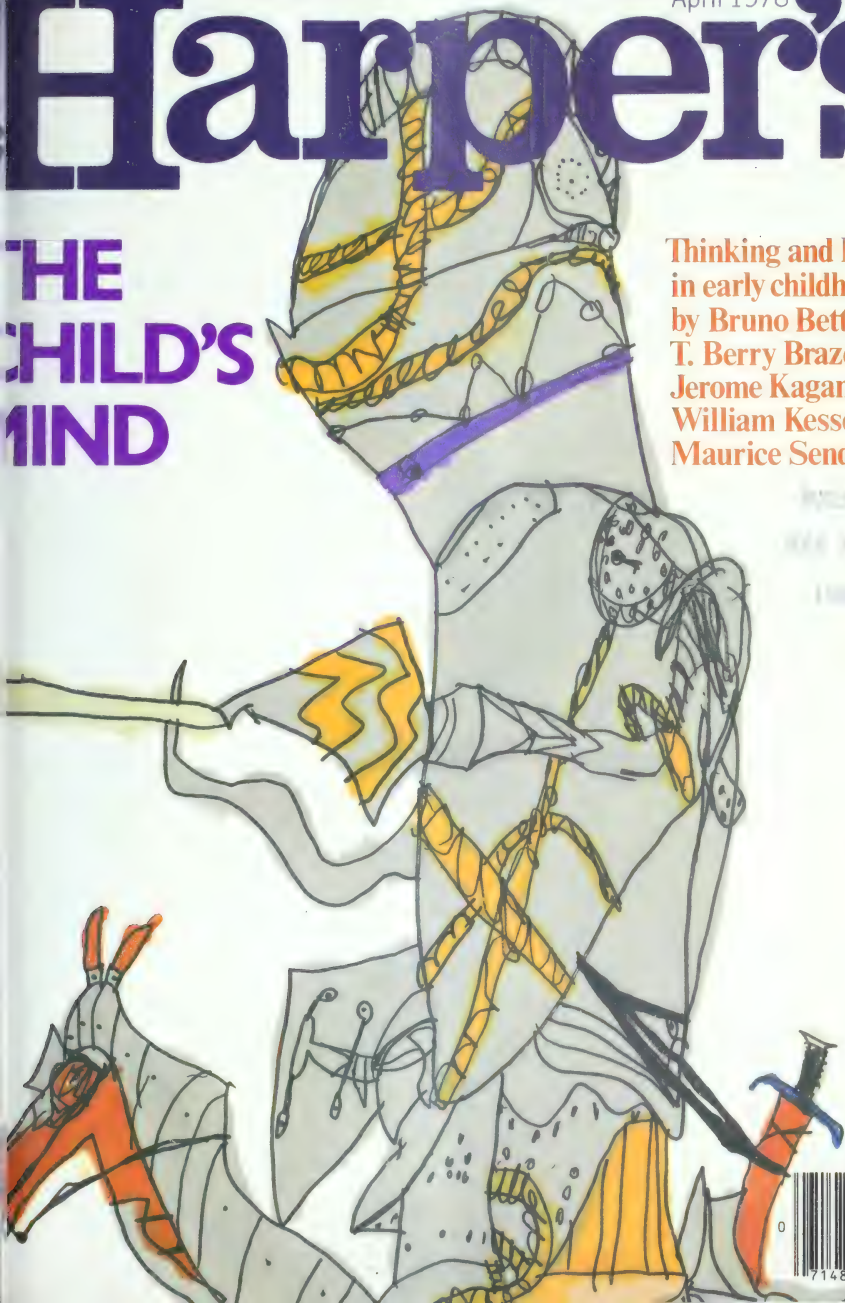
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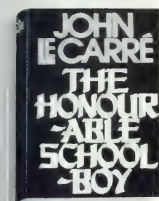
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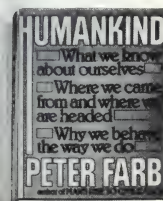
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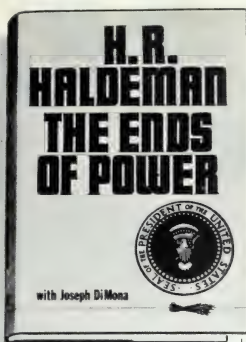
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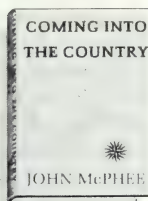


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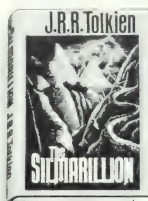
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Linus Pauling, Ph.D.

VITAMIN C AND HEART DISEASE

Can vitamin C protect you, and how much should you take?

Heart disease and related diseases of the circulatory system are the main cause of death in the United States. Over one million people die of these diseases each year, and probably more than five million people now living are suffering from them in a significant way.

There is no doubt that heart disease is related to the diet. In the 1976 Congressional Hearings on the relation between diet and disease the nation's top health officer, Dr. Theodore Cooper (Assistant Secretary for Health in the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare), stated that

"While scientists do not yet agree on the specific causal relationships, evidence is mounting and there appears to be general agreement that the kinds and amount of food and beverages we consume and the style of living common in our generally affluent, sedentary society may be the major factors associated with the cause of cancer, cardiovascular disease, and other chronic illnesses."

For about 25 years the major culprits in cardiovascular disease have been thought to be saturated fats,

cholesterol, and related fat-like substances (lipids). A tremendous campaign has been waged to promote diets with low cholesterol, low saturated fat, and increased polyunsaturated fat. Despite this campaign, the death rate from cardiovascular disease has remained constant during the last 25 years, and it now seems to be almost certain that the assumption that heart disease is caused by a high intake of saturated fats and cholesterol is wrong.

This development does not mean that diet is not important. A high intake of ordinary sugar greatly increases the incidence of cardiovascular disease (see "Sugar: Sweet and Dangerous" in *Executive Health*, Volume 9, Number 1, 1972). Moreover, much evidence has been gathered recently to show that cardiovascular disease can be controlled to a considerable extent by the proper use of vitamin C.

What is cardiovascular disease?

The general term cardiovascular disease comprises various diseases of the heart and blood vessels. Arterio-

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LETTERS

The risk of progress

It is good to know that the Concorde lands no more noisily than a Boeing 707 ["The Sound of Doom," by Peter McCabe, February].

My concern is not really technical in the sense that the engineering matters all that much. I am saddened by "The Sound of Doom." I am saddened because while exercising freely his privilege of free speech the author also hits and runs. He likes technological advance. Fine. He finds that concern over noise or the ozone layer has been exaggerated or premature. Fine. He sees in the present resistance to SSTs an analogy to early concern with the effects of railroads. All right. Like early railroads, commercial aviation may

open up new lands, new vistas, and new lives for a great many people, and this populist view of engineering progress is certainly wholesome, *as far as it goes*. But Mr. McCabe also accuses the critics of opposing progress in general, at least implying as much in bitterly referring to "powerful new groups in this country . . . that do not believe in reduced travel time . . . protests against nuclear power plants . . . opposition to recombinant DNA research" and the apparent absence here of any concern with "real evils," such as bad hospital conditions and corrupt judges. The risks of nuclear accidents in power plants are not real then? Neither is the possibility of making in the laboratory new strains of lethal bacteria that are immune to antibiotics, and might get out?

"The new Thoreauvians used a dance against the Concorde." No, McCabe; duly elected representatives of franchised citizens made a decision in favor of caution with respect to use of our environment. Unlike antirailroad people of the early 18th century they can name the risks. Unlike Duke of Wellington, they have no objection to anybody traveling anywhere. And as far as I remember, there is no implication in that decision technological progress as a whole should be slowed at all. Was there room in that article for a mention of priorities? Were all of our collected objections religious in nature? Is there no concern that further development of popular travel could be accomplished by reorganizing our travel to and from airports? Is not the



concern with demonstrated usefulness of new technology rational too? Most important, is it really good for an editor to go so far beyond agreement as to sneer at differing views and imply stupidity, or superstition or bad faith? When I immigrated to this country I was coming to a country where people knew they could disagree in respectable reasons.

PETER O. ROMPLER
Winchester, N.H.

MR. MCCABE REPLIES:

Mr. Rompler suggests that I have been a bit sneaky in omitting pertinent "facts" about the Concorde, and claims that I have "hit and run" in treating its opponents.

At this time I will try to hit and stand. I can say little more on the issue of Concorde noise, the point being that there is little more to add. Fear of loud noise may be one of man's instinctual fears; fear of the threat of loud noise I can imagine, a learned fear. In any case, it appears that the real, as opposed to the imagined, "unbearable," noise of the Concorde has been greeted with deafening silence.

Mr. Rompler's second and third paragraphs he concedes that it is fine me to support technological advance, to consider the concern over noise exaggerated, and to draw analogies from history. He objects mostly that I appear to exercise little sympathy with those who are unduly concerned toward technological progress to progress in general.

He notes that he uses the word "risk" in the article. The risk of nuclear accident is a sufficient justification in his view not to proceed with nuclear power plants. The risk of producing lethal bacteria is a sufficient reason to stop DNA recombination. Mr. Rompler supports the anti-nuclearologists because they can name a risk. He seems to see a risk and to cross the line.

However, since Mr. Rompler speaks of my drawing analogies from history, I will draw another. Mr. Rompler reminds me of the fifteenth-century cartographers who drew charts of the world. Unlike Columbus, the cartographers were afraid of risks and might it a mistake to go beyond the known frontiers of knowledge, i.e., the hypothetical edge of the world. Accordingly, they wrote on the edge of their maps the words: "Here Be Dragons."

Engineering for women

Samuel C. Florman is among the more perceptive commentators on the state of engineering in modern America. Thus it was with some concern that I read his contention ["Engineering and the Female Mind," February] that bright young women from the upper classes, those we might call style leaders, do not want to become engineers. There is no doubt that Florman's picture of the situation was correct until recently. But change has been rapid and most encouraging.

We might divide the entry of women into the profession of engineering in America into three phases. Phase 1 existed pre-1960. There were a few women engineers prior to 1960, but their numbers were inconsequential. This was a time when only unusually well-qualified and focused young women came into the profession. There was little or no encouragement for women from either male engineering students or male engineering faculty.

Phase 2 began in some schools of engineering around 1960, and if Phase 1 could be characterized as the time of the superwoman, the next period was a binary-mixture phase. Two groups of women began to enter engineering during this period. First, zealous crusaders for women's rights, and second, women, mostly from lower-middle-class homes, with character traits similar to their male engineering counterparts. The Phase 2 woman was slightly less able academically perhaps than the superwoman of Phase 1, but still, on the average, more able academically than the typical male student. During this period women engineering graduates rose from less than two-tenths of 1 percent, by a factor of ten, to over 2 percent, and during this same period enrollment of women undergraduate engineers climbed toward 10 percent.

Phase 3 dates from 1975 or thereabouts for a few leading schools, and each year more schools enter this phase. Phase 3 is characterized by large enrollments of women, upwards of 20 percent in leading schools. It is also marked by a feeling that women are in engineering programs by right and as expected. In a Phase 3 program, women begin moving into positions of leadership, chairing student engineering societies, et cetera.

Of particular interest to Florman will be the social background of the women students in Phase 3 schools. The programs with the largest enrollment of women undergraduate engineers, currently at or over 20 percent, are Duke, Vanderbilt, Washington University in St. Louis, Virginia, and Stanford. Almost all of these are private, and all are application targets for upper-middle-class, professional families. The land-grant institutions mentioned by Florman are doing well as representatives of Middle America, but one would generally not look to them for social leadership. Enrollments there tend to cluster about the current national average of 10 percent for women in engineering. Nor would one expect to detect this fast-moving trend toward engineering at the seven sister colleges in this particular instance. All the percentages I have mentioned are rising year by year, and this wave has not had time to hit the industrial world as yet. Thus it is not surprising that Florman has overlooked its existence. I'm sure that as a foresighted and socially sensitive practicing engineer himself, Florman will be delighted to learn of this important social indicator. My own experience in a Phase 3 school has been to confirm Florman's prophecy that successful women engineers interested in the details of building America will help our nation more than a much larger number of militants fighting battles already won.

JOHN E. GIBSON
Commonwealth Professor and Dean
School of Engineering and
Applied Science
University of Virginia
Charlottesville, Va.

When I was a little girl growing up in the Thirties, I wanted to be an engineer. I no longer remember why. Perhaps it was because I read a lot, saw a lot of movies, and had thereby acquired a romantic notion that engineers built dams and bridges in exotic, faraway places against enormous odds, taming the elements and in the end, conquering all. Naturally, this unnatural ambition was firmly discouraged. Girls did not become engineers.

Therefore, I read "Engineering and the Female Mind" with great interest and some dread. I sensed that the article was to be still another gratuitous attack on feminism. I was right. It is

LETTERS

filled with contradictions, dubious assumptions, and questionable statements of fact; the underlying theme is one of class and sex bias.

Mr. Florman asks us to believe that feminism has triumphed; that women are being admitted to engineering schools with glad cries of joy; that large corporations, reacting to intense social pressure from the harpies, are even paying qualified women engineers higher starting salaries than men; that women are being actively recruited in upper-class liberal-arts colleges, where, he laments, engineering is being given the cold shoulder. Women, he states, believe the field is beneath them.

I don't believe I have ever met a woman engineer. I have known a great many engineers who were male. I cannot offhand remember a single one with whom it was possible to have a conversation. For the most part, they are/were dull, pompous, and pedestrian, having about the same entertainment value as certified public accountants, another dreary lot. The engineers I have known in social situations were, in a word, b-o-r-e-s.

Mr. Florman states that women of blue-collar background have been ignored by the women's movement in its demands for equal opportunities in education. In another paragraph, he tells us that there are more women than men enrolled in the nation's colleges and universities. Are we to infer that all these women students come from the upper-class elite, with only a few from the working class, unlady-like and tacky, appearing to be "right out of Andy Hardy's high school year-book"?

Mr. Florman gives us a great deal of folderol about "perceptions of power" as the predominant reason why otherwise qualified women don't care to become engineers.

The real question, I believe, is: What, in fact, are the possibilities of employment, once an engineering degree has been obtained? Is there not, today, a surplus of engineers? During the post-Sputnik Fifties, engineering schools ground out tens of thousands of engineers annually. Only a few years ago, while I was a social worker, a great many engineers were unemployed and applying for welfare because they could not find work in their field, in Southern California or elsewhere.

I do not have any personal knowl-

edge of whether this picture has improved. Certainly, if I were entering college today I would want to know that there was some assurance of permanent employment in my chosen field, that I would not find myself redundant and need to take a quick typing course in order to earn a living.

DORIS HIGGINS
Los Angeles, Calif.

Mr. Florman is wrong, I think, to place the blame for the poor general image of the engineering profession on ingrained class snobbery, imported from England five decades ago. He points out, in passing, some very concrete reasons why women are not attracted to engineering: it is not a powerful or prestigious profession.

Mr. Florman underestimates the problems a woman faces in entering the profession. The potential female engineer will face great pressures to become "one of the boys," to adopt a male way of thinking which is not characterized so much by spatial ability as by philistinism and a general air of locker-room mentality. Mr. Florman finds the Smith women too elegant and poised for engineering, but cannot imagine that engineering may be too deficient in elegance.

A woman who has the determination to endure this kind of atmosphere would do better to break into one of the richer bastions of the male establishment—law, medicine, or business.

NELS P. NELSON
Graduate student
Civil Engineering
University of Minnesota
Minneapolis, Minn.

SAMUEL C. FLORMAN REPLIES:

Dean Gibson's statistics are intriguing if not altogether convincing. Since

Erratum

In *Harper's* March issue, Ron Rosenbaum's article, "The Subterranean World of the Bomb," was inadvertently printed out of order. The proper sequence, by page number, is 100, 102, 103, 101, 104. The editors deeply regret the mistake, and we apologize to our readers and to Mr. Rosenbaum for the obstacle placed in the way of reading and appreciating an article we were proud to publish.

the five schools he mentions represent less than 4 percent of the female engineering students in the nation, not sure that their experience signifies a meaningful change. But the new heartening, and I am indeed delighted to hear of the beginning of "Phase

Mr. Nelson's remarks about the quasi-professional status of many engineers and the lamentable effect this has on the profession's "image" are very much on target. This is an annoyance that the profession has to deal with satisfactorily. But confusion about title and rank does not, in my opinion, outweigh the real attractions of an engineering career. Neither can I agree that today's purposeful young woman will be deterred by "locker-room mentality" that is appearing wherever boys turn out men.

Mr. Nelson is not convinced by references to class, and Ms. Higgins is offended by them. This is a situation that makes us uncomfortable, but with sex in the Victorian era, it did not go away on that account. The bias against the technologist goes back not only to the English of a few decades ago but to the Golden Age of Athens, when Plato, among others, said that the "mechanic arts" are not a fit occupation for an educated citizen. I tried to make clear that while class snobbery has contributed to the numerical imbalance between the sexes in engineering, it is shared equally by males and females. Of course, I would like to see the elite among men attracted to the profession, but that is not the point of this particular reply.

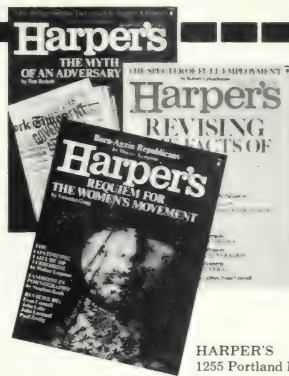
Ms. Higgins seems to be bitter because as a young girl she was discouraged from studying engineering. Such bitterness has served a purpose in the feminist movement, but it comes a time when it should be replaced by youthful enthusiasm.

There is at present a real demand for qualified engineers, while no field is immune to cyclical changes, career prospects in the field are excellent. My intent was not to launch a "gratuitous attack" on the body, but rather to urge large numbers of talented young women to become engineers. Even Ms. Higgins might agree that as this begins to happen our profession is likely to become less b-o-r-i-n-g.

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HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE

On the American grudge against children

by Lewis H. Lapham

The easiest people to ignore in American society are children. They usually accept being cheated with equanimity. They don't strike, they are just there.

—Vice-President
Walter F. Mondale

BEFORE I HAD CHILDREN of my own I used to think that America was the land of the fortunate child. For as long as I could remember, I had heard what seemed like a continuous announcement about the "child-oriented" nature of the society, about the "appalling sacrifices" made on "the children's behalf," about the sacred grove of childhood and the patriotic obligation to defend it against cynics who believed in neither Freud nor Santa Claus. What else was America about if it wasn't about being a child? What else was the American dream if not a dream about children growing up in the shade of green trees, nurtured by camp counselors and football coaches, initiated into the mysteries of the junior prom and the Little League, led safely through the labyrinths of the schools and so out onto the spacious lawns of the successful middle class? Events sometimes might inhibit the fulfillment of the dream, but surely it was true, as the Christmas charities so often and so complacently observed, that Americans loved their children more than life itself.

Until I became a father I had no reason to doubt the truth of this proposition, but about the time my first child reached his second birthday I began to understand that American society bears a grudge against the future. At first I attributed this impression to the circumstance of my residence in New York City. I live on the East Side of Manhattan, in a part of town not

Lewis H. Lapham is the editor of Harper's.

known for its fondness for children. The inhabitants devote themselves to the pursuit of their pleasure and ambition, and they prefer to subordinate whatever they can (feeling, thought, virtue, et cetera) to the whims of their all-consuming egoisms. Their belief in the restorative power of money persuades them that they can remain forever young, and to this end they go on crusade through the department stores and the sequences of fashionable amusement, searching for the enchanted mirror in which, at long last and after much travail, they might see themselves reflected in the transfiguring light of immortality. Children obviously make a shambles of this enterprise. They remind their parents of too much that is unpleasant—of death, time, loss, and failure—and so they come to be seen as unwelcome messengers bringing bad news to the prince.

In reprisal for their existence as *memento mori*, children in New York must bear the weight of a resentment that sometimes can be mistaken for hatred. The city government assigns a low value to children and spends as little money as possible on their well-being, their safety, and their education. The ruin of the public schools testifies to the extent of the local ill will. Except in a few schools in a few neighborhoods, hardly anybody expects the students to do much more than learn to read the signs in the subway and stay out of jail. The prevailing attitude toward children suggests that they constitute a threatening minority, somewhat comparable to the peasants of the Third World. Either they must be bought off (with presents and federal money instead of with grain shipments and expensive weapons systems) or they must be suppressed. The welfare laws encourage families to abandon their children to a bureaucracy. As with

American foreign policy, this practice flatters the vanity of the people who make the laws, but it means that children brought up under the care of a sullen and ignorant authority have little hope of escaping the nets of violence, crime, and drug addiction.

Just as the antagonism toward children reveals itself in the politics of the city, so also does it lend force to the social conventions under which the great cause of advancement demands domestic sacrifices. In New York much of the supposedly important business takes place in the evening. It is assumed that people will stay late in the office or stay out at night. They will find time to go to dinner parties with their patrons or clients that they will attend the lectures, conferences, screenings, and miscellaneous cultural events that constitute their reward for enduring the privations of the city. These arrangements, invariably justified as proofs of high seriousness or an artistic sensibility, have the effect of denying children the company of their parents and parents the company of their children. (In Washington the long hours worked by many officials in various departments of government accomplish the same purpose but the explanations usually have to do with the safety of Western civilization.)

Because my children are still young, both of them under the age of five, I seldom go out in the evening and so I miss innumerable occasions to meet the season's novelist or model at the gossip of celebrities. People in my own profession regard my absence from these spectacles as a mark of irrational and self-destructive behavior. Well-meaning friends invite me to lunch to explain that I do myself irreparable damage, that I cannot catch the tide of opportunity. If it is possible, they say, that I sh

oose to read stories to my children
 I might have the chance to see
 rman Mailer throw a drink at Gore
 dal? If I say that I cannot find a
 by-sitter to whom I would entrust
 y children, they point out that this is
 unacceptable excuse. Given the so-
 cial necessity to neglect one's children,
 e people who would do so with a rea-
 nable degree of equanimity have no
 oice but to believe that anybody can
 se care of a child. To believe othe-
 rwise would force them to consider the
 traordinary susceptibility of a child's
 ind, and this would impose upon
 em a terrifying burden. I can think
 of nothing more difficult than the rear-
 g of a child. It is a task that requires
 nstant thought, patience, and imagi-
 ation, and it demands the continual
 oting-out of one's own childish nar-
 ssism. But in New York the work of
 ising a family doesn't seem like a
 ry glamorous thing to do.

AS I SAY, when I first began to
 think about the antagonism
 toward children in New York,
 I assumed that it was a para-
 oial attitude that could be ascribed
 the wonders of metropolitan sophis-
 tication. But then I began to take notice
 reports about the brutalization and
 glect of children elsewhere in the
 ntry. In Los Angeles, the police de-
 rtment estimated that 30,000 chil-
 en, many of them under the age of
 re, were used as objects of pornog-
 phy. Those who weren't sold by their
 rents could be bought for the price
 a milk shake—and a sandwich. In
 ashington, the Department of Labor
 ported that child-care specialists were
 id the same wages as dog-pound and
 rking-lot attendants. It also occurred
 me that among the people in New
 ork who warned me about the tyrann-
 y of children many happened to be
 mployed in the manufacture of the
 ages distributed by the national me-
 a. This coincidence prompted me to
 tice the absence of children from the
 nter ring in the circus of the Ameri-
 an press. Children were displayed in
 e sideshows (the women's magazines,
 Sesame Street," three or four columns
 the *New York Times* on Wednesdays
 nd Thursdays), and there they were
 apt unless they could be exploited for
 commercial or symbolic purpose. Un-
 ss they had been implicated in a sen-

sational or hideous crime (Patricia
 Hearst, the Vietnamese girl in flames,
 any child who had been murdered or
 raped), or unless they could be pre-
 sented as advertisements for the Ameri-
 can way of life (i.e., the children eating
 cereal in the television commercials),
 they remained invisible. Even more un-
 welcome than the Victorian children
 who at least were expected to be seen
 if not heard, American children in
 the late twentieth century never in-
 trude upon the front pages of the
 national discourse. Again, as with the
 fashionable milieu of New York, the
 resentment of the media could be as-
 cribed to jealousy. Journalists pride
 themselves on their alliance with mo-
 mentous change, but in fact they
 hate and fear anything that threatens
 to destroy the perpetuity of the mo-
 ment. Thus they distrust children be-
 cause children cannot help but embody
 the movement into the diverse and un-
 known future. In the mind of a child,
 tomorrow is truly another day, not a
 rerun of last year's situation comedy
 or political analysis, and this alarms
 people who seek to reassure their au-
 dience that only the appearances change
 and that the Old Order, of which they
 are part, continues to hold its serene
 dominion.

MUCH THE SAME THING can be
 said about most politicians.
 During election years they
 make the customary gestures
 in the direction of "generations yet un-
 born," but once in office their policies
 have a way of serving the forces of
 reaction and justifying the corruptions
 of the *ancien régime*. They speak of
 the future in abstractions, as if it were
 something on the order of Disneyland
 or the World's Fair of 1939. The vacu-
 ity of present quarreling about the en-
 vironment and President Carter's en-
 ergy bill testifies, on all sides of the
 argument, to the lack of a coherent vi-
 sion of the future. Hardly anybody
 knows quite what to say because hardly
 anybody can conceive of the future as
 something other than the past. The
 apologists for both the environmental
 and the industrial interests cannot see
 much farther than next week, and so
 they stare into the mirrors of ideology,
 in which they discover what they be-
 lieve to have been true forty years
 ago. The same unwillingness to visual-

ize the shape of the future accounts for
 the customary failure of even the most
 well-intentioned efforts at political re-
 form. Despite the efforts of the past ten
 or fifteen years, the women's movement
 has yet to relieve many of the burdens
 that traditionally fall on women and
 children. Despite the declining birth-
 rate and the large sums of money in-
 vested in government subsidies, the
 community of impoverished children
 still constitutes the poorest minority in
 the United States, and the one that has
 made the least progress toward the
 hope of a decent life. The United States
 sustains a rate of infant mortality high-
 er than that pertaining to sixteen other
 countries, and at least 17 million
 American children continue to live in
 hopeless poverty.

The nation spends \$150 billion a
 year under the rubric of education, but
 of this sum only a small part pays for
 the teaching of children. As with the
 numerous poverty programs, the bulk
 of the money finds its way into the
 hands of people lucky enough to have
 something to do with the disposition
 of the funds. In New York I have heard
 it said by textbook publishers that with-
 out the guarantee of federal price sup-
 ports they couldn't make a decent prof-
 it. It doesn't matter if the students never
 learn to read or write. In the same
 way that the Vietnam war provided a
 market for the makers of munitions, so
 also do the schools, no matter how de-
 graded, provide a market for inept
 translations from the French.

By assigning the management of its
 schools to a bureaucracy, the society
 achieves in the realm of public policy
 what parents achieve in the realm of
 private decision by assigning the man-
 agement of their children to the medi-
 cal, educational, and psychiatric estab-
 lishments. In all instances the authori-
 ties can be counted upon to discourage
 the movement toward radical change.
 The indoctrination begins at birth.

The hospitals insist that the newborn
 child be taken away from the mother
 and placed in a nursery, under strong
 lights and on a feeding schedule that
 may or may not accord with its needs.
 Like most other things prescribed by
 hospitals, this is done for reasons of
 institutional convenience. Pediatricians
 offer advice that conforms to codes of
 preferred behavior rather than to the
 development of a particular child. In
 New York it is common for pediatri-

cians to insist upon the early toilet-
ing of children, even to the point
of recommending that a child be locked
in a dark room and allowed to cry it-
self sick. The discipline suits the convenience of the parent, and it is the parent who pays the fees. The legion of child psychologists that arises in every generation, publishing its revolutionary discoveries in the women's magazines, depends on its success on the willingness of parents to remain in a state of perpetual ignorance. It is a difficult thing to observe and to imagine the perceptions of a child; it is much easier to believe in magic and to become enthusiastic about the fashionable theories of the moment.

Children thus serve as objects of experiment, and the psychologists recommend whatever the parents require to relieve their feelings of fear and inadequacy. If the age demands a belief in self-expression, then a generation of schoolchildren must go through the rituals of progressive education. If the values of social justice come to weigh more heavily in the scale of conscience than the values of art or scholarship, then another generation of schoolchildren must suffer the effects of reduced standards and expectations. Whatever will make the parents feel happier with themselves, that is the price that their children must pay. This is the principle that sets the curricula and assures the financial soundness of the private schools. The parents of prospective students ignore it at their peril. The other day I met a woman who, when seeking to enter her five-year-old son in one of New York's more prestigious elementary schools, made the mistake of asking the director of admissions about the homosexual teachers on the faculty. Her objections to them showed a lack of regard for the well-bred hypocrisy that goes by the name of education in the upper tiers of the society, and so, quite properly, the woman's son was refused admission to the school. Like the federal bureaucracy, the school has interests to protect. It measures the effectiveness of its teaching by the child's eventual capacity to earn money, a capacity that can be severely damaged by the refusal to pay homage to the social and political superstitions of the age. Quite clearly the boy would come to class with unsatisfactory ideas about ethics and human character.

WITHIN THE WEALTHIER quarters of society the hatred of children often presents itself in the disguise of high-minded moralism. The rich believe themselves entitled to whatever it occurs to them to want, and they resent having to compete with their own children for the available toys and attention. After World War II, the country as a whole unfortunately came to think of itself as rich, with the result that the attitudes associated with great wealth became more or less commonplace. Habits of munificence once plausible only in a Rockefeller were imitated by owners of credit cards. The illusion of extravagance persisted through the decade of the 1960s. The generation that came of age after the war assumed that it would inherit the earth, that it could afford everything, that everybody who went to Harvard could be a famous poet or a renowned statesman, and that the stock market, like Aladdin's wonderful lamp, would grant an unlimited number of wishes. When the illusion vanished, parents suddenly recognized their children as rivals or burdensome possessions. Unlike municipal bonds, children couldn't be discounted or sold. The next best thing was that they should be made to appreciate the cost of their maintenance.

During the wilting of flowers in the last days of the Woodstock revolution I can remember parents taking quiet satisfaction in the punishments and retributions visited upon their own children. In particular, I remember a senior partner in a Wall Street investment bank who described, with barely concealed pleasure, his son's arrest in Mexico on a drug charge. A few months in a Mexican jail, said the banker, would teach the boy a lesson. He would learn things that Groton had failed to teach him, and the experience might purify his spirit. He might learn to appreciate the true values in life, among them a proper respect for one's parents.

Variations of the same doctrine appeared in the press and commencement addresses. The children had gone too far, taken too many liberties, interpreted too literally the benevolent injunctions to do their own thing. Sermons of a similar nature now accompany the prophecies about the limits of growth and the exhortations to protect

the ecological sanctity of Green Connecticut, and Marin County, California. Seen in a psychological perspective, the politics of environmentalism appear as a part of the first in the Oedipal drama. The parental and institutional classes play the role of King Laius. They have been the oracle (in this instance, the fabric of the zero-growth philosophy) that the oracle has persuaded them the son means to kill them. The son is the poor or anybody too young to understand the meaning of property) becomes the sacred representation of evil. By striking at the son, the father hopes to postpone, perhaps indefinitely, the day of their own deaths.

Perhaps this is why so many parents as well as pediatricians and bureaucrats find it convenient to believe that children cannot feel or think. To the extent that children can be perceived of as objects, they can be exploited as a market for junk toys, worthless toys, and the newest experiments in education. Considered as an abstraction, the legend of childhood remains comforting to the society as a metaphor for perfect happiness. But in order for the metaphor to sustain itself, the child must not turn into a monstrous Pygmalion and assert an identity of his own. In the few years I have been a father I often have heard children being told that they didn't really hurt, that their feelings didn't really hurt, that they didn't really think what they thought they saw, that they didn't really hear what was being said, that it becomes necessary to belittle a child's comprehension precisely because the child might understand all too well what is being said and done; if this capacity was allowed to go unchecked, the child knows what havoc might be let loose in the streets.

By denying the reality of its children, the society expresses its rage against change. During periods of extraordinary and baffling social change (as in the present), the denial undoubtedly takes more embittered forms than it does during periods of relative stability. All well and good, and probably a phenomenon that can be plotted on a sociologist's graph. But if the society loses its capacity to visualize the process of the generations into time future, then it also rebels against its hope for its renewal.

IMPROVISATIONS ON A THEME

BY HENRY KISSINGER

ign policy under Carter bears the mark of the impromptu.

by Michael Ledeen

JIMMY CARTER is The Surprised President. He was surprised by the intensity of domestic support for his human rights campaign, then surprised by Russian and Egyptian hostility to it. He was surprised by Congressional and Allied opposition to his plan to withdraw American troops and nuclear weapons from South Vietnam. He was amazed at domestic and international concern over the Panama Canal treaties, and unprepared for resistance to his plan to normalize relations with Cuba. He was surprised at Congressional opposition to normalization of relations with the People's Republic of China and the ending of formal ties with Taiwan. He was astonished at the warmism which greeted the joint United States-Soviet declaration on the Middle East, and surprised at Israeli and Egyptian alarm over his tilt toward the Palestine Liberation Organization in the Yom Kippur war. He was surprised by the Egyptian peace offensive, and surprised at

each successive stage in the new Israeli-Egyptian negotiations. The entire Administration is surprised to discover that it is easier to gain a solid base of political support when the United States is at odds with the Soviet Union than when the two countries agree.

This degree of Presidential surprise is itself quite surprising, especially for an Administration that reportedly bases so much of its policy on a careful reading of the public mood. Carter's Middle East policies, for example, are said to be accompanied by detailed polling by Pat Caddell, and even high-level discussions of the defense of Western Europe were conducted with an eye to the polls, which purportedly showed public unwillingness to support increased defense spending. Given such careful scrutiny of the public's humors, one would have expected the President and his advisers to have been thoroughly prepared for the reactions to their various initiatives. The much-heralded surprise suggests that they may have been asking the wrong questions about their policies, or that their

policies are made on the basis of impulse rather than calculation.

The policies themselves suggest a confused White House. The most surprising aspect of Carter's performance to date is that he has abandoned most of the policies he originally announced, and his current policies are widely viewed as subject to change at a moment's notice. The human rights campaign, which was to have been the keystone of the Carter Administration, has been diluted so much that Arthur Goldberg did not even mention the Soviet Union or Czechoslovakia by name when he spoke of violations of the Helsinki Final Act at the outset of the Helsinki Conference last fall. The President himself did not mention human rights in his October speech at the U.N., although he referred briefly to the policy on his barnstorming tour of the world in December and January. And recently there have been events strangely reminiscent of a previous approach to the subject—a Secretary of State boasting of American requests on behalf of a small number of dissidents while Ad-

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WASHINGTON

administration spokesmen speak of improving Soviet-American relations and tone down criticism of Soviet and Eastern European repression.

American policy on Eurocommunism varies from spokesman to spokesman. The President tells *Reader's Digest* that entry of a European Communist Party into a NATO government might be disastrous to the Atlantic alliance, while Mr. Brzezinski announces, at a Trilateral Commission meeting in Bonn, that the United States would treat "without prejudice" any Western European government with Communist participation. Then, on the eve of the Presidential trip, the National Security Council chief speaks gravely of Administration skepticism about European Communism while the Secretary of State declares that Eurocommunism might prove more problematic for the U.S.S.R. than for the U.S.A. The ultimate in confusion came in Paris on January 6, when the President met with French Socialist Party chief Mitterrand. Carter told Mitterrand how honored he was, saying that the socialist had played "a good and beneficial role in France." After the meeting, when American foreign policy specialists realized what had happened, the press was told that Carter had "expressed in general terms our concern about the possible alliance with the Communists." One can only guess what Mitterrand made of this.

After declaring his intention to remove virtually the entire American contingent of men and weapons from South Korea, the President has decided to keep two-thirds of our troops and all of our nuclear weapons in place until 1981, after the next Presidential election. The "China problem," in the President's own words, will not be resolved for a long time, despite his earlier assurances that normalization would be achieved in short order. The same situation obtains in regard to our relations with Cuba, where early initiatives have foundered.

Finally, in an appalling series of turnabouts on the Middle East, the President has found himself supporting all positions and everybody's interests: he simultaneously supports Israel's demand for real peace and the Palestinians' demand for "rights." He has said that the United States is attempting to resolve disputes between the various Arab factions. He invited the Russians back into the Middle Eastern

diplomatic maneuvering for a short period, even though they—and their PLO and Syrian allies—do not appear to support Administration positions. When Egyptian President Sadat went to Jerusalem and then called for a Cairo peace conference, the Administration first opposed it, then tried to delay it, then reluctantly endorsed it, and finally entered the Israeli-Egyptian negotiations with a series of contradictory pronouncements that left everyone wondering what the President wanted. As the Israeli newspaper *Maariv* put it, "Maybe he didn't mean it, maybe he will change his mind tomorrow, maybe he didn't understand what he was saying in the first place."

UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES Carter's critics have shown surprising forbearance, perhaps because they are unsure of the final direction the President intends to take. Yet in the welter of conflicting statements our confused foreign policy has become a potentially destabilizing force in world affairs, and widespread conviction that this government does not know what it wants limits the ability of the United States to conduct policy. Carter's changes of mind suggest to foreign leaders that whatever the White House may say today, pressures at home or abroad (or, apparently, a purely spontaneous change of heart) may bring about a policy change in the near future. They also indicate that the formulation of policy is poorly organized, that positions are frequently put forward without adequate analysis and discussion, and that this lack of planning means that our allies will be increasingly excluded from the decision-making process. Apparently, we asked our allies to send cables in support of the Panama Canal treaties even though many of them had not read the texts at all, or had only recently received them. When it turned out that our allies had not been advised that the new treaties entailed tariff increases (one tends to forget amidst all the ranting about the canal we "built, bought, and ran" that 95 percent of the traffic in the Panama Canal is non-American), the confusion increased. The situation was not helped when Vice-President Mondale mispronounced the name of the Panamanian president (calling him "Trojillos," a

particularly unfortunate error), or a similarly embarrassing lapse, when the President referred to the Palestinians in his United Nations speech as "Panamanians."

In due course these compounded errors and inconsistencies lead to effective paralysis of America's ability to influence international affairs. We take the most dramatic example of our failure to develop a coherent consistent policy in the Middle East: Israel. Israel has already undermined our ability to contribute to a peace settlement. Israelis undoubtedly have serious reservations about the reliability of American commitment in the Middle East, and evidently Egyptian President Sadat became so frustrated and alarmed by American diplomacy that he matters in his own hands and attempts to introduce an element of stability into a chaotic diplomatic situation.

The Japanese, too, are undoubtedly asking themselves about the reliability of the American commitment to the Pacific. The Japanese government was first worried about the Carter plan to rapidly disengage in South Korea, comforted by the decision to slow down that process, and finally treated with a disconcerting spectacle of an American government stumbling about over the formalization of relations with post-Mao China. In Western Europe, our friends must be wondering about the seriousness of our foreign-policy pronouncements, and the degree to which we can count on our determination to pursue badly needed cooperative measures concerning energy, trade, nuclear proliferation.

THE AMERICAN press has laid out several scapegoats for our foreign-policy confusion: lack of coordination among various members of the government; too many Georgians in Washington; failure to delegate authority; an obstreperous Congress; the strength of one or another. All these hypotheses ignore the lack of a coherent view of the national interest. It does not really matter if a particular position comes from the National Security Council or the Department of State, or if Brzezinski speaks to Vance as often as he speaks to the President, or if a given policy is "Georgian." What matters is that these gentlemen and their staffs manage to co-

merican foreign policy in a professional and serious manner. At a minimum, the President is going to have to recognize that the much-vaunted ability to keep several foreign-policy experts to keep their minds on all issues only muddies the already murky waters. It is neither seemly nor useful to have internal debates of the Administration to take place in public. It may as well serve the domestic purposes of Jimmy Carter to demonstrate that there is no longer a Praetorian Guard in the White House, and that the Imperial Presidency has passed into history, but there is no need to replace it with a latter-day version of Byzantium, where leaders debated the issues among themselves until their enemies finally overwhelmed them.

The Administration must recognize that its statements are themselves part of the dynamics of world affairs, and our expressed beliefs play a major role in determining the outcome of diplomacy. Our rhetoric has often been against our goals, but the Administration has apparently not understood the significance of many of its words. This is particularly evident in the Middle East, where the celebrated joint declaration with the Soviet Union recognizing the "legitimate rights of the Palestinian people" (which everyone familiar with Middle East diplomacy would be read as an endorsement of an independent Palestinian State)

was followed by a hasty retreat and attempts to act as if the words had never been pronounced. When others challenged the joint declaration, the Administration manifested surprise. Administration spokesmen could not understand why Henry Kissinger's talk of a group from the World Jewish Congress, in which he opposed creation of a Palestinian State, was taken to be critical of Carter's policies. After all, he said, we are against it, too. Nonetheless, in less than three weeks in late November and early January, we heard the President tell the world that he was opposed to a Palestinian State. We heard Mr. Brzezinski say Bye, bye, PLO, and then heard the President endorse the "legitimate rights of the Palestinians" again, speaking also of our right to "participate in the determination of their own future"—which the State Department bravely maintained was not an endorsement of "self-determination" for the Palestinians.

The numerous about-faces have encouraged Congress to play an active role in foreign policy, and that has traditionally been a prescription for paralysis and isolationism. If the current trend continues, we risk finding ourselves with a President who has been defeated by Congress on an impressive list of international initiatives ranging from Panama to SALT. This would be truly catastrophic, for it would signal the world outside Washington that Jimmy Carter cannot "deliver" his own country. We would then quickly forget recent anxieties about the near-dictatorial powers of the American Presidency and return to older worries about Congressional usurpation of Presidential prerogatives. Yet it is hard to imagine Congress loosening its grip on foreign policy unless the President performs much better than he has to date. The Congress will support a President who knows—and who acts as if he knows—what he is doing, but at the moment this impression does not prevail on the Hill.

THE MAJOR BENEFACTORS of the Carter confusion are the Russians, who have been able to take advantage of our malleability to pull off a major diplomatic coup in the Middle East, even though it was relatively short-lived. By telling their Syrian and PLO clients and allies to hold firm, to reject the American proposals, to refuse to recognize the United Nations resolution on the Middle East and the right of Israel to exist, they produced a striking opening for themselves. One veteran observer permitted himself the observation that he had never seen Gromyko smile as broadly as he did the day the joint declaration was announced. And Gromyko smiled for good reason, for the international message was all too clear: the Russians do not change, they persist, they wait, and they prevail, because in the end the United States will cave in.

There is growing evidence that the Russians have scored a similar triumph in the SALT talks, and if this proves to be true it will represent yet another turnaround for President Carter. One of the President's early strategies (of the sort that earned him a temporary reputation as being "tough with the Russians") was to demand a SALT II treaty that would have markedly re-

duced arms levels on both sides and would have limited Soviet deployment and improvement of very big ICBMs and the Backfire bomber. Yet the latest reports suggest quite a different approach: the Russians reportedly have been asked to make very few substantial concessions. This feature alone would probably be sufficient to guarantee rejection by the Senate, which has already served notice that a nonverifiable SALT agreement is as bad as no agreement whatsoever. Moreover, our NATO allies fear that they have again failed to get an even break, this time on cruise missiles, which they would like to use for theater purposes, but which a reported U.S.-U.S.S.R. protocol would ban for three years.

Alarm at Carter's advances to the U.S.S.R. on SALT and Middle East diplomacy is in part a continuation of the campaign against détente and against the previous Secretary of State (a campaign that, ironically, found one of its most vocal supporters in candidate Carter). It also reflects a growing conviction at home and abroad that the Russians are becoming more adventurous in international affairs, and that they will continue to do so as long as the United States fails to take coherent action. By toning down the human rights theme, abandoning his tough stance on SALT, and cooperating with the Soviet Union on the Middle East declaration, Carter did more than retreat from his original positions; he has bucked a strong public tide after stimulating it himself. He has thus demonstrated both political and strategic confusion, for if he were determined to pursue a cooperative strategy with the Kremlin he had no business launching the human rights campaign.

Fortunately this disappointing performance has taken place against a background of comparative tranquillity in international affairs. This means that the President has time to rethink his strategies and reorganize his forces before facing any major crisis. Personal charisma permits a few mistakes without the loss of enthusiastic support, but charisma ultimately must be sustained by a minimum level of real achievement and coherence. The Carter Administration has seen that its neat theories about the world do not fit the difficult realities, and it must now come to grips with the world as it is. □

MOSES IN EGYPT

An Israeli strategist lectures the Egyptian Army.

by Amos Perlmutter

DURING ANWAR SADAT's visit to Israel I had tea at Jerusalem's King David Hotel with an old professional friend and fellow professor of political science, then acting Egyptian foreign minister, Boutros Ghali. I told him I wanted to go to Egypt. Because I held two passports, an Israeli and an American, I had been invited before, as an academician, but I had never felt it appropriate to accept. Now I wanted to go.

Ghali urged me to come as soon as the Egyptian delegation returned to Cairo. I was to let him know when I planned to arrive. I thought I would be able to call him. During Sadat's visit telephone lines were open to Egypt for the first time. But the Egyptians cut the lines to Israel when their delegation returned to Cairo. Ghali and I were therefore unable to communicate directly, but my official invitation came soon enough through American ambassadorial channels, along with a message that a representative of the Egyptian Foreign Office would be waiting for me at the Cairo airport. This would be necessary because I had no Egyptian visa—impos-

Amos Perlmutter served in the Israeli defense ministry. Currently a professor of political science and sociology at American University in Washington, D.C., his most recent books are The Military and Politics in Modern Times (1977), and Politics and the Military in Israel, 1967-1977 (1978).

sible to get because there is no Egyptian embassy in Israel. I would have to fly to Athens, because there are no direct flights from Israel to Egypt, and I would have to use my American passport. The trip would have been impossible for an Israeli without dual citizenship.

It was almost dusk when I disembarked, some 100 yards from the Cairo airport entrance. I listened carefully for a page as I entered the building. There was no information service and no one was waiting for me. A uniformed officer examined my passport. "You need a visa," he told me. "Go to that window. Submit your passport and get a visa there."

Behind the window was a man wearing what I presumed was a customs officer's uniform. (In Egypt, I counted at least seventeen different kinds of police and as many kinds of uniforms.) The man looked hard at my passport and its Israeli stamps. "This bastard visited Israel," he told one of his colleagues. He spoke in Arabic, not realizing I understood. What had happened to the era of good feeling?

"What do I do now?" I asked him. His response was to take my passport. Now I had no visa and no passport. I took a seat and waited, watching him. Ten, fifteen, thirty minutes went by. Eventually I asked what was going on. He ignored me, except to say that I could not have my passport.

I decided to find a telephone booth and call the foreign minister. But I had no Egyptian money. At the money exchange counter I would have had to change a minimum of £150, the equivalent of about \$230. To do this I also had to have a visa and a passport. I stopped a young man and explained my troubles to him, in Arabic. He gave me ten piastres. I put my money in the slot and dialed. But my money was lost. I begged another ten piastres in a bar.

I dialed again. There was no answer. Later I learned that the only telephone that work in Cairo are in the Hotel. The American ambassador has a direct line to Sadat, for the telephone in the foreign ministry are unreliable.

It is now after 9:00 P.M., and I am in a glass-enclosed room, and over the door, written on a piece of a chalkboard box, the word "Bress." As speakers do not say *p*, so this must be "Press." Inside, a group of men and women are talking animatedly. I am, I discover, a welcoming committee for the foreign journalists who will be covering Sadat's speech to Parliament. "I am a journalist," I announce in Arabic. They are very happy and around me. I tell them my name, and in Arabic comes out Amos Firlamo.

On hearing this, a slight fellow comes up to me and says, "I am from the Foreign Office. I have been looking over for you, and paging you."

"Sir, you are a liar," I say, in many words. "I've been here for hours."

He smiles at me.

I tell him, "Look, I've got a passport. I cannot get my passport back."

He goes to the visa booth and with the officer in very fast Arabic which I do not understand. But I tell by their attitudes who has power and who does not. "Well, it will



enough," he tells me. But I think He does not want to admit that police are more powerful than the ign Office.

Where is the chief security officer at the airport?" I ask my escort. He looks at me with fear in his eyes and speaks covertly.

Come with me. We'll see him." I walk at his arm.

No, no," he says, pulling back. I go alone, and knock on his door. He has decided to forgo Arabic for English.

I am Professor Amos Perlmutter, assistant of the foreign minister. I have wasted two miserable hours in your country. I am also a member of the committee. Is this the way you handle people in Egypt? I insist that you either let me in or let me out!"

The security officer, wearing plain clothes, speaks English. He accompanies me to the visa booth. He returns my passport, and shakes my hand out of the visa officer. "Welcome to our country," he says. "We have changed our rules, but these guys don't know about it."

WITH HELP FROM THE American embassy and the telephones of the Nile Hilton I was able to keep up appointments with some of the leading intellectuals and journalists in Egypt. I had set three goals for myself: to analyze the political conditions in Egypt; to learn the views of politicized Egyptian intellectuals; to analyze the policymaking of Sadat his advisers.

The journalists I would interview were for the papers *Al-Ahram* ("The Mids," Egypt's most important newspaper), *Al-Akhbar*, *Al-Gomhuri*, and the magazine *October*. For the part they are propagandists. Since the administration of Sad Zaghlul, the Egyptian prime minister, Egyptian journalists have acted as scribes of the dynastic sense—ideological hypotheses. Under Sadat, the roles have not changed, though many of the players have. When the former editor of *Al-Ahram*, Muhammad Hasanyan el, Nasser's chief scribe and political adviser, and the second most important political figure in Egypt, opposed Sadat's pro-American policy, he was promptly replaced. The out-of-control elite are put in the "freezer" (an

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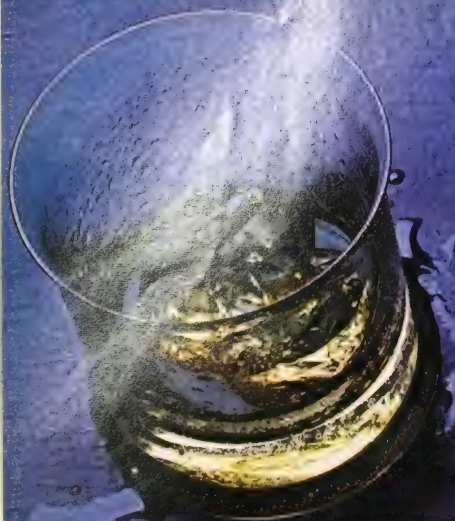
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SES IN EGYPT

ptian term). One of these is at *Al-am*, where the journalists who op-
Sadat have offices and secretaries
do nothing. Another freezer is the
League. Politicians or military
who will not or cannot curry fa-
with the present regime are ap-
to the league as ambassadors
uch. Their salaries are paid and
, too, do nothing.
had an appointment with Yousef
ibai,* *Al-Ahram's* current managing
or, and I brought with me an ed-
ial I had been invited to write. The
es of the newspaper are in a huge
ding, for this is, after all, a semi-
ment institution, of which *Al-am*
is only a part. The building
houses a center for strategic stud-
and one of the largest publishing
ses in Egypt; it is a nucleus of po-
al ideology.

was a veritable nest of technol-
television, and six or seven tele-
nes. Sibai himself, white-haired and
ryset, was sitting at a very large
desk, while in a corner three writ-
ers were typing away at something,
y now and then bringing copy to
for approval.

ibai penciled out only my refer-
to Begin as a great Zionist leader,
grounds that it would offend Egypt's
b friends. My message was harm-
enough: keep up the good work.
ibai then said sternly, "Sadat's was
old action. So far there has been
reciprocation from Israel."

But what do you expect?" I asked.
s a long conflict."

Sadat has said that withdrawal
n the Occupied Territories will be
el's best security."

But, sir," I responded politely,
irty years of conflict cannot be re-
ved by one bold action."

"I hope that Begin does not miss
historic opportunity Sadat has giv-
him," Sibai said.

At this point Sibai's deputy, Fuad
md, entered the room. Hamdi had
ompanied Sadat to Israel, and I had
ted with him at the King David
tel.

"Hello. How are you?" I said. "I
t you in Israel."

"I have never been in Israel," he
d. "I was in Jerusalem."

* On February 18, Yousef al-Sibai was
assassinated by Palestinian terrorists in
a lobby of the Hilton Hotel in Nicosia,
prus.
-Ed.

"What do you mean? Jerusalem is
the capital of Israel."

He answered, "Until Israel gives up
its territories, I have never been to
Israel."

My encounters with other senior
journalists in Egypt were just as un-
pleasant. I found them to be fanatic
nationalists, rigid, arrogant, the most
pan-Arabic sector of Egyptian society.
When you opened three morning news-
papers, they all said the same thing.
If it had not been for the BBC, I would
have been in an intellectual Gulag.

I DECIDED I'D HAD enough of jour-
nalists. I wanted to see the writers
whom I knew to be intellectually
honest, whose books I'd read. For
the most part these were opposition
leaders, of a mostly Marxist-socialist-
leftist orientation. Among these, I had
chosen to interview four representa-
tives of a group that had been legit-
imized in Egypt and Israel as "peace-
makers," the ones who might be pos-
sible partners for negotiation with
their counterparts in Israel.

The first of these was Muhammad
Sid Ahmed, author of *And When the
Guns Will Be Silent*. The thesis of this
famous book is that, after the October
1973 war, the Arab world must have
a social revolution, a change of the
indifferent elite, and the encourage-
ment of progressive ideas which have
no chance to come to fruition as long
as the Arabs and Israelis are at war.

The second was Khalid Muhi Ad-
din, the leader of the opposition in the
Egyptian Parliament and Sadat's most
prominent critic within the establish-
ment. He was one of the original thir-
teen officers who, under Nasser's lead-
ership, effected the coup of July 1952.
Since then he has never been absent
from the center of political life.

The third and fourth were Ahmad
Hamrush, former editor of the popu-
lar weekly *Ruz-Al-Yusuf*, and Ahmed
Lutfi al-Huli, formerly editor of the
now-defunct Marxist *Al-Taliah*, closed
a few years ago after the abortive So-
viet-inspired coup against Sadat in
1971.

Here I will talk only about the first
two, because they invited me to their
homes and we enjoyed marathon dis-
cussions at leisure.

Servants escorted me through Sid
Ahmed's apartment, a blend of East

BIRTHMARK

standin in de Door
'a Life jes watchin de world
pass me by; *I was*
happy—but den my own sha
dow drop'd a dime on me.

FUR NATURE'S BABY

i have heard ya Song
Beautiful Bird

De wind Cri'd out ya Name
as it pass'd my window
carryin ya mel o dy
and its
mean in

i have felt ya Warmth
and
ya Gentle Strength . . . kin i
now say dat
ya Song . . . is 'a dat Spirit

so close to Life
call'd Nature
call'd Love

dat is really God

De sunshine dat ya've
brought to warm/ & brighten
de insides'a my

CONFINEMENT

A Sunflower givin birth to
men dreams

O de nights dat passes underneath my
hungry fingertips
de palms'a my hands embracin
de TOUCH dat ya Presence left
be . . . hind

i heard someone say, "Who goes there?!"
"There's someone at the gate!"
shout'd another.

But de Guard'a de Tower refus'd to
open de Gate

So ya came in thru de Walls

by ibn Kenyatta

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MOSES IN EGYPT

and West—Oriental rugs, oak, the gleam of copper, arabesque Egyptian tables. My host was waiting in his library. He spoke very quickly, with gusto and a tremendous desire to persuade. His mind was brilliant and abstract, a superdialectical French mind that could overwhelm with logic but get drunk on its own outpourings. He was obviously a man in love with words, language, and himself. I immediately felt at home.

"My dear Sid, what do you think of Sadat's visit to Jerusalem?"

"Let me tell you why I am opposed to the peace initiatives," he said. And he began to speak in the language of French structuralism.

"The world of action is part objective and part subjective. The objective is the subject of action and the subjective is the operationalized action. What I mean by that is that before Sadat's visit to Jerusalem, all the Arab countries were the subjective—that is, the operationalized action for negotiations. The Palestinians were the objective that was not dealt with. Now the entente cordiale has transformed Egypt into the subjective and most of the Arab countries into the objective. Thus, not only were the rights of the Palestinians abandoned, but so were those of the rest of the Arab world. Begin and the Israeli hawks led by Dayan achieved their purpose of isolating Egypt while pushing the Palestinians and other Arab countries onto the margins of the diplomatic process."

"But didn't you develop the thesis," I asked, "that when the guns are silent the diplomatic political process will substitute for the demonological danse macabre of the Arab-Israeli conflict?"

"No, no. The guns must be silent not only to signal the beginning of diplomacy, border rectification, and commercial relations. The guns must be silent so that we can change Egypt, revolutionize it, develop it on behalf of the public interest and not on behalf of the bankers and pashas. Also, the guns must be silent so the Palestinian problem can be solved. You know that if the Palestinian state is not established there will be no end to the conflict.

"Begin did not respond adequately to Sadat's move," he continued. "He didn't return it measure for measure. And such a courageous action. You know, Amos, I am one of Sadat's lead-

ing opponents. For this I was put in Al-Ahram's freezer."

I encouraged him to expand on present situation.

"Well, you know, I spent seven years in the dungeon in the desert as a positionist in the struggle against Maser. Now I live under better conditions. I am only in the freezer in a moderate police state."

"Are you a Marxist?"

"No, I'm an Egyptian revolutionary. I'm not a copy of this or that dogma. But when I speak of peace, I speak of peace with justice. By that I mean Israel can and should be integrated as a state in the region, a state which must live the life of the region and participate in its problems, not an imperialist-oriented state or pure Jewish state with no responsibility for the Palestinian problem. If the Begin initiative succeeds, but if Israel refuses to become integrated in the region, it may, as the dominant technological economic system in the area, aspire to political hegemony. This is not the way for the guns to come silent."

MY NEXT VISIT WAS TO the home of Khalid Muhidin, the socialist opposition leader. Three servants, of whom I had heard, led me to his library. He told me he was a personal friend of Israel's leading doves.

"Then you welcome the peace initiative," I said.

"On the contrary. I vigorously oppose it. It is nothing more than American-inspired imperialism directed against the Palestinian nation. We the progressives—will relentlessly continue to struggle against American Zionist imperialism in the Middle East. The Egyptian masses and the Palestinian people must unite to overthrow the oppressors."

As he was speaking, I noticed a portrait of an Egyptian religious figure on the wall of the library and I quired about it.

"That is the man who has influenced me more than any other. He was a Muslim scholar and the sheikh of the village. He was a member of the Muslim Brotherhood, and a personal friend of Sheikh Hassan al-Bana, the founder of the Brotherhood." This was a fully fundamentalist antiforeigner man.

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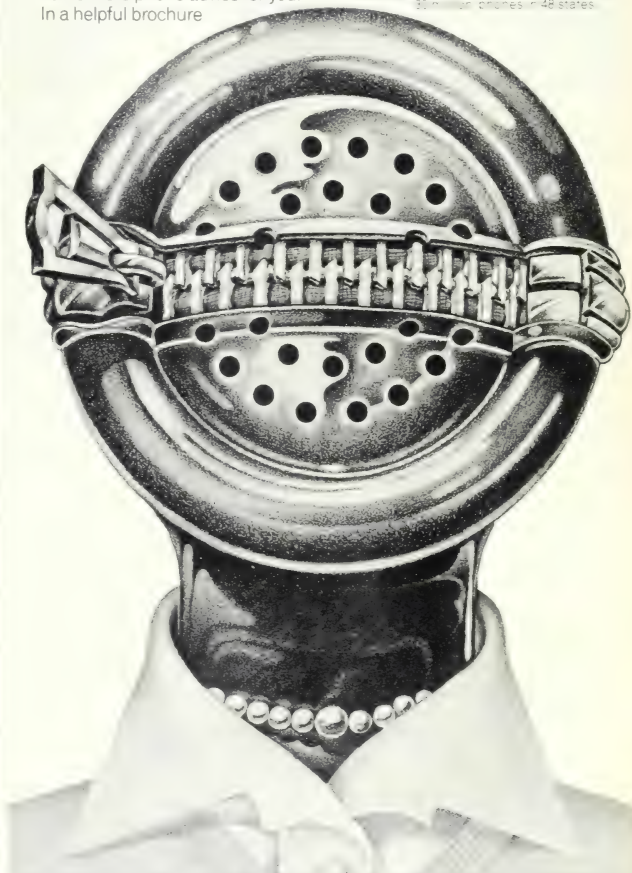
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that tried to assassinate Nasser 54. "who influenced you the most," I asked, "this man or Marx?" I learned of the evils of imperialism from my sheikh long before I'd read of Lenin. But Lenin, Marx, and Mao opened my eyes to understanding the social structure of Egypt, and the Marxism to me is a scientific method of observation." "Which government in Israel would suit you to your liking?" I asked. "None. All are instruments of American imperialism and none will sat-

isn't do you believe in a continuation of the conflict then? You know the Israeli government will consent to the establishment of a PLO state." "I replied with some fury, it makes you think the PLO is a secessionist movement? They are an agent of Saudi Arabia and of the United States. They will fulfill the bourgeois stage of the revolution before the rise of true Palestinian socialism. The conflict is the altar on which both the Israeli and the Palestinian bourgeois will be sacrificed for the triumph of Arab socialism and the Islamic revolution."

For me, nationalism was something the Egyptian intellectuals I encountered had in common. The Palestinian problem disturbs their consciences, but the Islamic revolution in Egypt remains their main objective. Yet these men do not even live among the Egyptian people. Like the journalists and government officials both in and out of the country, the intellectual revolutionaries live in comfort in the middle of the desert on two islands in the Nile—Zakariya and Jazera. The area surrounding these islands includes the Hilton and Sheraton, the high-rise buildings of the Arab Socialist Union and the executive offices of the Arab League. Most of the country's 250,000 automobiles are here also. Yet only two miles from these islands is the City of the Dead, a vast cemetery that houses millions of the living as well, those who have no other shelter. Children—many of them blind, white eyes of trachoma—play among the graves or they are buried as likely—here and in the streets of Cairo, as I saw on more than one occasion—to fall upon one of their fathers and beat him (or her) mercilessly; no adult appears to notice.



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EVERYTHING IN CAIRO and on the road to Ismailia, it sometimes seemed, was named Pharaonic—or October, after the month in 1973 when the Egyptian Army crossed the Suez Canal to reclaim territory lost to Israel in 1967. Streets, coins, shops, a magazine—all sorts of goods celebrate this victory. It is the fountain of national pride and, perhaps, the source of peace, for the military, particularly, cannot afford to lose sight of this bright image. One officer told me jokingly, "You Israelis won in six days and we won in six hours."

"But you lost in the end," I reminded him.

"It makes no difference. We crossed the canal of days of shame."

A few days after Sadat's return to Egypt from Israel, General Abd al-Ghani Gamasi—the Egyptian war minister and chief of the army—and I were discussing the effort behind this push. Gamasi, the quintessential emotionless, professional soldier, explained that he and Field Marshal Fahmi had set out to create after the Six-Day war a state within a state. They had recruited the best men available and trained this army in rigid, precise Soviet military methods. He told me Egypt had been sapped to build the war machine, and that its purpose was strictly political, to cross the canal and create new international dynamics. As a consequence, modernization and economic development faltered. "We went forward in the Sinai and backward in Egypt."

Now it was time for me to see for myself the institution responsible for training the Egyptian military. I had been invited to address a large number (between 600 and 1,000, it turned out) of military officers, and some civil servants, at the Nasser Military Academy. My topic would be civil-military relations in Israel and the decision-making process of the Israeli military. Afterward, as part of our arrangement, I would be given an opportunity to question a number of Egyptian generals.

The military academy is an enormous palace (it was one of King Farouk's) of Italian Renaissance architecture crossed with Ottoman. Lieutenant General Abbas al-Awadalah, director, greeted me. Clapping his hands, he summoned his orderly to bring him

what turned out to be my book on the military and politics in Israel, in an Arabic translation, on a silver platter. I was very excited to see it in Arabic, and I looked through it with pleasure. Jesting, I said, "Ah, this is a pirated edition. What about my copyrights?" I am not sure the director understood me, for he bowed and said, "You have a right to the copy." Or perhaps he did understand.

I asked him the reason for my invitation.

"You are a Harvard professor," he said.

"Was one," I corrected.

"And you know the Israeli military better than any other person. We would like to learn more about them."

In view of the fact that the Egyptian military delegation was about to meet the Israeli military delegation at Ismailia I felt it was my duty to try to clarify the Israelis' perceptions of themselves and of the Egyptians.

We proceeded to an auditorium packed with waiting officers in dazzling uniforms. In front of me were three rows of generals—there must have been more than 100. All stood at attention. It was a thrilling moment. General Awadalah introduced me as a Harvard professor and the leading authority on the Israeli military.

"In 1973 I came to your country illegally with the forces of General Ariel Sharon. We occupied the other side of the canal. This time I come legally, and, I hope, I will come back one of these days with an Israeli passport." Everyone clapped.

When my lecture was finished, I answered questions that had been written beforehand and submitted to General Awadalah.

"Professor, will you speculate on what the strategy of the Israeli Army will be after President Sadat's initiative?"

My answer was lengthy, but basically this: Strategy follows perceptions. Before November 18 the perceptions were static and demonic; now they were dynamic. The demons had been exorcised. This does not mean the conflict is over, but from now on it will be a rational, human conflict, not a demonological one. The Sadat-Begin event is, in that sense, irreversible. A diplomatic option has been introduced that did not exist before. Strategy will follow diplomacy and politics, but

slowly, because the imaginative statesmen is not always mirrored in the bureaucracy. The military is an instrument of war, and the function of this instrument is to be skeptical of diplomats. (Applause.) I predicted that next we will create the conditions of an armed peace, with Egypt Israel not unlike the U.S. and U.K. Other Arab countries, I hoped, will join the armed peace. The institutionalization of diplomacy, armed peace, and reduction of suspicion will probably lead to different perceptions of piracy, and intentions, and then we can move from skepticism to optimism.

Many questions dealt with the Israeli military establishment. The point of this or that. I tried to explain there was no true Israeli military establishment with a mind of its own and autonomous political and ideological orientation that differed from civilian superiors. I am not sure I was successful. When I looked into the audience I saw men whose life-time occupation was the army. In Israel rule it is only the first career.

"What about the Israeli military industry? What will happen if there is peace, since the Israeli industrial infrastructure is dependent on the military?"

In the first place, I said, I think the Israeli economy depends on this infrastructure, but "if you have your military-industrial complex, much we will sell you the weapons at half price—screw the French, the Americans, who charge you double for weapons and get them out of Egypt." (Cheers and wild clapping.)

THE SESSION ended. I sat with some twenty generals in a conference room, where, as was agreed, I could ask questions of them. Sweets, Turkish coffee and the salty tidbits called *mahshi* were served by a contingent of foot servants wearing flowing *ghalabiyahs*.

I emerged with the following reaction:

On the military support of the Egyptian military forces were behind President Sadat's peace initiatives. Before the entente was broken, Sadat visited the troops and the counsel of General Gamasi.

in Syria: As long as Israel remains the Occupied Territories, the Egyptians would be obliged to go to war if it does, in order to conform to its strategy. If Israel withdraws from the Occupied Territories, then Egypt would not intervene if Syria would go to war with Israel. "Don't worry," one general told me. "Syria will come through. Even at the Tripoli Conference they adhered to U. N. Resolution 242." I expressed strong doubts that Syria would ever negotiate with Israel.

to the Palestinians: "Why do you fight for the Palestinians?" I asked him. "After all, you had in thirty years more than eighty thousand casualties." I was corrected: "Over one hundred thousand." "Then why fight the PLO? Israel fears a PLO-dominated state will endanger her security, and it won't solve the Egypt-Israel and Israel-Israel problems first, then turn our attentions to the Palestinian problem?" The officers insisted that Israel must accept the formation of an independent Palestinian state. I did pursue this subject in depth for years of marrying the rather good rapidly we had established.

In conclusion, I determined that the Egyptian Army is not anxious to go to war, certainly not for the Palestinians. They are on the whole an apolitical group, corporate-oriented, and conscious of their status as the true rulers of Egypt. They will settle for a war option if the diplomatic one fails. Paranoid fears of surprise attack will diminish, but the war option will not be eliminated as long as an overall settlement is not attained and the Palestinian question remains unresolved.

As our time together neared its end, one of the officers said to me, "Professor, do I detect a German accent in your speech?"

Yes," I said. "But I am not Kissinger. Short and squat, yes. Kissinger, no."

But where are you originally from?" I insisted.

I am from Israel. Now I live in the United States.

One of them said, in Hebrew, peace: shalom, shalom."

As a final courtesy, General Awad promoted me from professor to emeritus in the Egyptian Army. □

HARPER'S/APRIL 1978

Pruning as a means to more nearly perfect wines.



To us, pruning—the cutting off of parts of the grapevine during the winter dormant period—is the single most important practice in the entire culture of grapes.

It is a complex and highly judgmental operation that not only controls the amount of crop our vines will bear, but also controls the quality of the ultimate contribution that crop will make to our wines.

That is why, we do not consider a man thoroughly experienced until he has been pruning for at least three years.

Why We Prune

The whole purpose of pruning is to direct our vines to grow fewer but better grapes—grapes of optimum maturity and with the full potential of their variety.

Vines which produce too many grapes—a condition called overcropping—can lead to a thin, watery wine.

A carefully pruned vine will produce grapes that have acid and sugar contents in perfect balance, and their wine will be full-bodied, deep and brilliant in color, and with a bouquet that is true to the grape.

Our Unique Next Step

Sometimes, despite judicious pruning, a vine will overproduce anyway—perhaps because of optimum conditions for exceptional fruitfulness, or because it did not produce as much as it should have in the previous year.

In such a case, we resort to thinning. Thinning involves the actual removal of whole grape clusters from the vine—the sacrificing of a part of our crop in order to ensure the quality of the rest.

Sometimes this can mean removing as much as one-third the crop from an overproducing vine in order to maintain vine vigor. Or all of it, if we wish to give the vine a rest to regain its vigor.

Gallo, we might point out, is one of the very few wineries to practice this costly technique of thinning in order to produce only the best possible wine grapes.

How We Prune

Pruning is basically an art. And over the years we have developed techniques that we believe provide the best possible results of that art.

We began researching and establishing our pruning practices in the 1940's. At that time, every single variety of

grape was given its own program to determine the best method of pruning for that particular vine.

As a result of our tests, we have established some general rules.

One, is that on each spur—that part of the new wood which remains after pruning—we never leave more than two buds for future growth. This ensures optimum grape quality.

We do, however, vary the number of spurs on each vine. This depends on the variety.

For example, the Chenin Blanc and Ruby Cabernet vines are allowed not more than twelve spurs, the French Colombard fourteen, and the Barbera ten.

In general, the varieties having larger grapes and grape clusters are left with fewer spurs so as not to tax them beyond their capacities, and the varieties having smaller grapes and grape clusters are left with more.

Who Prunes

Because so much depends on the judgment of our pruners—in addition to how much to cut, at what angle, and which wood—we treat their training very seriously.

At first, a beginner is only allowed to watch. Then he is permitted to work only when an experienced man is watching him. And finally, before working independently, he must work under a foreman.

That is why, as mentioned earlier, it is usually three years before we consider him a thoroughly experienced pruner.

Our Goal

Obviously, the reason we here at the Gallo Vineyards are so particular about pruning is the direct relationship it has with wine quality.

Our experience is that excellent wines can only be made from excellent grapes, and that perfect wines require perfect grapes.

Therefore, because our goal is to make the finest wines possible—to give you pleasure by bringing you only the fullest perfection of flavor, taste and bouquet—we are totally committed to growing and using only the best quality grapes.

That insistence on perfection, really, is the basic principle to which we have dedicated our wine-making lives.

Ernest and Julio Gallo, Modesto, California

GOVERNMENT AND THE RUIN OF PRIVATE EDUCATION

An argument for tuition tax credits
as a way to sustain nongovernment schools

by Daniel Patrick Moynihan

WHAT IS LIKELY to be among the most important debates on education in American history began quietly with three days of Senate hearings in January. Sen. Bob Packwood (Rep.-Oreg.) and I introduced a bill to provide tax credits to help pay the tuition costs of parents with children in nonpublic schools and colleges and universities. Our bill was distinctive in that fifty Senators were cosponsors. There were twenty-six Republicans and twenty-four Democrats, ranging from Sen. George McGovern (Dem.-S. Dak.) to Sen. Barry Goldwater (Rep.-Ariz.).

The hearings were distinctive in the strength of the views pressed upon us that this was a measure middle-class Americans felt *they* had coming to them. They had put up with and supported a chaos of government programs designed in aid of other classes and, for that matter, other worlds. Now there was something for them. For *education*. Just as notable was the strength of the opinions of the constitutional lawyers and scholars who testified that in their view there is no question that tuition tax credits are constitutional as a form of assistance to nonpublic elementary and secondary education. Catholics testified, of course. But so did Lutherans, and representatives of Hebrew schools and Baptist schools. A genera-

tion ago this was a Catholic issue. It is not of the sort any longer. It is an issue that reflects a broad revival of interest in religion, education, an upheaval in constitutional scholarship, and a pervasive sense in America that government has got to stop closing the life out of institutions that could be made to compete with it.

What in a sense was not distinctive was the response of the Administration, which was early in February.

As is routinely now the case, the President and the President in office were pressed to some form of aid to nonpublic elementary and secondary schools. Just as routinely, ever wins the election seems to break the commitment when the possibility of keeping it arises. What was distinctive in the response of the Carter Administration was that the President, in a White House news conference, announced that he was prepared, as a substitute for our bill, to spend \$1.2 billion for the expansion of existing programs of college student assistance. This came just days after the first budget message provided next to nothing. You have got to not want something badly to be willing to spend \$1.2 billion to keep from getting it. As for aid to elementary and secondary schools, HEW Secretary Joseph A. Califano, Jr., at the same press conference, allowed that, wotthehell, Republican Presidents had promised the same.

This is the kind of behavior in education—the federal government—for Marxists reserve the formulation: “It is the accident. Comrade.”

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confirmed that, generally speaking, "private" schools, which is to say neighborhood Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish schools, spend about one-fourth of the per-pupil expenditure of their neighboring public schools. But the advocates of this doctrine are fierce and unshakable in their conviction that *theirs* is the cause of true liberalism, and that those who disagree are the instruments, witting or no, of the pope and the plutocracy. No argument is too weak to be advanced. The Department of Health, Education, and Welfare did not send an education official to testify at our hearings, but its assistant secretary for legislation was supplied with the boiler plate for the occasion: "An elementary-secondary tuition tax credit could undermine the principle of public education in this country." *Undermine!* When church-related schools existed and thrived in the United States generations before the public schools as we know them came into being?

If there is an argument, it is that the public schools are a threat to *their* existence. But this is not really what HEW meant. It meant that private schools undermine the principle of state monopoly. If the bureaucracy was to be open and say that private schools challenge and even defy that principle, then well and good. But the bureaucracy is never open, and often truly dishonest. The hapless assistant secretary was forced to say that our bill would "dry up local and state money for education." If there is one clear correlation in American education it is that wherever there is a large proportion of students in nonpublic schools, public expenditures for public schools are very high indeed. New York City is surely a prime example.

OUR BILL, the Tuition Tax Credit Act of 1977, would enable a taxpayer to subtract from the taxes he owes a sum equal to 50 percent of amounts paid as tuition. The credit is limited to \$500 per student per year, which is to say that after tuition passes \$1,000 per student, no additional credit is obtained. If the taxpayer in question owes no taxes, or does not owe the full amount, the Treasury will pay the difference to him. This is by no means the only feasible approach to the matter. Sen. Abraham Ribicoff (Dem.-Conn.) has for some time

urged a formula whereby the credit would be a varying percentage of tuitions at different levels, this giving additional benefit to those paying higher tuitions. Another variation would be a flat tax credit for whatever the credit may be, up to a cutoff point.

This past December, Sen. William Roth (Rep.-Del.) brought up on the Senate floor such a tax credit bill—with a \$250 cutoff point—and it passed by a vote of 61 to 11. As an amendment to the Social Security Act, it deadlocked the House-Senate Conference Committee until the House conferees agreed that this year the matter would be allowed to come to a vote on the House floor, where it would surely pass.

Almost any formula would entail a reduction in the scale of the Servicemen's Readjustment Act of 1944 (the "G.I. Bill") or the National Defense Education Act of 1958, or the Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965, placing it among the half-dozen educational statutes of our history. And even now not much notice is being paid to it in a curious way is rather a positive sign. At our hearings in January, Rabbi Morris of Agudath Israel of America, a fifty-five-year-old national orthodox Jewish movement leader, served that when he first testified on this subject—seventeen years ago, during the administration of President Kennedy—it was "shocking," as he put it, that the *New York Times* put his picture on the front page. In the interval, he suggested, the climate

"... church-related schools exist and thrived in the United States generations before the public schools came into being."

changed, the idea of public support for public schools had become so widely accepted that he was sure "today, ... seventeen years later, it will be relegated to page 99." In the event, not a line about the three days of hearings made it onto any page of the *Times*, but they came to the attention of the House! But the rabbi made a point: there has been a vast change in attitudes on this subject such that it might reasonably be described as an idea whose time has come, and been able to have made its way at least partially into that realm of political ideas so "selfish" that few bother to express what almost

es for granted.

thirds of the tax credits that would be under this bill would go to defray the costs of persons attending colleges and universities. A very considerable sum is involved, altogether the bill would cost the Treasury \$4 billion annually, and the bulk of the funds would be devoted to the principle of maintaining diversity in higher education. But there is certainly no constitutional issue involved at the college level, and no political argument either. The House and Means Committee has not previously tried to commit the money, and that is a perfectly respectable contention. But it might change its mind, as it might well do. The matter could be disposed of in any manner, as middle-income Americans have no real feeling of a genuine grievance over this

are the people who pay most of the taxes in America and get few of the services. In the main, this has been fine legislation. The social legislation of the past generation has been enacted primarily by legislators who represent such constituencies. But in the last decade it has come to be seen that the legislation is preventing the education of their children, and this they will not have. In this regard, our bill is straightforward, and similar to many others that have somewhat different means but the same objective, one that Americans have pretty much agreed upon since the Northwest Ordinance of 1787.

Administration's alternative is not bad. It raises the income limits of the program, the Basic Education Opportunity Act, from \$15,000 to \$25,000. For many years, I drafted the Presidential message that first proposed the program. Senator Laiborne Pell (Dem.-R.I.) has been an ardent devotee and immensely skilled advocate of this program and its "Pell Grants." The drawbacks are twofold with respect to the program itself. It leaves many families out. It leaves other families under a means test. One must be able to believe it, and one must believe it is really necessary to create such more digging into our private lives by the federal bureaucracy. (Tax credits work through the Internal Revenue Service and need involve nothing more than an income tax form 1040. But the real problem is the Administration's response is that it

leaves out elementary and secondary schools altogether.)

Ours is a distinctive measure, precisely with respect to the support it would provide to elementary and secondary schools that are outside the public school system. This involves an argument that has been going on from the beginning of the American republic, namely, support for church-related schools. Here we enter a dark and bloody ground where battles have raged for generations. And yet here, too, there is every sign that finally the matter is to be resolved. This would be an achievement of social peace that goes well beyond education policy, and rewards a certain elaboration.

The origins of public education

IF YOU LIKE, the accepted interpretation of the Constitution is changing. It is changing back to its original meaning and intention, which in no way barred public support for church-related schools. After more than a century—a period in which religious fears, and, to a degree, religious bigotry, distorted our judgment about what was and was not constitutional—we are getting back to the clear meaning of the plain language in which the Constitution and the Bill of Rights are written.

The most notable element in this regard concerns the demystification of the First Amendment. Demystification is anything but a plain

"After more than a century . . . we are getting back to the clear meaning of the plain language in which the Constitution and the Bill of Rights are written."

word with a clear meaning, but it is a useful concept that first appeared in Marxist literature, and is now making its way into more general circles. It embodies the argument that social groups commonly conceal from themselves, as well as from others, the true motives and interests that account for their behavior. All manner of myths grow up to explain and justify actions that are founded on a reality that for one reason or another no one wishes to admit. Frequently a condition of social change is to "demystify" such action, and to reveal the true sources of behavior.

This is happening to the First Amendment, through an interaction of legal argument and historical studies. The historical fact is that education in colonial America was almost exclusively an activity of religious sects, just as in that period, as Bernard Bailyn writes (in *Education in the Forming of American Society*), "sectarian religion became the most important determinant of group life. . . . And it was by carefully controlled education above all else that denominational leaders hoped to perpetuate the group into future generations." In the diverse school systems of the time, we see a now-familiar phenomenon at work. Eighteenth-century Americans didn't necessarily want religious toleration; they simply had no choice, such was the number of religions. In time, public support for all manner of church schools was common and unremarked. Bailyn makes the nice point that it came about in part because there was no effective way to endow church schools. Back in England, endowments meant land, which meant tenants, which meant rents. But with free land on the frontier, American tenants could not be found, and so the church schools came to be supported by taxes.

With the founding of the American republic, the arrangement continued, for a time. As with much else, change first appeared in New York City. At the turn of the nineteenth century, public funds from New York State's "permanent school fund" were used to support the existing church schools and four private charitable organizations that provided free educa-

"Eighteenth-century Americans didn't necessarily want religious toleration; they simply had no choice, such was the number of religions."

tion for needy youngsters. In 1805, however, the state legislature chartered the New York Free School Society, which shortly obtained a "peculiar privilege," not shared by the other groups, of receiving public funds to equip and construct its school building.

This favored status was soon challenged by the Baptists, whose schools were experiencing financial difficulties in the aftermath of a depression during the 1820s. The Free School Society responded by challenging both the integrity of the Baptist school organization and the legitimacy of any public money going to

support schools associated with religious nominations. "It is totally incompatible with our republican institutions," the *Society* argued, "and a dangerous precedent" to any public funds to be spent "by the church trustees for the support of sectarian education."

Although New York Secretary of State Van Ness Yates urged the legislature to support the Baptist position, his advice was rejected, and in 1824 the state turned over to the New York City Common Council the responsibility of designating recipients of school funds in the city. In 1825, the Council ruled that public money could thereafter go to sectarian schools, and the following year, as if to force the claim that it alone represented nonsectarian "public" education, the Free School Society changed its name to the New York Public School Society. Although it remained a private association with a self-perpetuating board of trustees, the Society obtained recognition that its version of education—nonsectarian but not sectarian—would thereafter receive public support. The phrase "public school" that it used in New York—as in P.S. 104—is a legacy of this change in the name of a private organization.

BY 1839, THE Public School Society operated eighty-six schools, with an average total attendance of 11,700. That year, the Catholic Church operated seven Roman Catholic Free Schools in the city, "open to all children, without discrimination," with more than 5,000 pupils in attendance. "Nonetheless," as Nathan Hughes and I wrote in *Beyond the Melting Pot* (1963), "almost half the children of the city attended no school of any kind, at a time when some 94 percent of children of school age in the rest of the state attended common schools established by school districts under the supervision of elected officers."

Catholics in the city began clamoring for an immediate share of public education but were flatly turned down by the City Council, notwithstanding even Bishop Hughes's offer to place the parochial schools under the supervision of the Public School Society in return for public money.

As tempers rose, in April, 1841, ac-

capacity of *ex officio* superintendent of common schools, Secretary of State John C. Spencer submitted a report on the issue to the senate. Spencer was a scholar—he was DeWitt's first American editor—as well as an authority on the laws of New York State. He began by examining the essential justice of Catholic request for public aid to their schools:

It can scarcely be necessary to say that the interests of these schools, and those who wish to establish others, have absolute rights to the benefits of a common burthen; and that any system which deprives them of their just share in the application of a common and public fund must be justified, at all, by a necessity which demands the sacrifice of individual rights, for the accomplishment of a social benefit of paramount importance. It is presumed no such necessity can be urged in the present instance.

For those who feared use of public funds for sectarian purposes, Spencer replied that all education is in some ways sectarian: "No books can be found, no reading lessons can be selected, which do not contain more or less of principles of religious faith, either disavowed, or indirectly assumed." The ties of the Public School Society were no exception to this rule:

Even the moderate degree of religious instruction which the Public School Society parts, must therefore be sectarian; that it must favor one set of opinions in opposition to another, or others; and it is believed that this always will be the result, any course of education that the wit of man can devise.

For avoiding sectarianism by abolishing sectarian instruction altogether: "On the contrary, it would be in itself sectarian; because it would be consonant to the views of a particular class, and opposed to the opinions of other classes."

Even Catholics got no satisfaction from the Public School Society, but the Public School Society was, in fact, disestablished in 1842. The legislature was persuaded, chiefly by Democrats of Jacksonian persuasion, that the society was a dangerous private monopoly over which the state had no control. The new school law allowed the society to continue to operate its schools but only as district public schools under

the supervision of an elected board of education and the state superintendent of common schools.

Clarifying the First Amendment

SOON, a specifically anti-Catholic nativist streak entered the opposition to public support for church-related schools. President Ulysses S. Grant, looking around for an issue on which he might run for a third term, seized on the danger of papist schools. The Republican platform of 1876 declared:

The public school system of the several states is a bulwark of the American republic; and, with a view to its security and permanence, we recommend an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, forbidding the application of any public funds or property for the benefit of any school or institution under sectarian control.

Observe. In 1876 there were those who thought that public aid to church schools should

"What Congress intended by the First Amendment was to forbid the preference of one religion over another."

be made unconstitutional. But at least they were clear that the Constitution would have to be amended to do so. It is extraordinary how this so obvious fact got lost in the years that followed. We may hope that the matter has now been settled by Walter Berns in his devastatingly clear historical account, *The First Amendment and the Future of American Democracy*. What Congress intended by the First Amendment was to forbid the preference of one religion over another. At the time of the Revolution, nine of the thirteen colonies had established religions. The establishment clause forbids the nation from having one, this for the obvious reason that to have picked one religion over the others could have destroyed the Union.

To repeat, it is astounding how this plain meaning became lost. We are not here interpreting the Dead Sea Scrolls, or the Upanishad. The House of Representatives debated the First Amendment during the summer of 1789.

Then, as now, the Congressmen spoke English. Then, as now, their deliberations were printed up overnight and placed on their desks the next morning. Thus, on August 15, 1789, in reply to Peter Sylvester of New York, who feared the draft amendment "might be thought to have a tendency to abolish religion altogether," Madison responded that "he apprehended the meaning of the words to be that Congress should not establish a religion, and enforce the legal observation of it by law, nor compel men to worship God in any manner contrary to their conscience."

It is necessary here to insist that because the First Amendment does not prohibit aid to church schools it does not follow that the authors of the amendment favored such arrangements. Some did, some didn't. Madison surely would not have. The plain point is that this was left as a political choice, as an issue of public policy to be resolved however we chose, and changed however often we might wish.

Here, then, a friendly word for the nativists. Early Americans were considerably suspicious of non-English immigrants. Bailyn reports that even Benjamin Franklin was "struck by the strangeness . . . of the German communities in Pennsylvania, by their lack of familiarity with English liberties and English government," such that he helped to organize the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel to the Germans in America. Why ought George Templeton Strong in New York City of the 1860s *not* have wondered what would come

"...because the First Amendment does not prohibit aid to church schools it does not follow that the authors favored such arrangements."

of the flood of Catholic Irish, not half of whom, probably, spoke English, and yet be more fearful of the Central and Southern Europeans who followed, none of whom spoke English, none of whom came from a country where political liberties existed? How could he *not* have suspected the Pope of Rome? The only perceptible political preference of the papacy in that republican age was for monarchy. In 1870, as if for the purpose of outraging the rationalism of the age, the Vatican Council of Bishops, after nineteen centuries of blessed unawareness, discovered that the pope was infallible—a curious doctrine,

and singularly out of harmony with it. One would not, at the turn of the century, have been overly confident of the Russian and Polish Jews who were then arriving, with their religious faith that had never shown any interest in political democracy, and a contempt of nonreligious who were all too conversed in the latest antidemocratic doctrine of the Continent. *But the point is that it worked out.* German Protestant and Catholic and Polish Jew have all produced recognizably American progeny, enough to calm the fear and perhaps even to arouse the patriotic fervor of the most nervous generations past. All that is behind us are political choices that were at least understandable a century ago make no sense today.

Supreme Court

WHAT THEN HOLDS us back from the answer, simply, is the Supreme Court. For generations state legislatures have been passing laws that provide various kinds of aid to church-related schools, but for the last generation the Supreme Court has been declaring them unconstitutional in whole or in part. The degree to which the seemingly disarray of eighteenth-century arrangements has persisted into the twentieth century is impressive. In 1938, eight states (Maine, Connecticut, New Hampshire, New York, North Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, and Virginia) paid funds to private schools under certain circumstances. Two decades later, eight states (Alabama, Georgia, Idaho, Nevada, New York, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, and Virginia) had constitutional provisions specifically authorizing public aid to private schools. But now the Supreme Court began to fight them, armed with the provision by the Fourteenth Amendment. The Amendment requirements to state legislatures. The decisive case, the *first* of its kind, was *Everson v. Board of Education* in 1947, involving a New Jersey statute authorizing school districts to reimburse parents for fares paid by children traveling to and from schools. The Court held that neither Congress nor the state legislature may "pass laws that aid one religion, aid all religions, or aid no religion over another." Nor may they "in any amount, large or small, . . . be-

port any religious activities or institution whatever they may be called, or whatever they may adopt to teach or practice n." Now this was simply wrong. To erns: "It does not accurately state the of the First Amendment." This has g in the least to do with whether the ersey statute was a desirable one or is merely that incontestably the First ment did not prevent the New Jersey ture from adopting it.

**degree to which the seemingly dis-
of eighteenth-century arrange-
s has persisted into the twentieth
ry is impressive."**

Justice Black, who wrote the opinion, led primarily on views of Madison and on, who, in 1784, got much exercised bill reported favorably by the Virginia ture "establishing a provision for teach- the Christian religion." The late Mark life Howe of the Harvard Law School that in *Everson* the justices made "the cally quite misleading assumption that me considerations which moved Jeffer- d Madison to favor separation of Church late in Virginia led the nation to de- the religion clauses of the First Amend- This, he wrote, was a "gravely dis- picture."

Supreme Court had no sooner ruled in n than it began to retreat from its rul- low at first, this of late has become a e rout, and in all truth has become an rassment. In our hearings, perhaps the passionate statements came from legal rs who pleaded that the Court has got relieved of this enterprise in which it t itself hopelessly mixed up. Pass a bill, holars urged us; declare it to be consti- al; the Court will be only too willing e.

alternative is the present confusion g on scandal. Not five years after *Ever-* calling the evident duty of all American tions to foster piety, the Court held:

*are a religious people whose institutions
suppose a Supreme Being. . . . When the
e encourages religious authorities by
isting the schedule of public events to
arian needs, it follows the best of our
litions. For it then respects the religious*

*nature of our people and accommodates the
public service to their spiritual needs. . . .
The government must be neutral when it
comes to competition between sects.*

From that not especially edifying passage, the justices seemingly abandoned their own standards of evidence, and even the dictates of reason, to justify the unjustifiable. In *Tilton v. Richardson* (1971) the Court was required to pass upon the constitutionality of the Federal Higher Education Facilities Act of 1963 insofar as it applied to church-related colleges and universities. Most of the statute was found constitutional, but only four justices could agree in an opinion. On their behalf, Chief Justice Burger noted that "candor compels the acknowledgment that we can only dimly perceive the boundaries of permissible government activity in this sensitive area of constitutional adjudication."

It was necessary, of course, for the Court to find a serviceable distinction between church-related elementary and secondary schools and sectarian colleges and universities. Venturing toward those dimly perceived boundaries in his judgment for the plurality, the chief justice asserted that "there is substance to the contention that college students are less impressionable and less susceptible to religious indoctrination."

Now surely this "contention" is an empirical statement whose "substance" is susceptible to verification. It is a statement by the justices that something is so. It is a statement, then, for which there must be evidence. The justices know about this sort of thing. When, in *Brown v. Board of Education* (1954), they held that segregated schools were *educationally* inferior to integrated schools, they cited evidence. One may argue as to how good the evidence was; that is the nature of social science. But the Court had no doubt that it needed evidence if it was going to say things like that. Very well, then. What is the state of the evidence concerning the greater or lesser impressionability with respect to religious indoctrination of seventeen-year-olds as against nineteen-year-olds, or rather, high school students as against college students, inasmuch as ages vary considerably? One doubts there is much evidence one way or another.

But the justices did not rely solely on this contention. "Many church-related colleges and universities are characterized," the chief jus-

tice wrote, "by a high degree of academic freedom, and seek to evoke free and critical responses from their students." What an extraordinarily patronizing endorsement! Would the justices have said the same of "many state universities"? Of "many Ivy League campuses"? What about "many elite preparatory schools"? Obviously not "many Catholic elementary schools"!

IT GETS WORSE. In a commencement address at LeMoyné College in May, 1977, I suggested that the problem was that the Court had been given "the thankless task of finding constitutional legitimacy for the religious bigotry of the nineteenth century, and that the quality of its decisions suggests the misgivings with which the deed has been done."

Forty-one days later, on June 24, 1977, the Court handed down its decision in *Wolman v. Walter*, which tested an Ohio statute dealing with expenditure of public funds to provide aid to students in nonpublic elementary and secondary schools. A three-judge district court panel had upheld the statute, and citizens and taxpayers had appealed. Mr. Justice

"Backward reels the mind. Books are constitutional. Maps are unconstitutional. Atlases, which are books of maps, are constitutional. Or are they? We must await the next case."

Blackmun handed down what may be the most embarrassing decision in the modern history of the Court. It concludes:

In summary, we hold constitutional those portions of the Ohio statute authorizing the State to provide nonpublic school pupils with books.... We hold unconstitutional those portions relating to instructional materials....

Backward reels the mind. Books are constitutional. Maps are unconstitutional. Atlases, which are books of maps, are constitutional. Or are they? We must await the next case.

But where are we for the moment? We are at the point where the United States Supreme Court has solemnly found that books are safe but equipment (also "field-trip services") is not safe. Verily, the history of modern man, and assuredly the experience of the Catholic

Church, teaches that books are the most subversive element in the culture! Major error. And, in the case of the Mercator projection, for example, may even give rise to erroneous views that there is a natural temperature for armies and glaciers in the northern hemisphere to move south. But in the end, books that are to be feared, doubtless, are to be forbidden. But no, says the Supreme Court. Beware, says the Court, of field trips. Clearly, and not the least in jest, the world needs to be rescued from this. As the Court itself bids fair to plead. Observe the opinion of Mr. Justice Blackmun's brother in *Wolman*:

Chief Justice Burger concurred in part and dissented in part.

Mr. Justice Rehnquist and Mr. Justice White concurred in the judgment in part and dissented in part.

Mr. Justice Brennan concurred in part and dissented in part and filed an opinion.

Mr. Justice Marshall concurred in part and dissented in part and filed an opinion.

Mr. Justice Powell concurred in part and dissented in part and filed an opinion.

Mr. Justice Stevens concurred in part and dissented in part and filed an opinion.

In his *Wolman* opinion, Mr. Justice Blackmun cites with avowed deference Clarence Darrow's argument in the Scopes trial on the harm that comes to both Church and State whenever one depends on the other. Not without charm, but must we really glorify Mr. Darrow as a constitutional authority on such matters? Darrow was virtually a professional agnostic whose great triumph in the Scopes case was to elicit the admission of William Jennings Bryan that the Tongued Orator believed every word of the Bible to be true. Well, so does the third President of the United States, and he thinks it especially hilarious. None of us as much as we knew in those fine old days in the hills of Tennessee. Even Darwin was in for his troubles.

Politics and pluralism

IN RATHER STRIKING CONTRAST, the political realm has been far more pluralistic. If you will, liberal in these matters. In 1875 President Grant addressed the people of Tennessee in Des Moines, exhorting

grades that no money should "be ap-
tied to the support of any sectarian
... Leave the matter of religion to
only altar, the church, and the private
supported entirely by private contribu-
Keep the Church and State forever sep-

following year, as anticipated in his
platform, Rep. James G. Blaine (Rep-
proposed a constitutional amendment
effect, but it failed in the Senate. Al-
r, between 1870 and 1888 there were
separate amendments proposed, five in
use and six in the Senate, but all were
d. In the meantime, state and local gov-
ts continued to provide support of one
another to sectarian schools, and do
his day. According to an authoritative
by the Congressional Research Service,
seven states supplied some aid to non-
schools as of January, 1977, although

**What we now have is a fight for edu-
cational pluralism, with the sense
that something precious to this
society is being lost."**

in tiny amounts, for sharply limited pur-
and through quite roundabout means.
Public has been a good deal more per-
ceptive about the First Amendment—and
the motives of some politicians—than
the courts.

After World War II, support began to de-
cline for federal aid to elementary and sec-
ondary education, which President Kennedy
proposed to Congress in 1963. It failed
because the Catholic hierarchy insisted that
church-related schools should share in the pro-
gram and the Congress, in effect, agreed. In
1965 I negotiated a plank in the Democratic
platform which stated:

*The demands on the already inadequate
resources of state and local revenues place a
serious limitation on education. New meth-
ods of financial aid must be explored, in-
cluding the channeling of federally collect-
ed revenues to all levels of education, and,
to the extent permitted by the Constitution,
to all schools. [Emphasis added]*

The bishops agreed that on these terms they
would support a bill, and the Elementary and
Secondary Education Act of 1965 followed di-

rectly. But church schools got precious little
of the federal funds that followed, and today
private-school students receive only dribs and
drabs of the services to which they are enti-
tled. With respect to Title I, for example,
which is the major E.S.E.A. program deliver-
ing remedial educational services to disad-
vantaged youngsters, supposedly without re-
gard to the auspices of the schools in which
they are enrolled, a recent study conducted
for the National Institute of Education by Dr.
Thomas W. Vitullo-Martin concludes that "the
program reaches only 47 percent of the non-
public-school students who should be eligible
for it, and provides them with only about 18
percent of the services they should receive."
In most communities, Vitullo-Martin con-
tinues, "children with the same level of educa-
tional disadvantage have less chance of receiv-
ing Title I services if they are enrolled in
private schools, and will receive fewer and
poorer services."

NOW A NEW ELEMENT APPEARS. The
Catholic issue recedes, and it turns
out that all manner of Protestant and
Jewish groups want to be able to
maintain *their* schools. They said as much at
our hearings. What we now have is a fight for
educational pluralism, with the sense arising
that something precious to this society is be-
ing lost. Nor is this just a matter of religious
schools. A spokesman for CORE testified that
his organization has "begun a community
school in the Bronx. In this school, children
read, on the average, at approximately grade
level, while in the public schools of District
9, which services the area, children are over
a year behind by grade 5 and almost two years
behind by grade 8." This experience with
one school reinforces Professor Thomas Sowell's
research findings attesting to the importance
of private schools in the education of
black youngsters. "One of the great untold
stories of contemporary American education,"
Sowell writes, "is the extent to which Catholic
schools, left behind in ghettos by the depar-
ture of their original white clientele, are suc-
cessfully educating black youngsters there at
low cost."

The cost differences are significant. In our
hearings, persons from one city after another
offered statistics indicating that the parochial

schools in their community customarily educate their students at 25 to 40 percent of the cost of the local public schools. Without students, these schools will vanish. And with them will vanish a large measure of the diversity and excellence that we associate with American education.

I take pluralism to be a valuable characteristic of education, as of much else in this society. We are many peoples, and our social arrangements reflect this disinclination to sub-

"Why should the anti-Catholicism of the Grant era be given a seat at the Cabinet table of a twentieth-century President?"

merge our inherited distinctiveness in a homogeneous whole.

Our private schools and colleges embody these values. They provide diversity to the society, choices to students and their parents, and a rich array of distinctive educational offerings that even the finest of public institutions may find difficult to supply, not least because they are *public* and must embody generalized values.

DIVERSITY. PLURALISM. VARIETY. These are values, too, and perhaps nowhere more valuable than in the experiences that our children have in their early years, when their values and attitudes are formed, their minds awakened, and their friendships formed. We cherish these values, and I do not believe it excessive to ask that they be embodied in our national policies for American education.

Tax credits for school and college tuitions furnish an opportunity to support these values. And they do so without raising any question of constitutionality. They are not a sufficient recognition of private education. But they are a necessary beginning, and a sound example of a public-policy idea whose time, one hopes, at last has come.

If we don't act, the question is likely soon to become moot. The conquest of the private sector is well advanced. In no small part as a result of its inequitable treatment at the hands of the national government, private education in the United States has taken a drubbing in the past quarter century. Everyone

knew that elementary school enrollment would decline between 1965 and 1975—a demographic inevitability. But it is less widely known that nonpublic schools account 98 percent of the entire net enrollment stage, and that this loss of 1 million students represented more than one-fifth of their enrollments.

At the college level, private institutions counted for a majority of all students enrolled in 1951. Twenty-five years later, more than three-quarters of all college and university students were in public institutions.

At the elementary and secondary levels is surely a revival of Protestantism and education, but the truth is that Catholicism have flagged. Some dioceses—New York is a prime example—press on. In others, they stop. It seems as if the Catholic Church is not part of the vocation of the Church in any event it is hopeless, given the Supreme Court. It would be ironic for them to go just as the climate of liberalism was changing in their favor; but it could happen.

The Catholic hierarchy will no doubt consider trying to prevent the creation of a Department of Education that the President proposed, and no doubt they should. The proposed configuration it will merely rationalize at yet a higher level those proposals that have systematically opposed and to bring about the end of church schools should the anti-Catholicism of the Grant era be given a seat at the Cabinet table of a twentieth-century President? Of course, that is what the President intends. It is not what distinguished Congressional sponsors of the Department of Education bills intend. It is what the National Education Association intends. But is it to be avoided, in view of the attitudes prevalent within the bureaucracy would inexorably move from the Office of Education to the Department of Education right that two-and-one-half centuries after the first Catholic schools opened their doors in New Orleans, the Cabinet of the United States should acquire a member who presides over a bureaucracy devoted to the demise of schools?

There is something larger involved here than is time liberalism redefined its purpose in the area of education. State monopoly is more appropriate to liberal belief in the past than in any other.

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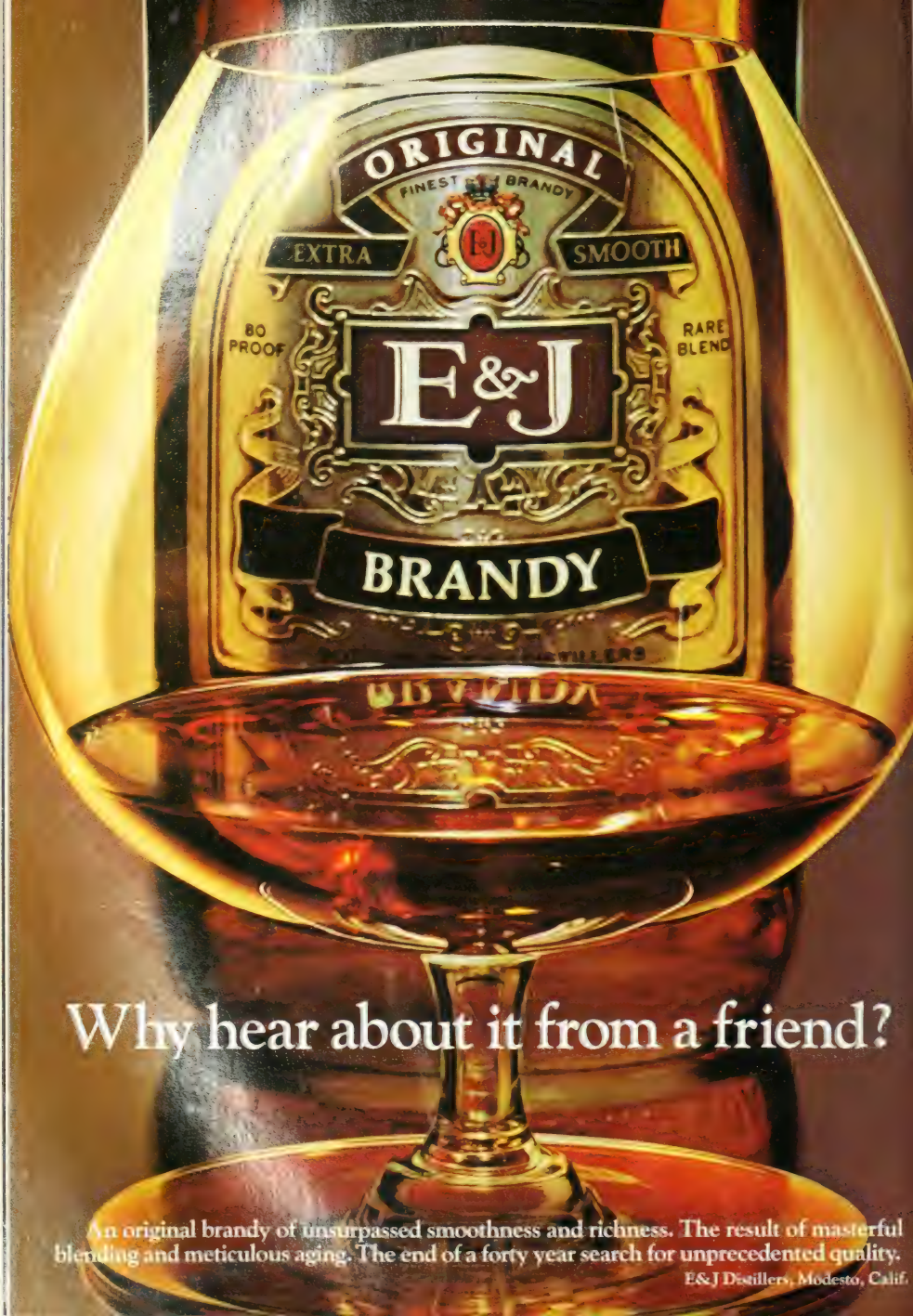
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THE CHILD'S MIND

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In the fifty-odd years since child psychology became an established discipline, psychologists have studied the developing child in his multiple facets: physical, moral, emotional, and intellectual. Their work has brought forth a vast literature, popular as well as academic, and their findings have lent support to schools of thought as divergent as psychoanalysis and behaviorism. While the debate continues on issues like heredity, environment, and child care, the news is being made in the study of infants, who have proved to be far more complex than was generally supposed. There has been a resurgence of interest in how young children play, draw, and tell stories, aspects of functioning that received scant attention for several decades except in terms of their use as therapeutic techniques. Much territory remains to be explored, but the accumulated evidence certainly disproves the nineteenth-century belief that "the youthful mind is *indistinct in its perceptions*" (Thomas Martin).

The essays that appear in the following pages give a representative sampling of current research in the field of child development. *Harper's* invited psychologists, doctors, teachers, and writers to discuss the questions that have concerned them most in recent years. Their essays cover the years between prenatal life and the beginning of school—from the primitive reflexes in the fetal brain that signal the earliest form of learning to the uniquely human achievement of becoming literate. These contributions stand in counterpoint with observations of childhood dating from antiquity, in the hope that the historical perspective might reveal assumptions and fixed ideas that influence us in bringing up our children today.—M.W.

Each generation of parents and professionals shows particular concern with one aspect of the child. Twenty years ago these brief essays would have focused on the young child's emotions. Twenty years before that they would have considered the growth sequences of sitting, crawling, standing, and walking. Today, the child psychologist's major interest is in the development and orchestration of cognitive processes in the infant and young child.

American parents, convinced that

educational attainment is a prerequisite for adult dignity, status, and wealth in our society, have come to share this preoccupation with their children's minds. One can only hope that all this knowledge will soon be woven into a coherent story. Meanwhile, middle-class mothers and fathers worry over reading and arithmetic progress in elementary school much as their counterparts two decades ago brooded about bed-wetting, stuttering, and phobias.

—Jerome Kagan

I. A HISTORICAL VIEW

Our Disconnected Child

by William Kessen

Consider, that you may Perish, as young as you are; there are small Chips as well as great Logs, in the Fire of Hell.

—from an eighteenth-century primer

Damnation lay fore and aft the American child two hundred years ago. Primers began with the words "In Adam's Fall, We Sinned All," and the danger of a sin-filled death was proclaimed from every pulpit. Everyone lived under the twin threats of imminent mortality and a fall from grace. The alliance of children and grown-ups in the fear of Satan and the hope of salvation was mirrored in the social organization of the time. No one doubted the unity and strength of Church and State, and the family was seen as "a little Church, a little Commonwealth." Children dressed much like adults and played many of the games that adults played (more frequently, of course, in Europe and the

colonial South than in rigorous New England); they lived in the workaday world of adults as smaller colleagues, and they shared in the major and minor rituals of the larger group—weddings, burials, punishments, and gossip. In remarkable measure, the continuity of the community was matched by a continuity of generations.

A short history of children in the United States can be sketched on the theme of their steady separation from both continuities, the story of the child severed from his past and increasingly a traveler from one specialized setting to another. In Europe, where children had been full participants in adult life from a very young age, the segregation of parent and child was under way before 1700. Philippe Ariès, the French historian, has shown that children's games and children's clothes began to differ from those of adults precisely in synchrony with the establishment of schools. (By 1800, children of the middle class were being dressed in the costumes of the lower social orders—little boys wore sailor suits with long, soft trousers, instead of the breeches worn by their fathers—just as their nineteenth-century counterparts wore peasant tunics and children today wear overalls and blue jeans.)

The first specialization of the child, in America and Europe, was Child as Student. The school remains the strongest agent of the child's separation from the world of adults. In school, we learn adult values: clock time is truer than body time; order is more to be valued than fooling around; hierarchy is essential for a proper democratic society. With the growth of schools, American children were also gradually drawn away from the world of adult work. At first chores went on, especially in rural

areas; but for many children—and in urban areas, for most—the move to school was a move away from the everyday lives of their fathers.

The redefinition of childhood by its philosophers and polemicists in Europe, and their influence was so felt in America. In 1699 John Locke published *Some Thoughts Concerning Education*, with advice to parents about their children's early training. Locke was as dubious as any colonial preacher about children's ability to grow up well without strict restraint ("children should be used to submit their desires, and go without their longings, even from their very cries"), but he severed them from the demonic origins and held out the possibility of changing their behavior. Locke would have had fundamental disagreements with modern behaviorists like B. F. Skinner, but he started us on our way toward behavior modification when he wrote:

Rewards . . . and Punishments must be proposed to Children, if we intend to work upon them. The Mistake . . . is that those that are generally made use of are ill chosen . . . Esteem and Disgrace are, of all others, the most powerful Incentives to the Mind. . . .

Rousseau's *Emile*, published 1762, opened another door through which American cultural ideology would run. For Rousseau, the child was not only free of original sin, but was also a being of *Nature*, pregnant with unsuspected possibility. Childhood was not a time set aside for adults to finish God's work by bringing the child into closer match with adult behavior; it was a time important in itself. "Leave childhood ripen in your children," Rousseau

In medieval society the idea of childhood did not exist; this is not to suggest that children were neglected, forsaken or despised. The idea of childhood is not to be confused with affection for children: it corresponds to an awareness of the particular nature of childhood, that particular nature which distinguishes the child from the adult, even the young adult. In medieval society this awareness was lacking. That is why, as so often as the child could live without the constant solicitude of his mother, his nanny or his cradle-rocker, he belonged to adult society. . . .

—Philippe Ariès, *Centuries of Childhood* (1961)



Children in 1787

te; "... the child's individual bent must be thoroughly known before can choose the fittest moral training." The child, no longer a passive recipient of instruction, had become busy, and alert, explorer.

More than a century later, Darwin published *A Biographical Sketch of an Infant*. With chatty scholarship, Darwin offered up the child (his own) as a fit subject for scientific study, a representative of the species' capacity to perfect itself by selective transformation. Before Locke, the child had stood for the stability of family and race. After Darwin, the child became the emblem and the agent of radical change in culture—even radical change in the nature of man. In 1866, the Reverend W. F. Crafts published *The Coming Man in the Present Child; or Childhood, the Textbook of the Age*. By 1900, the new was welcomed as the century of the child, the century of limitless growth, renewal, and transformation, a century led by children.

Between 1830 and 1880, technical and scientific advances—factory industry, the locomotive, germ theory—had prepared the way for Darwin's notion of man as infinitely perfectible.

Children enjoy the present because they have neither a past nor a future.

—Jean de la Bruyère (1645-1696)

These developments required the recasting of the American family. Women, who had been partners in labor and in caring for most colonial and early federalist families, were assigned new roles and new chains. The process of change began in the earliest years of the century. Work, particularly commerce and high industry, became man's province—ugly, aggressive, morally diminishing; home, hearth, and heaven became woman's—pure, incorruptible, and pallid. Of course, women kept their children with them in the cloister: somehow, these hopes of the age, these transforming young folk, had to be guarded and enfolded by maternal purity. Children were sweet untroubled innocence, precious and fragile. According to the popular literature of the time, it was better for a child to die than to join the foul world of adult males. The cultural isolation of women and children approached psychological imprisonment.

For nearly one hundred years, Americans have taken hesitant steps

toward restoring children to a richer humanity. Wordsworth's romantic belief that "heaven lies about us in our infancy" received rough treatment from Freud, who showed us the dark side of human nature. A general intellectualization of the culture in the mid-twentieth century prepared us for Jean Piaget, with his view of the child as *cognitive*, as cool thinker. Both philosophies make the child into a creature more complex than ever before; both define him primarily in terms of internal processes that shape his development. It is one of the significant ironies of our time that Freud, who stressed the role of instinct, and Piaget, who has focused on pure mind, have come together in their separation of the child from the influences of history and community.

Our formal institutions preserve the child's isolation. School not only serves to teach order, rank, and merit; it is the agency of rigid age-segregation, with children marching through their lives in phalanxes one year wide. The State and the professions have taken on more and more of the work of the familial community, so that decisions about food and clothing and jobs are made far from both the child and his parents. Television can even separate the child from his own experience: what American child sees, in his personal world, the excitement and gore and simplicity of life on TV?

Today, as in colonial times, there is a profound congruence between the definition of childhood and the social order. Our disconnected child—a mosaic of roles, a wardrobe of quick-change social skills—is, unfortunately, fit for our age. He is healthy, independent, preeminently *adaptable*, generally secure from the cruelties of disease and enslavement. Yet somehow, the apotheosis of freedom has become separation from one's own history. We should take a tough look at the modern form of damnation that confronts our children, and ask ourselves not only "Have you hugged your child today?" or "What has your child learned today?" but also "Have you thought what your child will be like when he's forty years old?"

William Kessen is chairman of the department of psychology at Yale. He is the author of several books, including *The Child*.



Children at home in the 1870s

II. THE ORIGINS OF MIND

William James, often called the first modern psychologist, led the scientists of this century to search in the brain for physical correlates of thought and intelligence. Today, though we know a great deal about the brain, we still have no firm answers about when and how that elusive entity called Mind begins to function. After studying the fetal brain for almost two decades, Mortimer G. Rosen, whose article follows, has come to believe that a primitive form of learning takes place *in the womb*, establishing the basis for all later mental processes.

Research has demonstrated that from the moment he enters the world the human infant is sensitive to environmental cues of the subtlest kind. T. Berry Brazelton is one of a growing number of pediatricians who believe that the newborn must be treated with respect if his emotional and intellectual growth are to proceed optimally. Other researchers have found convincing evidence that keeping an infant with his mother during the first hours and days of life often makes the mother more responsive to her child's needs and may accelerate the child's early mastery of motor and language skills. One study has even established a link between a mother's *perception* of her child at a few days and at one month of age, and the child's emotional health at four-and-a-half and at ten to eleven years. But this is only half of the equation; the baby also gives out signals and screens the stimuli that he receives, so that the process of his growth is one of continual interaction and mutual exchange with his caretakers. —M.W.

The Secret Brain: Learning Before Birth

by Mortimer G. Rosen

Perhaps because it is unseen and unnamed and has yet to establish demonstrable ties with parents or society, the fetus is rarely considered a *person*. Long before birth, however, the human brain is developing and influencing the future functions of both mind and body.

The "secret brain," while still *in utero*, is not the brain or mind that we recognize later in the adult. Yet this brain does function. The fetus can see, hear, and move, and respond to disturbances that occur around it. As the fetal brain begins to function in a more orderly way and respond to its environment, the primitive foundation for adult behavior may be evolving.

A group of us at the University of Rochester began using electroencephalography (EEG) about ten years ago to study the brain of the newborn infant. EEG measures the electrical

activity that the brain uses to communicate with the rest of the body, to respond to actions or stimuli, and to store information. By monitoring fetal brain-wave patterns with increasingly sophisticated techniques, we have learned a good deal about brain growth and fetal behavior before birth.

While it is almost impossible to study the early growth of a normal fetus in its uterine environment, some information can be obtained from fetuses that have been aborted or delivered prematurely. Between seven and eight weeks after conception (nine or ten weeks after the mother's last menstrual period), the primitive parts of the brain are recognizable. Nerves connect limbs, trunk, ears, and eyes with the brain, and they feed back environmental stimuli such as sound and light. The brain receives, records, and may respond to these stimuli. Even at this early stage, electrical activity exists in the brain of the human fetus, though that brain wave looks very different from the patterns we will see later in development.

At eight weeks of life, a tapping stimulus on the amniotic sac results in arm movements of the fetus. Whether this is a response to the sound or to

the vibrations caused by the tapping the fetus already perceives, albeit crudely, that something has disturbed the warm, moist, and dark world in which it lives. The primitive brain receives the stimulus, selects a response, and transmits the response as a signal to the fetal arm; the arm moves. In similar fashion, touching an eight-week-old fetus lightly near the mouth will produce movement of its head to the opposite side and backward.

These rudimentary responses suggest that the fetal brain is already developing a primitive form of behavior. As the central nervous system matures, the electrical pathways that carry messages to and from the brain are being used in a progressively ordered manner. Neural communication at this stage cannot be thought of as brain-directed, however. It comes closer to what we know as reflex activity.

After twenty weeks of gestation the fetal nervous system has matured considerably. Specialized nerve endings in the skin make the fetus more sensitive to touch, temperature changes, and pain. Taste perception may even be present, though this is less certain.

Although we have not yet learned how to keep this twenty-week-old fetus alive outside the womb, the primitive life-support systems of respiration and heart-beating are already present and do respond to changes in the fetal environment. If deprived of oxygen, for instance, the premature fetus appears to gasp. An early form of sucking can also be observed, and the fetus will make grasping movements if an object is placed in its hand.

Infants delivered near term (between thirty-six and forty weeks) show a true "nursing reflex" that allows them to feed for their nourishment; when stroked on the cheek they turn toward the stroking finger, suck, and swallow. By this time the grasping response will also be well coordinated and almost powerful enough to lift the infant; chest-wall mo-

its with coordinated changes in heartbeat will enable the infant breathe right after birth. It is clear patterns of activity that will be for later survival are already belaid down in the brain of the twenty-week-old fetus. We might even these activities are being *learned* he womb.

After twenty-eight weeks, 55 to percent of prematurely born fetuses can survive in special nurseries intensive care. We have learned a great deal from these infants about the human brain develops during the last third of a normal pregnancy. We know, for example, that a brain wave of the thirty-week-fetus looks just the same ten minutes before birth as it does immediately after birth. This is important information, since it helps to demonstrate that the brain doesn't just "turn itself on" when the baby is vered.

Also, after thirty weeks we can do electronic studies of the unborn fetus before the mother's labor begins.

We know this fetus "hears" in the womb, since its heartbeat changes when it is exposed to loud noises (a ringing telephone) or to classical music. The fetal brain can now be seen to respond to other stimuli transferred in the mother—drugs she may ingest (including caffeine and alcohol) as well as her emotions. If the mother is excited or upset, the fetal heartbeat faster, just as hers does. Increasing pressure on the mother's abdominal wall can cause a very quiet fetus to begin rolling and kicking (with brain-directed movements), almost as though it had been awakened. Indeed, the fetus now shows cycles of activity, and its brain-wave patterns just prior to birth resemble the crude form of the sleep, awake, and "reamlike" states of consciousness that we measure more accurately just after birth. Ongoing studies at our laboratories in Cleveland suggest that these patterns of fetal behavior may be present as early as thirty-two weeks after conception. From this point on, it appears that brain development follows the same path, whether the fetus is in the womb or outside in the world.

As the normal time for birth approaches, a real person has emerged.

A mind, however primitive in form, is present. The behavioral patterns we observe immediately after birth have been imprinted, formatted, we may even say *learned* during the continuum of development that began with conception. By forty weeks, four-fifths-of-a-year old, the growth of mind has paralleled that of the body, and the infant we encounter at the moment of birth is distinct from all others, with a brain already different from all others.

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The Newborn as Individual

by T. Berry Brazelton

The baby, assailed by eyes, ears, nose, skin, and entrails at once, feels that all is one great blooming, buzzing confusion.

—William James, *The Principles of Psychology* (1890)

The image of the newborn baby as a lump of clay whose world is one "blooming, buzzing confusion" may seem absurd to us in this era. But our treatment of him in the nurseries and in the delivery rooms of our lying-in hospitals demonstrates that we in medicine have not given up such notions. We may have found it necessary for our own peace of mind to think of the newborn as insensitive, as functioning at a less than conscious level, so that we could learn to deal with disease, prematurity, and the grave disorders that can threaten him during delivery and the first few days of life. Now that we have some medical control over this period, it seems critical to me that we reevaluate his treatment in our hospital settings. Young parents need to model their own child-care practices on those that can be estab-

lished in the newborn period by "people in authority." At present, we not only confuse them, but we say, in effect, "The human treatment you might want to give your new baby is only of secondary importance. Keeping him clean, sterile, and isolated is safer, and hence more important." I feel that new parents need to see their baby as an individual person; it is important to the relationship from the very first.

Every human infant shows that he is a distinct individual. From the moment of birth he influences those around him, and affects the kind of care they give him, through a series of specific responses to his environment. Over the past twenty years I have been developing a test to assess these behavioral responses. By administering the test at least twice in the first few days of life, my colleagues and I at Children's Hospital in Boston have found that we can gain an idea of the baby's style of reactions as well as his potential future relationship with his parents and family.

A newborn baby exhibits several stages of sleep and wakefulness which we call "states of consciousness." He uses these states in an active way, to control his interactions with the world around him. He can fall asleep to protect himself from too much stimulation, or he can become actively alert as he responds to an attractive sight or sound. Since these responses are very complex, measuring them systematically soon after birth tells us a good deal about the integrity of the newborn's central nervous system and the functioning of his higher brain processes.

If labor has been relatively easy, the infant will be in a calm, responsive state for about thirty minutes after birth; he can be tested at that time for his ability to organize himself and respond to his new environment. After this period, he will normally need about two days to recover from the stresses of labor, delivery, and adjustment to the new environment. Then neonatal behavioral assessment becomes a way of evaluating his responses. We play with him over a twenty-minute period; we bring him from a state of deep sleep to one in which he is fully alert, then

arouse him to the point of crying in order to calm him down again. During this cycle of all of his states, we are able to see how he functions in each one. We test the baby's reflexes (to rule out brain damage), and we take careful note of twenty-six other kinds of behavior, including responses to various attractive stimuli like rattles, bells, soft voices, and the human face. We notice tremulousness, startling, and changes in skin color, as well as his capacity to suppress all of these as he becomes involved with us and with other interesting stimuli. He can and does show a remarkable interest in the outside world immediately after birth.

The newborn's marvelous capacity to shut out disturbing sights and sounds becomes obvious as one flashes a bright light repeatedly into his eyes or shakes a loud rattle next to his ear. At first he will startle or even cry out, but by the fifth or sixth stimulus he can withdraw into sleep, his breathing deep, regular, and forceful, his eyes tightly shut, his face and body rigidly motionless. His response to a series of light pinpricks on the heel is similar. He can cut down on responses to pain as well as to light and sound. He may also protect himself by crying loudly, as if he knows that too much over-responsiveness will exhaust his immature cardiovascular and respiratory systems. These defensive states of sleep and crying obviously can become invaluable in a noisy, overlit hospital nursery.

During the examination the baby responds to a soft rattle or a human voice by ceasing to cry, or, if he has been dozing, by becoming alert. His face brightens as he turns his head slowly toward the appealing sound, and expresses eagerness and satisfaction when he locates its source. Once he is wide awake, the baby will fix on a bright shiny object if it is moved slowly in front of him, moving his head to each side and up and down to follow its path. If he is shown a human face instead, his interest appears to deepen. His body remains quiet, his face eager, and he follows without interruption for many seconds at a time. Tilting him partially upright and talking to him softly increases his ability to concentrate on one's face.

An infant who can be brought easily and frequently to an alert condition, and can quiet himself upon waking by sucking his fist or focusing on some cue in the outside world, already possesses the inner controls that reflect a well-organized central nervous system. Such babies will very probably become normally functioning children. More important, parents will be swiftly won over by a newborn who molds his body gently into their arms and stops fussing at the sound of their voice or the sight of their face. They sense that this child will be responsive and quick to learn—a resourceful partner in their unfolding relationship.

For other newborns whom we test we can predict that their lives will be more difficult, unless the parents can be made to understand very early that the baby's behavior is not *their* fault. Depressed infants or those with minimal brain damage may be difficult to rouse and thus unrewarding for anxious parents. Other babies, seen as hypersensitive in the test period, can be predicted to resort to long, random crying periods in early infancy. These babies will be very difficult for their new parents, who will call them "colicky," and may well feel responsible for the baby's apparent

The insensitive parent is perhaps the greatest obstacle to the child's developmental progress, for he is likely to be more attuned to his own wishes and desires than to those of his child. Being egocentric, he will have a distorted view of the child's capacities and may well attempt, in a rigid and authoritarian manner, to force the child into a mold that he just will not fit.

—Rudolph Schaffer, *Mothering* (1977)

distress. I have found that these infants can be taught to calm themselves—and discharge the tension caused by a sudden touch, a bright light, or a loud noise—by sucking vigorously on their thumbs. At six or seven months they will be discovering other techniques for self-control that may even prevent the need for special treatment in the future. Parents who are reassured and shown how to help in this endeavor feel effective, rather than helpless, inadequate, and angry.

Showing new parents what their infants can do has dramatic consequences for the children. We used a modified version of our test to show one group of first-time mothers that

their newborns could see, hear, and respond much like any other human being. We then compared the outcomes of their relationships with the babies with those of a control group that is, mothers who saw and fed their infants every four hours, according to normal hospital routine, but had no special encouragement to think of them as individuals. At one month the mothers in the first group played with their infants longer at each feeding time and cuddled and talked to them more than the mothers in the control group. At one year, these babies scored significantly higher on standard tests for psychological and motor development. At two years they knew more words and used them more inventively, in sentences, than the control babies did. They also explored the environment more, pointed out more objects, and played with toys in more complex ways, talking all the while.

The differences in the babies' performance seemed to result from the mothers' increased self-confidence at a critical time. "When you showed me what my baby could do," one said, "you showed me what I needed to know to mother her." Although I am not necessarily an advocate of pressing for early gains in intelligence, I am convinced that a baby's self-image is affected at a very young age by the parents' confidence in themselves. Seen in this light, neonatal behavior becomes more than a useful means of predicting the future outlines of a child's personality. It helps parents appreciate their infant as a person, so they can embark with him on a relationship based on mutual exchange rather than on vain attempts to mold him to their wishes.

If we in medicine can learn to respect babies from the first moments of life as real individuals with important responses to their environment, we will educate and reinforce young parents in their efforts to respect and value their children, and to trust their own instincts for nurture. It is time we reevaluated our hospitals for infants with this in mind.

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I. NATURE & NURTURE IN THE EARLY YEARS

Experts are still wrangling over the old problem of nature versus nurture: Is genetic endowment or upbringing that sets the limits of a child's achievement? Most psychologists today would agree that neither force holds total sway; a child's personality and his intellectual capacities are affected at each stage of growth by the interplay of heredity and environment. Debate has tended to center on two related issues: *which* years and *what* influences have the greatest impact on a child's development?

Many psychologists believe that a child's future abilities are determined largely by what he experiences before the age of three. Others feel that the child's chances for emotional health are decided even earlier, by the kind of care received in infancy. In recent years a few dissenters have become increasingly vocal in their support of a "second chance" view: they cite cases of children who have suffered considerable deprivation early in life but yet seem to recover adequately once their circumstances have improved. The wisdom of a proverb from the journal *Presbyterian Life* is perhaps as good a guide as any: "Heredity is what a man believes in until his son begins to behave like a delinquent."

—M.W.

Infant Thought

Jerome Kagan

Neither imitation nor play nor drawing nor image nor language nor even memory . . . can develop or be organized without the constant help of the structuration characteristic of intelligence.

—Jean Piaget (1966)

A quarter of a century ago, most psychologists thought that a child's development followed two fairly distinct paths. He mastered new motor skills as his organism matured, but intellectual growth was primarily governed by experience. Modern research suggests that the physiological maturing process also plays a major role in cognitive growth, which unfolds in the same well-ordered sequences in most environments.

To illustrate this point, let us look at a special set of new reactions that seems to emerge quite suddenly at eight to twelve months of age. Certain events that bored the child a couple of months earlier appear to spark new interest; others that he responded to with equanimity then make him inhibited or even fearful. He becomes wary if presented

with a jack-in-the-box or a moving mechanical toy, and hesitates before reaching for an unfamiliar object that he would once have grabbed gleefully. At four months he probably smiled at strange adults; now he may cry if one approaches. Soon after his first birthday, he will also stop what he is doing if a strange child comes near. Most important, his behavior now suggests that he can remember events that happened moments before and can make use of that information.

A classic experiment devised by the Swiss psychologist Jean Piaget demonstrates this improvement in memory. An adult hides an attractive toy under a small cloth while the infant watches. A child under seven months typically does not reach for the cloth, as though he has forgotten about the toy once it is removed from view. After eight months, most children confidently reach for the hidden

My sole consolation when I went upstairs for the night was that Mamma would come in and kiss me after I was in bed. But this good night lasted for so short a time: she went down again so soon that the moment in which I heard her climb the stairs, and then caught the sound of her garden dress of blue muslin, from which hung little tassels of plaited straw, rustling along the double-doored corridor, was for me a moment of the keenest sorrow.

—Marcel Proust, *Swann's Way*

toy. With each succeeding month, the child becomes capable of tolerating a longer delay between the hiding of the toy and the moment when he is allowed to reach for it. What he has achieved is the ability to hold past knowledge on the memory stage and to juxtapose it with information currently being absorbed. This process of evaluation and comparison is one of the fundamental components of thought.

The enhanced ability to remember and evaluate is one reason the eight-month-old appears more purposeful in his activity. It may also explain why he soon begins to show a fear of separation. A one-year-old who sees his mother leave the room, or prepare to leave, generally becomes uncertain; if he is temperamentally prone, he may cry. This is probably because he is now mature enough to puzzle over unusual or unexpected events. He remembers that his mother was with him a few minutes earlier and can ask himself questions about her departure and how he will cope with it. Where is she? Will she come back? What should I do? If he cannot solve the puzzle, he becomes afraid. When he becomes old enough to answer such questions—some time between two-and-a-half and three years of age—his fears will vanish.

The probability that a child will protest, cry, or stop his playing when he sees his mother or principal caretaker leave emerges at about the same time in all cultures. My colleagues and I have observed children in lower-class mestizo families in the city of Antigua, Guatemala; in Indian families in an isolated village by Lake Atitlán, in northwest Guatemala; in Israeli kibbutzim (where groups of infants spend most of the day with professional caretakers, rather than with their own parents); and in nomadic families of the !Kung San tribe in the Kalahari Desert. We have also studied American children who attended a research day-care center five days a week from three-and-a-half to twenty-nine months of age. Each child in the day-care group was paired with a control child of the same sex, social class, and ethnic origin who was being raised at home. The children's reactions to being left by their mothers in a strange room were observed

at eight different points during the study. With both day-care and home-reared children, and with the children in all the other cultural groups, a similar pattern emerged. Crying when left by the mother in an unfamiliar situation did not occur reliably until nine to twelve months of age. It grew more frequent and intense during the second year (generally reaching a peak between twelve and fifteen months), after which it declined.

Separation distress and its related phenomena can be delayed for several months in children being reared under extremely depriving conditions—environments that contain far less variety, less challenge, and less opportunity to practice new skills. But even in these instances the pattern of emergence remains essentially the same.

It seems reasonable to suggest that these diverse behavioral advances appearing suddenly and rather uniformly toward the end of the first year depend at least in part on correlated changes in the brain. Between nine months and one year of age there must be structural and/or biochemical changes in the central nervous system that permit more complex cognitive abilities to emerge. Sigmund Freud was apparently approaching a similar insight toward the end of his career. In a prophetic paragraph from *The Outline of Psychoanalysis* he questioned the formative power he had once assigned to the infant's individual experience with its caretaker and suggested that the process of physiological maturation would produce an essentially similar developmental profile in all children. He wrote:

The phylogenetic foundation has so much the upper hand over personal accidental experience that it makes no difference whether a child has really sucked at the breast or has been brought up on the bottle and never enjoyed the tenderness of a mother's care. In both cases, the child's development takes the same path.

Jerome Kagan is a professor of human development at Harvard. Recently he has revised his own earlier position about the long-range effects of early experience; he now believes that a particular quality in a young child is not likely to persist unless the environment continues to support it.

Early Learning

by Maya Pines

Do deliberate efforts to develop a child's mind during his earliest years, from birth to six, actually pay off?

A decade ago, in the midst of the Great Society's optimism, the answer to this question would have been an unqualified yes. It was believed—without any evidence—that almost any kind of "service" would radically change the lives of the disadvantaged, for instance, and that the severest social problems could be resolved fairly easily. Thus Head Start, a grab bag of often poorly run traditional nursery-school programs that offered

For what constitutes a child?—ignorance. What constitutes a child?—want of instruction; for they are our equals so far as their degree of knowledge permits.

—Epictetus, *That Courage Is Not Inconsistent with Caution* (first century A.D.)

four- and five-year-olds some play modeling and field trips, was expected to solve all the educational problems of the poor. Considering how unfocused most of these Head Start programs were and how little cognitive stimulation they offered, it is not surprising that they failed to produce much difference in poor children's school achievement, which remained exceedingly low.

Today the mood is more cautious, if not downright negative. Yet at the same time there is increasing evidence that cognitive stimulation during a child's earliest years can make an enormous difference in his general intelligence and competence—if it is carried out with care, if it has specific goals, and if it lasts long enough.

The most spectacular of the experiments that made this clear is surely Rick Heber's eleven-year-old project. Heber, a psychologist at the University of Wisconsin, had noticed that 80 percent of the mentally retarded

children in a Milwaukee slum came from families in which the mother was also mentally retarded. Furthermore, the lower the mother's IQ, the greater the likelihood that her children would be retarded.

The children's retardation certainly looked like a genetic trait, but their studies convinced Heber that it came mostly from the way their mothers raised them. So he set out to raise them differently. Picking forty urban-born whose mothers had IQs under 75, he gave twenty of them intensive training in a specially designed day-care center from the age of two months until they were six years old. The other twenty children were simply tested from time to time. The center was unique in providing only individual attention, but with much emphasis on language development and problem solving, as well as special teachers for reading and math from the age of two.

By three or four years of age, the children in the two groups were strikingly different. Those who attended Heber's day-care center scored rather than thirty points higher on IQ tests. Some tested as high as 135, putting them close to the "gifted" range. The gains seem relatively permanent. All the children are now in the fourth or fifth grades of a poor inner-city school. Yet even now, five years after the end of their special training, the children who went to the day-care center are bright, lively, verbal, with IQs well above average while the others appear increasingly retarded. The difference between the two groups is more than twenty points on IQ.

This experiment shows the extraordinary importance of children's earliest experiences. Even in poor homes, where the mother is far from retarded, most children probably could develop their minds anywhere close to their genetic potential, because one yet knows how to make their environments more conducive to growth.

The key lies in what psychologists J. McV. Hunt of the University

The most dangerous period in human life lies between birth and the age of two. It is the time when errors and vices spring up, while as yet there is no means to destroy them; when the means of destruction are ready, the roots have gone too deep to be pulled up. . . . The mind should be left undisturbed till its faculties have developed. . . . by doing nothing to begin with, you would end with a prodigy of education.

—Jean-Jacques Rousseau, *Emile* (1762)

ois calls "the problem of the ch": finding the most stimulating umstances for each child at each t in his development, so that he want to go just a little beyond t he has already stored in his in. But this requires a precise un- standing of the sequences of intel- ual development, an understanding don't yet have. It also requires r goals. As Hunt notes, most peo- do not realize the degree of specy involved—the extent to which ic experiences lead to specific ping-stones in psychological de- pment.

As an example of this specificity, nt points to some differences be- en children who were raised at ne by their well-to-do parents ostly professional people) in rester, Massachusetts, and eight idren from very poor and uned- ted families who benefited from an usual experimental day-care center Mt. Carmel, Illinois. The day-care

center used a training program based on the theories of Jean Piaget (the "Infant and Toddler Learning Program," designed by Earledeen Badger). This program gave them many opportunities to play with a gradu- ated series of interesting toys. On tests of cognitive development, the Mt. Carmel children were found to reach certain stages described by Piaget six months ahead of the more privileged Worcester children. On the other hand, the Worcester children—who lived in very verbal families—began to imitate the sounds of un- familiar words five months before the Mt. Carmel children. In each case, Hunt says, the infants learned ex- actly what their environments had given them most experience in. For similar reasons, musical prodigies usually come from homes in which they have been bathed in music al- most from the moment of birth.

Nobody knows for sure which of a child's first six years of life is most

Everything that I know now I have known since the age of six or seven: the age of reason.

—Eugene Ionesco, *Journal en miettes* (1967)

important to learning. Some say the critical period is from eight to eigh- teen months, when the child is at home. Others point to the phenomenal success of the Montessori schools, in which education is begun at two-and-a-half or three. Hunt believes that the competence acquired from early cognitive stimulation is cumulative, and that one should learn to make the most of learning at every age.

However, nearly all researchers agree that as the years go by, it be- comes increasingly difficult to make any real changes in a child's mental ability—and that we need to find bet- ter ways to take advantage of those uniquely sensitive early years.

Maya Pines is the author of Revolution in Learning: The Years From Birth to Six, and The Brain-Changers.

V. YOUNG MINDS AT PLAY

Sex Roles in the Nursery

by Laura Carper

You should have seen what a fine-looking man he was before he had all those children.

—Arapesh tribesman, quoted by Margaret Mead, *Male and Female* (1949)

While supervising one of the play- oms in the nursery school where work, I overheard this dialogue be- een two four-year-old children:

"You stay here with the mommies and the babies. I'm going fishing," Gerald said to Judy as he trotted off. "I want to go, too," Judy called, nning after him. Gerald turned and eated, "No, you stay with the

mommies and the babies!"

"But I want to go fishing!" Judy cried.

"No," Gerald insisted, "But when I come back I'll take you to a Chi- nese restaurant."

Judy was mollified. She turned back to the dolls.

I reported the incident to Gerald's mother, who now runs a business in downtown Detroit with several other women. That year she was at home full time, but she assured me that Gerald was not mimicking his par- ents' behavior; the only time her hus- band had gone fishing the rest of the family had gone too. Dramatic play is not necessarily a replication of di- rect experience. It is an early form of abstract thought, a young child's way of sorting out experiences and trying on opinions drawn from var- ious sources.

Another play scene I observe now and then goes like this: three or four

little boys seat themselves around the play table in the play kitchen. The boys start issuing orders such as "I'd like a cup of coffee" or "Bacon and eggs!" or "Some more toast!" and a girl runs back and forth between stove and table cooking and serving. In one such scene the boys got completely out of hand, demanding cups of cof- fee one after another while the girl, Mimi, was racing around in a frenzy. She finally gained control of the sit- uation by announcing that there was no more coffee. Apparently it never occurred to her to sit down at the table herself and demand coffee from one of the boys.

Sexist behavior among the very young is hardly a new phenomenon; viewing it as a problem is. It obsesses the other teachers and school direc- tors whom I meet at workshops on preschool education; and it plagues the parents of my charges, who are sincerely trying to raise their children



free of sexual bias. They carefully screen out books in which mothers mostly tie shoelaces and bake cookies; they buy trucks as well as dolls for their daughters and dolls as well as trucks for their sons. But as soon as the children start to play together the girls pretend to be mommies, nurses, or schoolteachers, while the boys are busy perfecting a karate chop or flying around like Batman. The parents wring their hands and wonder what they are doing wrong.

In my view, this sort of role-playing is part of a normal and useful developmental stage. Its origin lies in the child's struggle to understand his sexual identity. One of the prime tasks facing the preschool child is the establishment of a sense of self, and a sense of one's sexual identity is part of selfhood. Banding together with other children of the same sex for games where there are "no boys allowed" or "no girls" appears to be reassuring for many preschoolers.

The roles boys and girls choose when they are involved in dramatic play are determined in part by the culture. As soon as children are old enough to observe, they begin making generalizations that may or may not be accurate. Timmy, for example, went with his mother for a checkup at a large medical clinic when he was two-and-a-half. As they were sitting in the waiting room a man in a white coat walked by. Timmy said, "Hi, doctor." A moment later another white-coated man came by, and again Timmy said, "Hi, doctor." Then a woman in a white coat walked past. "Hi, nurse," Timmy said.

"How do you know who is a nurse and who is a doctor?" his mother asked.

"Doctors are daddies and nurses are mommies" was Timmy's confident reply. Yet Timmy's own pediatrician, who has cared for him since birth, is a woman.

All preschool children are as confused about sexual distinctions as they are about the world in general. At two-and-a-half, boys and girls alike will wheel a doll carriage and announce "I'm the mommy" or "I'm the daddy," regardless of their own sex. But their play at this age is based largely on observations of their mothers. The boys are as fascinated with the play kitchen and the dolls as the girls are. Little girls are convinced they will grow up to be mommies, but in my opinion *so are little boys*.

That a young boy should aspire to be a woman is not so odd. There is a powerful drive in all of us to do unto others as has been done to us. The mother who nurtures a child in earliest infancy is his first love, and he identifies with her; perhaps the most difficult accommodation of his first few years is separating from her, and learning both to recognize himself and to act as an individual. Yet it is primarily through the mother that he perceives adult life and forms impressions of daily adult tasks; it is chiefly, though of course not exclusively, through her that he learns what it is to be human. It is very hard for him to draw clear distinctions between what she does and what he can ultimately accomplish.

One three-and-a-half-year-old boy I taught, whose mother was pregnant at the time, exasperated his older playmates by insisting that a baby was growing in *his* stomach. (The mother had told him, "We are going to have a baby.") A two-and-a-half-

year-old betrayed deeper confusion about the idea of pregnancy: mother, who also happened to be pregnant, told him he couldn't have the puppy he wanted until he was older. A few days later he came to her and said, "Is a puppy dog growing in my stomach?" A third mother told me how sadly her four-year-old had said, "I can never have a baby" and then added wistfully, "can't." Certainly a little girl has her problems, but at least she can mature with full confidence in her ability to follow in her mother's footsteps. A little boy cannot. He identifies with a woman, but he must become a man. He suffers from what, for want of a better name, I shall call *uterine envy*.

Margaret Mead, Bruno Bettelheim, and others have provided strong arguments that womb envy occurs in many preliterate cultures. The *couvade* (from the French word *couver*, to hatch) was once a fairly widespread practice, described in the *cyclopaedia Britannica* as

the custom of the father going to bed at the birth of his child, complaining of labor pains, observing dietary restrictions or otherwise acting like a woman in confinement. In its extreme form, the mother returns to work as soon as possible after giving birth, often the same day, and waits on the father; thus the roles of the sexes are reversed.

The *couvade* was common to a variety of ancient, not so ancient, primitive cultures, and was observed in the Baltic states and Holland recently as the early years of the twentieth century.



Little boys do not seem to have a clear view of growing up to be dad. The father's biological role in raising babies is far less evident than mother's. And in the ordinary household, the father's daily role in life is performed outside the home, far from the child's view. How is a young boy to imagine spending his life as an insurance agent, when he has the vaguest notion of what that is? The best he can do is pick up a telephone and say, "I'm going to the store," or pretend to get in a car and say, "I'm going to the shop." The boy stops there. Even if he pays the bill at the shop an occasional visit, it cannot be as familiar to him as the mother's home or what the mother does at home or what he sees on television. So he constructs a masculine image from television, where men run the world; in the supermarket, where a man runs the store; and from what he has heard his father does, which is to earn the money whereby the family lives. He must work very hard to play a man.

It has been argued that television gives children a false concept of masculinity that they strive to emulate; when I was a child in the Thirties, boys were playing "cops and robbers" and "cowboys and Indians." That was far from the movies. In the nineteenth century it was tin soldiers. The young boy grasps at an all-powerful male image to compensate himself for his terrible loss. Since he had previously assumed that he would grow up to be like his mother and has realized that he dare not, he builds a fortress of maleness lest his deepest loneliness turn him into a woman. Ideally, the little boy would like to have the best of both male and

female worlds. He aspires to go out and prevail like Batman, but he also yearns to stay at home and nurture children. This conflict tears him apart and he tries to resolve it in his play and fantasy life. Maurice is a case in point. Shortly after the birth of his younger sister, Maurice picked up his lunch bag at lunchtime in school, stuck it under his polo shirt, and strutted around the room looking for all the world like a woman in her ninth month. Several other boys followed suit, and the game soon became a popular ritual. During this same period Maurice also became deeply involved in another game. The first thing he did upon entering the nursery was to go to one of our small building toys and construct imaginary guns. He would stick a gun in each of his pockets and carry a third. Yet his mother reported that he said, "When I grow up, I'm gonna marry all the women in the world. I'm gonna have a lot of babies to take care of when all those women go out to work." Maurice's mother is home full time.

Like Maurice, many boys in my nursery are often involved in gun play. If they are shooting up a room reserved for quiet play and I tell them that no guns are allowed in that room, they will convert their imaginary pistols into fire hoses or flashlights, to play firemen or "going on the prowl." I have noticed, however, that on those rare occasions when a father is assisting me in the nursery the boys' play often changes. They seem to lose interest in these compensatory phallic symbols and are drawn easily into whatever activity the father initiates, whether it is playing kickball, walking a balance beam, or painting.

I have taught preschool children in the Head Start program, children from working-class, middle-class, and upper-class families, and children whose mothers have sophisticated, though often part-time, jobs. In all of these settings, I have often seen children assume stereotyped sex roles when they are acting out their fantasies or experimenting with adult roles. In all of these settings, too, it was the mother who had nurtured the child in infancy. If men were free to share equally in the raising of children, a different picture might emerge.

Laura Carper is director of the Mayflower Nursery Playcenter in Detroit.

Listening to Little Stories

by Brian Sutton-Smith

We have all grown used to the idea that we should tell stories to children. We are not so well acquainted with the idea that we should listen to the stories children tell us. When we do hear stories by two-, three-, and four-year-olds, we often fail to understand them or to enjoy their plotless nature. Yet these stories are highly structured and highly meaningful, once we know what to look for.

Here, for example, is the first story told to us by a two-year-old boy:

*The monkeys
They went up sky
They fall down
Choo choo train in the sky*



*The train fall down in the sky
I fell down in the sky
I got on my boat and my legs hurt
Daddy fall down in the sky.*

Note that this two-year-old uses the personal pronoun "I" instead of the second-person "he." Children can tell about their own experiences before they can invent stories. This storyteller hasn't yet fully distinguished between a story and a personal chronicle. Even by this age, however, he can place the events in the right order. No one falls down out of his sky without having gone up there first. Now here is a story the same boy told us six months later:

*A cookie monster hurt his foot
And cookie monster stay up
And fall down again
He get up again
That's all.*

Notice that he is now talking only about an imaginary character. The personal "I" is gone.

How does this child know he has a story to tell? By examining his stories very carefully, we can get an approximate idea. First, he now deals only with fictitious characters. Second, he tells a tale that has a cyclical pattern. The stories go round and round the same theme (in this case, falling down), with much repetition. A child's account of his personal experience does not have this repetitious, cyclical character.

Here is another story, this one by a two-year-old girl¹, in which the main focus is not on an action (falling down), but on a person, Batman. She seems to be a progressive two-year-old girl, since she can put together the action characteristics of Batman and the domestic aspects of motherhood.

*Batman went away from his Mommy
Mommy said: "Come back, come back."*

He was lost and his Mommy can't find him

He ran like that [she demonstrates his running] to home

He eat muffins

And he sat on his Mommy's lap

He fell to sleep

And then him wake up

And it was all still night time

And his Mommy said "go back to bed"

And him did

And then he wake up again

And then the Mommy told him to go back to bed

And he did all night

And then it the morning time

And his Mommy picked him up

And then him have a rest

He ran very hard away from his Mommy like that.

I finished.

The focus on a central theme, to which the child keeps returning, mirrors the organization of earlier spontaneous play. Children between the ages of one and two spend hours putting the same doll or truck through a series of actions. Between two and three, when they begin to tell stories, they continue to put one person (Batman) through a series of actions (running, eating, sleeping), or they permute one action (falling down) through a series of agents (the monkeys, the train, Daddy). Thus there is an organized grammar of meanings in these stories.

In addition, these children are already using both the past tense and what we call boundary rules. Two of the stories finish with "That's all" and "I finished." By his third year, the narrator may well add "Once Upon a

Time" (or "One Upon a Time") "Lived happily ever after," though these markers are used less frequently now that children hear them often.

In the following tale, a four-year-old boy has taken this art of framing his story to a point approaching ire.

Once upon a time the once upon a time

Ate the once upon a time

Which ate the once upon a time

And then the once upon a time w

Ate the once upon a time ate

The Princess once upon a time

the King

And then the once upon a time c

Then the end ate the end

The end

Then the end died

Then the end died

Then the end died

Then the end died

And then the end, the end, the

died

The end with a the end

The end

The end.

There is a literary quality to story, quite apart from the humor, the unusual use of the marker "Once upon a time." It has both alliterative effects ("and then the") and rhythmic ("the end, the end"). Even the earliest story of the two-year-old boy has incredible metaphorical power in the image of the train falling out of sky. That is about as big a disaster one can contemplate in the far business, and it demonstrates the child's early figurative grasp of powers with which he deals.

The reader may still be worried about the absence of any real events in these stories. Until five or six years of age, children do not usually



[There are] games children must conjure up to combat an awful fact of childhood: the fact of their vulnerability to fear, anger, hate, frustration—all the emotions that are an ordinary part of their lives and that they can perceive only as ungovernable and dangerous forces. To master these forces, children turn to fantasy: that imagined world where disturbing emotional situations are solved to their satisfaction.

—Maurice Sendak, accepting the 1964 Caldecott Medal for his book *Where the Wild Things Are*.



us a story with clear-cut stages of conflict and conflict resolution. We tend to get the conflict without the resolution, in a narrative method that is not unlike that of American Indian folktales.

Most earlier work on children's stories has concentrated on symbolic content. A traditional analysis of the examples I have quoted would examine the meaning of "falling down," "legs hurt," "lost," "eating," or "dying."

Such elements cannot carry the whole burden of what is occurring here. In using a grammar, literary effects, story frames and characters, and the past tense, these children are demonstrating a complex intellectual skill that develops markedly between the ages of two and four years. Even though their plots are not the kind we are accustomed to, we should listen to these stories more and learn to enjoy with our children these early celebrations of fateful experience.

Consider the following relatively plotless masterpiece by a four-year-old boy:

Once upon a time there was a monster named King of the Beasts

And King of the Beasts went out for a walk

He walked for a hundred and two years and he died

His bones said "wake up wake up"

And then his bones died and then his spirit said "wake up wake up" to his bones

The house became haunted.

And then a person went in and the person got scared away and his brother bit the body part.

His brother died

And then the other brother died in the same house

And then the same thing happened

And then often the same thing happened, the same thing happened to both of them again and they were really dreaming that they died

After they woke up they really died

And then the skeleton said "wake up wake up"

And the spirit said "wake up wake up" to the skeleton.

The end.

Brian Sutton-Smith is a professor of education, folklore, and communications at the University of Pennsylvania. He is the author of many books, including a forthcoming study, *The Folkstories of Children*.



V. LEARNING TO READ

A Primer for Literacy

by Bruno Bettelheim

The potential for speech is inborn. It is the end result of the long and complex evolutionary process that lifted us out of the state of primates and into that of man. The same is true of the potential for reading, since what has been printed and hence can be read must have existed first as thoughts that could be formed into words and then spoken. During the first years of life, when the child is reaching out simultaneously in all directions and trying to understand what goes on around him, two developments are like quantum leaps that open up for him new and vast vistas on other people and what they are all about, on the universe that surrounds him, and on himself. Learning to talk, and to understand speech, enables the child to communicate his thoughts and feelings to others, and to check the validity of his views against their responses. Learning to read builds directly on this achievement and adds to it tremendously. Reading permits the child to procure man's accumulated knowledge for himself, without having to rely on the verbal communications of others.

If the child is to realize his potential to talk—and his potential to read—the necessary skills must be encouraged. The child must feel that these skills have a distinct purpose and provide him with deep satisfactions. Only if the words he learns enrich his life and increase the pleasure he receives from talking will he wish to keep adding new ones to his vocabulary.

New words are best learned when they have been invested first with deep emotional meaning. Every in-

telligent and sensitive parent knows from personal experience the best method of teaching a child to talk: he encourages the child to say whatever he chooses, and rewards him richly for even the most tentative and clumsy attempts to pronounce a word, taking advantage of those moments when their rapport is so good that the child wishes to copy whatever the parent says. It is impressive to observe how much pleasure a child derives from struggling to say some big word he has heard, the meaning of which he barely guesses. If the parent shares his enjoyment in overreaching himself in this manner, the word soon becomes a permanent addition to the child's vocabulary. The child begins by trying to participate in what he views as his parent's magical ability to use complex language; in his efforts to make this "magic" his own he masters unfamiliar words and develops the ability to comprehend more complex thought processes. If the parent says, "What a good child you are!" the emotional significance of the words is established long before the child can comprehend their abstract meaning. Without an earlier commitment to language through such positive experiences, words will remain for the child just that: abstract, and devoid of personal meaning; useful for communication, perhaps, but essentially unattractive.

This is why the least pleasurable and hence also the least effective way of teaching a child to talk is for the parent to decide which word the child should learn to say at a given moment, regardless of the child's own interests or desires, or to deny him

any idiosyncratic distortion of a word by forcing him to repeat it over and over until he has it exactly "right" or to refrain from introducing new words until the child has mastered to perfection those taught him previously.

Recent research has confirmed that a child's academic success or failure (so largely dependent on his reading skills) is closely related to his early experiences with speech at home. Despite the profound connection between speech and reading, everything that parents know about teaching their children to talk seems to be forgotten or deliberately ignored in many of our schools when we begin teaching our children to read.

As he enters school, the child is both proud of his past achievement and apprehensive about his ability to learn. He resents nothing more than feeling belittled. By this time, there are probably at least 6,000 words that he knows well and comprehends accurately; the vocabulary of many children is much greater than that of adults. Yet he may very well be presented with basic readers that will treat him as though he possesses no vocabulary at all. For example, all four preprimers in one widely distributed series of readers contain only 78 extremely simple words, which are endlessly repeated. The basic primer of the series adds but another 104 words. This limited word usage is typical of the most widely used series.

Imagine how we would feel if in conversation or in our reading we were suddenly reduced to no more than 2 percent of the words we commonly feel we need to express ourselves, and only the simplest words at that. We would be angry at being belittled so offensively, and would surely feel that such reading was not worth the effort. The child feels the same way, only more so, because he is much more insecure about his abilities to begin with. I worked with one fourth-grader who had learned to like reading but still had a hard time reading aloud, and occasionally blocked when asked to do so, because he had painful memories of the first grade when he had felt so ashamed then of the stupid things he was required to read aloud that he had resented all reading for a long time afterward.

the endless repetition of the same words soon makes them senseless because it is utterly unlike all living experience, and it turns the child emotionally off reading. Just as there is no reason why a child who is learning to talk should not acquire words before he has fully mastered some old ones, there is no reason why in reading he should be prevented from forging ahead with what interests him. Yet this is what often happens in class.

Half over sixty years ago, when I was a boy, I was very much interested in carpentry. Before I was permitted to build anything, however, I had to learn to make perfect joints. It took me a few months to be able to make these joints well. By then I had lost all interest in carpentry, due to the drudgery involved in learning to make joints. Had I been allowed to do something that appealed to me from the start, I would have learned to make good joints on my own sooner rather than later.

Unfortunately we no longer make such mistakes in teaching carpentry, but we use the same approach in teaching to kill a child's interest in the endeavor, as it did mine. But that's the way we still teach reading: as a skill, rather than as a meaningful pursuit. The child who is forced to read:

Come. Mark. Come. Mark. Come here. Come here. Mark. Come and jump. Come and jump, jump, jump. Here I come, Janet. Here I come. Jump, jump, jump.

The child is asked to acquire a skill which at that moment is meaningless, boring and demeaning. True, in the teacher's mind this exercise can open the door to rewarding reading in the future, but the child knows only that it stops him from doing what he would like to do just now, which is to do something interesting. Learning is read in order to digest some interesting material at a later date is a false experience in the present; and a three- or four-year delay, for the child of kindergarten or first-grade who is made to read these sentences about Janet and Mark, is experienced as eternity. Even for the

child who can look forward with confidence to that distant future, because he has already learned at home or through other sources of the rewards that books can bring, such texts make reading a difficult and odious task. It is difficult, because everything boring is difficult to learn. It is odious for at least two additional reasons. First, because the young child hates the way he is always called to come and do what his parents want him to do, and in the text a child like himself is continually told to come. Second, because it is difficult enough for a first-grader to sit still and pay attention, but requiring him to do so while repeatedly calling on him to jump is certainly poor psychology, and hence offensive.

Teaching reading as a skill in word recognition instead of as a vehicle for approaching deeper meaning, and calling repeatedly for action when the child is implicitly being asked to sit still and concentrate, lead to a disparagement of learning as such. The child is continually given double-bind messages: engage in mental activity, but think of physical activities only. Learn while you are in school, but don't think about what you are doing, because we are convinced that this learning is a most unpleasant process.

One example from a primer that has been used in a great many schools will have to stand for many. The story goes:

Today is Monday, Bill goes to school. Bill rides to school on the bus. What can Bill do after school? After school Bill can fish. Bess lives here. Today is Tuesday. It is a sunny day. Bess goes to school. What can Bess do after school? Bess can ride. Al lives in this apartment house. Today is Wednesday. It is a windy day. Al goes to school. Al rides a bike to school. What can Al do after school? After school Al can run and play. . . .

and so on all through Friday. This story directs the child's entire attention to after-school activities. The im-

pression given is that nothing of interest happens in class.

Not only do mental activities not exist as far as the content of these primers is concerned, but the picture they give of the child's life is one in which school and learning have no place. The stories are demeaning to the child's self-respect because they depict his activities as vacuous. This is so important that examples from two different, widely used series of basal readers may illustrate.

All around the city, all around the town, boys and girls run up the street, boys and girls run down. Boys come out into the sun, boys come out to play and run. Girls come out to run and play, around the city, all the day. All around the city, all around town, boys and girls run up the street, boys and girls run down.

It would be difficult to describe a more aimless way to spend the day. The assertion that children run up and down the street "all the day," thereby leaving neither time nor place for school, learning, or any other personally or socially meaningful activities, is both insulting and ill-advised, when one of children's greatest fears is that they have no valued place in society.

The other story goes:

In the morning you get up. You get dressed. You get breakfast. Even if you get wet you go to school on time. Then you get out of school and you go home again. After a day of getting up and getting dressed and getting breakfast, and getting wet, and getting to school, and getting out of school, and getting hot, and getting home, and getting dinner, you get very tired and get into bed, so that you can get up the next morning and start all over again.

It is hard to imagine a more depressing view of life than the one depicted here; nor does this passage contain a single suggestion that something meaningful may go on in school, or in the child's life.

It is the achievement of a lofty and very strong soul to know how to come down to a childish gait and guide it. . . .

If, as is our custom, the teachers undertake to regulate many minds of such different capacities and forms with the same lesson and a similar measure of guidance, it is no wonder if in a whole race of children they find barely two or three who reap any proper fruit from their teaching.

—Montaigne, *Of the Education of Children* (1580)

The preprimer currently used in Austria is called *Joyous Learning*, and the primer *Now We Can Read*, titles that emphasize the pleasure and the importance of learning in general, and of reading in particular. The first pages of the preprimer show children not only at play, but also going to school and being received there by their teacher. These pages carry no text. The first words in the book appear on a page where children are seen writing at the blackboard. Thus both the pictures without words and the later ones with words stress the importance of school and learning. The stories that follow soon after tell about the primary-school child's ability to master difficult situations and make significant contributions to family life. A simple story that is read at the end of the third month of first grade, for example, tells of the child's competence in taking care of an emergency. The first page of this story reads:

Susi comes home. Mother isn't in the kitchen. It is cold in the kitchen. Poor mother is sick. She can't cook. So Susi does everything. She fetches a cover for mother. Then she fetches rolls and a cake. She boils the milk and prepares a cup. Now it is no longer cold in the kitchen.

Another story in the Austrian primer tells how compromises facilitate living well together. The children have to go to bed in the evening, but they want to stay up a bit longer, so mother lets them stay up for a while. Then she sings them to sleep. This is followed by a story titled "When the Children Sleep." It goes:

"Father," says mother. "Susi needs new shoes! The old ones have gotten too small." Father says: "Shoes are expensive!" "Fa-

ther," says mother, "our Toni needs some new pants. I can't mend the old ones any longer." Father says: "They cost a lot of money!" "Father," says mother, "Mimi needs a new bed; and you, warm shirts!" Father says: "Mother, we'll have to economize to get it all."

There is nothing children are more curious about than what their parents are up to with each other when the children are asleep, and what they talk about when the children cannot hear. The child's greatest wish is to be at the center of his parent's conversations—that their concern should be with him, and his well-being. This little tale is an example of how even a story for beginners can be wish-fulfilling (the parents' greatest concern is with the child) and at the same time correct to reality (taking care of the needs of the child is expensive; it requires economizing). The remark that the father's needs must be looked after too serves to eliminate any guilt the child may feel about the fact that caring for him is expensive. But most important, the story holds out by implication the promise that through read-

ing is overemphasized by the content of our basal readers, with all their series of children at play), there is greater pleasure in the life of the young child than being able to do grown-up things well, and to render important services to his parents, as Susi does for her mother in the story.

Learning to read is serious business for the child, and by and large a pleasure that can be gained from reading is a serious pleasure, not a vacuous one. There is no reason why our basal readers could not confer dignity on learning to read, as the Austrian primers do—and the Russian ones, too, for that matter, and those of many other countries. It is this pleasure, and not the lights of teasing, or joking, or joking wildly, that is the pleasure inherent in literacy.

If the stories we use in teaching our children to read do not refer to purpose (greater purpose, that is, than killing time or getting through the day), if they do not give the child immediate pleasure, and add meaning to his life by opening up new perspectives—if, in short, these stories fail to provide the child with deep satisfactions—then they also

Reasoning comes as naturally to man as flying to birds, speed to horses, and ferocity to birds of prey; . . . A proof of what I say is to be found in the fact that boys commonly show promise of many accomplishments, and when such promise dies away as they grow up, this is plainly due not to failure of natural gifts, but to the lack of suitable care . . . there are degrees of talent . . . and there will be a corresponding variation in actual accomplishment; but that there are any who gain nothing from education is absolutely deny.

—Quintilian, *Institutio Oratoria* (first century A.D.)

ing—reading a story such as this very one—the child may learn more about the secrets of adults.

In their sequence the two stories suggest that being cared for is more than a one-sided process, since the child reads first how Susi took care of her sick mother, and only later how the parents plan to take care of the children's needs. Both child and adult act responsibly, not one in a childish and the other in a mature way. This equal exchange confers dignity on what the child does, a dignity that is as great as the adult's. The dignity implicit in the story is experienced as conferring symbolic merit also on what the story represents, which is the endeavor of learning to read. As for enjoyment (which

intentionally belittle reading itself). Children want to be taken seriously and unless we do so they will have a hard time being serious about things we want them to achieve, such as becoming literate. If, however, we were to give them stories that respect school and learning, and, more important, stories that respect children, depicting their contributions to family life and to society at large as more significant than just being cute and having fun, then we would not need to worry later about their lack of interest in reading and in matters of the mind.

Bruno Bettelheim, the renowned child psychologist and psychoanalyst, is the author of many books, most recently *The Uses of Enchantment: The Meaning and Importance of Fairy Tales*.

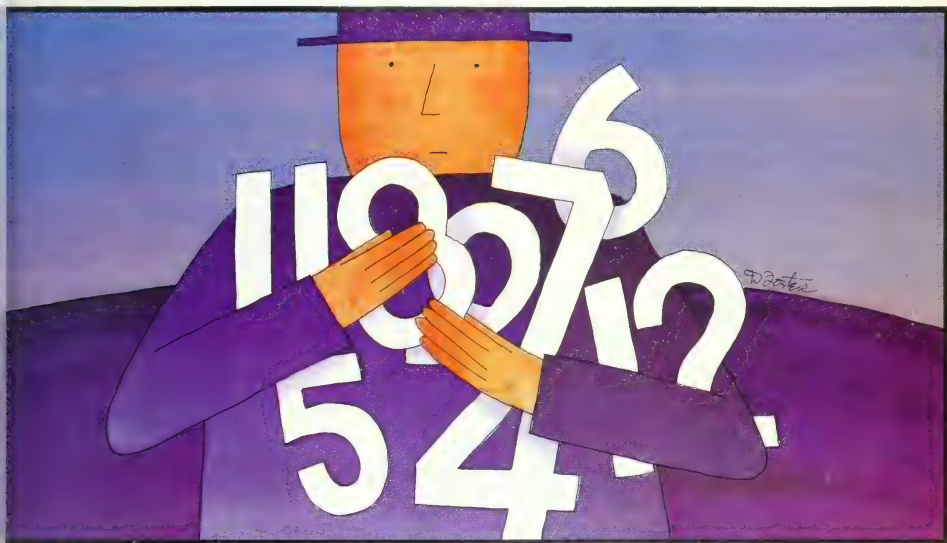
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PANAMA'S GENIAL DESPOT

turning to do homage to Brigadier General Torrijos

by Joan Peters

FOR THE PAST SIX OR SEVEN months the Carter Administration's "top priority" campaign to ratify the Panama Canal treaties has loosed a barrage of propaganda upon the country. The President has pressed the nation in an informal "fireside chat" on the subject. Congressional figures of importance in various spheres of domestic influence (media, business, labor, etc.) have wandered up and down the land waving objections from the disciples of Ronald Reagan and explaining, in patient tones, that the treaties constitute "a good thing," "an idea whose time has come," and so on. Brigadier General Omar Torrijos Herrera, "General" to his subjects, should not be thought of as a "strongman," "military ruler," or just another "tinhorn dictator." This last epithet unfortunately brings to mind a starched, uniformed ignoramus, surrounded by armed, uniformed guards, who stomps around repressing the public and smothering the democratic opposition. Obviously it would be unthinkable, or at least inconsistent with President Carter's avowed concern for "human rights," to abdicate United States sovereignty of the Panama Canal to a tyrant. So for the past two or three months the government has encouraged a large number of civic-minded citizens to go on "fact-finding missions" to Panama, there to meet General Torrijos and inquire about the benign effects of the treaties.

Given a chance to join one of these tours sponsored by the National Committee on American Foreign Policy, I made the ceremonial trek to Panama City in December last year with a delegation under the protection of Ambassador Angier Biddle Duke, formerly a chief of protocol in the Kennedy administration and now a minister without

portfolio who represents what might be called the best of American internationalism.*

On a Monday, the day before our delegation departed for Panama, we attended a day-long series of briefing sessions in Washington. They began auspiciously with National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski at the White House. We were ushered into the "Roosevelt Room," which, we were reminded by one of Brzezinski's followers, was particularly appropriate for this meeting because it was named after Theodore Roosevelt, who had delivered the canal in 1903. The mood of cordiality in the room changed to a more tense, combative tone from the moment Brzezinski entered to take his place at the head of the oversized conference table. It quickly became apparent that the National Security Adviser would not happily or humorously brook challenge to the policy of ratification, even if that challenge was merely a request for explanation of the charges made by the treaties' opposition. After Brzezinski had left, his eloquent aides managed to ease the situation during another hour or so of explanations, which were substantiated later in the day by smiling representatives of COACT ("The Bi-Partisan

* Among other members of the delegation were the following: NCAFP president Eugene Foley; former CBS president Arthur Taylor; former NBC chairman Robert Sarnoff; *Forbes* magazine's Malcolm Forbes, Jr.; *Louisville Courier-Journal* scribe Barry Bingham, Jr.; veteran journalists Jay Ruthenford and Benjamin Welles; New York congressional aspirant Robin Chandler Duke; Duke University president Terry Sanford; Cleveland Amory; Freedom House honorary chairman Leo Cherne and Appeal of Conscience Foundation's Rabbi Arthur Schneider; Frank Dorn, former U.S. Congressman from Brooklyn; and an enigma described by the sponsoring committee's press release as "Raymond Maduro, former Deputy Special Assistant to President Gerald Ford."

Joan Peters writes on politics and people for a number of national magazines.

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Citizens Committee of Americans for the Canal Treaties", who handed each of us an inch-thick packet of "literature" that included a "How-To Kit," replete with "suggested sample letters to the editor, and "opinions for our local newspapers.

The atmosphere in Panama

WE LANDED AT Panama City after dark on Tuesday in the ovenlike steam of the Panamanian rainy season. The waiting U.S. embassy officials escorted us from the airfield to our "headquarters" at El Panama Hotel. Ambassador Duke had sent an advance man to assure that Panamanian opposition to the general would be given as close to equal time as possible by the delegation; so for the first two days in town we listened to people who argued against either Torrijos or the treaties. They mentioned Torrijos's alleged connections to drug rings and prostitution and the millions he supposedly stashed in Spain after his coup. Several of Torrijos's detractors had been imprisoned or exiled as members of the government overthrown nine years before, and they reported that their underground organizations had only very recently been allowed official sanctions as a part of what Torrijos's officials term a "liberalization from censorship and repression." By and large, they thought Torrijos more closely associated with Castro than would appear, and they believed that once the treaties have been ratified, Torrijos will resort to a policy of harsh repression.

Among those working in Torrijos's behalf in Panama, we spoke to the puppetlike foreign minister and his staff, protreaty businessmen, U.S. military and political officials, religious authorities (among them the Jewish leader who is principal of the parochial school from which Torrijos's children graduated), teachers, drivers, so-called independent journalists, and assorted other citizens. Dr. Nicolás Ardito Barletta, the minister of planning and economic policy, explained the necessity of ratification for Panama's economy. Barletta presented a compendium of facts and figures defending Torrijos against allegations that the astronomical increase in Panama's external debt was due to corruption. He cited the costs of his government's 70 percent increase in aid to education, 65 percent increase in health services, 50 percent in roads, and 500 percent in agricultural credit. The delegation also talked to both Americans and Panamanians who live in the U.S. Canal Zone and who would be subject under the treaty to Pan-

amanian authority. The Zone's present status as a colony, complete with Baptist, gospel style churches and cut-rate supermarkets, evokes bitter resentment among neighboring Panamanian nationalists. It is described by Panama City residents and U.S. embassy officials alike as a remnant of "the day of Raj." As might be supposed, the Zonians pronounce Torrijos and object to the treaties.

We had been in Panama City two days when we got our day with the dictator. Our audience with Torrijos was scheduled for Thursday morning and was to last "no longer than an hour and a half." Around 8:30 A.M. we were flown from Panama City to the village of Farallon, where Torrijos has his beachfront retreat. Torrijos reportedly had visited the place as a luncheon guest several years before whereupon he became enamored of it and promptly announced to his Panamanian liege that the government would be confiscating the property for official use.

El General at home

WE WERE ESCORTED into the casually well-furnished house, through a couple of corridors, and into a small sitting room, where we met the forty-nine-year-old "supreme leader." An official interpreter who'd met us at the door introduced "El General"—an unsmiling man of medium height dressed in khakis and boots. Torrijos's trim figure was marred by just a touch of paunch. Holding an unlit cigar in one hand, he smoothed down his dark hair with the other. Somebody whispered, "He looks like Bogart." As though he'd heard, Torrijos flashed a bright-white mischievous grin and mumbled perfunctorily in a low, deep voice some words of welcome that were loudly and mechanically translated by the interpreter. Then, hiking up his trousers, he turned and strode purposefully out onto a breezy veranda that overlooks the beach and sea. Torrijos hopped nimbly into the red, white, and blue hammock woven especially for him by Indian villagers, from which point of vantage—he while swinging to and fro—he recited some preliminary amenities in a bored monotone.

THE DELEGATES BEGAN awkwardly to broach questions through Torrijos's interpreter. It quickly became apparent that El General was distracted. He interrupted a journalist, who was expressing solemn concern about the Torrijos government's ties with Cuba, to order coffee

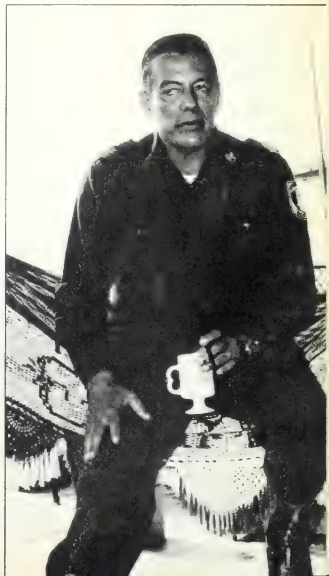
se who wanted it, then again to instruct of his aides to distribute "Torrijos" cigars a "personalized" bands after a guest inquired whether the long cigar he was lighting was from Castro. Yes, it was indeed a gift from the Cuban leader, Torrijos said with a smug in his eye, swinging the hammock more enthusiastically and flinging his used matches into the nearby ashtray but onto the tiled floor. He appeared not to notice that with each forward swing the hammock hit one of his feet on the head or that the matches often landed on somebody's foot. Suddenly he jumped out of his hammock, conferred for a moment with his aides, and hurried away in all directions while Torrijos sauntered back to the hammock and announced that all political questions would be deferred later. Now, he had just decided, he was taking the group to see "his country," his native village, Georgia—the village of Santiago, where he was born. Would the visitors mind changing their schedule to spend the day with him? Everybody murmured their joyous assent, delighted at the seemingly whimsical change of plans—everybody, that is, except the long-suffering U.S. embassy officials. They were faced not only with the logistics of postponing and rescheduling our itinerary as originally planned but also with the prospect of another in a long series of identical treks. William Jorden, our ambassador in Panama, was along with us at the meeting, and his face froze perceptibly for a brief moment before he managed a pained smile at Torrijos's announcement. Jorden is a former jour-

nalist and a man of keen intelligence, not given to platitudinous remarks. He has been in Panama three-and-a-half years and is thoroughly convinced of the wisdom of ratifying the treaties. Sensitive to the hazards presented on both sides of the "powder keg," as he terms the issue of the treaties, he was uncomfortable with easy answers to the complicated human circumstances.

These included the handling of Torrijos. Jorden listened politely as El General enthusiastically revealed our schedule for the day. We would fly down as soon as planes were ready, except for a few guests who might ride with Torrijos in the twin-turbine helicopter he'd grown accustomed to—he said he seldom flew any other way. Ambassador Jorden would fly with the general, of course. To accompany them, Torrijos chose three women, plus one more—the delegation's rapporteur—because "all the other women are ugly and I need some beauty along." The rapporteur, Elizabeth Ames, blushed; everybody else applauded. The guests had to decide among themselves who would take the places that were left in the helicopter. The rest would be flown down immediately to "have the chance to visit the children in their classrooms."

TORRIJOS'S SPONTANEITY and the welcoming mood of the invitation gave the visit a festive air. From then on, Torrijos responded more candidly, and those questions that he hedged were evaded not in anger but with wisecracks and crude

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analogies, some of them censored by a blushing woman interpreter as "untranslatable." Yes, he was against political parties in Panama—they were "illegal." But, Torrijos said, swinging faster in his hammock and waving his hands in emphasis, the former corrupt power elite—"oligarchy"—from which Torrijos had liberated Panama in his 1968 coup had been a political party, and it is *they*, the opposing "Panamanistas," who are most unhappy with the leader's "populist" goals. The Panamanistas, the former ruling power, were themselves repressive, but it was the upper-class white elite of Panama. Its leader, Arnulfo Arias, now exiled in Miami—or, as they call it, the "Valley of the Fallen"—is a fierce nationalist who followed the National Socialism of the Nazis in his first term of office during the Forties, and is viewed alternately as hero and monster, depending on whom you talk to.

Someone raised the question of suppression of "human rights." Prefacing his answer with an exposition of his government's newly relaxed censorship and his protection of the "little people's freedoms," Torrijos got up, paced back and forth among the visitors, and delivered a sly speech about the people who try to tell him what to do—like the Soviet Union and the United States. "Castro is the only one who tells me what *not* to do," he said acidly, stamping his feet. He plopped heavily into his hammock. Furthermore, Texas has some very repressive laws still on the books—what about those? he asked. As someone started to answer, Torrijos interrupted: "I'm going to write a book giving twenty lessons on 'How to Avoid Being an Enemy of the United States.'... They're probably going to start talking about the hidden drugs, that I am a dictator—they're already talking about it anyway.... I'm going to invite President Carter after this to come down and solve the internal problems of Panama...."

"But you haven't put your finger on the button of our problem—it is not whether we'll be partners in the canal or whether we'll get a lot of money or whether the Panamanians will be employed, preferably in the canal. The problem is that this is a possible guerrilla area or a possible Vietnam of this hemisphere. Nobody invests a penny in our country. For a country that had an economic growth of 8 to 12 percent—we had forecast an economic growth of 12 percent for 1980—we had an economic growth last year of zero. If the country is not advancing and not moving forward, and we are surrounded in the country by 100,000 unemployed... *that* is where our problem is. They are about to jump all over

me," Torrijos complained, his voice rising. "If you could tell me that there are huge helicopters that can move the canal to some other country, I will tell you 'Go ahead.' And people would be happy to see it go."

At this, the delegates stiffened, wondering what might come next.

"Take away all your police," Torrijos volunteered. "Take away your military base, the voltage fences, the 'no trespassing' signs—everything away and build a rice plantation and it will grow more! We could stock the lake with fish that would help to sustain us—we could use the water for the hydroelectric projects that we are working on. I know [the treaty] is priority number one, but people feel like they're orphans, because much attention is given to the canal that the rest of the domestic problems are being set aside." Then his voice softened, he leaned back and puffed his cigar. "Before I was in charge of government, I used to talk to about 100 people daily, solve their problems, listen to their problems in the government. The thing is that I'm beginning to enjoy all this traveling, and pictures, and coat and tie."

He laughed, and his audience, too, leaned back and laughed. Some remained skeptical about the impulsiveness of the general's minute invitation; surely the scene had already been set? But Torrijos explained.

"The reason I've just informed them of the coming is to avoid prefabricated answers, sphere and above all to avoid all speech."

The school we would visit, Torrijos said with some pride, "has produced thousands of teachers and professors, and almost all the social movements in Panama have roots there. That is my province, and everyone there, added with a grin, "feels they are very intellectual." One delegate told the translator, "tell the general that most of us are pro-cannibals," and another asserted firmly that the general knows we are primarily with him. Torrijos responded, "I do not want emotional support, I want a well-informed and consistent support—we must put a little order in what we are about to do, and this"—he laughed—"is almost impossible in a group of intellectuals. Nevertheless, let's see if we can find some order in this disorder!" To which one of the delegation shouted "Bravo!" and Torrijos promptly invited him to ride in the helicopter.

By now the conversation was informal and seemingly carefree; Torrijos was touching people often—a shoulder or a hand of the man or woman nearby. The delegation crouched on the floor or sat on couches and chairs—laughing at the jokes, responding obsequiously to Torrijos's random notes and observations.



The resulting scene seemed a preposterous chwalkian parody—we the visiting Americans applauding a dictator's disparagement as he directs the terms of our accommodation to his desires.

A dictator's sense of humor

WHILE TORRIJOS OBVIOUSLY enjoys the limelight and the power to produce raucous laughter at his jokes, he can afford to tell se jokes on himself. His lusting after wom- He answered the question with a laugh, eling himself "dictator—of love, ha, ha." self-declared fondness for his "title of dic- or," the meetings with starchy European ders, which left him unimpressed?—here he ped up, stood stiff, and pursed his lips, cking European diplomatic etiquette, then shed a brilliant grin, relaxed his face, and ped back in the hammock—their formal- prompted him to teach them a lesson in w to relax. "After I told them," Torri- said, quite amused with himself, "they xed." He is a talented mimic and his au- nce was delighted with his impersonations. to impressed him most in the countries he'd ited on that trip? Israel's Prime Minister gin was one, Torrijos said, because "Begin a leader, and the world is full of bosses— ises get to the top on the Peter Principle— it doesn't have enough leaders." Torrijos gned concern, with exaggerated frown, that egin will not be killed by his heart but by

his chief of protocol. Because he's new, Begin "Because he's new, Begin doesn't realize that protocol shouldn't be bothered with," El General said, pulling out his hip flask and taking a swig. Not that Begin's protocol chief wasn't "agreeable," or that he didn't "handle everybody strictly and with finesse," but, Torrijos said bitterly, "he's a pest!" Several of us blanched at that remark, mindful of Ambassador Duke's efforts as protocol chief under Kennedy and Johnson. But nobody picked it up, and there was a frozen silence. Then many began to talk at once, and the awkwardness passed.

Torrijos stressed constantly the importance of "the people" and regarded education as a "priority." "We have doubled it in nine years—600,000 are going to schools out of the 1.8 million population. I designed it so that in the rural areas the distance between school and village is no more than a half-hour's walking distance, and in the city no school is farther away than a nickel on a bus. I designed this." How many are high-school graduates eligible to attend college? "About 15,000," Torrijos answered easily. "But too much intellectual study deforms, and too much work makes you dumb, so you have to combine them and mix them like a cocktail." At this point the translator volunteered the remark that her son's private school sends him to the country for "two months of enforced rural service each year, and I like that."

Torrijos shouted with mock sternness, "Shut up, creature, I have the floor!" He repeated the characteristic gesture of throwing his head forward so that his hair flew in oily strands



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over his forehead, then he shook it back and smoothed it into place with his fingers. Laughing, he repeated, "The old man has the floor."

Then, more seriously, he continued: "Our educational system is our national pride. People see terrorism and guerrilla actions and they think this is because of Communism, but it isn't—it's the apparent cause . . . but *not* the cause. The fundamental cause is the lack of schools. The lack of hope," he said, pausing, puffing cigar, frowning, "lack of education, lack of development, lack of everything. In Panama we spend 30 percent of the total budget on education and not more than 10 percent on military and defense. In other countries it's 40 percent for defense and 10 percent for education. But it's only when the people have no peaceful solution, no roads open—then they fight." Talking through his cigar, he said, "The Americans are always looking for Communists—more than the Communists are looking for Americans!" More laughter.

Torrijos spoke about the letter he wrote to Ted Kennedy in 1969, after Kennedy's statement about the failure of the Alliance for Progress: "Kennedy was very pessimistic about it, so I wrote to him and recounted . . . what made the young officers of the Guardia Nacional of Panama take over the oligarchy and place the armed forces at the service of the people.

"It was a long account of . . . why we were so ashamed, at a certain point, of being used as an instrument of repression. Politicians were taking advantage of force to repress the just and healthy unrest of the people. Things like this: The cattle of a big landowner would come and eat all the produce of a country man's little vegetable crop, and then they would imprison the little farmer because he hadn't fenced in his garden—and I had to put him in the jail! I knew that was not fair and it could not go on; always the justice favored the powerful and mighty," Torrijos said, springing from the hammock to gesture broadly with his hands; the general seemed to be warming to his role. He leaned forward, talking more softly, conspiratorially. "What I would do is, I would give the farmer a .12-caliber pistol so that he could kill the cow and eat it, but I warned him, 'Don't tell them I told you.'" Here Torrijos laughed with great gusto. "So after he did what I suggested, they would take him to jail and torture him to get at the truth but the farmer refused to implicate me or get me into trouble. So the high headquarters would send me a report—I was Major Torrijos at that time—that 'Communists are giving guns to the farmers,' and I would answer that 'I'm looking for them but I can't

find them.' Then I would tell the guys to look for them."

"That's one of the examples I gave to Kennedy in that letter . . . and that was Panama about ten years ago. Since then we have succeeded to correct the direction . . . and everything is not taken care of yet but we have started and many countries haven't started yet, people who don't make peaceful changes having drastic changes made *for* them."

Torrijos's fierce nationalism was evident in his reaction to a question about the U.S. Peace Corps. "I sent them out," he shrugged. When the audience laughed uncomfortably and after too long a pause, he added, "The people in the Peace Corps are nice guys, but for us it's hard to understand the problems of each [Panamanian] region. For *them* it's even more difficult to understand . . . they'd be drastic solutions. Let's go back to the example of the farmer I gave a gun to, and the cow. The Peace Corps would have shot the cow themselves instead of going through the farmer. So then, if you arrest a gringo, they send the United States Marine Infantry after you!"

The general's view of contemporary culture for Panama is quite concise: "Everyone is creative in the intellectual sphere or in art is a cliché, and when they get together they ask questions—so the government gives them answers." The government bought the old club three years ago, he explained, and "was going to build a palace of fine arts with a Coney Island sort of park around it. So the people can blah blah about it and nothing get done," which is just what Torrijos intended. "When they're about to come up with a suggestion, I get into the picture with something controversial to distract them because we don't have the money yet to finance all these projects," he boasted delightedly. Reading the disapproval of his listeners, he added quickly, "There is a renovation of the people's cultural expressions and ideas. Once a month I invite the people working in the cultural program to be at leisure here. Some of them sing or play music, some of them take a dip . . . mostly informal." Torrijos's favorite writer, José Jesús Martínez, is a philosopher, professor, and a sergeant in the National Guard, because "all of a sudden he decided he wanted to be part of the team." "And General Torrijos agreed," his translator said. "I used to read him a lot, very much," the general added, "but all I read now is about an hour a day before I go to sleep. I have to read all the reports that come sent to me by the government, the correspondence. . . . I finish a book in about a month. I have just finished reading the autobiography of Anthony Quinn. I think it's a great book."

One of the general's staff ran up nervously

spoke to him in urgent tones, then he ed up, rolled his eyes, and reported sheep-
 'I forgot, there's no school today in
 iago—because of Teachers' Day. All the
 rs I sent to see schools and there are no
 es." He laughed, unperturbed. The larger
 p that had not been anointed to ride in the
 ral's helicopter had left two hours before;
 ad of touring a Santiago school they were
 nishing around a Santiago gas station
 veltering heat, waiting for El General.

Among school children

FINALLY TORRIJOS SWAGGERED off the
 veranda through the yard toward his
 helicopter, sporting pistol-in-holster on
 one hip and newly refilled canteen on
 other, donning his Cuban-revolutionary-
 gauchito hat and grabbing a cassette play-
 hat blared forth Latin American rumba
 hms. His entourage came shuffling behind,
 bling when Torrijos paused to drink
 ily from his flask.

was "ladies first" up into the waiting
 er, assisted by the general and his aides.
 1 Torrijos leapt agilely up the side and
 the craft, clutching his blaring cassette
 er. He slipped into his seat, where he eas-
 aced side, back, and front simultaneously
 ust a slight turn of his head. The pilots
 on his left in front, the women all in a
 on his right, with "the beauty" seated
 est him, the U.S. ambassador, NCAFP
 ident Gene Foley, and a couple of others
 ng steerage behind the first row.

s the helicopter lifted up, motor shrieking,
 rijos bellowed to the interpreter, who bel-
 d to us, "There are two hundred people
 antiago—so I understand how the little
 feels. This must be just like Plains, Geor-
 How many in Plains, six hundred? Well
 of Santiago's two hundred there were
 ty people who voted no in the plebiscite.
 those votes were not against the treaties
 against me!" Torrijos waited to see the
 tion, which was confusion, then he burst
 laughing and began swaying and tapping
 fingers in time to the music that was au-
 even above the roar of the motor. "I've
 riding mainly in helicopters for eight
 s now," he said, "and I really enjoy it."
 aught up in Torrijos's conviviality,
 y shouted from his seat on the far side
 he copter the playful suggestion that, with
 these "beauties" aboard, the helicopter
 ht to make an emergency landing in the
 gle. Torrijos guffawed and rolled his eyes,
 vering appreciatively, "You are a man of

brilliant ideas!" I for one had a moment's
 pause that the general might act on the idea,
 because his macho exploits were not a secret,
 and a Guatemalan colleague had gleefully re-
 counted the recent, rumored Torrijos escapade
 with "a dozen-or-so female journalists at a
 Panamanian island resort." But Torrijos be-
 gan shouting over the din of twin engines and
 rumba to point out crops of okra, sugar, rice,
 and the world's little-known fourth-largest de-
 posit of copper in the invisible distance. "Yes,"
 Torrijos admitted, "there are commitments by
 industry—Texas Gulf, for instance—to begin
 mining operations for the copper; a great
 potential. We expect to export \$500 million
 worth of copper by 1982—financing is prom-
 ised by several countries—but only if the
 treaties are ratified." Would that considera-
 tion really delay industry from investing
 where there is so much potential profit? "Yes,
 because no country wants to invest where
 there is the possibility of guerrilla fighting.
 They could turn into the same kind as the cop-
 per mines in Angola: now they don't produce."

We set down in what appeared to be a graz-
 ing field a few hundred feet from the cluster
 of buildings near the school, and as the door
 was opened children came rushing up on bi-
 cycles, with older villagers running along be-
 hind. The swarming children swooped down
 affectionately upon Torrijos from the moment
 he stepped out of the helicopter. The progress
 to the school was a colorful if arduous cere-
 mony with kisses and hugs as well as irreverent
 wisecracks exchanged along the way, and no
 bodyguards as Torrijos threw himself into the
 crowds. Ambassador Jorden assured the skept-
 ics that the enthusiasm was sincere. The
 cheering that accompanied Torrijos as he
 made his way through the throng of admirers
 to enter the crowded gymnasium would have
 been difficult to feign. We were led with Tor-
 rijos to the front of the gym, surrounded by
 stadium bleachers on all sides, to sit behind
 the long speaker's table. The rickety table
 was flanked by formal floral bouquets; the
 school band played a rousing march entitled
 "American Colony, No!"

Torrijos took frequent swigs from his flask
 during his own and other speeches. He shared
 some laughs with the rabbi in the delegation,
 and Ambassador Jorden managed another
 pained smile as he presented one of the many
 diplomas to be distributed.

Jorden and Torrijos together presented a
 melancholy sight, this gentle man being sub-
 jected to the whim of Omar—following into
 helicopters, suffering a six-hour sojourn into
 the dictator's home camp for the unpteenth
 time, wincing and depressed when Torrijos

"[Torrijos] had his own ideas about democracy: 'Having a leader on top and those below pulling him down, that is not democracy, that is group interest. . . . I have spoken to some of the Soviet leaders and they insisted we should copy their way of doing things.'"

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capriciously and unpredictably warned a Panama TV camera that the United States had better ratify the treaties within six months or else. . . . (By the end of the day with the dictator, one senior United States embassy official would introduce a disillusioning and disappointing note of American censorship by bluntly stating, "This is the last time we'll allow such a freewheeling visit; orders have been given . . . !")

The moods of Torrijos

THE SPEECHES IN THE HOT school gym had long lost their charm by the time we adjourned. Torrijos immediately charged out with his army of kids, on into a tiny classroom, and finally out to the swimming pool, where he stopped to hand someone his watch and cigar lighter, then jumped—uniform and all—into the pool.

The delegation and the local press went by bus to a private house for lunch; the owners had been informed a few hours before that they would have the honor to serve the disheveled fact-finding mission. The imperial helicopter set down in the yard. Furious flurry emanated from the small kitchen; another room had become Torrijos's staff office, and Torrijos himself barged in soaking wet to borrow a change of clothes.

When he reappeared, the slightly crumpled crowd came to sudden attention and Torrijos strode over to a dining table, immediately followed by his attentive guests. Cameras flashed and the sound of scuffling chairs being pulled up around him fairly drowned out his voice as he began speaking, almost too fast for the interpreter. His good humor was obviously on the wane. The questions grew more pointed, and while Torrijos was edgy, he was trying to keep his anger under control. He called on a local schoolteacher to address the analogy Congressman Dorn had drawn between Panama and Vietnam. When the teacher concluded, in English, "You would force us to go into the struggle of violence if justice is not made good," Dorn asked, "Could we hear it from the General?" And then Torrijos lost his temper. Glowering, he looked directly at Dorn, told a story concerning a man accused unjustly of "blackmail, of being a 'dirty so-and-so' [untranslatable]—and that is the way I feel, Senator. You have me up to my neck, and you don't want me to defend myself. This is the way I feel." Several gasps, then many talking at once, trying to mollify. One of our treaty supporters tried to soothe the general by telling him the questions were only to resolve

doubts "back home," but the next question only aggravated matters. It was a relatively mild inquiry about Torrijos's promise to Senator Byrd regarding the relaxation of his laws. Torrijos sat up rigid and said angrily, "This is part of the humiliation we have continue to accept. . . . These repressive laws will be abrogated. Tomorrow I will also comply with another commitment I made to Senator Byrd about a law that it was never necessary to implement, so we almost forgot about it."

"What does worry us is that many United States leaders seem to know more about Panamanian newsmen than Panamanian newsmen do. And they are very much worried about repressive laws which our own people are worried about. . . . You have a law in Texas that you do not use but it's still there, we say that anyone found with a cutting knife can get up to twenty-five years in jail. I am interested in your laws. One gets tired of other meddling in his life. We know that these are our friends, but do not carry out justice with a shotgun; people will not like you if you will comply with my commitment to Senator Byrd. . . . but certain members of the Senate, not Byrd, seem to think they will tell us to take aspirin to take for our headache, in spite of the fact that it will not take away our headache. Well then, we will have an aspirin with blue eyes, blond hair, and a lot of freckles."

Despite Torrijos's exasperation, several people persisted in questioning his control of the press, and some alluded to his government's lack of democracy in the American manner. For a time, Torrijos tapped his fingers on the table, listening to the translation of the questions, although he seemed to understand before the interpreter had even begun to speak. Then he glared at the inquiring journalist sitting nearby; quietly, through gritted teeth, he said that, despite all the imported criticism about an opposition newspaper, the fact was "the Panamanians do not use newspaper opposition, we use the radio, and there are over fifty radio stations in Panama. The government has only one!"

As Torrijos became increasingly defensive, he reached for a personal story to illustrate his pique at the interfering visitors. Pushing his chair back from the table, he looked directly at his interpreter and began: "The day I went to have treatments because I had a sunstroke, and I don't mean to be rude or vulgar, but I must tell you how it happened. I felt burning when I went to urine, and the doctor said, 'I can cure you by giving two prostatic massages,' and I said, 'Forget it, I don't want your cure.' Sometimes the effect of the remedy exasperates a man."



Sometimes, simply
being in love can be
a death-defying act.

Helen Hayes and Fred Astaire in "A Family Upside Down."
Xerox Television Special. April 9th on NBC-TV.

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GENIAL
DESPOT

He had his own ideas about democracy: "Having a leader on top and those below pulling him down, that is not democracy, that is group interest. . . . I have spoken to some of the Soviet leaders and they insisted we should copy *their* way of doing things. Could it be that you are making the same mistake the Communists are?" He looked around at the group defiantly and paused; his audience was tense, silent, waiting. Then he continued, comparing the U.S.-Panama Canal breakup to a divorce in which one partner is "still in love," and observing tersely that "there is always an excuse. It hurts, it hurts to leave the canal." Then he stood up and was out of his chair before the interpreter could complete his translation of the general's adjournment for lunch.

A couple of American correspondents, veterans in Latin America, speculated about the significance of the general's fury, and a few of the delegates longed to "get back to Farallon for a dip in the general's sea." But clearly the party was over. After an hour we were collected and flown and driven back to the retreat at Farallon, where a few of us ran down to the beach while others lounged on the veranda waiting for El General to return.

A smiling Torrijos reappeared about half an hour later, barefoot and dressed in a red T-shirt and workpants. He lit a cigar and resumed holding court from his hammock. He had regained considerable composure and his earlier, simian sort of charm. Now he seemed mindful that his lunchtime performance may have cost him some valuable support, and he attempted to ingratiate himself with his audience in a fascinating monologue that ranged from his similarities to Libyan strongman Qaddafi, whom he admires—they both like to meditate alone—to America's great leaders like Jefferson, Kennedy, and Lincoln, who were much less "Communist" than he, Torrijos, is. He pledged "real peace" for Panama, disdained Communism and fascism as equal "dictatorships," and talked seriously about the wounds he'd suffered twenty years before in Panama's mountains, at the hands of Castro-inspired guerrillas who emulated the Cuban leader "just after the guerrilla victory in Cuba." He elaborated on Fidel's advice: "This is what Fidel said—you're not going to believe me. Fidel Castro told me, 'Slow, Torrijos, take it slow. . . . At first I was very fast and I had to pay a very high social cost.' And Fidel was right."

With that remark the fact-finding mission was at an end. Torrijos grabbed two or three of the girls and kissed them goodbye. Then, in a swirling of aides and followers, he left the

house and retired to the mountains for what was given out as a period of rest and meditation.

LATER THAT EVENING, on the occasion of the delegation's departure for the United States, Ambassador Jorden expressed concern at what he thought would be an angry Congressional reaction to expected press reports of Torrijos's threat—even those who were protreaty might be incensed by the arrogant ultimatum Panama's boss. A few in the delegation were pushing ratification of the treaties with regret having encouraged the meeting, while they feared had prompted the general's outburst. But no such fears were warranted. The U.S. daily press, with the exceptions of the *Boston Globe*, the *Christian Science Monitor*, and one or two others, chose to ignore Torrijos's potentially explosive *pronunciamento* (at least as far as could be ascertained) until several weeks later when *People* magazine quoted from it in a pictorial profile of "General." Our group learned of the televised threat just two hours after Torrijos issued when the Panama Canal Company manager—who represents antitreaty interests—graciously distributed hastily xeroxed copies of the "statement-aired-through-Panama-television-station-December 2, 1977," which read:

Panama cannot yield any more or wait much more. Either the United States ratifies the treaties or send the Marines. Our patience machine has fuel for six months. Statements by the Pentagon that Panama can turn into another Vietnam have paralyzed the economy of the country. Legions of hungry [people] around the Canal have put our patience to the test. Three hundred million Latin Americans will not permit Panama to become another Dominican Republic, Bay of Pigs, Korea, or Vietnam.

While American embassy officials and other treaty supporters were frantically fearful of the damage done, antitreaty activists were gleeful and unworried by Torrijos's threat. One Zonian shrugged it off as only "the latest in the dictator's long history of ominous intimations, a sample export to the United States of the harsh measures by which he has kept his Panamanian people's nerve from jumping."

Ambassador Jorden insisted that Torrijos is "not to be passed off as a tinhorn dictator" and Panamanian supporters pointed out that Torrijos's patience had been sorely tried in the long, hard history of American demands and "fact-finding" missions.

MOTHERS & DAUGHTERS

by Patricia Evans



Jill and Emily
San Francisco

Patricia Evans, a daughter but not yet a mother, lives in Chicago, where she works as a free-lance photographer. She has traveled widely—in Europe, North Africa, and the Indian subcontinent. She spent last year photographing Gypsies in France on a French government fellowship.



Freda and Karen
San Francisco



Florence and Rosie
San Francisco



Flo and Debbie
Chicago



Dot and Bertha
Vermont

IN OUR TIME

by Tom Wolfe

The Buck Stops Here



"Oh, Mama, all the big boys say I'm wishy-washy, mealymouthed, tangle-footed, butterfingered, incompetent, indecisive, a cold fish, and a hypocrite."

"There, there, there. You're no cold fish."

WHERE EVERY PROSPECT PLEASES

by Hugh Kenner

Pattern Language: Towns, Buildings, Construction, by Christopher Alexander, Sara Ishikawa, Murray Silverstein, with Max Jacobson, grid Fiksdahl-King, Shlomo Angel. Oxford University Press, \$27.50.

the Oregon Experiment, by Christopher Alexander, Murray Silverstein, Shlomo Angel, Sara Ishikawa, Denny Rams. Oxford University Press, \$27.50.

THOREAU is perhaps our first instance of the builder as philosopher-king. He was also first with a Utopian literary genre that goes through the motions of imparting technical advice while it conjures fantasies of a world sprung free from time and turmoil, where there are no other people or they're all on your side. *Walden*, where a mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation, commences with the author viewing his housing problem as the key to all the others. Invoking the rhetoric of spec sheets, he totals his costs to the nearest half cent: \$28.12½ in 1845 money, or 19¢ a square foot, for a use that would last him as long as he needed it, when undergraduates at Harvard down the road were being charged \$30 for a single year in the rm.

His cabin built, the builder settled on the life it made possible, two satiating years as inspector of snowdrifts and forest paths, and you'd never guess to read him that anything essential was going on in the world. Thoreau had built himself into a private Utopia.

He has fed the daydreams of immoderate readers. Fancy W.B. Yeats, the flowing locks and the pince-nez,

lifting an ax! Yet Yeats was early fascinated by Thoreau's "tight-shingled and plastered house" near an acreage planted "chiefly with beans," and soon fantasized for himself a hermit's good life on an island called Innisfree in an Irish Walden Pond called Lough Gill; a small cabin indeed he proposed to build there, "of clay and wattles made" (local materials). As for diet, Thoreau's beans gave the cue: "nine bean-rows will I have there, and a hive for the honey-bee"; unreal, of course, but *Walden* is not seldom unreal in a similar way, the sentences gliding into metaphor just when particulars grow gritty, weaving their filaments back to particularity as the metaphor turns insubstantial.

Cabin-building takes up only a few pages of *Walden*. Succeeding fantasists have been much more explicit in proposing that the house-building problem is intrinsic with all else that perplexes us, and that attacking it may be the place to begin. Gazing balefully on Victorian London, Sir Ebenezer Howard dreamed green dreams. His *Garden Cities of Tomorrow* (1902) has been feeding town planners' fantasies for seven decades. It proposed (says Jane

Jacobs, acidly) "the creation of self-sufficient small towns, really very nice towns if you were docile and had no plans of your own and did not mind spending your life among others with no plans of their own." Quiet desperation might as well be tranquilized by greenery.

In the '20s Le Corbusier proposed vertical Garden Cities, 1,200 people to the acre—ten times the population density of central Paris—all housed in skyscrapers but sharing plenty of grass. By the '30s Lewis Mumford was grumping that cities as they existed were perfectly awful, Frank Lloyd Wright was dreaming up Broadacres City, and Buckminster Fuller was uttering 7,000 words per hour on mass-produced dwelling machines, to be installed just anywhere like telephones. (Disengaged from realtors, garbage-men, and crabby neighbors, people couldn't help but get a lot nicer.)

In the late '60s Lloyd Kahn's *Domebooks* took Fuller designs into the woods for one-by-one countercultural fabrication. Subsequently his *Shelter* has rejected the whole geodesic trip and gone back to native crafts. And all these writers have attracted many thousands of readers who have no intention of living that way at all but love to read about it.

NOW COMES Christopher Alexander of the Center for Environmental Structure in Berkeley, with a cluster of co-authors and a trio of interdependent books, one still being born. Alexander

Some of Hugh Kenner's best friends are architects, and among his books is one on Buckminster Fuller, titled *Bucky*, published by William Morrow.



may aspire to be the Melville of the genre. Certainly, at 1,171 pages, beautifully produced on Bible paper to weigh a mere 28 ounces, and priced 62½¢ less than Thoreau's whole cabin, *A Pattern Language* emulates the white whale's freakish copiousness, and if its tone never rises to the apocalyptic, its preachments and fantasies are nevertheless enticingly labyrinthine. With its aid you can dream about the weaving together of whole cities, or ex-cogitate your private shelter for the good life, or think how to do something about the back porch, and maybe even do it—sensibly, too.

Each of 253 "Patterns" is a focused meditation that moves from a stated problem to a one-sentence solution, generally under the aegis of a key photograph. They are arranged in rough order of comprehensiveness, from large-scale desiderata like Agricultural Valleys, Mosaic of Subcultures, Local Transport Areas, to minutiae you can implement almost at once, like Small Panes, Half-Inch Trim, and Climbing Plants. Each begins with cross-references to related larger patterns, and ends with cross-references to smaller ones.

The idea is to scan the list for a key pattern that comes closest to what you have in mind to do, meditate on its few thousand words, then let its cross-references lead you to related patterns, till you have a cluster of relevancies and can be thinking clearly before you pick up a hammer or a pencil.

For instance, Outdoor Room (163), Six-Foot Balcony (167), and Different Chairs (251) are all relevant to the back-porch problem. The first says, "Build a place outdoors which has so much enclosure round it that it takes on the feeling of a room, even though it is open to the sky." The second notes that balconies or porches less than six feet deep are hardly ever used. The third derides any tendency to fit people of different sizes and sitting habits into identical chairs.

These ramify. Different Chairs leads down the list to Pools of Light, because you'll want to draw those sitters together with coercions of shade, and Six-Foot Balcony leads down the list to Sitting Wall—make minor boundaries with low walls wide enough to sit on. You stop when you sense that you have your project surrounded.

Patterns higher on the list than your

key pattern touch, probably, on degrees of generality you're powerless to do much about. You ignore them for now.

Or more likely you fantasize about them. Thus, 158 (Open Stairs) proposes that life in upstairs apartments has a disconnected feeling when access to the street is controlled by inner stairs and a guarded lobby; if the latter is not tyrannical, still it's "the precise pattern that a tyrant *would* propose who wanted to control people's comings and goings." Nudged by photos of Mediterranean diversity, you can drift into easeful reveries about social decentralization and the free comings and goings in Greek villages, putting clean out of mind the primary big-city reason for that locked lobby, which is to keep out muggers.

When you come awake you may even get around to reflecting how unlikely are weeks of browsing among this book's half-million words to turn up any allusion to thugs or slums or hopelessness. (Psychosis does turn up in 68—Connected Play—but only for the sake of proposing that you can reduce its future likelihood by ensuring enough playmates for each child; by a dazzling calculation this entails structuring neighborhoods to put each household within reach of 64 others.)

Perhaps in an ideal city there would be no muggers? And there would surely be Pattern 58, Carnival (a continuous opportunity for people to work out their madness); Pattern 81, Small Services Without Red Tape; and Pattern 63, Dancing in the Streets. It's the hidden premise of *A Pattern Language*, as of early Fuller and of Mumford passim, that a wholly remade environment, the right boards and bricks in the right places, will depressurize the optimization of everything else.

An explicit statement of premises, an initial volume called *The Timeless Way of Building*, is still in production as I write this. What has held up its completion I can't say. What would have held me up if I'd been trying to write it is the chicken-egg problem of drawing the design decisions out of a community that is (by hidden premise) unlikely to exist till a couple of generations after the decisions have been implemented.

The blurb promises a post-industrial version of "that age-old process by which the people of a society have always pulled the order of their world

from their own being," which may back onto history Thoreau's wish to ascertain "what foundation a door, window, a cellar, a garret, have in the nature of man." Alexander is commendably negative about master plans that turn obsolete overnight and master planners who assault the chaos of forms like Beethoven navigating a sea of sound, shaping, at best, egocentric majesties of order to which we gratefully assent (but you can't live the *Eroica*); at worst, the numbing tentativeness of Skidmore, Owings Merrill, whom Chicago wit dismisses as the Three Blind Mies. No, he thinks users of environments are the people who should shape them, as they have throughout most of human history. "Many of the most wonderful places in the world, now avidly photographed by architects"—here a photo of an idyllic Swiss town—"were not designed by architects but by lay people."

Those people, it's conventional to note, worked within a slow-changing traditional culture, bound by shared assumptions about what everything they built was for: the church, the market square, the rows of balconies. We've lost most of that. Hence *A Pattern Language*, which is meant to "play the role that tradition played in a traditional culture." Alexander and his fluctuating group of associates have been working it out for years, making ingenuity do tradition's work and belatedly at least three interrelated difficulties they nowhere acknowledge unless that unpublished first volume. I'll give them names:

(1) The Esperanto Fallacy: recognizing another high-minded effort to co-opt a universal tongue from smooth-out features of existing ones. Alexander & Co. have not always avoided the trap of extolling in seductive prose the nicer features of sundry European towns (Local Town-Hall, Bus-Stop—a vortex of interest, Cascade of Roof) and pretending they make a deep-rooted unity, mastery of which will elicit spontaneous expression.

(2) The Sansculotte Fallacy: the tendency to assume that you or the people you're talking to are in charge of whatever matters; that legal and financial difficulties aren't there, aren't serious, or answer to no one but wishes save an exploiter's.

(3) The Pelagian Fallacy: the assumption that uncorrupted men w

ess just this inventory of common
s, pellucid, naïvely clear.

it all three together and you get
oddy touristy visions. Pattern
Home Workshop, commences with
m avowal: "We imagine a society
hich work and family are far more
mingled than today." Since we
n't such a society, what ensues is
fantasy, but let's follow it.

he home workshop loses triviality;
comes "an integral part of every
e." Moreover, "we believe its most
rtant characteristic is its relation-
to the public street." Anyone who
traveled will detect the base of
Esperanto: the streetside carpen-
in Taipei, the Swiss carver on his
h. Sansculottism next: "change
ioning laws," bring each workshop
the neighborhood's public domain,
a workbench in the open, maybe
all meeting room....

nd a final Pelagian sigh of content-
t: the worker has a view of the
t, passersby are enriched, children
anted. But if we envisage a work-

"as central to the house's func-
as the kitchen or the bedrooms,"
implies an out-front shop attached
very house, and every street look-
like a street of small trades. But
method of incremental exposition
ades you from thinking about
; from asking whether you really
t the street on which you live—
retreat, perhaps, from a clangor-
job—to be so very busy; or (sup-
ing it's your workshop) from re-
ing that you may not welcome the
itions of every passerby as you
ggle with your glassblowing.

N ISOLATING ITS many themes for
separate attention, and in prescrib-
ing that the context you seek for
any pattern shall be found among
r patterns, *A Pattern Language* is
e of a closed system than it claims
e, and for all its look of openness
ommon experience it abounds in
len persuaders. You don't read it
ugh, you're not meant to; you
use, and the browsing is at first
stanting. But after the book has
around a few weeks you may find
voices going in your head every
you open it. They are the surly
deemed you, and a new self grow-
glib in Pattern Language.

"I like my isolation," you may sud-
denly hear yourself retort to yet an-
other page of communal romanticiza-
tion. "Out of habit," responds the voice
schooled by the book. "You cling to it
because you've always had it." "No,"
cries the old you, "I do not thrill at
all to the prospect of tumbling out of
my front door into a web of sixty-four
other families." And the pattern-self
replies, "They are your neighbors, your
brothers and sisters, your in-laws, your
communal siblings. Be open to their
humanity." And if you hear your old
self quoting Robert McAlmon's "Peo-
ple are not charming enough," you will
also hear the new voice raised in ex-
tenuation: "Granted, granted, but they
would be less damn dull if they had
known a different environment. So
build a better one, if not for your sake
or theirs, for your children and theirs."
(Children are a trump card in this
sort of game. Being both Absolute
Good, to be heeded, and Absolute Po-
tential, to be shaped, they can assume
any value the player requires.)

Egg-chicken-egg, round and round.
Much of the Pattern Language entails,
for lasting conviction, the leap of faith,
the faith we all have in good things
that are not disproved because they
have never been tried.

But wait, here's *The Oregon Experi-
ment*, which seems to be telling us how
the Alexander team rode north and
lifted the consciousness of the Univer-
sity of Oregon at Eugene. "It's all been
tried," this little book keeps telling us
between the lines. "It all works."

What it tells us word by word,
though, is less definite; two readings
of its 35,000 words leave me utterly
uncertain whether any structure ever
did get built at all, or whether any-
thing happened except a number of
conferences of which some of the con-
feres retain ecstatic memories. The
whole tends to be couched as a memo
of recommendation, in the optative
mood. The authors, when you come
down to it, are hoping this is how the
university will go.

I hope so too. There's no worse pro-
cess than the one by which university
buildings are normally commissioned,
though it dents one's faith in the Alex-
ander alternative to reflect that the best
part of the country's most architec-
turally successful campus reflects the
master plan of one man, Thomas Jef-
ferson. Lacking a Jefferson, though, the

Alexander principles—organic order,
participation, piecemeal growth—of-
fer more hope than any other proce-
dure that comes to mind. And a cam-
pus, which understands better what it's
trying to achieve than a neighborhood
or a city, seems the ideal place to try
them out.

Oregon, moreover, may be the ap-
pointed crucible. In my efforts to find
out, by telephone, to what extent Eu-
gene was implementing Alexandrian-
ism I was several times reminded that
if anything of the kind was going for-
ward—bull sessions, user input, modest
incremental projects, lots of emphasis
on bikes and sun and rapping—no one
would be likely to notice it, so natural
to every Oregonian is fussing about the
environment and attending meetings to
guard its destiny. It seems no accident
that *A Pattern Language* was written
in Berkeley, near the southern bound-
ary of the region which Ernest Callen-
bach, in *Ecotopia*, imagines seceding
from the United States to pursue by
inner consent an ecology-minded, no-
growth destiny.

Ecotopia, which was also written in
Berkeley, is a West Coast best-seller
still hardly heard of in the East. The
year is 1999, and since 1980 Chinese-
style isolation has sealed off what was
formerly Washington, Oregon, and
Northern California. A "crack investi-
gative reporter"—not a brilliant fic-
tional contrivance, but this isn't *Moby
Dick*—is finally there, sending back
dispatches, keeping a diary. He finds
pretty much the society Alexander en-
visages, though the Alexander version
is less feisty, indeed middle-aged, stud-
ied chiefly from the less industrialized
patches of Europe.

There's much wisdom and much
crackpottery in both men's books. My
considered recommendation is that you
read *Ecotopia* first, to imagine a possi-
ble world, and then keep *A Pattern
Language* by your bedside for several
weeks, absorbing a few pages a night
to substantiate it all. And when the two
voices finally start going in your head,
forget that you're reenacting the cli-
max of *Ecotopia*. Consider that you're
on the verge of creative possibility.
Neither Alexander nor Callenbach is,
alas, a novelist, but if you are, then
it may be your moment to rise up and
write, out of the division in your soul,
this century's *Moby Dick*. □

GIN AND NOSTALGIA

by Robert Stone

The Human Factor, by Graham Greene. Simon and Schuster, \$9.95.

I HAVE NOT BEEN widely read in the work of Graham Greene—*Brighton Rock*, *The Power and the Glory*, and a few of the stories were, until recently, all I knew. It was some of Greene's strongest fiction and it led me to experience a distinct distaste for the work and for the sensibility behind it. He seemed to me the purveyor of a certain contamination of the spirit, the nature of which I could not altogether identify.

In order to receive his latest book, *The Human Factor*, I read more; I understood more about the writer and his work, and my distaste ripened unpleasantly into contempt. It's quite possible to enjoy feeling contemptuous, it's one of the pleasures of the age if it suits your disposition. But the contempt I ended up feeling for Greene's fiction did me no good at all.

Within the forty years or so that Greene has been writing, other writers than he have failed us by rendering phony ideological commitment, phony religiosity, phony self-discovery. Greene, with the exquisite minor-key posturing that compelled him to entitle his autobiography *A Sort of Life* (play the song again, Sam), offers us something special and particularly offensive—phony personal decency. He is not much of a stylist, and the half-baked characterizations and pseudo-insights that have fallen in his work with the insistence of that tropical rain on those corrugated iron roofs have laid the convention of character open to all the criticisms of the antinovels.

Beyond this, by employing the stance of personal decency as a shallow device of motivation, he has attempted to rob us of our last refuge from cant. In an age past patriotism, he has delivered up personal decency as a refuge for scoundrels.

The general beef-and-ale moralists he sets afloat on the surface of his fiction, outfitted to engage the reader's sympathetic point of view, are for the most part monuments of petty snobbery, timely cliché, and unconscious self-satisfied hypocrisy. Farm Street Catholicism, deviationist Marxism, art-deco Freud—where these tried-and-true lines intersect we are sure to find Greene and his creatures waiting for us, affecting boozy alienation and a massive sense of superiority to the poor bastards who take any of these things seriously. In this world of world-weariness and the self-consciously second-rate, ideas exist to be vulgarized, blended, aged in wooden language, and employed as a substitute for characterization. As a substitute, moreover, for cerebration, because the characters in Greene's books (see those in *The End of the Affair*, *The Heart of the Matter*, et cetera, et cetera) are surely the stupidest people in fiction this side of the *Last Exit to Brooklyn*. But anyone who's compounded of Catholicism, Marxism, and Freud is bound to be some kind of an intellectual, right?

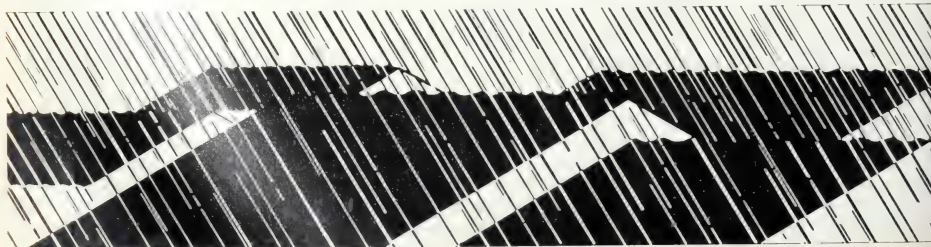
THE REPOSITORY of phony personal decency in *The Human Factor* is one Castle, employed by a secret branch of the Foreign Office. He has been passing se-

crets of minor importance (Greene's characters don't pass secrets of major importance) to the Russians. He has been doing this because a South African Communist saved his wife's life from the South African security police and since, being a Greene character, he's both stupid and has his eye firmly fixed on the Big Picture, it seems the proper way of discharging the debt. Even if Castle didn't come bound to Simon and Schuster covers he'd be recognizable as a Greene character, he's all faint whiskey ponderings a little darts into the back of church where he stands behind the congregation in his wet overcoat, listening to hymns and thinking, dimly and very deeply, about how it is.

Castle's wife is a black South African and thus the proper object of condescending affection and false concern from a man of phony personal decency. Apart from that, she's nothing much except humble, grateful, and fond. Mrs. Castle's presence in the novel raises the question of whether a writer who can't render a black character in more dimension has the right to an opinion on the South African question, let alone to a novel about it—but South African liberation, indirectly, is the subject of *The Human Factor*. Castle and Greene "know" the continent, "know" the people as of course Greene and his characters can "know" continents and people. There's a truth to it, and phony personal decency heaves immeasurably.

A plan is afoot to involve Engle-

Robert Stone is the author of two novels, *A Hall of Mirrors*; and *Dog Soldiers*, which won the National Book Award.



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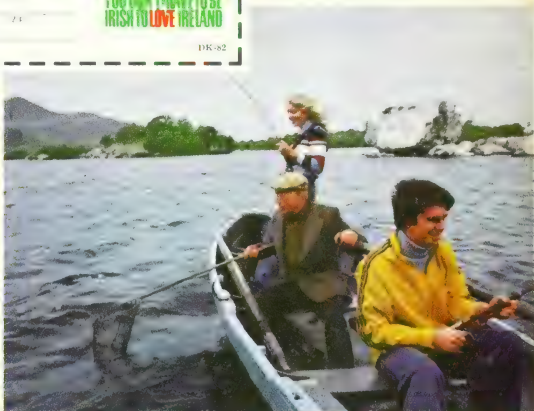
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DK-82



BOOKS

in a four-pronged conspiracy to use tactical nuclear weapons in defense of the Boer state; the other partners—like to guess the other partners? South Africa's one, naturally. Then there's the United States: Alden Pyle's running this one from the Saigon morgue and Andrew Young hasn't been told. *Und? Jawohl.* Our Germans, of course, not theirs. So there's poor old England—instead of sending younger Greens out to really "know" palm and pine, she's about to jump off with the world's nasties.

This plot may not altogether make sense in terms of contemporary political expedience but it makes a great deal of sense in terms of phony personal decency. The reader is invited to bring his or her own to bear in this outrageous situation, to sympathize, surrender, and play at being as stupid as Greene characters. The appropriate artificial moral response is solicited on this basis.

Castle's superiors see nothing wrong with entrusting to him a large role in the necessary liaison with South Africa. "He's been thoroughly vetted," they assure each other. Even the stolid suspicions of Cornelius Muller, field

representative of South Africa's dread BOSS, are allayed after Castle takes him home, introduces him to the mis-sus, and talks over old times. They discuss friends of the Castles whom Muller has had tortured and killed. But Muller's no fool, not by the standards of this entertainment, so a troubling residue of doubt over Castle's desirability as an ideal colleague in a potentially genocidal attack on black South Africa remains with him. We can tell that Muller is an athlete of perception by his leadenly reflective, circumlocutionary, Graham Greeneish manner of discourse.

Meanwhile, Castle's superiors in the FO have discovered a "leak." Who, they wonder over lunch at the Reform, can it be? They decide it must be young Arthur Davis, Castle's unhappy, hard-living office mate.

A frenetic figure of today's London, Davis's idea of a good time is to take in the striptease at the Raymond Revuebar, where, in the inappropriately loud tweed jackets he is described as wearing, he is presumably made welcome by the management as the house Englishman and as a representative of postwar Europe. Davis is involved in

an unrealizable love affair with a realized character named Cynthia.

Displaying a ruthlessness usually associated with other nations, D bosses resolve to murder him and the leak. A few vague presences mer mild demurrers out of phony personal decency, but the Freudianly sinister Dr. Percival, avid fisherman, connoisseur of piscine dishes, determined that the young man die. is made of the doctor's fishiness predatory and cold-blooded. Like Greene villains, he's not as interested in sex as he should be, although doesn't keep him out of mortal sin.

A possible reason for the declining ethical standards in the British services is the fact that C., the chief intelligence, has a fancy American—her accent "the more agreeable being faint, like the tang of an expensive perfume." Now either he doesn't know what he's writing or Greene has here paid an astonishing and unwonted compliment to American English. *The Human Machine* manages to contain an American actor with the commonplace but effective name of Blit—the one character in it who's intended to be stupid—normally Greene, who professes to detect sublime melliflence in his tongue from Nahuatl to Khmer, so patient with our lingo. One might think that in years of struggling shoulder to shoulder with less unattractive people against the designs of freedom, Greene might have gained some familiarity with transatlantic speech. In fact, he has never tried to render American English as much as a simian pidgin from some teen-twenties Chicago of the mind's decades, his Americans have gone speaking like the gangsters in *Nichols for Miss Blandish*. Whether is naïveté or fond indulgence, gross amateurishness in a writer such a reputation for professional

Thinking of Boris, his Polish contact—the only person beside his wife entitled to call him by his name—Castle reflects: "A contraband bit like a priest must be to a cleric—a man who received one's confession whatever it might be with emotion."

Not an insight to dazzle; every bit is a bit like anything you like if you like Graham Greene and you're too tired to all your bases.



Solution to the March Puzzle Notes for "Headhunting"

All nine of the unclued lights (GAGE, MANSIONS, APPLES, EYES, HORNET, ACRES, SLEEVES, BACKS, STREET) have a recognizable identity when preceded by the word GREEN. The diagonals appropriately enough wish a HAPPY ST. PATRICK'S DAY TO ALL.

Across: 9. earths, anagram; 10. tissue, anagram; 11. P(uccini)-lay-able; 12. east, hidden; 13. pep-tic; 15. lots, two meanings; 17. mi(rac[e])le; 18. rea-dying; 19. sue-Y; 21. usance, hidden; 23. Teller, tell 'er; 24. sick, sic; 26. ultimo, hidden; 29. b(less)ed; 30. lambaste, lamb baste. Down: 1. pa(rap-brase)d; 2. E-gyptian, anagram; 3. petals(o); 4. pass, two meanings; 5. assert, anagram; 6. MI-scalculate, anagram; 7. s(O)up; 8. E-steem, reversal; 9. bicycles, buy sickles; 10. s(Y.)rups, reversal; 12. Belas, anagram; 24. lira, anagram; 25. scar(f); 27. bile, hidden in reverse; 28. (f)Luke.

(Note: There are actually two correct solutions. 10 Across can read ISSUET, if 8 Down reads STEEM.)

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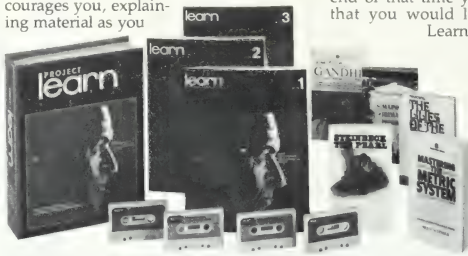
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he has nothing but time. He's the
s equivalent of Monsignor Darcy;
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provide you with a special relation-
to the Faith. None of this recite
catechism and take your hard
ency. Unfortunately, he's being re-
d by Ivan, a coarse-grained Fa-
clism type.

When they changed my control,"
e says, as though from his knees,
Ivan took over I felt unbearably
y. I could never speak about
ing but business to Ivan."

ris (*L'Europe centrale, la finesse*)
s: "I'm sorry I had to go. I
d with them about it. I did my
o stay. But you know how it is in
own outfit. It's the same in ours.
live in boxes and it's they who
se the box."

naich leaves Castle to think: "How
had he heard that comparison in
own office. Each side shares the
lichés."

ese short excerpts, I think, pro-
a reasonable sample of *The Hu-*
man Factor's dialogue and style, as
as of the book's inward concerns.
ve treated the personal decency as

phony; I suggest that even the self-
pity rings false.

NOT SURPRISINGLY, *The Human Factor* represents the resump-
tion by Greene of a familiar,
artificial posture. He has al-
ways been at pains to connect his po-
litical and "spiritual" attitudes with
"legitimate" sources; he inflates these
attitudes by taking little sniffs, the
more agreeable for being faint, like the
tang of an expensive perfume. A little
sniff of incense, a little sniff of the
dread Stalinaya—nothing low-grade or
impromptu. Vatican and CP are the
final point of reference. If there is any-
thing genuine (which is doubtful) in
Greene's posture it is a suggestion of
bitterness at the erosion of orthodoxies
for him to pretend with, to play at
qualifying and rejecting with a sigh
of longing.

But the Church changes, Commu-
nism does, there is no longer an Asia,
an Africa, a Latin America for the
gentleman dilettante to "know" in the
fine old fashion. Greene's characters
in their phony personal decency are
being driven deeper into phony quiet-

ism; the world's getting to be all tran-
sistors, ingratitude, and Blits.

As a political aesthete, Greene may
have shared in that lost Fifties vision
of a new sort of Commonwealth in
which metropolitan intellectuals—men
who "knew" the country and the peo-
ple, wherever they happened to be—
would provide moral leadership to the
emerging nations. The Third World, as
it came to be called—properly armed
and led, in moral terms, by the quality
—would engage the jet age with its
own ideologies and devisings. A heroic
band of savants and their loyal askaris
would take on Blit and Ivan (though
not necessarily Boris) and mass tour-
ism in the name of justice, gin, and
nostalgia.

It was a nonstarter but a fine ro-
mance; its attractiveness might be con-
veyed yet in more honest and less triv-
ial work than Greene's. In *The Hu-*
man Factor everything's reduced to
worn piety, snobbery, and clichés
(which are not only shared by "each
side" but employed relentlessly by
Greene as writer).

It is all fatuous fake moralizing and
who needs it? □

HARPER'S/APRIL 1978

BOOKS IN BRIEF

by Frances Taliaferro

Armful of Warm Girl, by W. M.
Kman. Alfred A. Knopf, \$6.95.

last, after all the novels of for-
tion, a novel of seduction. The title
too cute for the contents: Spack-
is a very Fabergé among novel-
and this novel is not fluffy but
ered, elegant, enameled. New
and the more feudal provinces
e East are the setting; the time is
late 1950s, epoch of a glamour
erto unnoticed but here perfectly
ble. The hero is Nicholas Rom-
fifty, recently severed from his
Line Philadelphia milieu and
(in that order). Imagine Ovid an-
nus of Princeton ('31), with a
ness for his own epigrams, Bach,
crème aux marrons, baching it in
dear little townhouse hung with

Copley portraits. Such is Nicholas
Romney.

His vocabulary is seigniorial; his
cadences, when they don't sound like
La Rochefoucauld, are echoes of G. M.
Hopkins. He is the most original lit-
erary creation of the decade. His quar-
ry is the lovely Victoria Barclay, who
was his mistress seventeen years ago
and may be so again, if she can squeeze
him in between fittings and luncheon
engagements. The pursuer is, however,
pursued; Nicholas is irresistible to the
ravishing Morgan, a deliciously con-
fusing actress contemporary with his
daughter. Only a barbarous Boeotian
could fail to be tickled by the amorous
intricacies of this delightful book. It is
Watteau's *Embarcation pour Cythere*
rendered as a fugue by Cole Porter: an
incomparably civilized trip.

Mind Control, by Peter Schrag. Pan-
theon, \$10.

Mind control is not the demonic
practice of mad lobotomists in cine-
matic fastnesses. The term generically
includes all those processes, usually
benign by intention, through which
U.S. government agencies shape the
lives of citizens. The climate in which
mind control flourishes is a relatively
new one, born of the technology of the
past quarter-century, and its bureau-
cratic practitioners assume an appal-
ling new philosophy of the nature of
man. Peter Schrag sums it up: "At the
heart of the change lies a transcendent
faith that with the proper environment
or the proper methods, any individual

*Frances Taliaferro teaches English at the
Brearley School in New York City.*

can be reshaped, reformed, or at the very least, controlled with psychological or chemical methods, and, along with that faith, the chemical, mechanistic, behavioristic view of man that sustains it."

The first victims are "economically superfluous or socially marginal." Lacking economic power, dependent on government care, they are the casualties of the bureaucrat's belief that people may not understand their own real interests. They are most commonly victimized by our enormous mental health system, whose employees in 1977 outnumbered policemen and whose currency is psychotropic drugs. As tautology becomes science ("The patient is sick because he is in the hospital"), friendly drug manufacturers have developed friendly drugs to respond to numerous symptoms and to create numerous others. "Preventive medicine" takes on new meaning as we hear of horrors small and large. On the small side: drugs less often free the patient from his anxieties than they free the physician from directly caring for the patient; they offer easy maintenance and remote control. The larger menace is to our civil liberties. The marrow chills as we read of the Center for the Prevention of Violence; of EPSDT (Early and Periodic Screening Diagnosis and Treatment, now mandatory in every state); of the numerous personal histories which, even if they are harmless, may be labeled right out of the official *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders*, and inextricably recorded by the computer.

Mind Control describes a nightmarish world. The material itself is often lurid, and it would all sound like febrile invention if Schrag were a less sober writer. He is deadly earnest, however, in proportion to the large body of footnotes he provides for credibility. *Mind Control* is engrossing if not exactly pleasurable reading: a book to be taken seriously, especially by those who have given no recent thought to the Bill of Rights. Today the mental health system, tomorrow the Constitution.

The White Man's Indian: Images of the American Indian from Columbus to the Present. by Robert F. Berkhofer, Jr. Alfred A. Knopf, \$15.

As every schoolchild knows, we owe the name "Indian" to Columbus and it

is a misnomer. Berkhofer argues that not only the name but also the image of the Indian is a white invention, varying with the century and the world view of the inventor. The "discovery" of the American Indian coincided with a growing European self-awareness: "Europa was usually pictured wearing a crown, armed with guns, holding orb and scepter, and handling or surrounded by scientific instruments, . . . books and Christian symbols." Asia ran a poor second; as for America, it was a *tabula rasa* awaiting the inscription of European philosophy and fantasy. The Native American himself appeared in various views as the Noble Savage, the lustful anthropophagus, the descendant of the Ten Lost Tribes of Israel, the limb of Satan sent to try the Puritan settler, or the minister of grace who scooped him in the wilderness. The Enlightened Savage of the seventeenth century became for Montaigne and lesser writers a convenient spokesman for the criticism of European culture; he yielded to the Romantic Savage when emotion and sensibility outweighed reason and good sense. Asism followed ism, the image of the Indian responded to the doctrines of environmentalism, progress, evolutionism, and racism. In our own time, we know an enormous range of "Indian" images provided by cultural anthropology and Western movies, *Little Big Man* and *The Teachings of Don Juan*, the mish-mash inheritance of Chateaubriand, James Fenimore Cooper, and the dime novel.

The subject is fascinating, and a determined reader will profit from the scholarship of *The White Man's Indian*, which also includes a substantial section on the history of white policy toward the Indian. As a writer, Berkhofer is worthy but pedestrian. His prose may make no difference to the reader who is already an enthusiast, but it will not seduce the unconverted. It reads too much like the white man's burden.

Final Payments, by Mary Gordon. Random House, \$8.95.

Final Payments is Mary Gordon's first novel, and it is a beauty. It is the least pompous novel imaginable on the largest possible subject: Christian charity, the love of one's fellow men. Its central figure is Isabel Moore, thirty

years old and just returned to the ordinary world after eleven years caring for her bedridden father, his stroke. Because that stroke occurred after Professor Moore discovered her in bed with one of his students, though not necessarily *propter hoc*, it looks at first as if *Final Payments* will be Isabel's accounting of guilt, atonement, the familiar double bookkeeping of the soul. Isabel had her Catholic girlhood in prison, but not in reflex, and many questions remain to her now that her Catholic father is dead. These questions hideously embodied in Margaret, the housekeeper who wanted to marry Professor Moore but was rebuffed by Isabel. Margaret—damp, spirited, sour-smelling, and self-loathing—is the living emblem of everything that makes Christian charity probable, and all Isabel's experience return in some way to Margaret, finally (and happily) the problem resolved.

It is a mark of Mary Gordon's fiction that her novel is not a window in Isabel's self-discovery. *Final Payments* is vigorously other-directed. Isabel's encounters with a large cast of characters constitute a rare explosion of love and friendship. The portrait of Isabel's two dear friends (as different from each other as chalk and cheese) remind us how little self-fiction has been written about the lives of women to each other. Isabel's first job in the "real world" is to coordinate a social-service study of people who are housed in foster homes. Her "cases" are touching, funny, and ferociously lively—little sketches drawn with humor and compassion. Her lover, Hugh, seems oddly shallow by comparison. The most powerful fiction is Isabel's dark night of the soul, a penitential stay with the loathsome Margaret. It is here that Isabel learns to understand the true nature of love and loss. Such daunting abstractions are relieved by Mary Gordon's humor, her power to find exactly the right metaphor to bear their emotional weight, such as (for instance) years of unwholesome self-denial may appear as a burnt-out, rotting broccoli at the bottom of a refrigerator.

Final Payments is a Catholic novel in the same way that *A Portrait of the Artist* is a Catholic novel, which may say both completely and not at all.

ariously unthreatening way, Mary don's concerns are eschatological: h and judgment, hell and heaven "last things" that take everyday e here. This versatile, original nov-defies summary and stereotype. d it.

anticide, by Maria W. Piers. V. Norton, \$7.95.

his painful subject is mitigated by phenomenon that Maria Piers calls "strangeness": the very opposite empathy. We experience its every- form when we know ourselves tionally distanced from events that pened far away or long ago. It is cult, for instance, to grieve more i ceremonially over Herod's Massa- of the Innocents. In the same way, use Maria Piers's book is cursory unspecific, it is possible to read without weeping. Infanticidal par- , on the other hand, are far more superficially "estranged." Wheth- he infanticide is a matter of emal pathology or of economic neity, the child is profoundly dehu- ized; the parent kills a thing, not man being.

he reader who can bear to ap- ich the subject will find the book dgepodge, some of it interesting. rief look at infanticide in history dodes the ambiguous figure of the nurse, who was both nourisher destroyer. As we know from lity tradition, proper children of the dle and upper classes were for cenes brought up by wet nurses in the ntryside. Literary tradition simpl- ds the subject of the children se deaths the wet nurses allowed arranged. Piers believes that in y societies the cruel punishment nfanticidal mothers, especially un- ones, satisfied the need for a rit- scapegoat. In discussing child se as a form of infanticide, she es the chilling observation that se is often coupled with a fanatical ectionism on the part of the par-

infanticide is a patchwork of psy- ogy, history, literature, and so- ogy. The subject is, alas, relevant ur times, but the purpose of the k is unclear. It will no more ouse crusader than it satisfies the eri- general reader. □

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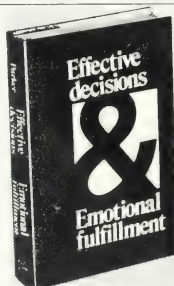
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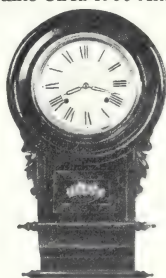
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THE COMMON MAN AND THE ELECTRIC CHURCH

Religion and its role in class division

by Tom Bethell

THE NATIONAL RELIGIOUS Broadcasters met recently in Washington for their thirty-fifth annual convention. It came as a bright spot in the capital's otherwise rather drab calendar. At one time or another, the following people were somewhere to be seen in the Washington Hilton Hotel during the four-day meeting: Anita Bryant, Malcolm Muggeridge, Chuck Colson, LaBelle Lance, Eldridge Cleaver, Marabel Morgan, and Larry Flynt. One had hoped that they might all appear onstage together at some point, but it was not to be. Larry Flynt was not invited to participate in the convention at all, but he showed up anyway and held a hurried press conference in the hall. He is said to have lost weight. The National Religious Broadcasters' hierarchy was glad to see the back of him, but many of the press people covering the event were sorry that he was not allowed to join in the seminars, knowing as they did that Flynt had appeared on a local Washington television program a few days earlier and declared that he would rather be in a whorehouse than a church on a Sunday morning. Thus his participation in the proceedings would have had a salty, newsy flavor to it, and there was some disappointment.

Tom Bethell is a Washington editor of Harper's.

that the vigilant evangelicals let the headline writers down.

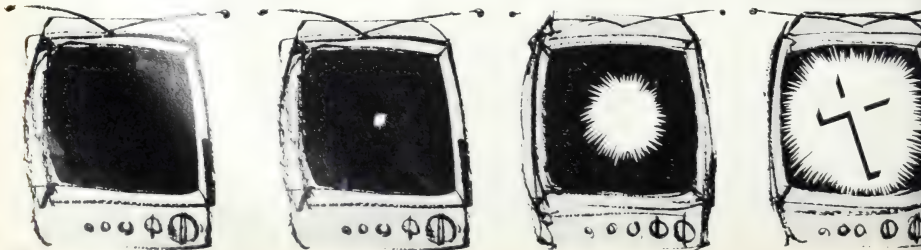
Eldridge Cleaver didn't speak either, although he was scheduled to show the world premiere of his movie *The Eldridge Cleaver Story*, and to take part the next day in a seminar entitled "Evangelicals in Search of Identity." His nonappearance came as another blow to the style writers. Only a few days earlier he had shown up in Los Angeles "to promote a new line of risqué men's wear which he designed in Paris two years ago," according to a release from the Evangelical Press. Cleaver was supposed to have put all that behind him. When he showed up at the hotel he was confronted by distressed evangelicals with this backsliding. He promptly went into an all-night intensive prayer session with Chuck Colson and Dr. Jarrell McCracken, who was understandably apprehensive because he is president of Word Books, of Waco, Texas, and is due to publish Cleaver's new book, *Soul on Fire*, very soon. But Cleaver did not emerge the next day fully cleansed, in the view of the hierarchy, and he did not appear on the rostrum.

For the smart news-media crowd—more accustomed to dealing with pin-striped government officials—the temptation to mock all this was very strong. Evangelical Christians, after all, rep-

resent that "other" America. Moreover, they are plainly aligned with the well-known enemy, the corporate world. Media/government versus corporate religion is a natural division of class. Media people tended to view the convention much as the anthropology department of an important university might regard the gathering of an exotic tribe that happened to be conducting its weird rituals right on the campus. "They" were in town. Had they heard? The religious people. Soul hunters—but it might have been blood hunters. The reporters came with notepads at the ready, to study and record the strange goings-on.

"What is Malcolm Muggeridge doing with those nuts?" a media friend of mine asked, thus at the same time certifying her membership in the ranks of Correct Opinion. It was not so much a question as a shot fired from the trenches of our ongoing class war.

Class. That was one of the prime questions that this convention raised in my mind. An issue, if you like, one that's not often discussed, and there it was. Religion is right at the cutting edge of class division in America today. Class lines are intended to exclude undesirables. Now that we live in a society dominated by the ideal of equality (enforced more and more every day by income transfers and



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The phantom of the symphony.

FOURTH ESTATE

ernment edict) wealth no longer adequately serves to set up class divisions. All the more important, then, to set up social codes that do the same job in other ways.

People who go around talking about how they accepted Jesus into their hearts (on such and such a date), about how they have been "born again," and about how they pray and study the Bible, are telling us that they have not heard of the modern class code. In the same way, one notices that these people tend to wear brightly colored polyester clothes. Probably they eat Burger-Chefs-and-Taters, too, without so much as blushing. And you know they take their kids to Disney World.

In short, they blithely ignore the class taboos that serve to separate the anthropologists from the tribes. In media/government Washington, I believe, these taboos are particularly important (although they operate similarly within all large cities). Do I know anyone in Washington who regularly goes to church? No, I don't, although it is possible that some of my friends go secretly. In correct Washington circles, I believe, if you go to church you don't exactly shout it from the rooftops. This is a striking turnaround from Biblical times (and, I think, all succeeding centuries until this one), when conspicuous piety went hand in hand with social advancement—so much so that Jesus Christ specifically cautioned against the obvious potential for insincerity in such an arrangement, one of the few instructions from the Sermon on the Mount that has a superfluous quality in contemporary Washington.

I DO NOT MEAN TO IMPLY that people in Washington—or the more rarefied intellectual strata of big cities generally—are unreligious. That could be far off the mark. It is just that almost any expression of religious sentiment is regarded as being a tiny bit embarrassing. Not "done." This was confirmed for me by Michael Novak, the theologian and columnist, who happened to be in Washington at the time of the religious broadcasters' convention. He told me about a poll that was conducted at Harvard University not long ago. People were asked (a) if they thought

Harvard was religious—70 percent thought not; and (b) if they were religious—70 percent thought so. They were hiding it, in other words.

The class taboo against religious expression may well be growing stronger because there are now so many of them out there—not just in the Bible Belt, either, but everywhere these days. The taboo thus serves to demarcate a very small group of people, and so is suitably "exclusive." At the same time, however, the great majority (How many? One heard the figure of 50 million "born-again" evangelicals in the U.S. today) are beginning to fight back against what they perceive as the godless minority. Shots are heard from their trenches, too, as became evident at the convention.

Anita Bryant personified some of this. As she came onstage at the outset of the convention—a swift flurry of drums, a dazzle of spotlights, a vivacious quickstep to the microphone, and there she stood, confident before a huge sea of faces—it was hard to realize that she must surely be the most controversial woman in America today.

I hadn't realized the extent to which this was so until I mentioned to a few acquaintances that Anita Bryant was due to appear in Washington. I was planning to go and hear her, I said. Oh. Crestfallen and disappointed looks. That woman? How could I?

Anita Bryant was recently voted the "most admired woman in America" in a poll taken by *Good Housekeeping* magazine. At the same time, she is regularly excoriated, from public platforms and in the public prints, as a merchant of "hate." That is war—and again, class war. For example, Richard Cohen, a columnist for the *Washington Post*, used the word "hate" to summarize Anita Bryant's message. Cohen's sensitivity to the nuances of correct opinion is so finely honed that if he applies the word "hate" to Anita Bryant, then she must indeed be safely beyond the intellectual pale. She is the new Nixon. Nothing too bad can be said about her.

Bryant, of course, campaigned in Dade County, Florida, against an ordinance intended to ban discrimination on the basis of sexual preference. That is, she campaigned against the theory that sexual preference constitutes a basis for claims to legitimate "minority"

status. Bryant had a point, because sexual preference is by no means unambiguously a public matter (unlike, say, color). We are regularly told, for example, that 10 percent of the population is "and has historically been" homosexual, in which case one can presume that this large number of people is and has historically been exercising its rights (e.g., to housing).

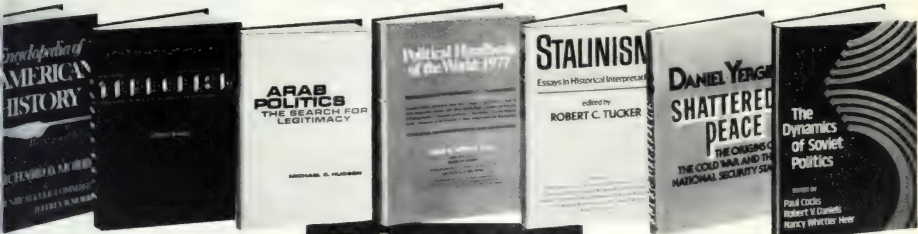
The issue raised by the Dade County ordinance was not one of rights, one of proselytization, as was confused from an unexpected quarter. W. Bryant spoke at the Hilton Hotel "gay activist" rally was held downtown at DuPont Circle. There an activist shouted into the crowd: "Are you enough of your lies, enough of your hatred. . . . Anita Bryant says we're going to flaunt our sexuality. I say f--- it, hell! We're going to scream it, yell it from the top of the tallest buildings in this land!"

Bryant has a much better case than all the name-calling directed at her would suggest, but for several reasons she has become embroiled in the war. In the first place, her opponents cleverly cast the issue she raised in terms of "rights," a totem word of the day, before which all right-thinking people fall down in worship. (Interestingly, Bryant has support from some black leaders who realize that the concept of rights is in danger of being eroded and stigmatized by its unwidening application.)

In addition, Anita Bryant did not take her stand according to the conventionally acceptable terms of the course. If only she had said something fuzzy from the social sciences, perhaps some cushioned phrases about parenting, she might not have been drummed out of the club quite so hurriedly as she did not. She quoted from the Bible thus making things worse. She called homosexuality a "sin." So there was no other course left but to accuse her of "hate," or simply to laugh at her.

Anita Bryant is not content to rest at that. She said at a press conference before the convention: "There are millions of born-again believers who are no longer passive and competitive, and we are tired of ourselves and our leaders being portrayed as bumbling squares, and our religious beliefs being mocked by imitator shows, comedians, and other show business personalities. We plan to

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a media and legal task force to monitor all communications. . . ."

The media. They are next on her agenda. She's sick and tired of "ultra-liberal and militant-radical groups" who have managed to "cast fear into the hearts of our communications industries." In this she was joined by Malcolm Muggeridge. Everywhere he went at this convention, Muggeridge, a former editor of *Punch*, columnist for *Esquire*, and frequent broadcaster, was joyously received by delegates from more than 800 religious broadcasting organizations; and everywhere he went he castigated the media with all the zeal of an Old Testament prophet. No one seemed to mind, or even notice the paradox. Muggeridge has a most unusual ability to deliver jeremiads and yet somehow buoy everyone up with his cheerfulness. Rarely can anyone have forecast the coming Dark Age with such relish—a relish undiminished by the fact that he has been forecasting it for over a decade now, while it always seems to remain disappointingly beyond the horizon.

Anyway, the media are the problem, Muggeridge reminded the broadcasters, and many of them seemed to be in agreement. Carl Richardson, chairman of the Morality in Broadcasting Committee, outlined a "three-point program of positive action." One way of summarizing it would be to say that the plan is to get people to stop watching most network television. "Many Christians, it seems," Richardson reminded the audience, "have forgotten that the same button that turns the television and radio sets on also turns them off."

This may seem like an ambitious undertaking, but the growth of religious broadcasting has been so rapid in recent years that almost anything could happen. According to Dr. Ben Armstrong, the executive secretary of National Religious Broadcasters, "We're forming one new Christian radio station every week in the United States, and one new Christian television station every month." NRB claims to be reaching a regular audience, conservatively estimated, of 114 million radio listeners and 15 million television viewers. The new technology of cheap videotape reproduction means that evangelical programs can be easily syndicated without the aid of a network. The "ratings" for the most

popular evangelical programs—e.g., Rev. Robert Schuller's "Hour of Power," carried by 150 television stations—are said to be rivaling those of the "Merv Griffin Show."

Nevertheless, the evangelicals are annoyed at the networks because the networks won't show their programs. CBS News, for example, produces an hour of religious programming a week, distributing it free to CBS affiliates. But it is not the right stuff. "Tokenism," Dr. Ben Armstrong told me. "Watered down. Generally it's an academic exercise—three or four guys discussing some social problem like highway safety. It's not good."

EVANGELICAL BROADCASTERS (and ministers) are not at all interested in social problems. It would be tempting to read great political significance into the current evangelical revival in the U.S., especially after seeing the array of about twenty-five Senators and Congressmen on the dais as Muggeridge delivered his speech. But my impression is that that would be a mistake. The best known of all born-again Christians, Jimmy Carter, seems to have played down his evangelical utterances since assuming office; although it is possible, I suppose, that he will revert to the topic as 1980 draws closer. I asked John Conlan, a former Congressman from Arizona with strong evangelical inclinations, what he thought about this. He admitted that Congressmen are beginning to approach him with questions. "What's an evangelical?" they ask. "How many do I have in my district?"

Still, it is unlikely, as some imagine, that this movement is going to be transferred into any noticeable shift in policy (with the possible exception of the abortion issue). The message of evangelicalism is personal rather than political. In this, of course, evangelicals echo the sentiments not of the Berrigan brothers or Rev. Robert Drinan (Dem.-Mass.), but of the founder of Christianity and his principal emissary, St. Paul, both of whom evidently regarded it as futile to try and change political systems. This also was the message of Alexander Solzhenitsyn, which was read out to the convention:

There is in our days a prevailing and entirely wrong belief that the

contemporary world's dangers and disasters are the result of this that political system's imperfections. It is not so, however. The truth is that they all stem from the relentless persecution of the religious spirit in the East and from the fading of this spirit in the systems of the West and the Third World.

It is not at all clear, however, that the religious spirit really is fading in the West. What struck me, after a few days spent at the National Religious Broadcasters' convention, was that the expression of that spirit is merely unfashionable among a certain, relatively small sector of the population. But, you say, an influential sector? That is not so clear either. The image of rapidly proliferating communications media, it is becoming less and less true that one position on the television dial is more influential than one of several others. No doubt it is true that the sum total of "the media" is highly influential; but, surely, traditionally "influential" sectors of the media have become less so as the number of alternative voices increases. The *New York Times* "discriminating" against religion by failing to include most religious books on its best-seller list. But when one considers that the vast majority of people represented by the delegates to this convention do not read the *New York Times*, if in fact they have heard of it, the effect of discrimination is not very noticeable.

The television networks, it is true, reflect in many ways the attitude of the *New York Times*, but now, with the number of television programs increasing rapidly, the influence of the networks appears to be waning, too. Rev. Jerry Falwell, who broadcast "Old-Time Gospel Hour" over 329 television stations, told Roger Mudd of CBS: "I think the media, the gospel ministry by media, has done more to turn this country toward God . . . than any other one aspect of the propagation of the gospel in this century."

The electronic age is the age of the "electric church," as Dr. Ben Armstrong calls it. This also really appears to be the age of the common man—a phrase that seemed do suitable as I watched one media observer observing another at the religious broadcasters' convention.



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ALASKAN SPRING

The sun loosening of the spirit

by John Haines

THE SUN IS WARM in my yard this spring afternoon. It is the first clear day without wind, here on this birch-grown hillside in central Alaska, east of Fairbanks, west of Delta Junction. It is late April, and I have been back on the homestead three years.

I am sitting on the sawhorse, doing nothing, looking out over the Tanana River, looking at the ground, watching and thinking. I think how good the sun feels on my back and shoulders. Good-bye to so much darkness and frost, to the long night. I watched the sun barely clear a mountain in the south; its spent light without heat threw long blue shadows over the snow. And then the days slowly lengthened and brightened.

The sun has come back. It has been a good winter after all, with little snow after the first deep fall in October. A warm winter. For a few days in January the temperature fell to thirty-five and forty below. And after that the wind blew, a mighty and blustering force out of the south, sweeping across the hills, shaking the birches; the deep cold was gone. Now, in April, melt-water seeps and drips from every cornice and clay bank, and pools of water deepen in the yard.

Flies buzz around me, their green bodies shining in the sunlight. They light on the woodpile, and on the wall of the house nearby, drawn there by the warmth. If a shadow passes over them, they move away into the light again. Flies awakened early this spring, trapped behind the glass of the storm windows. They fumed and droned there, to die, or sleep again. A little sunlight, some warmth finding its way into the house walls, and they return to life. After long silence they are welcome.

I watch a carpenter ant crawl about on a chunk of split firewood at my feet. The wood is dry spruce from an old snag up the creek. The ant has lived there all winter in the honeycomb passages. Now he is out here in this strange new place of warmth and passing shadows. His black skeleton glistens in the light. He feels his way along.

Wet snow and sawdust underfoot. Wood dust from my saw fell here all winter under the sawhorse, mixing with the snow. Now the snow melts, and the sawdust settles in a sodden heap. If I push it aside with my boot, I see that it darkens toward the ground; it is turning slowly to soil itself.

An odor, strong and sharp with ammonia, comes off the low bank where my dogs are chained to their

houses. It is too wet for them on the ground; they lie on top of their heads, blinking, sleeping in the sun. Too, like this warmth and stillness.

All around me I see the debris of winter, long hidden by snow. The rotted wood chips, the gnawed bits of a moose jaw, a hoof, a spoon. Bits of trash, moose hair, things thrown out and forgotten; stains in the rotting snow. The ground smells sour.

This morning I worked in the garden, loosening the soil, turning it over, letting it be in the sun and air. The plants I have cared for all winter stand here in their flats and boxes, tomatoes, peppers, and cucumber cabbages and broccoli. I took them from the house this morning to let them harden for a while outdoors. It will soon be time to set them in the garden.

Already the earth is warm where the snow has gone. Patches of green grass have been visible for several days. I see a few green spikes through the roots. Shoots of fireweed and rhubarb have begun to break through.

John Haines lived in Alaska for fifteen years and now lives in Montana. His most recent book of poetry is Cicada (Wesleyan University Press).



anked soil by the porch. They are
st things up in the spring, good
until they grow tall and bitter.
ook away from my yard to the
glittering below me in the sun.
There is ice yet in the channels,
rifts of snow on the islands. And
cross to the south, much snow in
oothills. But that, too, is melting.
ne snow here in my yard and on
llside above me. And soon water
be rushing down through the
s, under the culverts and bridges,
downhill to the river. Water
as tobacco, stained with tannin,
g to drink.

now that ice is still thick on the
below the house. Much overflow
last winter, the spring water seep-
somehow through the frozen soil,
g out over the ice, and freezing
g. It will take a long time to melt;
will be ice in the shaded places
nto June. And back in the woods,
e sidehill, stumps of the birches
last winter are pink and wet.
s rising, flowing away into the
gain. At night it freezes over the
s in a glaze of clear, pink ice.

ear geese out there on the river
small groups of them, wherever
is bare soil and open water. Last
I heard them flying through the
less overhead; the sound came to
i my sleep. Snow buntings have
d through and flown west, like
black-and-white pigeons wheel-
ver the snowfields. I have seen
purs and rosy finches on the road-
toward Delta, picking seed and
l, bursting away as the cars ap-
h. They are bound west and north
e open tundra and the high, bare
its.

ound a butterfly this morning,
rst one I have seen this year. I
l it resting on the wet, half-frozen
motionless in shadow. I knew it
mourning cloak: the brown and
d, smoky darkness of its wings,
pale flame-edges pulsing. I picked
and held it in the sunlight, warm-
with my breath, until its wings
ned and it flew away.

DO NOTHING, to be nothing;
that would be a good life. Be
still, like a stone in the sun.
All this running after life, this
ng of things, felling trees, cutting
to keep warm, melting snow and

ice for water: there is no end to it.
Hunting down meat, hauling it home
for miles with the sled and dogs, learn-
ing the ways of an animal in snow,
that I may lift the fur from its back.
Eating, washing, finding time to sleep;
waking in the cold half-light of dawn,
hungry and thinking.

Our sleep is not long enough. How
much better to be a bear, and snore
from November through February,
those months of darkness and uncer-
tainty, when it seems that the world
will never be warm again, that even
the ravens must fall frozen from the
sky, and chickadees and redpolls drop
from the aspen twigs, like feathery
lumps of ice. To awaken again when
the sun comes back, and water drips
from the eaves. Sunlight in the mouth
of the cave says that it is time once
more.

This clarity and distance and light.
It is almost too much, the gift we have
waited for, this loosening and freeing
of the spirit. All things must feel it
now; everything that was cold and
gripped in darkness, shedding itself,
bit by bit letting go, falling to the
ground. I hear a sound like thunder,
a heavy splash, as another half-acre of
ice collapses on the river.

Two weeks more, and our fox spar-
row will come again to the thicket
below the house. He will sit on the same
branch of the same birch, and sing the
song he sang last summer. As long as
I have lived here, a sparrow has sung
from that tree. Many generations of
sparrows have nested there in the alder
thicket and learned that song, a sweet-
ness never forgotten.

I saw a cow moose on the hillside
last evening, half-hidden in the reddish,
twiggy growth of the birches. She will
soon have a calf, perhaps more than
one, and feed all summer along the
river. There, in the sloughs and on the
islands, she and her calf may be safe
from bears. When snow has gone from
the high country, the bulls will move
to the upper slopes of Banner Dome,
above timber. They will not be down
again until late August.

FLY SETTLES on my hand, then
moves away. Soon the big,
furry bumblebees will be fum-
bling the larkspur and fire-
weed blossoms. And all too soon the
mosquitoes will come. First, the old

ones wintered over from last fall. They
are heavy and slow in flight, but they
still want blood. Then, in the first week
of June, the new crop, tiny and fer-
ocious, swarming out of every ditch,
pond, and pool of meltwater. For a
few weeks, life here in the woods will
not always be pleasant. But now the
air is mild and clear, and we can sit
like this, soaking in the warmth and
stillness. If a mosquito comes near us,
solitary and wandering, we will brush
him quietly away.

There is much to be done; it is near-
ly May; the buds on the poplars are
swollen and sticky. I have the garden
to spade and plant, the greenhouse to
heat and water. When all that is done,
I will start work on a new boat. I have
drawn a sketch for it, a rough plan. I
will build it twenty feet long, narrow
and flat-bottomed, with plenty of flare,
and a shovel nose. I am without money
again this spring, but somehow the
material will be found: a few boards
and nails, some paint and tar. When
the boat is built, I must find a new
place to fish, perhaps upriver near the
mouth of Tenderfoot. Last fall I
watched the eddy there; it was deep
and slow.

I can think of a thousand things,
and some of them I may never do. I
want to build a root cellar: not this
year, perhaps, but soon. Summer will
be crowding me: the salmon will come
in July, and for three weeks or so I
will be busy packing and cleaning fish
and mending my nets. There will be
berries to pick and wood to cut; the
days drawing close again, the time for
gathering up the garden and potatoes,
as the year slopes down the far side of
the summer. They will come soon
enough, the hunting and the short days
once more.

A shadow crosses my mind, and
then it goes. The air feels cooler: a
cloud shadow passes overhead, and a
little wind comes off the river. I must
bring my plants indoors. I move from
where I have been sitting, and stretch
like someone just awakened. I turn
and look behind me, toward the birch-
wood. I will be up there on the hillside
soon, spading the ground for potatoes.
A wind will blow from the northwest,
a brief and chilling gust, bringing sleet
and cold rain. But that will pass, and
sunlight will be warm again. For a
while, a few weeks, summer will stay. □

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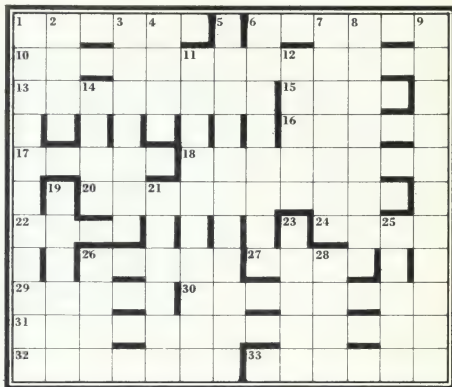
PUZZLE

NOT FOR ROMANTICS

E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby, Jr.

Month's instructions: One or more alterations must be made in each answer before entry into the diagram. Answers must determine the principle involved. Answers include three proper names, one of which is a name with two capital letters in it; one variant spelling (Across); and two uncommon words (22 and 32 Across). always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 80.



CLUES

ACROSS

- Sound purchase; sluiceway for a clam (7)
 Hacks and strains me internally (6)
 Imitation *La Bohème*—make tears at the end (7)
 Incompetent mingler and troublemaker (7)
 Sound from farm base (3)
 Jewish food produces a form of gas (3)
 Offshoot with big union name (4)
 Individual cross-breed of cat (4)
 Close to a dying fawn's activity (8)
 Sheepish one goes around a little less than a very important person (5)
 Bull, backtalk, and bloomer (5)
 Money talk; here's something for a buck (3)
 Kind of notice Vera Vague (4)
 Range of potential votes (5)
 Confessed a vice coming to you (6)
 To painter, I'd set off alarm (11)
 6-month page size (5)
 One who introduces shy person who is proverbially real (5)

DOWN

1. "Great one" hazes two-timing spouses (9)
 2. What climbs about or what comes from teeth (5)
 3. There's one in rotten elm tree (4)
 4. What will show celebrity backing? No ill will without end! (4)
 5. Faded, accomplished madame is taken in (6)
 6. It starts a fire but can rust up (6)
 7. Cajole company over dismissal (4)
 8. If surrounding bay leaves, you'll have turned up hotel plot (7)
 9. My little son flips over fake music (8)
 11. Like a goose egg . . . nothing . . . absolutely nothing . . . and almost everything (7)
 12. Quote from fervid lyrics in an offhand way (4)
 14. Former, one-time actor's departure (4)
 19. She flies chopper, circling by way of cutting short trip (8)
 21. Comfort, e.g., you get from a broken axle (4)
 23. Laugh, and nearly cry; I produced the farthest-out state (6)
 25. Utter sweet nothings about two loves (3)
 26. Hearing set—you put your neck in it (3)
 28. Stopping power inherent in five tons (4)

TEST RULES

Completed diagram with name and address to Not For nautics, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by April 10. Senders of first three correct solutions opened will receive a one-year

subscription to *Harper's*. The solution will be printed in the May issue. Winners' names will be printed in the June issue. Winners of the February puzzle, "Triangulation," are Raymond DeMers, Penfield, New York; Sandra Kamin, Chicago, Illinois; and Joan F. Bolanos, Los Angeles, California.

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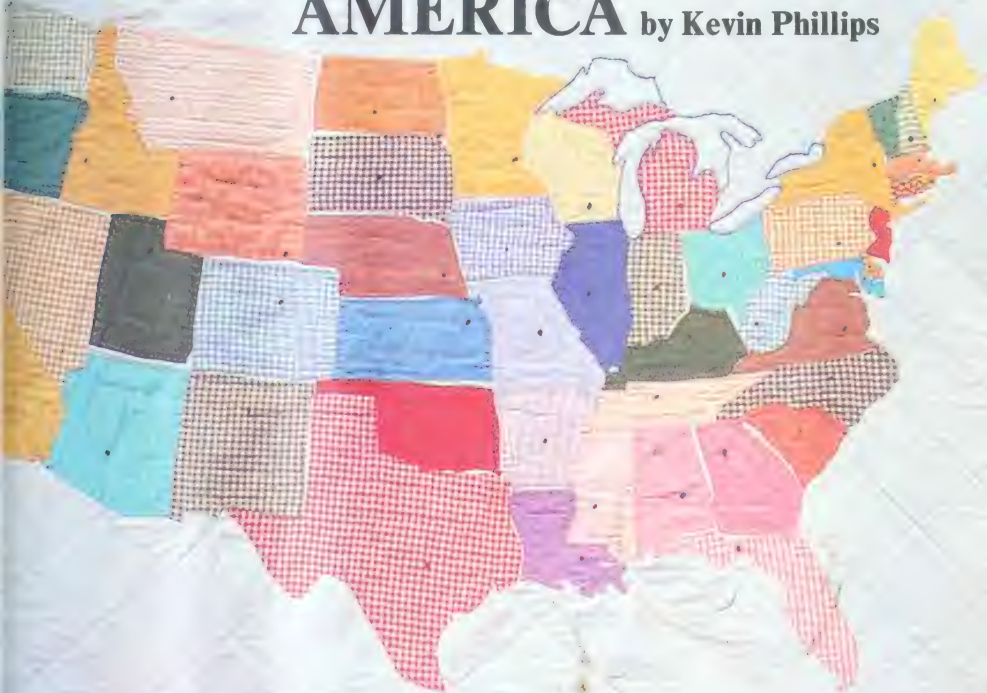
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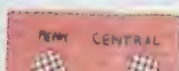
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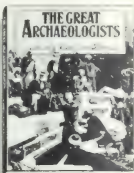
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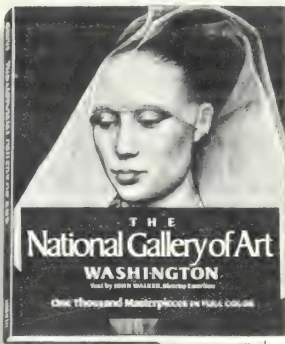


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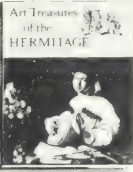
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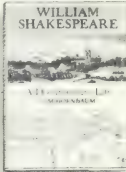


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We also have plans to offer air cushions in some of our future cars, because they have advantages in convenience and appearance. And we are working hard to improve them.

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LETTERS

Of bombs and men

Thank you for publishing Ron Rosenbaum's absorbing article, "The Subterranean World of the Bomb," in the March issue. It was somewhat recondite until I read it the second time in this order: Pages 85-100; 102-103; 101; 104-105.

Perhaps page 101 was frightened and was trying to hide.

J. M. TALBERT
Memphis, Tenn.

What an honest, refreshing, intelligent, and ethically concerned article

Ron Rosenbaum's piece turned out to be instead of the *Commentary*-Pentagon-type technical gobbledygook I expected. I'm glad he included the War Resisters League and *Catholic Worker* in his nuclear odyssey. Their budgets and offices might fill a booth or two of the Pentagon's washrooms, but their audiences are fortunately somewhat larger and less bizarre than he suggests.

ANN MORRISSETT DAVIDON
Haverford, Pa.

Ron Rosenbaum, engaging in what he describes as "nuke-porn fantasies," refers to me as a "retired colonel" and

ascribes to me the view that "a Soviet surprise attack could happen at any time."

Far be it from me to interfere with Mr. Rosenbaum's pornographic fantasies, nuclear or otherwise, but if he is going to bring in my name I would like the facts to be straight. I am not a "retired colonel": the rank at which I retired from the military service in 1946 was private first class. I am, however, an active Harvard professor of history, as was clearly stated in the *Commentary* article to which Mr. Rosenbaum refers. Furthermore, nowhere in that article did I say that we face the threat of an imminent Soviet



nuclear attack. These corrections probably are of little interest to Mr. Rosenbaum, but they may assist those of your readers who wonder what value to attach to his effusions.

RICHARD PIPES
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

I was somewhat shocked by Mr. Rosenbaum's proposal to open the SIOF machine. It would seem logical that if we made all our nuclear options and targets public we would remove one of our strategic options—the bluff. If we committed our leaders to saying that if the Russians do so much damage we retaliate with so much, then obviously we cannot bluff. So while trying to create a moral policy, we paradoxically create the most immoral—a total commitment to retribution.

Even though Mr. Rosenbaum goes into a detailed discussion of deterrence he never names our deterrence theory—namely, MAD (Mutually Assured Destruction). This may be the most revealing aspect of our society and civilization as a whole.

JEFF HERBST
Peekskill, N.Y.

RON ROSENBAUM REPLIES:

Ex-Pfc. Pipes (sorry for the inadvertent promotion) is quite naive if he thinks his *Commentary* article, with its tabloid-size scare headlines (WHY THE SOVIET UNION THINKS IT COULD FIGHT & WIN A NUCLEAR WAR), will have the effect of making nuclear war seem more imminent than those of us less vigilant than Pipes might have supposed. In fact, the thrust of Pipe's effusions in *Commentary* is that U.S. policy makers ought to be more "frightened" about the possibility of a Soviet surprise attack.

Although my modest proposal to open up to public debate the actual retaliatory target options in our nuclear war plan (the SIOF) shocked Mr. Herbst, I think such a debate would be healthier than continuing to trust resolution of such ultimate questions to unexamined assumptions encoded in the secret SIOF computer.

The outcome of taxes

Paul Roberts's gasp-inducing "Disgusting the Tax Burden" [March] re-

veals the huge patches of hide flayed from taxpayers. It suggests a couple of other things, too.

For one, it suggests that the alleged gulf between "human rights" and "property rights" is illusory. When citizens are effectively stripped of the power to dispose of the fruits of their labors, the offense isn't against a pile of greenbacks. The offense is against people who have fewer choices and opportunities—to buy books, go to concerts, clothe their children, or donate to charity.

For another, the article suggests that pandering to envy of the affluent through confiscatory taxes entails a high social cost. Not only are millions spent for IRS probing and paperwork, but millions more are spent on tax manuals, tax consultants. Still more millions never materialize because the tax code deters investment by those most able to do so. The Keynesian analysis holds investment to have the same multiplier effect on national income as government spending does. But hobbling this engine of growth not only forgoes great gains, it increases the demand for hyperactive government to fill the gap.

The question is, will an ignoble Congress run out of taxable resources before an inert citizenry runs out of patience and the Republic runs out of steam?

CLARK T. IRWIN, JR.
Plainsboro, N.J.

Sports obfuscated

It would take an article of almost equal length to respond to all the errors, cheap shots, and circular logic contained in Roger Rosenblatt's "Justice in the Stadium" [February]. A couple of examples will have to suffice.

Mr. Rosenblatt states:

If the Fan's Bill of Rights had been in effect before November 1, Walt Frazier might not have been traded to Cleveland—if I am reading Rights No. 2 and No. 8 correctly. Right No. 2 states that "fans have the right to be informed about the operations and practices of professional and amateur sports"; and No. 8, that "the interests of fans in maintaining or establishing the integrity of a sport, team or event should be effectively expressed or represented."

How he could construe No. 2—which relates to such issues as financial disclosure—as having anything to do with a player trade is beyond me. What No. 8 means—and what everyone I know of who has read it understands it to mean—is that the honesty of a sport, team, or event be assured (that winner-take-all tennis matches be winner-take-all, for example). A team's *quality* may benefit or suffer as the result of a trade, not likely its integrity.

Citing a November 2 F.A.N.S. press release, Rosenblatt states: "F.A.N.S. asked the American League to disprove the proposed sale [of the Boston Red Sox] because the buyer was a bank." This is incorrect. The press release (which Rosenblatt apparently had before him) stated:

Friday is the closing date for the \$15 million sale of the Red Sox by the estate of the late Tom Yawkey to a group headed by Haywood Sullivan and Buddy LeRoux.

However, it has been disclosed that, under the terms of a proposed \$8 million loan to the Sullivan group from the State Street Bank and Trust of Boston, the bank would retain significant control over management decisions. For example, the player payroll could not increase more than 10 percent in any one year and some player contracts would be subject to bank approval.

F.A.N.S. asked the American League to give Mrs. Yawkey more time to put together a better financed group. [Emphasis added].

Mr. Rosenblatt distorts and caricatures our purpose—which says nothing about us but much about him. He ridiculed the concept of a consumer group representing the interests of sports fans. It would be useful if he would respond to a few questions:

1) Twenty-six of the twenty-eight National Football League teams play in taxpayer-financed stadiums, constructed at a total public cost of \$833 million. Does he believe that fans—who are also taxpayers—should have no effective voice in helping determine how these arenas are operated? For example, does he think it is proper for the use of a public facility to be restricted to those affluent enough to be able to afford season tickets?

2) Businesses are currently allowed to write off the cost of sports tickets, a





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AN INTERVIEW WITH FERDINAND PIËCH, AUDI 5000 PROJECT DIRECTOR



Sir, how long did you design racing cars?

world championships. It was all very exciting.

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luxury sedan could be produced for under \$9,000.*

Well, you succeeded with price, but did that mean you had to compromise a lot?

for the weight of the car, and a six was too extreme. Designing the perfect engine for the vehicle can hardly be called making a compromise.

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mushy. Our suspension, our rack-and-pinion steering

Piëch: Ten years in all. I brought six cars from the drawing board to the race track and all six went on to win

Piëch: It was for me. A racing car can be designed to last for a few races only. But a passenger car obviously has to be designed to do much more and to last much longer. In addition

Piëch: I was determined from the beginning to prove that a large German

Piëch: No. I don't think so. It was a question of eliminating unnecessary things. The greatest example of that is our five-cylinder engine. Five cylinders, because a four was too small

Piëch: Yes, yes. Very much so. The way the Audi 5000 handles, for instance. The ride is not in the least bit

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Is it possible to build a car with a soft, mushy ride, and still retain great responsive handling?

correcting the car's handling so often. We believe that a truly luxurious car is one that does what you want it to do when you want it to do it. That's why we engineered the Audi 5000 to be so precise and responsive.

What do you think of American cars?

in the Audi 5000. More comfort. More room. To be quiet. To give it cruise control as standard equipment. And you can order a powerful, American type air conditioning system for your places like Florida.

Quickly, what would you say to convince Americans to buy an Audi 5000?

that doesn't sound, ah, what do you say...corny?

Piëch: No, not at all. They are exactly opposite. Some people feel that a soft, mushy ride is luxurious. We, the engineers at Audi, do not. We think it's tiring because you seem to be correcting the car's handling so often. We believe that a truly luxurious car is one that does what you want it to do when you want it to do it. That's why we engineered the Audi 5000 to be so precise and responsive.

Piëch: Like everything else, there are good things and bad things. The good things we tried to incorporate in the Audi 5000. More comfort. More room. To be quiet. To give it cruise control as standard equipment. And you can order a powerful, American type air conditioning system for your places like Florida.

Piëch: I would say they can now buy a European car that was designed with American needs in mind. What we have tried to build is the one car that's the best of both worlds. I hope

*Suggested 1978 retail price under \$9,000. P.O.E., tramp, local taxes, and dealer delivery charges, additional. Come test-drive the Audi 5000 at your local Porsche+Audi dealer



LETTERS

deduction President Carter has proposed be eliminated. This is not only a public subsidy of the purchase of tickets by corporations and other "expense account fans" (which costs the Treasury a surprising \$150 million per year), but encourages owners to raise ticket prices, as they know the taxpayer will absorb a significant part of the increase. An array of other federal legislation—including the extraordinary player depreciation allowance and antitrust exemptions—directly affects the fan. Should Congress hear only from representatives of the leagues and player associations?

3) As a result of lucrative contractual arrangements, the networks have become extensions of the leagues, particularly the NFL, in their broadcasting policies. There are numerous citizen groups that monitor various aspects of the broadcast industry. Does it make sense that at least one consumer group monitors broadcast policies in relation to sports programming?

4) A 1974 study of the sports industry by the Brookings Institution found that the vast majority of professional teams act as classic monopolists in their pricing systems. That is, they charge what the market will bear ("If I can fill the stadium with \$10 average tickets, can I fill it at \$11? at \$12?"). Some of the most profitable teams—the Cincinnati Reds and the New York Knicks, for example—are among the quickest to raise ticket prices in response to increased demand. Is it silly for F.A.N.S. to lobby Congress and the Federal Trade Commission to require meaningful disclosure by the unregulated sports teams? Is it frivolous for F.A.N.S., in the absence of such disclosure, to conduct in-depth financial analyses of teams?

5) Fan violence at sports events is a growing and somewhat alarming problem in this country today. (F.A.N.S. has asked the leagues and players associations to join in an ad hoc committee on violence to propose specific measures for preventing mass violence at sports events.) Is Mr. Rosenblatt willing to put his child's safety at a game solely in the hands of Bowie Kuhn?

PETER GRUENSTEIN
Executive Director
F.A.N.S.
Washington, D.C.

ROGER ROSENBLATT REPLIES:

Anyone of a mind to answer Mr. Gruenstein's questions would have to be of a mind to ask them. (The one about whether I'd like to see my children risk injury at a ballgame, for example, has me stymied.) The best I can do is to say with regret that the weakest aspect of the consumer movement—which I believe is essentially a good and necessary movement—is some of its leaders. Only people with an astonishing lack of perspective and judgment could produce such mutations as the subject of this correspondence.

Man's potential

"The Barbarian Within," by Lewis H. Lapham [February], dealt eloquently with one of the imminent dangers of the modern age, the belief that our technological advancement makes us somehow morally superior to all our predecessors. We stand always on the edge of barbarity, and it takes only the hubristic notion that we are not potential barbarians to push us over the edge.

I once made the statement in a room full of college students that the most important thing a young person could acquire in college might be a sense of his own limitations. I realized when I said it that it was not a very fashionable thing to say. Popular books on do-it-yourself therapy stress the glorious potential of every human being and urge us to accept ourselves, finally, as being only a little lower than the angels. I heartily approve any celebration of man's potential, but I believe that we must acknowledge his potential for limitless evil as well. Man must understand what he can do in the way of evil before he can even pretend to be good. This is the beginning of morality, the psychological or spiritual or, in a religious tradition, the mythical basis that makes morality possible. One of the most moral (in this sense) books of the past century is Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, because Conrad faces the problem of evil in man. He tells us that a man must recognize in himself the ability to put the head of his enemy on a stick and dance around a fire with it, and only when he recognizes that can he even begin to deal with any moral ques-

tions at all. Students who have been nourished on pop psychology and to "I'm O.K.; You're O.K." have some trouble dealing with Conrad, and some of them regard him as perverse.

I am amazed at the number of educated people who believe that we are somehow better, more moral, than our ancestors were. I have seen other intelligent people grow red in the face at the suggestion that human beings are not better now—less cruel, more considerate, less animalistic, more humane—than they were when Nero ruled Rome or when the pharaohs ruled Egypt or when the Druids at Stonehenge readied their sacrifices.

In one way, we may be more likely to become dulled to our potential for evil (and so discover it suddenly and with disastrous consequences) today than we were a few centuries ago. This is because we actively suppress the kind of self-knowledge that makes intelligent moral decisions possible. Sin and guilt are such old-fashioned terms that most of us are embarrassed to use the very words.

Perhaps it will be the role of great literature in the modern age to remind us of what we can be, both at our best and at our worst. We shall need our Conrads, our Melvilles and Hawthornes and Chaucers and Shakespeares, more now than ever before, because they remind us of who and what we are and perhaps even save us from ourselves. "What a piece of work is man!" says Hamlet, and he goes right on to tell us just what a piece of work man is—"how like a god" on the one hand, "the quintessence of dust" (or of dust) on the other. Hamlet learns to live with that, finally; not just to live with it but see the dignity and the beauty of human life and accept even his own limitations. Perhaps we can do too. The great and lasting moments of civilization, it seems to me, always came from a society that knew itself—both what a monster and what a god-like thing comprised its individual units. Our salvation is not in any sapient acceptance of every aspect of ourselves as good; it is in an understanding of our good and evil portions.

STEPHEN C. AUSBACH
Associate Professor
Department of English
Averett College
Danville, VA

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THE ARABIAN OIL BUBBLE

Exploiting the belief in perfidious Arab

by Lewis H. Lapham

IN THE NEWSPAPERS lately, as well as in the journals of refined policy opinion, I notice that the promoters of the "energy crisis" have shifted the emphasis of their spiel. Instead of talking so much about the failing supplies of hydrocarbons in the world, they have been making more ado about the infamous OPEC cartel. Perhaps this is because in recent months enough information has leaked through the mythmaking apparatus of the press to cast doubt on the predictions of the earth's insolvency. The world market at the moment wallows in a glut of crude oil, and every few weeks yet another renegade economist or research institute mentions the abundance of oil and gas reserves. But even the economists who project a condition of surfeit as opposed to one of scarcity quickly recover their sense of patriotic alarm and go on to talk about the sinister conspiracy in the Middle East. About the omnipotence of the cartel all the authorities agree. On Wall Street the bankers sigh and accommodate themselves to the inevitable dominion of the cartel as if it were an obligation pressed upon them by David Rockefeller or the Downtown Association. The politicians in Washington talk about foreigners extorting ransom from the American people, and President Carter raises up both a bureaucracy and a national energy plan to protect the innocence of American enterprise from the capricious despotism of an indolent Arab. This catechism has been so often repeated, not only by government officials and oil company presidents but also by newspaper columnists and the grand viziers of American foreign policy, that it has acquired the sanctity of dogma. Were it not for the high price of oil in the Persian Gulf, so runs the antiphon in the sacred text, Lewis H. Lapham is the editor of Harper's.

the United States would regain its confidence, restore its credit, rescue its currency, and go forward to its appointment with manifest destiny.

The apparition of an OPEC cabal, unfortunately, has as little substance to it as does the companion stage effect of a world emptied of all its heat and light. The consensus of conventional alarm reminds me of what Stewart H. Holbrook, writing in *The Age of the Moguls*, said about Teddy Roosevelt's theatrical belaboring of the mammoth trusts: "[He] knew a good safe menace when he saw it."

The belief in the cartel's omnipotence serves so many domestic interests that I often wonder what the American managerial class would do without it. If the cartel was everything that people said it was, I would expect to find bankers selling their Long Island estates and moving to Switzerland; I would expect to hear of admirals convening press conferences and leaking to Congressmen confidential documents showing that the United States Navy no longer could guarantee the hegemony of the oceans. I also would expect an atmosphere of anxiety and haste. But instead of this I find people muttering about "the Arabs" and worrying about the regulated price of natural gas, as if they had all the time in the world to consider the fine points of social equity. In Washington the politicians and federal bureaucrats go about the business of commissioning opulent architecture, and in New York nobody thinks to object to the design of yet another glass office building on the ground that it might be wasteful of energy. The dreamlike character of the crisis suggests that to the American managerial class the OPEC cartel subsumes all the ambiguity of human existence into the convenient abstraction sometimes known simply as

"them." The working class achieves same result with diatribes against "big shots," "the government," or "topus Oil."

BEFORE GOING FURTHER with speculation, I probably should explain that I was raised up in the bosom of the American oligarchy. Various members of my family have been in various sectors of oil business since the 1890s, and I have listened to them talk about the troubles over a period of thirty years. I have understood that the business suffers from a condition of chronic glut. There is always too much oil gas in the world, and so the problem is always the same—how to restrain trade. Nobody makes any money unless he can figure a way to control the production, the distribution, the price of oil. Old John D. Rockefeller achieved his purpose with his bullies and a talent for monopoly. His successors, most of them far more timid individuals who have inherited stewardship of the American hierarchies, take an administrative rather than an entrepreneurial view of the world. Whether employed by banks and corporations or as functionaries within the federal government, they like to think of themselves as gentlemen. They have no particular fondness for colossal profits, which tend to frighten them and to interfere with their affectation of conspicuous frugality. They aspire instead to serve institutional machinery, to retain the privileges accumulated on their behalf by their primitive forefathers. They look with disfavor upon too much prosperity. Prosperity implies ferment, the economy as well as in politics; subsequent disorderliness encourages people to think and to take risks, and



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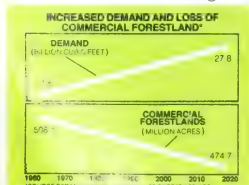
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The forest industry calls this kind of intensive forest management Operation Double Tree, a way to get twice the wood from a given amount of land. It's a nationwide effort, but when foresters and economists talk about the need to double or triple our wood supply by the year 2020, the incredibly productive forests of the Pacific Coast play a key role.

Operation Double Tree: Why it's needed and how it works.

While the world demand for wood is *increasing*, the amount of productive land available for growing trees for harvest is *shrinking*.



In the U.S. alone, the demand for wood and paper products is expected to double in less than 50 years.

Thus the reason behind Operation Double Tree—the forest industry's name for intensive forest management that can double the amount of wood from the nation's productive forestland. And do it in such a way that everyone can share in the multiple benefits of the forest.

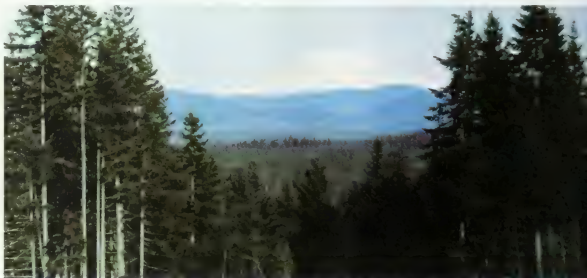
Management Makes The Difference.

The Pacific Coast forests owe their great productivity to nutritive soils, moist climate and some of the best forest management in the world. Washington State is one good example. Its Department of Natural Resources takes Washington's

resource that is renewable. And forestry has found new ways to make Mother Nature more productive.

The New Trees.

Forest products companies and small ones alike, are also taking



The incredibly productive evergreen forests of the Pacific Coast provide more than a third of our nation's wood today.

nickname, the Evergreen State, seriously. State foresters plant, thin, harvest and plant again to keep their forests green and growing.

Everyone shares the benefits of Washington's multiple-use forests. There's lumber for housing. Jobs. Revenue for schools. Places to camp, and fish. And forest homes for wildlife.

All these things are possible because wood is one natural

vantage of the Pacific Coast's growing ability. Superior seedlings will grow stronger, faster, and raised by the millions in special nurseries run by companies like haeuser, Georgia-Pacific, Simpson Pope & Talbot—they



The two Douglas firs here are both 25 years old. Both grew in the Cascades of Washington. But the bigger one grew in a managed area, while the smaller one did not. Both are shown 47 percent of actual size.



FREE IS WORKING ON



Research is the key to future forests.

old, these hearty seedlings are planted in a newly harvested area. The new forest a five-year head start on natural regeneration. As the trees grow, they're protected from insects, fire and other natural enemies. Slow growers and competing trees are thinned out to give the best room to grow. And helicopters are used to deliver the extra nutrients and give the young forests an added burst of growth. The result is a forest that produces more timber.

quality forest, often more than twice as productive as the generations before it.

Of all the trees on the coast, the redwoods are the most famous. And much of the land where these older giants grow has been set aside by government, companies, and private landowners.

In this way, the larger coastal redwoods will always be protected and preserved as a national heritage for future generations.

But further inland, beyond the picture postcards, the younger stands of privately-owned, commercial redwoods have a more productive future.

What most people don't realize is, redwoods are among the most prolific, fastest-growing trees in America. Now companies like Louisiana Pacific are applying intensive forest management techniques and achieving remarkable results.

Through careful thinning and fertilization, the new commercial redwood forests are producing trees that

will be ready to harvest in 50 to 60 years, about half the usual time.

A Long Way To Go.

So there's progress with Operation Double Tree along the Pacific Coast, and in forests all across the country. But we still have a long way to go.

On the average, industry lands grow 50 percent more wood than the lands owned by government and private individuals. Yet, even here, there's room for improvement.

Overall, the American forest is only half as productive as it could be. And this low productivity is a waste of one of our most valuable natural resources.



Not only is wood our busiest building material, it also provides countless jobs.

But working together, all timber growers—private owners, industry and government—can learn to make the most productive use of our remaining commercial forests.

Industry has invested millions to make the concept a reality. But money isn't enough.

Leaders and landowners alike must understand the problem. And, more important, the solution.

For more information, write for our free booklet, "Managing the Great American Forest," American Forest Institute, P.O. Box 873, Springfield, VA 22150.

**Commercial forest is that portion of the total forest which is capable of, and available for, growing trees for harvest. Parks, wilderness and primitive areas are not included.*

Trees. The Renewable Resource.



THE EASY CHAIR

this in turn leads downward into the abyss of social change. Although they admire old Mr. Rockefeller's accomplishments, they deplore his methods, and so they prefer to achieve the same result in more decorous ways, either with federal regulation and environmental reform or with a devout belief in such happy accidents of fate as the exhaustion of the earth's resources and the advent of the OPEC cartel.

I will try to be more specific. Having begun to doubt the immaculate conception of the Muslim cabal, it occurred to me some months ago to wonder what would happen if the cabal lowered the price of oil. For all practical purposes the cartel revolves around Saudi Arabia, which produces about 8.4 million barrels a day and has reserves sufficient for another 150 years of extravagant use. The Saudis produce so much oil at so low a cost (30 cents a barrel) that they establish the price of oil in the world market. The spot price, Arabian Light Crude, F.O.B. Ras Tanura, is currently \$12.60 a barrel. But what if the Saudis chose to sell a barrel of oil for \$6? Certainly they could afford to do so. Money is hardly a scarce commodity in their society; their kings and princes often have said that they would prefer to hold the oil in the ground. If not the Saudis, who then benefits from the high price of foreign oil?

Obviously the question is a political one. When a product sells for at least forty times the cost of its production, I assume that the price no longer has much to do with textbook economics. Over a period of several weeks this winter I raised the question with a number of people in New York and Washington, who have a financial interest in sustaining the fiction of perfidious Araby. Without exception they looked upon the possibility of a break in the Saudi price as being destructive of their own interests. Although they thought that the United States as a whole would benefit from a cheaper price, they could foresee nothing but panic and confusion among their institutional confederates in the Department of Energy, the State Department, the international banks and oil companies, even the charitable foundations and the environmental organizations. Or, in the words of an investment banker familiar with the mechanics of oil and gas deals:

If you ask me that question on the record, then I have no choice but to say, "Yes sir, we have a terrible energy crisis, and the Arabs are awful people." Off the record I can tell you that we have no crisis, and that the Arabs are doing us a service. If they cut the price, people would start going out of windows.

Like the other people to whom I put the same question, he offered a partial but fairly impressive list of American interests that find it convenient to languish under the tyranny of the OPEC cartel. As follows:

1. The international oil companies. Ever since OPEC quadrupled its price in 1973 the energy companies have reported steady gains in both income and government subsidy. The Saudis make the market price, and by so doing they perform the function of the old Texas Railroad Commission.

2. The financial institutions, primarily the banks and the insurance companies that underwrite explorations as well as the construction of pipelines, tankers, ports, and refineries. The investment of large sums of money calls forth correspondingly large commissions and fees. Without the OPEC cartel the Alaska pipeline might not have been built in such expensive haste. The pipeline cost \$8 billion, and much of the money was paid to American corporations.

3. Any company, institution, or syndicate that has invested substantial sums in the development of exotic fuels or alternative energies. As has been noted, to the Saudis it doesn't make much difference whether they sell a barrel of oil for \$12 or \$6. But to anybody who hopes to make a profit by extracting energy from shale, tar sands, uranium, or liquefied natural gas (all of which imply production costs equivalent to between \$10 and \$20 for a barrel of oil) the guarantee of a high market price presents itself as a *sine qua non*.

4. The environment movement. If the Saudis lowered the price of oil, the stock market probably would rise and money would find its way into equities and into the hands of the citizenry. As every environmentalist knows, the citizenry cannot be trusted. People who believed themselves suddenly affluent would go around buying vulgar consumer goods with which to desecrate the landscape. The high price of for-

eign oil inhibits not only the building but also the conception of industrial development on too large and too decorous a scale. It contains the suburbs, stalls the construction of highways and chain stores, obstructs restoration of cities.

5. The sutlers and camp-followers selling their goods and services in the Persian Gulf. The Pentagon sells arms to the banks and financial institutions for range expensive financing; other people sell real estate, computers, and political influence. The Bechtel Corporation last year undertook to supervise the construction of a port city in Saudi Arabia for \$20 billion, which gives a fair measure of the scale of the enterprise. In 1977 the United States reported a trade deficit of \$26 billion, most of it attributed to the \$42 billion paid for foreign oil. Even so, the United States reported a favorable balance of payments with Saudi Arabia.

6. The coal industry and its union. President Carter's energy plan recommends a conversion of oil-firing plants to coal, but if fuel oil were to become less expensive than coal, then the miners, no matter what their contract says, could look forward to an extended period of unemployment.

7. Consultants and energy specialists with a fixed investment in what they have said. Together with their attendant data banks and research institutes they offer advice, information and analysis (much of it useless) in the papier-mâché world of contrived crisis to both government and the energy companies).

8. "The crisis industries." The armchair merchants and the alarmist factions of the media have a considerable interest in preserving the belief that the United States wobbles on the precipice of defeat. Without the apparition of an insidious cabal they would have trouble selling their lines of goods to the Congress and the Book-of-the-Month Club. The cabal thus contributes to the wellbeing of the defense industry and associated unions as well as to the circulation of the *New York Times*.

9. Politicians. The energy debate dwells on unknowable mysteries and thus bears a fortunate resemblance to a debate about the existence of God. The politicians can wax eloquent on subject about which they need know nothing. Their theological discussions allow them to avoid or postpone t-

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from the 264's interior roominess, but from the Volvo's superior seats. They were orthopedically designed and adjust in 9 different ways, including from "firm" to "soft" against the small of your back. (The driver's seat even heats up automatically when the temperature drops below 57°.)

Of course, you'll also appreciate the civilities you expect to find in other luxury cars. Except with a 264 you'll appreciate them even more, because they're standard. There's power-assisted steering, air conditioning, sun roof, electrically controlled side view mirrors, power windows, tinted glass, metallic paint and leather everywhere you sit.

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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 12 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '77
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THE EASY CHAIR

temporal matters of race, poverty, crime, and justice.

10. Exporters of manufactured goods. The weakness of the dollar, brought about in part by the imbalance of payments, gives an advantage to American goods competing against the exports of Western Europe and Japan.

11. The art markets. The high prices paid for furniture and paintings (as well as for coins, sculpture, houses in East Hampton, et cetera) presume a rising rate of inflation. If the cartel collapsed, the oligarchs who bestow tax-exempt gifts on museums and universities would lose not only the advantage of immense deductions but also the corresponding sense of their own worth.

THE INTERESTS enumerated in the foregoing list all belong predominantly within the private sector of the economy. They dwindle almost into insignificance when compared with the advantages that accrue to the federal government. The specter of a cabal, and of the sudden darkness that would descend on the United States if the Arabs were to embargo their shipments of light, supports the government's discovery of "an energy crisis" and lends credence to the need for a huge bureaucracy through which the government can award the political dispensations of money and fuel. The Saudis now hold currency reserves estimated at more than \$60 billion. Of this sum about \$30 billion has been invested in U.S. government notes (Treasury bills and bonds), and another \$20 billion has been invested in Eurodollars or in the paper offered by American corporations. The arrangement constitutes an ingenious variation on the old colonial trade. The money leaves the private sector of the American economy (i.e., gets taken out of the hands of the spendthrift and irresponsible natives), passes through the wastes of the Arabian desert (enriching the caravan of middlemen, brokers, consultants, arms dealers, et cetera), and so returns to Washington. Thus does the government use the supposedly infamous cartel to finance its debt, manage the transfer of wealth within its own society, and impose savings on the American people. If the triangular trade happens to increase the rate of inflation, well, from

the government's point of view, inflation also has its uses. Citizens give over more of their money in taxes, and the increased uncertainty in the economy calls forth demands for more bureaucracy with which to protect the innocent tribes from the rapacity of such imperial agents as Octopus Oil and the OPEC cartel. The Saudis invest their money in the United States as a form of Danegeld. The splendor of their tribute stills the voices of doubt and conscience. It also buys the protection of the American military machine against the possibility of reckless aggression from Israel and the Soviet Union. To the Saudis, who apparently take as literal-minded a view of religion as does President Carter, the United States stands as a bulwark not only against atheism and Communism but also against the forces of social change.

I concede that the government might not know exactly how or why all these pleasant things get done. If too many people took the trouble to wonder how the system works, they couldn't play their parts within it. To imagine an American conspiracy would be as foolish as to believe in the vast powers of the OPEC cartel. As noted earlier, I don't think of the American oligarch as a rapacious man; I think instead of a man perpetually anxious, of Joseph Conrad's "flabby white devils" in Brussels sending Kurtz to look for ivory at the headwaters of the Congo. I think of men who don't want to make trouble, who would make a deal if necessary with any retired whore or fledgling dictator who offered them a concession in a bordello or the television rights to the making of a coup d'état. Give them their percentage and promise them peace in their time, and they will smile and bow and sing a

national anthem. The decay of American enterprise clearly cannot be discussed at the Council on Foreign Relations, much less in the newspapers, and so the crisis must be blamed on somebody else, preferably a foreigner. Enter the damnable Arabs. The media find this convenient partially because they also stand within the American oligarchy and partially because they cannot bear to make princes of darkness of figures so obviously bourgeois as government bureaucrats and the presidents of oil companies. How much more satisfying, to both the aesthetic and the theological sense, to imagine a Satanic Arab in a robe, wandering the world in a 747, sipping sweet coffee, fondling French women or small boys, playing baccarat for enormous sums while toying with the vague notion of destroying Western civilization. To the economic intellectuals, the Arab cabal appears as a *deus ex machina*. It explains the otherwise inexplicable conundrums of the international economy, and it redeems, as if by an act of God, all previous theories and predictions that have been proven so fatuously wrong.

Best of all, the invention of a cabal makes a trivial melodrama of what otherwise might be perceived as the terrifying prospect of a world increasingly crowded with nuclear weapons and populated by people who are angry, poor, ignorant, and hungry. If everything is a crisis, then nothing is a crisis; and the more enormous it can be made to seem, the less needs to be done about it. The American oligarchy can postpone the difficult business of thinking about what would happen if the supply of Middle Eastern oil suddenly was to become unavailable, and it can reduce the complexity of history to the size of a commodity speculation. In the meantime, the aura of crisis flatters the vanity of all concerned. The managerial class has lost so much self-esteem in the past generation that it must be pleasant for people to imagine themselves once again in the presence of momentous events.

JUST AS THE mythmaking about the Arab cartel obscures the nature of the understanding between the United States and Saudi Arabia, so also does it obscure the nature of the partnership between Octopus Oil

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THE WOMEN OF NEW GUINEA

by Hilda Morley

The women of New Guinea stand proudly:

they who cast nets to haul in
the catch;

it is they also
who perform dances to
ward off the spirits who
might assail them

Long-hipped, long-armed
& with necklaces of nuts & coral they dance,
with precision

& abandon at once

Their fierceness,
the look in their eyes is
an intentness, a concentration

They see whatever
they see, dancing;

they know what it is
They know with sensuousness

They call upon the forces
within them to counter what may be evil
on the outside,

to link up with
whatever may be good
They reach out to
what is kin & kind to them

& inwards
to the powers welling up for
their sustenance

They draw upon
what the foot knows
of the earth,

what the arms learn to
understand of air,
what their breasts can
touch in the breeze, the light winds,
what their fingers

draw down from
the lights in the sky—the clouds & the clarity
They are tireless

until it is over. They are given
to the task entirely, whatever it is:
prayer, struggle,

a means to
ensure protection,

their strength shining
as their skin shines in the sun,

cohering
as the shadow clings to their bones,
making the bones clear

THE EASY CHAIR

and the federal government. The gantic institutional and financial combinations, in both the public and private sectors of the economy, honor another's interests and recognize another's prejudices as universal law. From what I have read of the Saudi princes, they appear to have much in common with the moneyed oligarchs in New York and with the feudal bureaucrats in Washington. None of them likes to take risks. If the possibility of intellectual freedom threatens the safety of Islam, so does the emergence of unregulated markets threaten banks and the government agencies. The weakness of the dollar discourages expansion in the domestic economy and reduces the pressure of competition from abroad. If the stock market atrophies, and if the common people be made to see that their ventures are impulsive bring them nothing but costs and taxes, then perhaps they will come to feel grateful for the protection their institutional overlords.

As Saudi Arabian wealth becomes increasingly necessary to the American economy, I expect that it will lead to the further degradation of those people who think of money as an elemental force of nature. I sometimes wonder what it must be like for an American civil servant or foundation officer earning even as much as \$75,000 a year, to spend his days tagging along behind a Saudi prince. What self-defeating fantasies of political and sexual conquest must trouble the poor fellow's thoughts while riding the evening train to Oyster Bay.

The contrived mechanism of Arab ascendancy constitutes a major raid on the American economy and democratic idea. As with all bear raids the advantage falls to the already rich. The available wealth accumulates in a small number of fabulous hoards—the Saudi royal family, the international financial institutions, the federal government. Measured over a short period of years, the lack of enterprise sustains the illusion of peace. But what happens when the capitalist prince can think of nothing else to do but his barbarism except to turn it inward, upon themselves? The sheer money, like the ornamental engraving on Renaissance cannon, deceives them into thinking that they can escape savagery of war.

HARPER'S/MAY

EAGLES, DOVES, AND HAWKS

arming the world in order to arm ourselves

by Tom Gervasi

IN HIS STATEMENT on arms control last May, President Carter vowed that "the United States will not be the first supplier to introduce into the region newly developed, advanced weapons systems which could create a new or significantly higher combat capability." Most observers took the President to mean that he would not let the United States take the first step in changing the balance of power in any region of the world. On Valentine's Day this year Mr. Carter announced his intent to sell sixty F-15 Eagle aircraft to Saudi Arabia, in an arms deal that also included aircraft for Israel and Egypt.

The F-15 Eagle is the most sophisticated combat aircraft flying. It perfectly fits the President's definition of the kind of weapon this country would like to be the first to introduce. It is newly developed, having only entered service with our Air Force in January, 1976. It is highly advanced, though not so much for its advertised combat range of 2,800 miles, which, because of extravagant consumption of fuel, it often fails to achieve. It is advanced because it is fast and maneuverable. Its air-

speed indicator has frequently registered speeds in excess of Mach 2.54 (1,676 miles per hour), and at combat weight, with half its internal fuel, it can climb faster and turn more sharply than any other aircraft. Indeed, the F-15 can make a turn of more than 14 degrees per second, and during that turn it can sustain gravitational forces of more than five times its own weight without losing airspeed. That, as any pilot can tell you, is nothing short of miraculous. Finally, the Eagle is advanced because it carries the Hughes AN/APG-63 fire control radar, which has a target-detection range of more than 100 miles. Air Force General John Vogt describes this system as "a decade ahead of anything else."

It appeared that Carter had gone against his word, and intended to introduce an advanced weapons system into two regions, the Middle East and the Indian Ocean, changing the bal-

ance of power in both. Columnist Drew Middleton, on the day the proposal was announced, wrote that "until now, Israel had been the sole recipient in the Middle East of advanced American weaponry." Sen. Daniel P. Moynihan said he was confident that Congress would "disapprove the sale of the F-15s to Saudi Arabia." The following day, in an editorial that generally supported the Carter proposal, the *New York Times* conceded that the sale to the Saudis of sixty F-15s would "alter the balance of forces in the Middle East."

The Israelis issued a statement suggesting that the Saudis might "transfer the planes to confrontation states engaged in active fighting with Israel, or employ mercenaries, probably Americans, to fly the planes." In an earlier statement the Israelis had warned that "if Saudi intentions are ambiguous or appear to be leaning toward involvement in a war, the Israelis will have to take this into account. During an Arab attack against Israel, if F-15s are stationed at or transferred to bases in the northwest, the threat posed to Israel may compel the Israeli Air

Tom Gervasi is a former counterintelligence officer assigned to the Army Security Agency. His study of American weapons and America's role in the arms trade, entitled Arsenal of Democracy, is being published this month by Grove Press.



EAGLES, DOVES, AND HAWKS

Force, faced with a multifront war, to undertake immediate strikes against these bases and aircraft even if Saudi Arabia had not yet brought its forces into the war." Prime Minister Begin said the sale would turn Saudi Arabia overnight into a "confrontation state." He called on Washington to "reap-praise" its decision.

THE VALENTINE'S DAY announcement was not the first Congress had heard of a proposal to sell F-15s to the Saudis. The rumor had been around for months. In January, when Mr. Carter visited Saudi Arabia, he promised Prince Fahd that he would recommend the sale. The implication was that the Saudis had requested the F-15 long ago, and that the President, intent on maintaining close relations with the Saudis, felt he could not now refuse the aircraft. But *had* the Saudis requested the F-15? The Administration was circulating the notion that President Ford had committed us to providing the Saudis with the "aircraft of their choice," and that the Saudis had subsequently settled on the F-15. Apparently they had not settled on it as of last October 17, when the Carter Administration said it was "questioning" that aircraft and considering an offer of the "less-advanced" F-16 to the Saudis instead. Even before this, on August 30, the *New York Times* had announced that the Pentagon had been "quietly urging" the sale of the F-15 for many months. And earlier still, on July 19, *Times* reporter Bernard Weinraub wrote that the Saudis "had not specifically pressed for the F-15," and that he had learned that Prince Fahd had "had no shopping list when he met President Carter in May." In fact, Weinraub added, the Saudi leader had listed several planes of interest "but only the F-15 was offered by the Air Force." It appears that the Saudis did not select the aircraft. We did.

Were the sales a message to Israel to soften its stand on the lines of withdrawal from Israeli-occupied territory? The Israelis contended that this strengthening of Saudi Arabian and Egyptian air forces would make it even more vital to retain Israeli air bases at Eilat, Yamit, and Sharm-al-Sheikh. Israel's earlier reluctance to abandon these bases in the occupied zones had

already become one of the major obstacles in the peace negotiations.

To reassure the Israelis, President Carter said: "Our commitment to Israel's security has been and remains firm." The State Department stressed Washington's "enduring and strong ties" with Israel. And Administration officials attempted to play down the threat posed to Israel by Saudi F-15s. This they did in several ways. First, they were careful to talk of the aircraft as an "air-to-air fighter," not as a fighter-bomber, implying that it could not be used effectively to bomb targets in Israel. Next, they pointed out that the Saudi F-15s would not be delivered until 1981, and that the Israelis were wrong to suggest that the aircraft could be transferred to neighboring Arab air forces in the event of war. The F-15, the Administration officials said, requires a formidable amount of ground support equipment, isn't easy to fly, and demands scores of hours of training in expensive ground simulators. Besides, pilots from other air forces could not be trained in Saudi Arabia without detection by the United States and Israel.

The F-15 *does* require elaborate training and support. But the proposed Saudi sale takes this into account. The Foreign Military Sales price to Saudi Arabia for an F-15, including administrative fees and a surcharge for a portion of the original F-15 research and development costs, is \$25 million. The sixty aircraft the U.S. proposes to sell will cost the Saudis \$2.5 billion, or \$41.6 million each. The extra \$1 billion in the Saudi sale is for those expensive ground simulators (made by Goodyear Aerospace Corporation), all the support equipment required, a variety of air munitions compatible with the aircraft, and an accelerated training program for Saudi pilots in the United States.

Ground flight simulators *could* be used to train pilots from other Arab countries in Saudi Arabia on the F-15. Israel and the United States would know if the Saudis did this; it isn't clear, however, what the Israelis could do about it, or what the U.S. *would* do about it.

Certainly, from Saudi bases, the F-15 would have no trouble reaching Israel. Tabuq, one of the bases being completed along the northern Saudi border with Jordan, is just 300 miles from

Jerusalem and Tel Aviv, only 125 miles (a ten-minute flight) from Eilat on the Gulf of Aqaba, and 140 miles from Sharm-al-Sheikh at the Straits of Tiran. Even if the F-15 were operated from bases near Riyadh, 800 miles to the southeast, that is still within easy striking distance. Contrary to many reports, however, the range of the F-15 is what matters to the Israelis. Once the aircraft is within striking distance of its target, range is significant only in that the closer the point at which the aircraft begins its flight, the less fuel it has to carry and the more bombs and air munitions it can carry instead.

But then we are told that the F-15 is not a fighter-bomber. One official attempting to explain what the Saudis would do with their F-15s, slipped a little when he said that they need these aircraft "in order to counter the rapid buildup of military strength in the air and on the ground in Iraq" (italics mine). How could an "air-to-air fighter" do anything about forces on the ground? Simple. It could bomb them. It could strafe them. It could drop napalm on them. The F-15 can heavily armed. Not only does it mount a multibarreled General Electric M61 Vulcan 20-mm cannon, which fires at variable rates of 4,000 or 6,000 rounds per minute, but it also carries four each of the latest AIM-9L Sidewinder and AIM-7F Sparrow air-to-air missiles. At the same time that it carries four Sparrow missiles and 950 rounds of 20-mm ammunition for its guns,

it can also carry a variety of alternate bomb loads, including eighteen Mk 560-pound Snakeye demolition bombs, three Mk-84 2,054-pound demolition bombs, nine BLU-27/B firebombs, each with 790 pounds (100 gallons) of napalm, or fifteen CBU-52/B 680-pound antipersonnel fragmentation-bomb dispensers.

With three external fuel tanks, the F-15 has a range of 2,419 miles, or a combat radius of 1,209 miles, and could carry for the latter distance 20-mm ammunition, its four Sparrow missiles, two ECM (Electronic Counter Measures) pods to jam the homing mechanisms of hostile air defense missiles, along with three 2,276-pound Mk-84 electro-optically guided precision bombs, or instead of those bombs 7,000 pounds of any other types of bombs mentioned earlier. The F-15

both a fighter-interceptor and a fighter-bomber.

BUT WHAT CONCERNS the Israelis is not the F-15's performance as a bomber. They have been faced with that kind of threat for years. Cairo is only 200 miles from Tel Aviv. A Piper Cub can fly that distance and back. What concerns the Israelis is that the F-15 is also a fighter-interceptor. With its speed and agility, its sophisticated fire control radar and air-to-air ordinance, it is capable of outgunning and destroying in the air most other Israeli aircraft, which could not be defended adequately by their own limited force of F-15s. For the first time, Israel's air supremacy in the Middle East, the crucial factor in her ability to conduct a successful defense of her territory, would be challenged. That is a change in the balance of power, and a very large one.

On February 17, President Carter, in a news conference in Cranston, Rhode Island, said, "Saudi Arabia has never had any active aggression against Israel." The Israelis, however, recall that Saudi Arabia supported Egypt in its past war with Israel. As if to dispel those worries, Carter added the assurance that the F-15s would not be delivered to the Saudis until 1981. At the same news conference, Carter was asked how he rationalized selling "more sophisticated weapons of war" in the Middle East. He replied, "We are not introducing new weapons in the Middle East. F-15s are already being delivered into the Middle East." He was referring to the F-15s being delivered to Israel, five of which she has already received as a result of agreements reached in 1975. Aside from the fact that delivery of F-15s to a second country in the Middle East does alter the balance of power there, in just the way we have seen, these aircraft would also be introduced through Saudi Arabia to other regions, the Indian Ocean and the Horn of Africa, far from the reach of Israeli F-15s.

In the air-interceptor role, with all its 20-mm ammunition and four Sparrow missiles, and with three external fuel tanks and two additional AST Pack conformal fuel pallets now being specially built for the F-15 to extend its range, the aircraft can carry a total of 31,376 pounds of fuel, giv-

ing it a maximum potential range of 3,362 miles, or a maximum combat radius of 1,681 miles. If you take out a map and a compass, you will see that Israeli F-15s, operating from Israel's southernmost air base at Sharm-el-Sheikh, could just reach the Ethiopian city of Asmara. Addis Ababa, a good deal farther south, would be well out of their range. From bases at Jidda, however, Saudi F-15s could reach not only Addis Ababa, but most of the Ogaden region, where Ethiopian forces, with Cuban and Soviet assistance, fought recently with Ogaden separatist insurgents supported by Somalia. From the Saudi base of Sabaya, most of Somalia as well, including its capital city Mogadishu, could be reached in the aircraft. From positions along the Saudi Arabian border with Oman the F-15 can reach Karachi and Bombay. These facts may not seem important just now. In two or three years we may feel differently. The F-15 would be introduced into a region that daily grows in its strategic implications.

What else, on the other hand, was Carter supposed to do? As Secretary of State Cyrus Vance said at one point in that busy week in February, "Saudi

Arabia is of immense importance in promoting a course of moderation in the Middle East, with respect to peace-making and other regional initiatives and more broadly in world affairs, as in petroleum and financial policy." He mentioned all the major points. We need the friendship of the Saudis. We need their oil. We need their predominant influence in OPEC to keep the price of oil as low as possible. We need their support of Egypt.

Henry Kissinger knew this would happen when he first began to open the way toward closer ties with the Arabs after the oil crisis of 1973 and the Yom Kippur war. Sooner or later, he said, the Arabs would ask for arms, and sooner or later we would have to supply them. There are many other kinds of help we could give the Arabs, and there are many other kinds of help they need, but all they seem to want from us is arms. Since 1973, we have sold them more than \$12 billion worth. Not that we mind. It is an effective way to recycle the petrodollar.

But surely, we still ought to have some choice of which weapons we supply. If we had to meet this test of friendship, and had to sell the Saudis

THE LINK

by Arthur Gregor

1.

Picture Ariadne outside the labyrinth
at its exit in the sunlight
bright as sand
throwing a blossom-strung thread
white streamer
into its depth
to light up
the beloved's path . . .

2.

Can you think of a more courageous act
than to face backward
and cast the best you have
best you can give
into a depth
you cannot be sure of
toward a source
you cannot see?

EAGLES, DOVES, AND HAWKS

more arms, why did we pick a weapon that would make a distinct change in the balance of power? Why did President Carter place himself in the position of contradicting his own arms policy? Why couldn't we have picked another aircraft, like the F-16 that Carter and his advisers had originally been considering? Why, when the Saudis themselves had not even specifically asked for it, was the Pentagon "quietly urging" the sale of the F-15?

THE ANSWER has to do with the Eagle's costs. In 1976, the unit procurement cost of an F-15, fully equipped, was \$12.8 million, based on the purchase of 132 aircraft. In 1977 we purchased 108 F-15s at a unit procurement cost of \$13.2 million. We planned to purchase another 108 of the aircraft in 1978 at a unit procurement cost of \$15.9 million, but Congress would not vote the additional funds required. As a result, we reduced the 1978 procurement to 78 aircraft. A consequence of this, however, was that the unit procurement cost rose to \$17.4 million.

The F-15 is not without its problems. Its engines are so powerful that pilots tend to get carried away and push the aircraft to its limits. This consumes precious fuel too rapidly and dramatically reduces the F-15's operational range. As a result, the Air Force has instituted the PEP 2000 program to increase the aircraft's fuel capacity by installing two detachable underwing fuel pallets—called FAST (Fuel and Sensor, Tactical) Packs—specially shaped to conform with the F-15's airframe design so as not to affect its aerodynamic performance. This program will cost \$160 million, including \$12.2 million to fit FAST Packs on F-15s already delivered.

There has also been trouble with the F100 engine. Its fuel nozzle would stick in the open position, causing overheating. Some of the turbine blades resonated at the same frequency as the engine itself, and would crack. The digital engine electronic control, used to fine-tune the engine at intermediate and higher power, would shut itself off because it was not being effectively cooled, as planned, by the flow of fuel, which itself became too hot. The result was engine overspeed and turbine blade

failure that accounted for three accidents in the F-15 from July through September, 1977, each of which cost more than \$200,000 in repairs. A \$50 million program is under way this year to correct these deficiencies, and there is a continuing \$4-million engine diagnostic program scheduled for fiscal 1979.

Finally, there have been the inevitable contract cost overruns, \$57 million worth in the past three years. Add it all up, and the unit program cost of each F-15 for our Air Force is increased by \$370,000.

While all these factors, together with inflation, drive up the base cost of an F-15, they are plainly not the only forces at work in determining its final cost. The number of aircraft produced matters too. As we have seen, the higher the production run, the lower the unit cost. In order, with limited funds, to acquire the number of F-15s we need, we must do all we can to reduce their unit cost. In the case of this aircraft it is already clear that this will mean producing far more F-15s than our Air Force plans for itself. As one Air Force colonel put it, "The F-15 has a cost problem, and to a degree it makes sense to amortize the overrun with a big sale to the Saudis."

It makes such sense that the Air Force is doing all it can to help McDonnell Douglas, the F-15's manufacturer, sell the F-15 abroad. Japan has agreed to take 100 of the aircraft over the next six years at a current cost of about \$27.5 million each, importing some, assembling others from kits, and coproducing the remainder under a license obtained by Mitsubishi. McDonnell Douglas has had expressions of interest from Australia, Canada, West Germany, even France, and anticipates an export market for a total of about 400 F-15s. They will all have to be sold in order to keep the goal of our own requirements within reach. As it is, the Air Force is unhappy with the reduced 1978 domestic procurement program, which will make our own F-15s available too slowly to meet force expansion schedules in our effort to prepare for an Armageddon on the battlefields of NATO.

Without the Saudi sale, our own procurement schedule for the F-15 would fall even farther behind. Similar factors affect the costs of all modern weapons, and this accounts in large

measure for the impressive growth America's arms exports. The sharp rise in the costs of weapons has far outstripped the available funds to produce them, despite a steady increase in the size of our defense budget. In order to acquire a sufficient quantity of given weapons system to meet prescribed force levels, we must do whatever is possible to increase its absorption run, so that each unit absorbs a smaller amount of the basic investment in tooling, labor, and plant costs. More and more, the size of the production run required to reduce this cost exceeds the needs of our own armed services. Hence, we look increasingly abroad for markets to absorb the balance of production. In order to do ourselves, we must arm the world.

Therefore, President Carter was free neither to choose an aircraft for the Saudis nor to prevent offering for sale one that would cause so much alarm. The F-15 is the aircraft we need, so had to be offered abroad in spite of the President's arms-control policy. Perhaps we should no longer hold him to that policy. Clearly, he did not know last May what he was promising nor how sour those promises would later sound. The conflicts between the promises and economic fact are as clear as the conflicts between our very need to build alliances with the Arabs and Israel's very real need to depend on us for her security.

What Carter did not need to do, however, was make the sale of aircraft to Israel part of the same deal with Egypt and Saudi Arabia, implying that if Congress disapproved the sale to the Arabs, the sale to Israel would have to be "reconsidered" as well. In the Rhode Island press conference he took full responsibility for this: "I made a decision about the composition of the package and the date for submitting it." Some observers found this a shrewd tactic to overcome the predictable assistance in Congress to the Arab sale. This observer finds it manipulative, appears to gamble too readily with Israel's security in order to make sure that President Carter gets what he wants. How can a President who earlier claimed that our commitment to Israel's security "remains firm," possibly mean what he says when, in next breath, he attempts to pass responsibility for it to Congress?

HARPER'S/MAY 1978

VIRTUE REWARDED

Government in the role of Mr. Right

by Sally Helgesen

KAREN DE CROW, a lawyer, the former president of the National Organization for Women, a forceful presence at the Houston Women's Conference last November, turned forty this winter, and she wrote a piece for the *New York Times* about how great it felt to be forty and single. "You eat, sleep, make love, watch television, listen to music, go out, come in, read, use the telephone, write, type, talk, work, sing—when you want to," she explained, and she described the nostalgic morning she passed on her birthday, sitting alone at home, "drinking coffee from a cup from marriage No. 1 (I recently ditched a charming lunch with my first husband), listening to *Messiah* records from my second marriage (today I received a warm, newsy birthday card from my mother-in-law No. 2)." Karen De Crow characterized her life, her loneliness, as an Eden.

Accompanying this rhapsody, which is reprinted in newspapers across the country, was an illustration [right] of a woman leafing through an art magazine while chatting on the telephone; crowded about her were a bottle of Chablis, a big wedge of chocolate cake, plants, a TV, a copy of *The Hite Report*—objects signifying comfort and leisure, the good and the liberated life. The illustration brought to mind one of those advertising profiles of the successful young Scotch drinker, the multifaceted reader of magazines for men, and indeed Karen De Crow's description of the joys of the single life read like a piece of ad copy; it even closed with a tag—"My life, I think I'll keep her"—paraphrasing a Britol commercial. Karen De Crow, of course, has no product to sell, no

toothpaste, no Kentucky Fried, no Fab; she is peddling, instead, the way she has chosen to live her life, endorsing it as if it were an effective pain-reliever. That she is free from any of those nasty emotional entanglements that might, on occasion, interfere with her freedom to make love, say, or to use her typewriter, is one of her selling points. "The best technique for selling," I was once advised by Ernest Dichter, the consultant who is considered the father of image advertising, "is to paint for the customer a total picture of the kind of person he would like to be, and then make him believe your product is a necessary part of that picture." At the time, Dichter and I were trying to figure out what a desirable

image for the potential eater of Bahamian turtle steaks might be, but his principle is universal, and can be effectively used to sell a way of life or a can of reptile meat.

Karen De Crow is painting for the consumer an image, that of herself; the cup of coffee, the birthday greeting, the strains of the *Messiah* are details that fill in the picture. What might in a darker moment be considered the wreckage salvaged from a life of false starts and misplaced hopes becomes instead a collection of cheerful souvenirs testifying to worldly experience, just as the bottle of Chablis testifies to a love of pleasure, or *The Hite Report* to a healthy interest in sex. The figure in this picture is a familiar one



Carole Vaucher

Sally Helgesen is a contributing editor of *Ms.*

VIRTUE REWARDED

by now: the responsible, financially successful, emotionally mature careerist whose independence is attested to by her living alone. She changes locks, builds bookshelves, travels to exotic climes, enjoys solitude and sensuality; she, says De Crow of the feminist at Houston, is the *real* Total Woman, the "new-model Miss America." Her independence is part of her image and is represented commercially. And yet, just as the consumer of goods despite all assurances to the contrary ("the choice is yours!" et cetera), is the passive target of advertisers, so the consumer of the packaged brand of independence, despite all the brave courses in home repair and auto mechanics, is essentially a passive figure, a chooser of "options." That no Adam has intruded upon De Crow's Eden permits her not to notice that she moves within an enlarged frame of dependency, in which the bureaucracies that make possible the modern style of leisure provide her with the security that the old-model Miss America expected from a man.

I WAS RANTING ON one day about the shallowness of the De Crow attitude (for I do not pretend to objectivity in this matter) with a friend in a restaurant, when I overheard a man at the next table inform his companion that he was "keeping his lifestyle options open." I think he meant simply that he was looking for a new job, but on hearing that phrase for what seemed like the hundred-thousandth time, I was seized suddenly by a wild desire to hurl my fork across the room at him and shout to the startled diners, "But life isn't a lifestyle, it is life, the thing we are living!" The notion that one's life is really a matter of choosing an appropriate style in the same spirit in which one would choose a winter coat is one that could be entertained only by a mind that has assimilated so entirely the assumptions of consumerism, its techniques and its vocabulary, that those assumptions have at last become unconscious, and the ability to live well seems simply a matter of smart shopping.

No student of image advertising can fail to be impressed by the smoothness, the wholeness, and the neat salability of the "lifestyle" De Crow is promoting; her "new-model Miss America" has as good a chance for commer-

cial success as the male model that preceded it by a few years. For can we not discern in the portrait of Karen De Crow a feminized rendering of that familiar modern type, the follower of the *Playboy* Philosophy? This imaginative creed, wherein the tenets of a timeless hedonism are harnessed to serve the ends of a consumer culture, is attended by all kinds of clever justifications, which assure the adherent that, by thinking of his own needs first, he will somehow benefit mankind in the long run. This baroque blend of the concept of Karma and self-righteous social Darwinism works with particular neatness in the De Crow scheme of things, because the clichés of politics can be happily employed alongside those of advertising. Have not women remained oppressed to these many years by having always to consider first the needs of others? And should they not therefore proceed to set things right by thrusting their own desires forward? The image De Crow offers to us is not simply that of a happy woman, but also that of a good one, the modern portrait of Virtue Rewarded.

Underlying the *Playboy* Philosophy has always been the image of life as a vast smorgasbord, from which one is free to pick and try little tastes of this and that without ever having to settle upon a main course. Now this image is very nice as a marketing ploy, since it encourages the customer to sample a variety of products in his quest for the "lifestyle" that is most truly "him," but one wonders if it is not perhaps a bit unrealistic to imagine that one can nibble at marriage or motherhood as one would at green beans, sampling and savoring and then moving on to the eggplant. This objection may of course be carping, and De Crow's cheery recollections of charming lunches with "husband No. 1" would seem to indicate that she, at least, has mastered the trick of moving from one course to the next without experiencing any kind of emotional indigestion; but one may be forgiven for asking if she has not had to pay some kind of price along the way.

That there always is a price, a cost, when one leaves one thing behind for another is a law of existence that thinking in terms of "lifestyles" and options enables one to forget: at a smorgasbord there are always other choices;

when shopping, one can usually make an exchange. Not having to recognize that there is a price encourages the illusion that life is, or at least should be, a smooth affair, that if things don't go right, somebody should do something about it. Karen De Crow writes of the "lifestyle" that she has chosen and of what is being called these days "the spirit of Houston," as if both were illustrative of a marvelous new style of independence; and yet, despite the display of such made at the conference—despite the torches, relay marathons, floor fights, the talk of getting tough and hanging together—what happened there was rather more remarkable for having given cognizance to a new spirit of passive dependence in which a bureaucracy takes the place once filled by a man.

Liberty, or Freedom, signifieth the absence of Opposition; (by Opposition, I mean externall Impediments of motion;) and may be applied no lesse to irrational, and Inanimate creatures, than to Rational.

—Thomas Hobbes, *Leviathan*

THE WOMEN'S CONFERENCE in Houston was given a mandate by the federal government to "identify barriers to prevent women from participating fully and equally in all aspects of national life"—barriers, presumably, to women's liberty. What, then, did the conference resolve upon, what did it recommend? Aside from advocating passage of the Equal Rights Amendment, something that would directly prohibit restrictions on liberty, most of what the newswomen called the "H issues" were those that, if enacted, would bring the government into the lives of women in a pervasive way—an attempt, perhaps, to fill some void in the Adamless Eden of Karen De Crow. Now, for example, that laws prohibiting a woman's right to have an abortion have been struck down—impediment to liberty removed—"productive freedom" has been redefined by the conference delegates as the right to hold the government financially responsible for one's condition. Whereas a few years ago a girl who got pregnant was often forced—by economic circumstance and the tradition of blame which flourishes everywhere

mong the oppressed—to beg the man he believed was responsible for \$500 to help her out of her condition, the new-model Miss America,” continuing that habit of dependence, would register instead her indignant cry of alarm, the local Federal Abortion Aid Center or some such, along with a demand for that same old \$500. Not having an appropriate bureaucracy to which one may turn for help is presumably interpreted as a “barrier” to participating fully in the life of the nation.

It is almost as if women, knowing that so much of the federal budget is being allocated for defense—and so, most by definition, to men—have sized upon the bright idea of creating a kind of alternate bureaucracy of domestic economy to parallel that of war, to be complete with its own council to dispense funds for such domestic concerns as the daily care of children, “reproductive freedom,” and (perhaps in bizarre mimicry of the national policy of offering huge sums in “reparation” to countries we have bombed and destroyed) the compensation and consolation of rape victims. To argue that women, if they cannot get public funds, will not get the abortion that will benefit not only themselves but also society by sparing it unwanted and burdensome souls, is of course to miss the main point: that to look to a bureaucracy to solve personal problems is to continue with the habit of passive dependency, to continue thinking, assuming, hoping that somebody will be there to clean up the mess.

Since making the federal government one's intimate in the aftermath of one's rape can hardly be considered the removal of a barrier, an “external impediment” to liberty, perhaps what the elegantes at Houston sought was not really liberty but power, for,

*when the impediment of motion,
is in the constitution of the thing
itself, we use not to say, it wants
Liberty; but the Power to move;
as when a stone lyeth still, or a*

*man is fastned to his bed by sickness.
[Leviathan]*

Women, it might be beautifully argued, have been like still-lying stones, or creatures chained to their sickbeds, who are now seeking to win and use power in the world; and yet one question the way in which “power” was interpreted at Houston. Delegates to conferences are almost by definition quasi-political types, and since quasi-political types are always on the lookout to create new jobs for themselves, it should not surprise us when a conference recommends solutions that will produce jobs for the conferees. And yet to dismiss what happened with a cynical nod at the inevitability of self-interest is again to miss the deeper point, that in the world of Karen De Crow the government is the new Mr. Right.


Exchanging one mode of dependence for another is not wrong, of course, but one must understand that what is taking place is less a revolution than a change in fashion. The adherent of the *Playboy* Philosophy, the inhabitant of the Marina del Rey of the mind, is the ideal citizen of the bureaucratic state, since his marvelous ability to “switch lifestyle options” precludes his ever being a square peg. Women, formerly encumbered by having to place their concern for others first, were natural square pegs; but once they've learned to master the trick of enjoying charming luncheons with former husbands, they'll find themselves able to fit more smoothly into the carved holes that await them. That they may not have won any new liberties or gained any more real power will be of little regard. For them, being able to rely on an abstraction like the government for the solutions to daily problems, rather than having to work things out messily with another human being, their illusion of independence will be easily fostered and sustained. □

HARPER'S/MAY 1978

SOUND OF RAPIDS OF LARAMIE RIVER IN LATE AUGUST

by W. S. Merwin

White flowers among white stones
under white windy aspens
after night of moonlight and thoughts of snow



The Perfect Paradise


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SCISSORS IN THE HEAD

West Germany's extreme reaction to extremism

by David Zane Mairowitz

IN A RECENT SKIT in a Munich cabaret, a thoroughly ordinary, dull, average middle-class couple is drawing up an invitations list for a dinner party.

"Let's invite X," says the wife.

"We'd better not," replies hubby.

"He thinks Heinrich Böll is a good writer."

"What about Y?"

"No. He once said 'Baader-Meinhof group' instead of 'gang.' But we could always ask Z."

"It's too risky. He is thought to 'sympathize' with a suspected sympathizer of a suspected terrorist."

And so on until they disqualify all their acquaintances save one, a fellow who has never had an idea in his head and with whom it is therefore safe to associate. They telephone him, only to have their invitation rejected because he finds it too risky associating with them.

To anyone who has been observing the erosion of West German civil liberties, this theater piece will seem only slightly exaggerated. An ex-burgomaster of Berlin has put the problem squarely: "The new disguise is perfect. Long hair and scruffy clothes are no longer the outward signs of the terrorist. [They appear] nice and inconspicuous—the nice couple next door."

No, the only surprising point about

David Zane Mairowitz is the author of In the Slipstream, a collection of short stories, and The Radical Soap Opera, a satiric look at the American Left in the twentieth century.

the satire is that it can still be played, that it is not yet a casualty of self-censorship by theater managements or has not been banned from above as somehow defamatory to the state.

In Bonn, a production of the frivolous nineteenth-century operetta *Giroflé-Girofla* is taken off the boards because it depicts a comic kidnapping. A mindless popular hit song, "Above the Clouds Freedom Must Be Boundless," is banned from the radio due to complaints by an antihijack organization. A Hamburg woman is fired from her job because as a joke for the office tea she bakes some cookies in the shape of Soviet stars and hammer-and-sickles.

But this is only the silly season in a serious climate of antiterrorism, bringing with it a flood of social repressions already likened by many political critics to the McCarthy period in the U.S. There is a mounting fear of engaging in extraparlimentary political activity; hesitation about signing even liberal petitions for groups like Amnesty International; anxiety about associating with the "wrong" people; isolated instances in which wives up for promotion have been asked to dissociate themselves from their husbands' political convictions (and vice versa); and what political theorist Wolf-Dieter Narr refers to as a "general uncertainty as to what may or may not be articulated, written, learned, or even taught."

Chancellor Helmut Schmidt recently insisted that "there will not be any

McCarthyism permitted in this country," but that a relentless war on terrorism within the Federal Republic is necessary. Sebastian Cobler, whose recent book, *Die Gefahr geht von den Menschen aus* (The danger originates in the people), painstakingly documents abridgments of civil liberties in West Germany, believes the government is overreacting: "The political isolated and disastrous activities of a few desperadoes—in the literal sense of the word—serve as a pretext for sealing off a whole society against a possibility for the growth of a political extraparlimentary opposition." Cobler points out that the prime target of current repressive legislation tends to be left-wing or liberal opinion rather than extremist action. And indeed, a central theme that seems to run through much of the new measures, and which is also working its way informally into the daily life of "crisis"-oriented Germany, is an ever-expanding definition of the enemy of the state.

THE WIDENING interpretation of what is permissible under the antiterrorist umbrella has further isolated the already effective German Left: its effect has been felt among more middle-class, the-road people whose potential reaction to Baader-Meinhof activity is rising. This turn of events has led to the convening of the Third Bertrand Russ



international Tribunal on the Situation of Human Rights in the Federal Republic of Germany and West Berlin. The tribunal has the political virtue of being independent of all West German interest groups; it also carries a liberal reputation of its previous investigations of war crimes in Vietnam and violations of human rights in Latin America.

The tribunal, well aware that it has been to deal this time with a political democracy, does not intend any titling exposés. But it already has heard, and will continue to hear, numerous cases of abuse that it hopes to bring to public attention. Three questions frame the investigation:

- Are citizens of the Federal German Republic being denied the right to exercise their professions on account of their political views?
- Is censorship being exercised through provisions of the criminal and civil law and through extralegal measures?
- Are constitutional and human rights being eroded or eliminated in the context of criminal-court proceedings?

Jobs are a major area of inquiry because professional prohibition, known to its opponents as *Berufsverbot*, has even an important means of neutralizing the "enemy within." A formal procedure for this political investigation of all civil service applicants was introduced in 1972, based on a law which has a long and complex tradition in Germany. The German civil service is supposed to be "neutral," an island uninvolved in the political system. The motto of the tradition is: Constitutions may change and go, but power and its administration remain. The bureaucrat is a servant of those who rule, not those who are ruled, which is why, after the end of world war, some 70 percent of teachers, judges, lawyers, police and military officers, et cetera, simply remained at their posts, after a token Nazification procedure, to provide administrative continuity." Many of these same functionaries continue to serve as makers or implementers of the new laws.

The conservative backbone of the postwar civil service was therefore destined to react protectively after the student movement of the 1960s, with its promised "long march through the in-

stitutions." This threatened to unleash an entire generation of liberal and even revolutionary opinion onto German life, something that would have been unthinkable twenty years before. Considering that some 15 percent of the working population is in the public sector, there was predictable alarm in Establishment circles.

In 1972 the Minister Presidents of all the German states, together with Chancellor Willy Brandt, issued a "decree on radicals," giving support to an earlier Hamburg decree denying applicants "a position of civil service with sinecure if the candidate has been politically active in either an extreme rightist or leftist group." An applicant for state employment must show that he supports the "free democratic basic order," an idea so vaguely established in the constitution that its interpretation can be (and is) used for political purposes. Any doubt about a candidate's support (generally based on political membership or association) may be sufficient grounds for refusing public employment or promotion. An already established civil servant must demonstrate support of the "free democratic basic order" in his "total behavior," and any link to groups with "unconstitutional aims" is theoretically cause for dismissal. The applicant himself can never know which criteria will be used in the event of rejection.

Willy Brandt himself admits that he "committed an error" at the time of the decrees, and that there have been excesses in their implementation, especially in the more conservative states governed by the Christian Democrats.

When the Federal Constitutional Court upheld the decrees in May, 1975, it more or less sanctioned an extension of the concept of unconstitutionality (*Verfassungswidrigkeit*) so as to include the curious possibility of contravening the "spirit" of the constitution. This implies that one can be an "enemy of the constitution" (*Verfassungsfeind*), an idea which is itself not found in the constitution. This means that, in most cases, actual acts of unconstitutionality do not have to be proved, and that attitudes can be easily prosecuted.

Legal maneuvering of this sort effectively relieves the Supreme Court of determining the basis for unconstitutionality. It is now the prerogative of the executive branch to decide just

who is, and who is not, a constitutional enemy. The importance of this cannot be overestimated in the modern Western democracies, where extensions of executive power have been cause for concern. Because the "free democratic basic order" can be interpreted at the discretion of the ruling power, it can also be manipulated to the advantage of that power. So, for example, when the Bonn government needs to circumvent the constitution, it has a kind of mini-constitution at its disposal. It can then use the courts as a political instrument, to fill in any gaps that may exist in the law.

Obscuring the legal distinction between beliefs and actions is now central to the *Berufsverbot* process because it allows the government to create political isolation without prohibiting political parties. In order to maintain a democratic facade and to continue overtures to the Eastern bloc through *Ostpolitik*, the government must allow most groups, including the Communist party (DKP), to remain legal. The idea of the "constitutional enemy" establishes a double legality, however, because it means a member of a party can be refused state employment without the party itself being banned.

In January of this year a teacher in Bavaria was denied state employment although he was not a member of a political party. He was, however, associated with a war resisters' group which, though not in itself considered extremist, had a few Communist members. In the appeal hearing on the case, the judge ruled that the teacher was not a "constitutional enemy," but there was doubt about whether he recognized Communist aims. In times of national crisis, he might not support the constitution vehemently enough, and therefore the prohibition of employment was upheld. It was perhaps the first case of "indifference" to the "free democratic basic order."

THE NEW ENEMIES of the state are not only those who threaten the Federal Republic with liberalism in its institutions or violence in its streets, but also those who allegedly give succor to terrorists through the written or spoken word, or even by their indifference to the war on terrorism. Among these *Sympathisanten* are some of Germany's leading

SCISSORS IN THE HEAD

intellectual and cultural figures, and the press attacks against them are often more virulent than those against the terrorists themselves.

The most celebrated target of such character assassination is Nobel Prize winner Heinrich Böll. Böll defines the *Sympathisanten* as "people who have committed the criminal sin of making distinctions." Böll's "distinction" came in 1972, in an article for *Der Spiegel*, in which he blamed the right-wing Springer Press for irresponsible demagoguery in its reporting of the Baader-Meinhof episode. This was nothing more than a call for fair play until the accusations had been proved in a court of law, but Böll was immediately denounced as an accomplice of terrorist gangs, and a campaign of vilification has pursued him ever since.

Böll's novel *The Lost Honor of Katharina Blum*, concerning just such a gutter-press campaign that destroys a young woman's life, has provided another stick with which to beat the author. Production of a play based on the book was canceled in Würzburg because the political "climate" was not "peaceful" enough for its performance. Conservative ministers have called for his books to be put on a special index or banned altogether. One has even argued that, by writing part of his novel in the first person, thereby disguising his real identity with the pseudonym "Katharina Blum," Böll has given a "justification for violence."

The high point of the Böll saga came in September of last year, after the kidnapping of industrialist Hans-Martin Schleyer. An anonymous telephone caller told the police he had seen people with weapons enter a building in Cologne where Böll's son lives with his wife and child. Forty armed policemen of the Special Schleyer Unit raided the apartment, finding nothing. The younger Böll, a publisher without distinct political views, was implicated because he happened to be his father's son.

The next day, the elder Böll was interviewed by Bavarian radio about the incident. He said he doubted that if an anonymous caller had seen armed men entering the apartment of the son of Franz Josef Strauss (the ultraconservative Christian Socialist chief in Bavaria), forty riot police would have similarly swooped. Because of this remark, the broadcast itself was banned

as inflammatory and not aired until a week later, when an editorial commentary had been added.

In a similar incident the French social philosopher Michel Foucault was sitting with a group of friends in a Berlin hotel lobby, discussing a book about terrorist Ulrike Meinhof. Someone overhearing them apparently decided that a woman in the group resembled a wanted terrorist, and, within minutes, fifteen police armed with machine pistols entered the building and arrested them (they were all released after a brief spell in prison). Was this just an overreaction by touchy local authorities? Foucault: "Did they do it because a young girl with blond hair was with us, or because a group of Germans and French, quite obviously intellectuals, talking animatedly about politics, are not people who actually resemble certain other people, but who resemble those who, by words and writings, support people who are themselves dangerous? No, not a 'dirty race,' as was formerly said. We felt more like a 'dirty species.'"

These "lepers and pariahs," in Böll's words, are accused of poisoning traditional values and seducing innocent young minds. Franz Josef Strauss goes further, calling them the "intellectual-spiritual originators" of violence. In this context, the Bonn government has begun to sweep in the *Sympathisanten* with its new antiterrorist legislation. Attacking the government's assertion that terrorism is criminally, rather than politically, motivated, Heinrich Böll argues that new laws are unnecessary because there are already enough on the books to deal with criminal acts. But behind the new measures lies the central argument of the opposition Christian Democrats (CDU) in parliament: All acts of terrorism must have been thought out before they were committed; therefore, *thought* is the true and underlying danger.

A leading CDU figure, Herr Alfred Dregger, recently distinguished between three kinds of security necessary in Germany: in addition to protecting geographical frontiers and domestic centers, an intellectual security for the state must also be established. In a climate aroused by such notions, the Social Democratic government in 1976 introduced into the penal code Paragraph 38a, the "Law for the Protection of the Communal Peace," one

of the most far-reaching censorship laws in a modern democratic state. Its aim, according to the Federal Minister of Justice, is to "curb violence and verbal preliminaries" (italics mine). With crimes of expression, it is normally too late to counter the effect of a film, book, or play once it has become public. Paragraph 38a therefore provides for a kind of precensorship by making an author's presumed intention prosecutable.

Nor does a particular work have to be a threat in itself. A book may be prosecuted if "elements derived from it" might be "likely" to move "other" to undertake anticonstitutional activities. So, for example, a historical account of undesirable social situations can be illegal. This was made clear in a public prosecutor named Müller-Ewert, who urged the prosecution of "numerous theoretical treatises which [describe] . . . the course of revolutions in the past, but at a deeper level call for revolutions to be carried out here with comparable methods."

One overall purpose of Paragraph 38a, like most censorship laws, is so much to censor as to intimidate. For this reason, the new law affects not only writers and publishers, but anyone who deals with printed matter, including booksellers, distributors, and—theoretically—even critics writing about a publication under suspicion. In a recent case where truckloads of left-wing books were seized on the Autobahn, the *drivers* were prosecuted presumably because they should have been aware of the content of the books they were carrying.

PERHAPS PREDICTABLY, the Federal Constitutional Tribunal's investigation of these matters has itself come under severe attack, most notably from Willy Brandt, but also from the head of Germany's largest trade union organization, who has accused tribunal members of being extremists and Baader-Meinhof sympathizers, obstructing his own membership from cooperating with the inquiry.

Moreover, a Ministry of the Interior document has surfaced which, without ever questioning the tribunal's legitimacy, outlines various methods of thwarting its work. For example, foreign tribunal members might be turned back at the frontier as undesirable

For the group itself might be made subject to some of the very laws it is investigating, including those against defaming the state or against gatherings that threaten public security. There is even a suggestion of infiltrating the tribunal with people who would urge "acquittal" of the Federal Republic. It is extremely unlikely that the Bonn government would risk such interference, but the very existence of the document is evidence of current thinking among the secret services.

What the Russell Tribunal cannot possibly expose to public scrutiny, however, is the psychologically complex, passive aspect of West Germany's current repression. In an atmosphere of extreme conformism, German daily life appears to be internalizing the inevitability of "enemies within" and the need to uproot them. According to Professor Narr, "Every state can take emergency measures in times of crisis, but we have a situation now in Germany where we are beginning to normalize the idea of crisis."

The most important social effect of this is a broadening pattern of self-censorship, which some writers have called "scissors in the head." Böll: "I wonder if it's necessary to do away with democracy. People are so intimidated, the media have become so careful, that the laws don't actually have to be changed. . . . Even liberal newspapers have become so conformist and careful that it isn't necessary to do anything."

Another result of this passive acceptance is that the crisis maneuvers are growing a kind of second skin against criticism. For example, the word *Berufsverbot* itself is considered insulting to the state, and it is possible to imagine a situation where its public use could lead to professional prohibition. During the kidnapping of Gleyer, any public mention of his SS status under the Nazis was punished as approval of terrorism. After the death of three accused terrorists at Stammheim prison, the father of Gerdrun Ennslin said he believed his daughter had been murdered; an action (subsequently dropped) was started against him, and could have been prosecuted as "defamation of the state" because he had contradicted the official version of death by suicide. Perhaps most significant of all, once the ruling power has interpreted the vague

"free democratic basic order," this interpretation cannot be publicly contradicted.

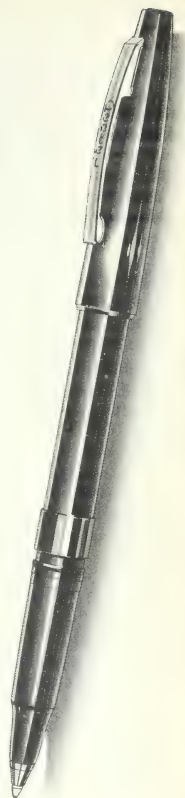
The long-range goal is to make West Germany somehow crisis-proof, through what Willy Brandt calls "the calm and resolute assertion of normality," creating a "model Germany," as Chancellor Schmidt thinks of it. The method is a determined preventive counterrevolution that has its roots in the strong, and often fanatical, anti-Communism which has prevailed unabated in Germany since 1933. One of the ironies of Willy Brandt's friendly overtures to Communist East Germany is that he was forced, through domestic politics, to show he was tough on Communism at home, and this has surely led to some of the current measures.

At the same time, there is an expanding technocratic overlay to this traditional battle against the "enemy within." In the past eight years police personnel and hardware increased 200 to 400 percent. Border police, whose brief is to search for terrorists, have attempted to extend their powers by examining written materials. The latest antiterrorist law allows police to search entire apartment blocks with only one warrant. And there is a debate in parliament to create a "shoot-to-kill" law that would legalize killings of suspected terrorists in situations of police pursuit; in the view of some cynical West Germans, this would eliminate the "need to commit suicide."

Such actions have set historical-recognition alarm bells ringing in some quarters, yet there is little likelihood of a fascist resurgence. More to the point is what Professor Narr calls the "transformation of the liberal state," where the citizen is losing his legal security—the ability to use the courts to protect his civil rights against "interventionist" actions by the state. And such an expansion of the executive prerogative is not a dilemma confined to West Germany. Nor, for that matter, is the growing independence of Western security forces.

What is particularly German about the current situation is the extremity of the reaction to extremism. While the small band of terrorists has understandably awakened the most angry responses of the German public, the ever-widening net for isolating enemies of the state cannot easily be unknotted. □

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A LONG ROW TO HOE

At war with history: the American farmer

by Anne Nelson

THE BASEMENT cafeteria of the House Office Building was full of striking farmers stopping off for lunch before the next committee hearing upstairs. Leroy Murray, of Potlatch, Idaho, was one of them, a shy but friendly man in plaid Western shirt and cowboy boots. Leroy had been in Washington for two weeks, traveling on borrowed funds, sharing a cramped hotel room, and eating in cheap restaurants. He had worked for sixteen years as an electrical engineer to save up enough money to go into farming, but he made the mistake of buying land on credit in 1973. He's been in trouble ever since.

"I farmed 2,500 acres last year and lost \$196,000," he said. "It cost me \$3.50 to produce a bushel of wheat, and I ended up selling it for \$2.50. There's no way I can go on operating like this. Unless there's some miracle I'll be out of business by the end of the year. Hell, in six months."

Leroy Murray is one of a number of farmers who have joined the American Agriculture Movement. No one appears to know how large that number is. When I asked Secretary of Agriculture Bob Bergland, after he had made a cheerful speech to farmers in Wichita, in January, he shrugged and said, "We have no idea." One of his assistants at the Department of Agriculture ventured a guess of 5 to 20 percent, depending on the area. (The High Plains of Colorado, Kansas, and Texas have generated the most support, while the dairy farmers of Illinois and Indiana have little to complain about.) The Secretary may dismiss the strike as negligible, and his department play it down as regional, but last January more than 40,000 farmers descended on the capital for the opening session of Congress, and six weeks later 3,000 remained.

Historically, the American farmer

has proved an exceptionally independent, patriotic, and well-behaved citizen; hence the strike movement has come as a surprise to everyone, including the strikers. Moreover, the farmer is an economic hybrid: capitalist, manager, and laborer, self-employed but ruled by the vicissitudes of the market and the whims of Congress. If the farmer is not striking against himself, then he is striking against the government and the economic system. The fact that such a strike could exist indicates the severity of the problem. According to the estimates of several Congressmen, 15 percent of the nation's nearly 3 million farmers will go bankrupt in the next year alone. Most of these will be young farmers, the next generation of food producers. If these projections are accurate, we will witness the worst attrition in farm population since the Depression.

FARMERS ARE traditionally the poor cousins of the American economy. In this century farm income has usually averaged 10 to 30 percent below nonfarm income. This is largely because the American farmer has never learned the first rule of capitalism: to ensure a profit, supply must not exceed demand. He is a compulsive overproducer, and for the past fifty years government farm policy has tried to compensate for this

by providing incentives to limit production. The resulting legislation has been a fragile pyramid of price supports and subsidy payments, kept in balance by the massive bureaucracy of the Department of Agriculture. The program has worked, to an extent.

Americans spend relatively less of their disposable income on food than any other people—17 percent. This figure would be smaller still but for the American taste for refined food; processing, packaging, and distribution account for more than 60 percent of consumer prices. At the same time, the government's programs have been on a stopgap solution to the problems of low farm income and overproduction and the workable, if unwieldy, balance was thrown off entirely by the events of the early 1970s. Because of worldwide crop failures and food shortages in 1972, export demand drew heavily on U.S. grain reserves. In 1973 the Russians, negotiating independently and in secret with the major American grain dealers, managed to buy far more wheat than the United States could afford to sell, at prices subsidized by the government. American wheat reserves fell from 26 million metric tons in 1972 to 9 million metric tons in 1974, and the domestic price of wheat shot up from \$1.57 to \$4.48 a bushel.

Anne Nelson is a writer from the Midwest where her family has been farming for more than a century.



Farmers were jubilant as their incomes soared. Earl Butz, Secretary of Agriculture in the Nixon and Ford Administrations, told them, "Low prices are a thing of the past." The world market was going to buy everything they could produce at prices that would make them rich. From then on, the word going around was "plant fencerow to fencerow."

In the boom years from 1973 to 1975 the farmers increased the amount of land under grain cultivation by 10 percent. They borrowed from the Federal Land Bank to buy more land; they invested heavily in machinery and irrigation with credit extended by local banks to increase the yield on land already in use. Between 1970 and 1976 total U.S. grain production rose 40 percent and farm debts on land and machinery more than doubled.

Then the bottom dropped out. The food industry used high farm prices as an excuse to hit the consumer: when the price of the wheat in a loaf of bread rose three cents, the price of the loaf rose ten cents. Feedlots could no longer afford to fatten cattle; they were sent to market without being replaced. Beef prices dropped, and then rose drastically in response to the shortage. Housewives called a beef boycott, and there was a public furor over the coming of the "dollar loaf of bread." In the midst of all this, the middleman was overlooked and the farmer was blamed. A panicky Ford Administration, reacting to union and consumer pressure and the temporarily depleted reserves, imposed the 1974 grain embargo, a move that angered farmers and importing nations alike. The farmers were in the act of producing the biggest grain crop in history, and suddenly there were no cattle to feed, no importers, no demand. The predictable outcome—to everyone, it seemed, but Ford and Butz—was a glut on the domestic market. Wheat prices fell from a high of \$6 to \$1.80 a bushel, and in the next two years the grain reserves almost doubled.

In the meantime, the farmers' cost of production had risen almost 50 percent. The farmer who had been spending an average of \$2.50 to produce a bushel of wheat that sold for \$5 was now spending \$3.50 and selling for \$2.50. For the older farmer who has owned his land and his equipment outright for a number of years, this lean

period is one that he will weather, as he's weathered others in the past. Besides, he's enjoying lush capital gains on everything he owned before 1972, and the low income return on his investment is more than made up in the increased value of his property. It is the young farmer, especially the one who borrowed heavily during the good years, who suffers. He now must meet payments on his land and machinery loans, attempt to borrow next year's production costs with little or no equity left on his holdings, and face the strong possibility that the more he produces in the coming seasons, the further he will be driven into debt.

THE AMERICAN AGRICULTURE Movement was born in a Colorado gas station last September 6, as four farmers sat discussing the 1977 farm bill over coffee. By December there were more than 300 strike offices throughout the country, for the most part rented from or donated by a local bank or merchant. Farmers sat at round tables overhung with banners, talking about a self-imposed embargo, and plowing up 5 percent of their crop every week until 50 percent was gone. They also talked about waiting until harvest and then burning their wheat in bonfires. But their immediate aim was attention, and they proved to have a brilliant flair for hokey but effective publicity. Turned-over tractors were parked on highway overpasses, tractorcades drove through the streets of county seats and state capitals, and bright orange strike stickers glowed over the cigar counter of every small-town café.

The American Agriculture Movement had a strong appeal for the young and indebted farmers. But the more established farmers were caught in a bind. They sympathized with the strikers' plight, but tended to disagree with their tactics. Many belonged to traditional farm organizations, with Washington lobbyists and law firms on salary, and they felt this was a more sophisticated way to reach their goals. The conservative Farm Bureau was the most openly opposed to the strike, while other groups, such as the Farmers' Union and the National Farmers' Organization, endorsed the strike without listing in it.

One point at which American Agri-

culture and the older organizations part ways is the 1977 farm bill, signed into law last September.

The older organizations worked hard for the bill and stress that it's a step in the right direction, while American Agriculture finds it both inadequate and misdirected. Under its conditions, a farmer who voluntarily limits his production by setting aside, or not planting, a given amount of land is eligible for government loans and deficiency payments. The set-aside requirement for wheat is 20 percent of the acreage planted for harvest. The farmer can then borrow \$2.25 per bushel from the Commodity Credit Corporation against the costs of production. If the market price rises above the \$2.25 loan rate, the farmer can sell his produce for a profit and repay the loan with interest. If the market price falls below the loan rate, the CCC will accept the produce itself as full payment for the loan. The loan rate is therefore the lowest price the participating farmer need accept, and if enough farmers sign up for the program it will have the effect of setting the world price floor.

The farmer is further eligible for deficiency payments. The target price is the "fair" price determined by Congress—\$3 a bushel for wheat in 1978—and the amount of the payment is the difference between the target price and the loan rate or the market price, whichever is higher. If wheat remains at its current price of about \$2.80, the participating farmer will receive twenty cents a bushel in deficiency payments. If the price falls to \$1.80, he will receive seventy-five cents, which is the difference between the target price and the loan rate. This is the maximum payment.

In times of low market prices, it is the target price that determines how many farmers will stay in business; the theory behind the target price implies that it should equal the cost of production, allowing the farmer to break even at worst. There are two ways to compute cost of production, and the difference depends on land. The calculation based on the average price paid for land applies to the established farmer who has bought land over the past 30 years, and comes to a little more than \$3. The calculation based on current land prices applies to the farmer who bought land in the

past few years, and comes to more than \$3.50. So the younger farmer suffers again, losing fifty cents a bushel.

The farmer faced with impending bankruptcy considered the 1977 farm bill more insult than aid. It asked him to expend his labor and lose his capital for the privilege of producing food, and then be subject to the public outcry that Congress was "paying the farmer not to plant." In the meantime, a Minnesota-based group called the National Organization for Raw Materials (NORM) began to revive and publicize the age-old solution of parity in the marketplace.

THE TERM PARITY came into legislative use in the Agricultural Adjustment Act of 1933. Congress was casting about for a relative means to measure farm income, and decided to compare the average prices of farm products with those of farm costs during the prosperous period of 1910-1914. Despite revisions in the parity formula over the years, it is an outdated and unworkable concept: changes in technology, yield, and produce since 1910 have been so revolutionary that the basis for the formula is meaningless. For NORM, however, "parity in the marketplace" simply meant that the government should legislate high domestic and export prices for agricultural products, and require them to keep pace with general inflation. To many farmers, it sounded like the ultimate panacea, simplistic as it was, and "parity in the marketplace" became the rallying cry of the strike movement.

American Agriculture gave Congress a deadline of December 14, 1977, to pass parity legislation, after which, they said, "We, the farmers of this nation, will halt all agricultural production and distribution immediately." The problem with this threat was that there was no agricultural production in December; spring planting wasn't for another three to six months. Congress missed its deadline, to no one's surprise, so the strikers began to organize their pilgrimage to Washington.

Washington was less than impressed. Nothing is more gauche in Washington than earnest, unsuspecting patriotism. For many of the farmers this was their first foray into practical, as

opposed to ideal, democracy. They packed the House Agriculture Committee hearings, many listening and some testifying, and they traveled from office to office to see sometimes sympathetic, sometimes hostile Congressmen. The guards at the Capitol called them the most orderly protest group they'd ever seen, but their sheer numbers and the intensity of their feelings alienated some of the people they needed most. "I'm not impressed by people roaming through the halls and coming to hearings in gobs," complained a Congressman from New York. "What would happen if we got fifty thousand welfare mothers down to Washington every time we wanted to pass a bill on welfare reform?"

"The farmers are not a sexy protest group," added his press aide. "They just can't drum up the kind of sympathy here that, say, the blacks and the feminists can."

The cynicism of the strikers in Washington set in slowly and painfully. When the Commissioner of Agriculture from South Carolina testified in a hearing, his uppitiness made the American Agriculture people in the audience a little uncomfortable. But when he reached the point of open defiance and blurted, "If I ran my farm like you all run this committee, the cows would never get milked," there were cheers and loud guffaws. Then Thomas S. Foley, the committee chairman, answered sharply, "Well, sir, you can just go milk your cows." There was a strained silence. Was this what the big shots in Washington wanted them all to do—shut up and go home to tend their farms?

"How do we feel?" asked Jerry Scheid, a wheat farmer from Idaho. "There's one term for it—manic-depressive. One day we come out of these hearings and slap each other on the back and say, 'Boy, we really told 'em like it is.' And the next day we just look at each other and think, hell, we aren't accomplishing a damn thing down here. We might as well be back on the farm quietly going bankrupt."

ACCORDING TO THE House report on the 1977 farm bill, "Congress hereby specifically reaffirms the historical policy of the United States to foster and encourage the family farm system of agriculture in this country." In his

State of the Union address, President Carter declared, "What's best for farm families in the long run is also best for the consumers," and a Harris poll taken in February showed that the consumers agree. More than 60 percent indicated that they support the preservation of the family farm, and would be willing to pay 5 percent more for their food to demonstrate that support. Some of the enthusiasm doubtless stems from a sentimentalized image of farming, but it also reflects a horror at the prospect of agricultural industrialization.

But if corporations are going to pose an economic threat to the family farm, it won't be in the near future. There has been much talk about the corporate takeover of American agriculture, but the statistics are misleading. (Over the past few decades many farm families have found it to their advantage to form family corporations. Otherwise, they stand to lose up to half their land and equipment in inheritance tax when the head of the family dies.) Less than 7 percent of all American farmland is owned by corporations, and of this, 80 percent belongs to family corporations. Six states have laws against nonfamily corporate farmland ownership, and four others restrict it through general corporation laws. The main reason corporate interest in farming is so light is the low return on capital investment. Corporate farming will become an economic threat only if enough farmers go out of business to open the field to large investors.

The real threats to the farm industry are the low prices that already are affecting the entire rural economy. Among the striking farmers' heartiest supporters are the small-town banks and merchants who have lost their business. Farm-equipment manufacturers and dealers are in bad shape, too, because farmers can't afford to replace machinery as it wears out. The rural legislators and most USDA bureaucrats are aware of these problems, but they disagree on what measures to take. Of the proposed solutions, parity is the one everyone claims to like and no one knows how to set in motion. To achieve parity prices through an extension of the past fifty years' agricultural policy would cost the budget an additional \$15 to \$20 billion, a prospect shunned by the Administration and Congress. But American Agriculture

ture isn't asking for increased subsidies and price supports; if anything the farmers resent the programs more than taxpayers do because they feel they smack of welfare. In demanding "parity in the marketplace," they want the government to set the prices and let the consumer make up the \$15 to \$20 billion gap.

The effect of such a policy would be a 20 percent increase in consumer prices before the addition of the middleman's cut, a 25 percent drop in agricultural exports, and a boost in the inflation rate. The strikers feel this is not an unreasonable price to pay, but it is unlikely that they can convince anyone else.

Hit-or-miss proposals are flung about the Capitol with abandon: "mandatory cuts in production"; "aggressive export policy"; and even "gasohol," a plan to convert grain into a fuel that takes more energy to produce than it delivers. Rep. Richard Nolan (Dem.-Minn.) is grandstanding with a parity bill with no economic underpinnings to make it work. Rep. Glenn English (Dem.-Okla.) offers a short-term solution with his loan-consolidation bill, which would combine debts on land, machinery, and production costs, and postpone payments for at least three years. Sen. Robert Dole (Rep.-Kans.) has introduced no fewer than four agricultural bills, the most interesting of which is a new twist on set-aside: it operates on a sliding scale, so the more land the farmer chooses to set aside, the greater the target price on his remaining crops.

SECRETARY OF Agriculture Bergland is telling the farmers to sit back and give the 1977 farm bill a chance to work, but an internal document from the USDA's Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Service projects that between now and 1982 wheat prices will hover around \$2.60 a bushel. So when he tells even the most conservative farm audience that it's "the best farm bill of any Congress of any time," he meets with very light applause. Bergland feels that the answer lies in increased exports at higher prices, but his means for effecting this happy solution are limited. The United States already provides more than half of the world's grain exports, and as developing na-

tions absorb American agricultural technology, they will become competitors instead of purchasers. Even Bergland realizes that government efforts are less influential than the weather.

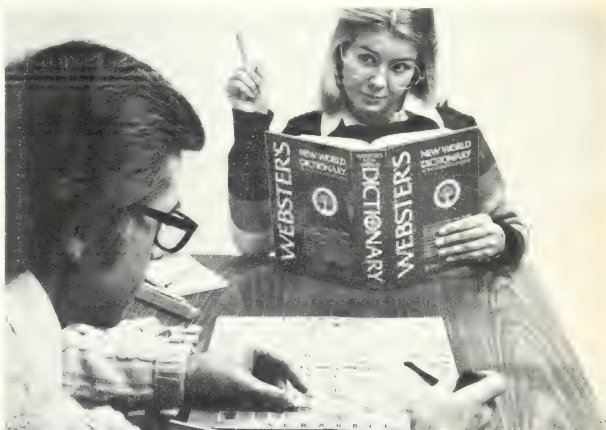
The American Agriculture Movement believes it can gain the most leverage by cutting back planting and production enough to create a national uproar. If half the nation's farmers cut back 50 percent, this goal could be attained, but nowhere near this rate of participation has been demonstrated thus far.

There will be ample occasion for bitterness between neighbors: the more farmers cut back, the smaller the supply and the higher the price, hence the greater the profit realized by farmers who don't cut back. This will mean a more than neighborly interest in what the next man is planting. Retaliatory tractor-tire-slashing and barn-burning have begun in the South, where spring planting is under way, and will probably soon spread northward. These reports dismay the majority of strikers, who believe in the cutbacks as a matter of principle rather than violent

persuasion. Without cutbacks, they say, most farmers will lose money next year, along with a stake in their way of life. With the cutbacks, they will still lose money, but they will make a potent political statement.

It is possible, though not likely, that the strikers could win over their fellow farmers and persuade them to cut back their planting. It is likely that their persistence will win them some relief from Congress, though there's no assurance that it will be soon enough to help this time around. But if they are struggling against the historically inevitable, those concessions will be meaningless. Every crisis in agricultural economics in the past has precipitated a large-scale migration from farm to city, and every shift in farm population means a corresponding modulation in the structure of the industry. It may be that this strike, too, is the futile gesture of men at war with history, trying to maintain a modest, independent way of growing food for a society that rewards the large and the organized. □

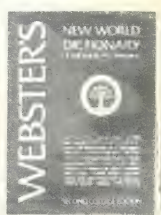
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THE BALKANIZATION OF AMERICA

As loyalties narrow, society itself dissolves.

by Kevin Phillips

THEY ARE WRONG, or too superficial, these people who calibrate the alleged decline of the United States by the decreasing relative hitting power stored in North American missile silos or by the second-place number of ship miles logged by the U.S. Navy in the Indian Ocean. Would that our national problem were such a simple matter of matériel and logistics. Unhappily for us all, the larger crisis of spirit engaging the United States has relatively little to do with the too-few and too-old destroyers in the Persian Gulf or the too-old and too-few heavy bombers expected to reach Novosibirsk in a Maximum Alert. One can argue—and I will—that the Union of the United States (both as an idea and as a matter of domestic political geography) is unraveling in more fundamental ways. This is no small irony: that even as modern American technology has learned to package instant steel-bonding cyanoacrylate in a dimestore tube, the bonds of American society itself should be weakening or dissolving. All too many examples suggest themselves: the congealing of the melting pot and the re-

emergence of ethnicity; the proliferation of sexual preferences and religious cults; the new political geography of localism and neighborhoods; the substitution of causes for political parties; the narrowing of loyalties; the fragmentation of government; the twilight of authority. Some months back, Energy Secretary James Schlesinger, who had not yet ascended to that dismal eminence, suggested that the well-known and much-dreaded energy crisis might bring about the “Balkanization” of America. Fair enough: The parochial politics of energy *do* smack enough of Bulgarian or Serbian bickering circa 1911 to make the term “Balkanization” reasonably appropriate. In a larger perspective, however, the trend that Schlesinger feared *already* has established itself as a fact of national life. As the politics of natural-gas pipelines resemble the plots and counterplots of Zagreb and Sofia, so also one can find just as much social Balkanization in the rise of feminism or “gay rights,” or in the “Red Power” demands of American Indians—for tribal sovereignty and the return of former Indian lands—from Maine to Cali-

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ifornia. For the past several years the symptoms of decomposition have appeared throughout the body politic—in the economic, geographic, ethnic, religious, cultural, biological sectors of society. Small loyalties are replacing larger ones. Small outlooks are also replacing larger ones.

Some would offer "tribalism" as a better descriptive word. But "Balkanization," though in some ways conceptually inadequate to this new teletronic age, has a unique historical-imperial relevance. For most of us, the Balkans are cloudy enough geographically. (Is Greece Balkan? Is Hungary?) Balkan history, in turn, is no more than a blue haze of Turkish cigarette smoke in an Eric Ambler movie. But the Balkans once were part of the Turkish and Austro-Hungarian empires. In the eighteenth century, when those imperialisms were relatively stable, the Balkans had yet to become a symbol for the cultural and political crumbling of empire. Collapsed imperialism is among the richest and most fertile of soils for the growth of separatism and parochialism.

In such a context, then, the Balkanization of America is closely related to what Andrew Hacker has called "the end of the American era." Can it be coincidental that U.S. political and social decomposition has accelerated in tandem with Vietnam and the end of Pax Americana, the concurrent failure of the Great Society, the end of energy abundance, the downfall of cultural optimism, and—of course—Watergate and public loss of confidence in the U.S. political system? On the contrary, the breakdown of these unities, hopes, and glories has been enough to send Americans, too, scrambling after a variety of lesser combinations and self-identifications: ethnicities, regions, selfish economic interests, sects, and neighborhoods.

At this point, let me admit that regionalism, separatism, fragmentation, and rampant ethnicity are hardly new in the United States. On the contrary, they are as old as Jamestown, New Amsterdam, and Plymouth. But the critical historical distinction must lie in tidal flow and ebb: From George Washington's day through the Trajan-like imperial high-water mark of the early 1960s, Americans retrospectively can see ethnicity, regionalism, and states' rights yield before growing concepts of global optimism, the melting pot, equality, homogeneity, and centralization of (benign federal) power. Since that time, however, the reemergence of ethnicity, regionalism, states' rights, and political splintering has occurred in a very different psychological climate—amidst the end of optimism, the collapse of Manifest Destiny, the *failure* of the Great Soci-

ety, the *failure* of the melting pot, and of all the other hopes and slogans of America's national rise. Credit this distinction, and today's social Balkanization process takes on a significance little rebutted by invocations of ethnicity circa 1880, regionalism circa 1896, feminism circa 1912, or states' rights circa 1948. Only the pre-Civil War period raises some parallel.

Sun Belt versus Frost Belt

LET'S BEGIN WITH the most frequently discussed example of the phenomenon, which in many ways is also the pivot: Sun Belt versus Frost Belt. To be sure, regional conflict has been a staple of American history—as late as 1948, Harry Truman was declaiming that the Northeast treated the South and the West like colonies. What is new is the first regional attempt in over a century to remove national leadership from the Northeast. Ten years ago, when I coined the term "Sun Belt," it seemed like a good phrase for a boom region owing its ascendancy to the shining of the sun—tourism, retirement, irrigated agribusiness, year-round military facilities. But over the past decade, the term has come to represent a phenomenon of much greater importance.

Competition for natural and energy resources is one major factor in the increasingly high-voltage regional rivalries. By and large, the Sun Belt states, which contain most of the country's oil and natural gas, favor energy deregulation and pro-growth economic development. The most intense demand for energy regulation, allocation, and conservation, meanwhile, is centered in the North. Mutual suspicion characterizes the attitudes of both factions. The Washington lobbyist for the state of Louisiana told an interviewer last year that "the attitudes today are the same as those preceding the Civil War. The North wants everything its own way. This time, it won't get it." Louisiana's governor has threatened to withhold natural gas from interstate markets, claiming that while the U.S. Constitution may prohibit the restraint of interstate trade, "it doesn't prohibit the conservation of natural resources." True enough.

The point hardly needs to be dwelt upon for anyone who has seen Texas's bumper stickers ("Drive fast, freeze a Yankee") or who has noticed hostile alignments of Sun Belt and Frost Belt political organizations and lobby groups. Less well known is the extent of squabbles over water and energy at the state level. Virginia and North Carolina are fighting over



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water from the Roanoke and Chowan rivers; Arizona and California are fighting over the Colorado River. Late last year, Dixy Lee Ray, governor of Washington, told Congress that "the Northwest is poised for a regional civil war—an interstate battle over the allocation of low-cost federal power." Washington has also quarreled with Idaho over rain clouds. When he state of Washington in 1977 proposed cloud seeding that might divert potential Idaho rainfall to Washington, Wayne Kidwell, Idaho's attorney general, threatened to go to the U.S. Supreme Court.

The state of Michigan has tried—and failed—to recruit neighboring Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota for a "Great Lakes Common Market." In a negative vein, Hawaii is already plotting to stem the flow of new immigrants, following in the footsteps of states like Boca Raton, Florida; Boulder, Colorado; Petaluma, California; and Ramapo, New York. But Hawaiians are thinking more boldly: Gov. George Ariyoshi has urged amending the Constitution to permit a state to *limit* the number of new residents it accepts. More recently, Ariyoshi said he may ask Congress to establish state-by-state quotas for immigrants, based on population and ability to provide services.

Such demographic protectionism could be dismissed if it didn't square so fully—or so disturbingly—with other aspects of economic balkanization. In Congress, for example, an unprecedented number of special-interest causes have grown up alongside the regular party and committee structures. Some of these causes are *geographic*—New England, Sun Belt, suburban—but others are *economic* in nature, namely steel, tobacco, and ports (maritime). They reflect the domestic aspect of the trade wars taking place in the international arena. Industry after industry, meanwhile, puts more emphasis on mobilizing influence, establishing or beefing up industry-wide political-action committees, and moving its trade association to Washington, where the critical political-economic wars are being fought.

ECONOMIC AND GEOGRAPHIC Balkanization is at once confirmed and, if anything, surpassed by the biological fragmentation overtaking the United States. Five biological denominators currently define themselves to civil-rights campaigns and the assertion of group identities: sex, sexual preference, age, race, and ethnic origin. Rising egocentrism is a related development.

Fragmentation of American society by sex and sexual-preference group need not be great-

ly elaborated here, given the (excessive) extent to which it has been dwelt upon elsewhere. Escalating definitions of "rights" produce at least two unfortunate results: group categorization and militance. Feminism has gone far beyond Susan B. Anthony. Certainly the organization, cohesion, and civil-rights militance of homosexuals is a new phenomenon in American society—"Gay Power" has as much political weight in San Francisco (and maybe Manhattan) as does the steel caucus in Ohio's Mahoning Valley.

Age is yet another denominator. The group awareness of senior citizens—"Gray Power"—is a considerable phenomenon in Florida, Arizona, and California. At the other end of the age chart, more and more legal rights are being defined for children. Even second- and third-trimester fetuses have had their own biopolitical Balkan army marshalled for them in the right-to-life movement.

The concept of racial Balkanization is open to argument. On one hand, pre-1960s segregation resulted in what was in effect two nations—one white, one black. Against that backdrop, desegregation has increased racial unity. Yet in another sense, the last few years have seen a definite resegregation in many cities, coupled with a growth of black sentiment to go it alone. Today's trend toward predominantly nonwhite central cities raises critical questions, as does official fondness for the racial-quota system. Indeed, the use of either quotas or "affirmative action" programs verging on quotas is tantamount to an official recognition of Balkanization—acceptance of the notion that equality can be pursued only by racial and ethnic group categorization.

Therein lies the problem. The consequence of the attempt to *proscribe* discrimination may be to *prescribe* opportunity by various biological categories. Officially mandated quotas and preferences for nonwhites have already produced a variety of unfortunate practices. In Queens County, New York, parents claiming a certain racial background in order to get their children assigned to a local school must present themselves at a Board of Education racial-inspection office. Under the signature of the Honorable Bert Lance, the federal Office of Management and Budget last May promulgated guidelines for collecting uniform racial and ethnic data. Central or South American antecedents put you in a minority group; Middle East antecedents do not. The classification is elaborate and likely to become more so. Daniel P. Moynihan (Dem.-N.Y.) has invoked the specter of Germany's Nuremberg race laws.

There will be those who say, quite correctly, that such criteria are nothing new to America,

"For the past several years the symptoms of decomposition have appeared throughout the body politic—in the economic, geographic, ethnic, religious, cultural, biological sectors of society."

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that through the 1960s many state statutes included definitions of Negroes as persons of one-eighth or even one-thirty-second Negro ancestry. Such classifications were indisputably the stuff of cultural apartheid. The point is that we had seemed to be getting away from such racial measurements for a decade or so, but now they are reemerging, together with official prescriptions for housing, education, and employment eligibility. For public authorities to allocate jobs, school positions, or apartments to blacks or Jamaicans rather than whites or Dutchmen is to put renewed emphasis on group consciousness, organization, and politicking. In a political system that allocates benefits by race and ethnic group, how long can it be before racial and ethnic group competition becomes an overt component of politics?*

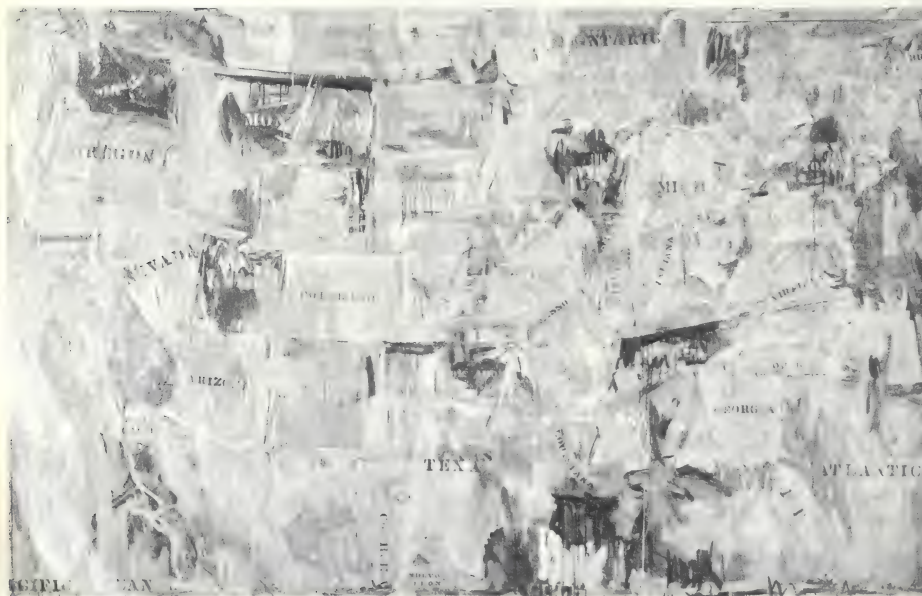
Meanwhile, ethnic consciousness certainly is resurgent. Rev. Jesse Jackson, currently a black favorite of the white media, preaches a gospel of self-determination—"for us, by us,

* Not long, I think. The Italian-American caucus of the New York State legislature has already talked about holding up funding of the CUNY (City University of New York) system because, whereas 25 percent of the students are Italo-Americans, few student advisers and only 6.4 percent of the faculty are.

of us." In Joliet, Illinois, black parents have set up their own school rather than let their children be bused to predominantly white schools. From Eastport and Nantucket to Peoria Springs, Indians are asserting Red Power and seeking tribal sovereignty. What's more, the melting pot is rehardening for northwest Europeans—even for the basic "Anglo-Saxon American" H. L. Mencken loathed so much. Dozens of Midwestern German towns have begun celebrating *Okttoberfest* again, and Pan American World Airways has been running commercials reminding white Anglo-Saxons of their British-American heritage to get them to fly back to their "old country" the way Italians and Norwegians do.

All in all, there's virtually no facet of human biology—sex, color, age, ethnic heritage—that isn't currently gaining strength as a denominator of social fragmentation. That phenomenon may not be without precedent, but I don't know of one.

Predictably enough, one supposes, the various geo-, eco-, and bio-fragmentations are reflected in U.S. cultural life. Despite the trend for local newspapers to be subsumed by national chains, the still greater industry trend is to specialized publications. Our economic, geographic, and biological Balkans all have their



Jasper Jo

edekers and Michelins. More and more
tes and cities now claim their own maga-
sines. Parochializing communications also
fits on the increasing Balkanization of lan-
guage and knowledge. To an increasing extent,
Americans speak increasingly different (and
specialized) languages.
Several recent studies conclude that the
active life-span of technical and vocational
knowledge has been dramatically abbreviated.
Scientists and engineers now find half of their
technical expertise becoming obsolete every
five years. Dentists and doctors suffer from
hundred problems, at least in some specialized
fields. So do lawyers and accountants. When
George Washington was growing up, a man
intellect had relatively little printed matter
engage him—some Greek and Roman tracts,
the writings of Locke and Blackstone, and a
few local newspapers. The larger, more useful
kind of knowledge came from the actual experi-
ence—in farming, say, and in commanding
troops and participating in government. The
expansion of knowledge has changed all that.
Specialized expertise is necessary for effective-
ness in more and more endeavors.

Further splintering

IF BIOLOGICAL AND CULTURAL Balkaniza-
tion illustrates the breadth of our impetus
for national fragmentation, potentially
more important symptoms are visible in
the decomposition of the American polity. Only
about fifteen years ago, it seemed that states'
rights would be stripped away by a benign
centralism, that the flow of public opinion was
toward federal authority, with less and less of
role for local government, education, and
elections. On a more exalted plane, the Presi-
dency was gaining ground, its imperial prom-
ise accredited by no less a prophet than Prof.
Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. If anything, the ex-
citation was for further universality—for the
set of metropolitan government in our cities,
for racial integration, for the withering away
of state lines, and even for the possible loss
of national identity to a new world order.
Instead, over the past few years, the tide
has begun running strongly in the other direc-
tion. Far from becoming an effective world
power, the United Nations is being made
less and less useful by the rise (and U.N.
mission) of dozens of small states and mini-
states. The collapse of colonial empires has
created nearly a hundred new nations, many of
them barely credible. In Europe, Belgium and
Luxembourg have not been incorporated into
new United States of Europe. Resurgent

parochialism is the theme. Scotland flies its
Red Lion once again, and Wales its Dragon.
Belgium is dissolving into Flemings and Wal-
loons. Brittany and Corsica would like to
detach themselves from France. Nearer home,
Quebec threatens to secede from Canada.

Too few Americans realize the extent to
which we have similar problems. As Rep.
Lloyd Meeds (Dem.-Wash.) has put it, the
growing demand of American Indian tribes
for "sovereignty" over their reservation lands
presents the prospect of *two hundred and sixty*
Quebecs. In Washington State, the Tacoma
Indians are buying up lots in Tacoma (which
used to be Indian land), opening package
stores, and claiming immunity from local li-
quor-sales ordinances. Some of Arizona's Na-
vajo would like to secede and join their fel-
low tribesmen in New Mexico. And so on.

Demographers also have begun to draw at-
tention to the huge and fast-growing U.S.
Hispanic minority. In a generation, Hispanics
will outnumber blacks. Each year, the South-
western states increase their percentage of
Spanish-speaking residents. Many are legal
residents; many are not. In Texas and Cali-
fornia the gathering of huge Hispanic popu-
lations (and the prospect that Mexico's poverty
and birthrate can only spur more emigration)
has prompted regional talk of a *reconquista*—
literally a Spanish reconquest of the once-
Spanish Southwest.

Nor is the splintering impulse confined to
nonwhites. If the Indians of Mashpee, Mas-
sachusetts, have been trying to reclaim lost
land, only a few miles away on Nantucket and
Martha's Vineyard white Massachusetts citi-
zens have raised their own banner of separat-
ism, threatening to secede from the Bay State
and join up with another New England state.
Even the landlocked town of Salisbury on the
Massachusetts-New Hampshire line considered
trying to tie up with low-tax New Hampshire.
The phenomenon is national. The rumors and
possibilities extend from Southern New Jersey
and the Outer Banks of North Carolina to
Michigan's Upper Peninsula, Northern Cali-
fornia, and Idaho's Panhandle.

Moreover, similar moods and movements
can be on an *intrastate* level. In California
during 1977, residents of eastern San Ber-
nardino and Riverside counties urged forma-
tion of a new desert county, while some north-
west Los Angeles County residents continued
their campaign for a new "Canyon County."
Just across Lake Tahoe in Nevada, residents
of one stretch of lakefront would like to secede
from Washoe County (Reno) and establish a
new Lake County. Parallels exist in other
states.

**"All in all,
there's virtually
no facet of
human biology
—sex, color,
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ly gaining
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of social frag-
mentation."**

TURNING FROM THE geographical to the institutional aspect of U.S. political Balkanization, one best begins in Washington, D.C. Over the past fifteen years, the executive and legislative branches of the federal government have staffed-up in a new kind of rivalry. Congressional staffs have multiplied to enable Representatives and Senators to entrench themselves institutionally as well as electorally. If the White House has a Budget Office (or a National Security Council or a Science/Technology Office), well then, so must the Congress. For years, much of this intellectual-political arms race was attributed to the 1969-76 desire of a Democratic Congress to match the resources of the GOP White House. But now, with Democrat Jimmy Carter in the Presidency, it's clear that the institutional Balkanization of Washington has a life of its own.

The phenomenon is a long way from being harmless or quaint. Richard Nixon was infuriated by his inability to control the government from the White House, and his frustration brought him much of the way to Watergate. In his book *The Ends of Power*, H.R. Haldeman, former White House chief of staff, explains how, as of 1972-73, the "four major power blocs in Washington"—the press, the bureaucracy, the Congress, the intelligence community—were "under threat" by a President who hoped to use various reorganization techniques to break the independent, unresponsive authority of the bureaucracy and the Central Intelligence Agency. Likewise, Haldeman sees the critical Watergate events of the spring of 1973 not as the unfolding of justice but as a coup d'état by the threatened interests. To be sure, most Americans will disagree with Haldeman's effort to transform Watergate into a multi-institutional power play. It's an interesting analysis, however; one at least touched with truth (if not permeated by it), and worth pondering with regard to a larger question: How can any President deal with these same power blocs?

Certainly no possibility suggests itself within the existing framework of government. The U.S. Constitutional notion of "separation of powers," borrowed by the Founding Fathers from the eighteenth-century French philosopher Montesquieu, has become a trap. The "separate" powers are now *too* separate. Government in Washington all too often resembles a series of bunkers held by mutually suspicious troops, and there's no basis in the Constitution for issuing demobilization orders.

Elsewhere along the Potomac, the judicial branch has also usurped an independent role for itself—virtually legislative—unmatched by

the judiciary of any other major Western nation. In the country at large, federal judges are even taking over administration of state prisons and urban school systems, and scholars now seriously argue whether an uncontrollable judiciary may not be running amok.

Further evidence of Balkanization can be found *within* the several branches of government. If the Executive has rival bureaucracies, Congress, for its part, has been divided into new subgroups and special-interest mechanisms. A recent article in *Roll Call*, the weekly newspaper of Capitol Hill, mentioned almost feudal arrangement: "Subcommittee staffs have grown which no longer feel responsible to the committee chairman, central authority and discipline have eroded, and lobbyists have learned how to take advantage of this situation by playing one committee against another, or as one veteran put it, 'playing off



Soft map by Michelle Gamm Clifton

Balkan prince against another Balkan prince.” From yet another perspective, the early ideological subgroupings that took shape in Congress during the 1960s paralleled and respected party divisions—the Democratic Study Group for party liberals, the Republican Study Group for GOP conservatives, the Wednesday Club for GOP liberals. Over the past few years, a new set of caucuses is growing up to promote special interests across party lines. And Sun Belt and Frost Belt forces are already marching up and down the aisles of Congress, turning debate after debate into a display of comparative and combative economic geography.

Arguably, these nonparty mechanisms have come into being in part because the 120-year-old Republican-Democratic party system is no longer an effective arbiter of regional, cultural, and economic differences (just as its

predecessor during the 1850s wasn't). Indeed, talk of a breakdown in the two-party system and/or the need for new parties is a recurrent staple of political discussion. There is nothing unusual about this; we have had splinter movements before, usually absorbed by one of the major parties in periodic realignments. What *is* unusual is the way the party mechanisms thus far have been unable or unwilling to respond to public desires. Many Americans have either loosened their affiliation, begun to put ideology ahead of party, or simply decided not to vote. Issues like abortion, gun control, the right to work, taxes, busing, feminism, and “gay” liberation appear to be superseding parties as the basis of political mobilization. The obvious description is: *ideological Balkanization*.

Under the circumstances, with Washington divided against itself, with federal policy for-

“Many Americans have either loosened their [political] affiliation, begun to put ideology ahead of party, or simply decided not to vote.”



mulation muddled and stymied, with national parties appearing ineffective, and with the federal bureaucracy proceeding almost without check, small wonder that the individual states are now trying to reassert their roles. Vitality is now local, not federal. The trend of the Sixties has reversed. Thirty years ago, the late Hubert Humphrey urged the Democratic party to leave the shadow of states' rights and step into the sun of human rights. Now, sad to say, "human rights" has become a cliché, and states' rights—respecting everything from water policy to urban development—is a battle cry heard with increased frequency and attention. For example, Colorado's Democratic governor, Richard Lamm, has said: "The day of the state has come and gone—and come back again." In a related vein, state and local governments with employees in the tens of thousands have been opting out of the federal Social Security system, with termination notices delivered to Washington by units ranging from the Sewerage and Water Board of New Orleans to the entire state of Alaska.

A nation divided . . .

THE UNITED STATES has been divided and fragmented before, but—save for the Civil War—with the underlying trend pointing in the direction of unity, fraternity, and increasing federal authority. Now American society seems determined to pursue smaller loyalties—regional, economic, political, ethnic, and even sexual—rather than larger ones. Unless the trend reverses in the next few years, and no such prospect is apparent, it bespeaks a fundamental reversal in the American experience. The heterogeneity of America will become a burden, the constitutional separation of powers crippling, the economy threatened, the cohesion of society further diminished. Which brings us to the unhappy question: Is American Balkanization a sign of national decline?

I think it is such a sign, despite the optimism and relevance of counterarguments perceiving strength, not weakness, in the renewed closeness of Americans to neighborhood, ethnic, and regional roots. The overall hypothesis of decline is too well supported by the great theories of biological, psychological, and historical-cultural evolution. Progress has always flowed in a movement from the limited, the parochial, to the more general and universal. This is true whether one cites Charles Darwin on the evolution of species, Sigmund Freud's analyses of personality, or Arnold Toynbee's theories of history. A species, a personality, or

an empire—they all grow or rise from the parochial to the general and then, as their hour or role passes, *reparochialize*. Progress flows toward the universal, but when that impetus expires, the particularisms and subdivisions—of function, personality, culture, or politics—reassert themselves. "Parochial" and "clannish" may be negative concepts, but we recognize basic human nature much less pejoratively with terms like "grass roots," "homeland," "kinfolk," and even "bedrock."

Given the imperial, political, and societal nature of my discourse on the Balkanization of America, Toynbee's analysis is perhaps the most relevant, linking the advent of a great nation to its *elan vital* and the leadership of a creative minority able to define national values and goals. But that growth period does not last forever. Sooner or later, there comes a failure of creativity and an end to mass inspiration. At this point, in Toynbee's words,

the loss of harmony between elements which had formerly coexisted in a society as an integral whole leads inevitably to an outbreak of social discord. The broken-down society is rent in two different dimensions simultaneously by the social schisms in which this discord is expressed. There are "vertical" schisms between geographically segregated communities and "horizontal" schisms between geographically intermingled but socially segregated classes.

Overschematized, perhaps, but true. The "articulation of society into a number of parochial states" that Toynbee posited describes all too well the process overtaking the contemporary United States. Different kinds of vertical and horizontal schisms are apparent all around us. Less apparent to most upper-middle-income Americans, however, is the deepening socioeconomic disillusionment of the poorer third of the American population. Consumer-confidence surveys illustrate a marked attitudinal disparity. Upper-middle-income professionals may be buying imported cheese at \$4.50 a pound, but low-income and lower-middle-income Americans are losing economic hope. The American Dream is slipping away. A few pollsters such as Louis Harris play down such attitudes, saying that people are developing a new nonmaterialist outlook. Perhaps. If Harris isn't correct, though, economically and socially disillusioned "Middle America" may represent the "internal proletariat" that Toynbee found characteristic of every disintegrating major civilization.

As for another of Toynbee's measurements—unproductive elite leadership by a "dominant minority" that has lost its earlier cre-

ativity—we have only to look at our current rational leadership elites. The “Eastern Establishment” that imposed Pax Americana on the post-World War II world has now given way to a “Parody Establishment,” wearing the same tailored suits and bench-made shoes but lacking the élan of their predecessors in the 1940s, 1950s, and even in the 1960s. The national media elite is no better. Indeed, today’s American Balkanization in large measure represents the failure of these leadership elites to understand the simple facts of race, ethnicity, territory, greed, and inequality.

Approached from yet another direction, the failures of the Sixties and Seventies have helped bring on what conservative sociologist Robert Nisbet has called “the twilight of authority.” Nisbet’s thesis: The United States has lost its sense of authority and common purpose—more or less what Toynbee called *élan vital* and the Romans called *civitas*. The crumbling of authority is certainly clear enough, not just in polls measuring popular attitudes toward leading institutions but in the events of the past decade and a half. Yesterday’s “Eastern Establishment” has been partially displaced by provincial centers of power—regional, cultural, and institutional—but none of these has had the energy to assume effective national command. The last three elected Presidents, all from the aspirant Sun Belt, epitomize this process of disintegration. The old Establishment can no longer elect a President, but its influence, combined with the simultaneous institutional and political confusion of Balkanization, can make it almost impossible for an arriviste to govern. Jimmy Carter is finding it difficult. Lyndon Johnson couldn’t. Richard Nixon was impeached. Choke on the thought is many will, it’s even possible that the former President may become a rallying point of sorts. Not only conservatives but such New Left critics as Richard Barnett, Carl Oglesby, and Nicholas Von Hoffman feel that Nixon was, in essence, driven from office by the machinations of Washington’s established power blocs after the election of 1972 suggested that a new elite was, finally, on the verge of actually taking command.

From a different perspective, the sexual and religious Balkanization of America offers another glum thought. In an interview, Will Durant, coauthor with his wife Ariel of the eleven-volume *Story of Civilization*, expressed concern that

we're in the stage in which Greece was when the gods ceased to be gods and became mere poetry, and therefore exercised no element of order or command upon human behavior. There was the development

of city life, of science and philosophy, and the result was a period of pagan license—say around 200 B.C. to 100 A.D.—in which morals floundered in an ocean of competing religions, just as you have a flossam and jetsam of religions today. By the time of Caesar, you had a permissive society and a pagan society in the sense of sexual enjoyment with a minimal moral restraint. Now . . . we shall have to wait for a new religion, the way the Greeks and Romans did, because . . . because what happened was the old civilization decayed to a point where it cried out for a new religion, for something to worship and obey.

“Unless the trend [toward Balkanization] reverses in the next few years, and no such prospect is apparent, it bespeaks a fundamental reversal in the American experience.”

OF COURSE, BALKANIZATION is not all bad. No doubt cheerful things can be said about the new commitment to neighborhood, the new individual fulfillment of accepting (even trumpeting) ethnicity rather than cowering before the melting pot, the resurging attention to states’ rights, the renewed concern with family and church. Yet much of the new localism seems essentially romantic—the obverse of the last decade’s romantic universalism. Too many of the same naive people who were for global unity a decade or two ago are now saying “Small is beautiful,” ecstaticizing over self-governing Vermont communes and renovated central-city blocks of brownstones. The trouble is that these regional, ethnic, and local forces now seem to be recurring in a U.S. context of societal fragmentation and decomposition, rather than (as in 1800 or 1900) as grass-roots evidence of cultural vigor and functioning political federalism. *Decomposition is just not the same thing as revitalized diversity.* Moreover, in the present-day context of U.S. and world affairs, small-is-beautiful is likely to be overshadowed by small-is-divisive or even small-is-dangerous. An ineffective 1978 U.S. political system is not like a loose, immature 1878 U.S. political system. Under current circumstances, a Balkanized United States is likely to lose headway externally, in the world of nuclear missiles and global oil supplies, as well as internally, in the minds of the American people.

And the future? Just as nature abhors a vacuum, history abhors fragmentation. Some sort of new, sweeping force—a charismatic politics or a religious revival—could emerge out of America’s contemporary muddle. A new universalism may yet unite our political, geographic, religious, biological, and economic factions. In the meantime, policies that do not recognize U.S. Balkanization are probably doomed to further promote it. □

HARPER'S
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CUTTING THE TIES THAT BIND

The matter of sex reassignment

by Roger Sh

AMONG THE INCIDENTAL entertainments of the 1977 U.S. National Women's Tennis Tournament at Forest Hills was the participation of Renee Richards, aged forty-two, who, until 1974, had been playing in official men's events under a different name and with a different sexual identity (Dr. Richard Raskind). The United States Tennis Association, feeling that the proposed entry into the women's championship of a former male challenged the very basis of women's tennis, tried to require the new Miss Richards to pass a Barr body chromosome test, used by the International Olympic Committee to screen out men masquerading as women. But a New York State court called the test proposal "discriminatory," and ordered Richards admitted without it. Tennis watchers and sports columnists chose sides—some arguing that in a liberal society one should be allowed to pick one's own sex, others claiming that those who have been male through puberty enjoy an unfair physical advantage in athletic games against women.

On this point the record is now clear. The former Dr. Raskind, though spotting at least

fifteen years to most opponents, finished the season ranked tenth in earnings among American professional women tennis players, an unprecedented achievement for a forty-two-year-old who had never before played to flight tennis.

As a professional student of urban affairs I acknowledge no more than the normally prurient interest in sex, yet the calm with which my friends generally accepted Dr. Raskind's alteration puzzled me. In urban life, any drastic technological change terrifies those who once accepted with enthusiasm "modern" architecture and the sweeping away of slums in vast clearance projects. Now that it is almost too late, such proposals are fought with shouting. People of every degree of sophistication decry the "mindless" destruction of "human scale" and demand that architectural evidence of the ways of the past be kept alive around them.

Why should the same urbanites take in stride and even treat with some sympathy a new technological procedure that attacks, not a local neighborhood or a familiar building, but a universally accepted premise of human an



mammalian life—namely the identification of each individual with one sex from birth to death, irrespective of accident, disease, or circumstance? Undermining this hypothesis can only be compared—in impact on the family and society generally—with a discovery that despite all previous suppositions all men and women are not mortal.

I wondered whether this calm should be ascribed to the feeling of most people that the Raskind-Richards case was an isolated incident unworthy of general attention. Or was it rather that the development of transsexual operations and the erasure of the permanence of equal identity make some profound appeal to contemporary men and women?

As I began to examine the facts of transsexualism, it became clear that whatever the singularities of Dr. Raskind's life story (he had been married and was a father), surgical change of sex in the pursuit of happiness is no longer an unusual matter. While medical experts argue over its validity, sex change is possibly the fastest growing surgical procedure in the United States, measured by the percentage of increase. Some would add that it may also be the most dangerous.

"Sexual reassignment"

IN 1966, NO AMERICAN hospital would permit an operation to change a man into a woman; since changing a woman into a man is more difficult (and less often demanded), this was even more strongly verboten. In 1966, Dr. Harry Benjamin, an endocrinologist trained in Europe who now describes himself as the dean of American sexologists, wrote *The Transsexual Phenomenon*, a book about surgical sex change. Dr. Benjamin reported in it that American males who wanted to become women were saving their money to go to Casablanca, Morocco, where Dr. Georges Burou regularly performed the operation. American hospitals at that time regarded it as a pernicious, immoral, and threatening form of plastic surgery.

From that standing start, American transsexual surgery has leaped to the point at which it is being performed routinely in at least eighteen states, frequently in highly respected university hospitals, and often in connection with institutes that specialize in evaluating the severity of the need for the operation in specific cases. This does not mean that medical opposition to transsexual surgery has been silenced; on the contrary, battle lines have been drawn, and the contestants lob verbal missiles at each other in the semipolite tones which

professional people use when talking unfavorably about one another. In general, psychoanalysts tend to question the value of surgery in dealing with what they consider a psychiatric problem, while surgeons emphasize the inability of psychoanalysts to do anything to relieve the unhappiness of those who want to be operated on.

No one knows exactly how many operations are performed each year in the United States, but an educated guess would put the number at about 1,000 in 1976. Since the operation costs at least \$5,000 (more in the case of women wanting to become men), and since it is preceded and followed by other procedures—injections of hormones, for example, and psychological evaluation and consultation—transsexualism has grown to be a \$10-million-a-year business. Many transsexuals require extra operations to deal with the blemishes that remain after their sex organs have been readjusted: Adam's apples that are too prominent, calves that are too muscular. Still, every time a transsexual celebrity like Renee Richards gets into the papers, mail floods the institutions that perform sex-change surgery.

Like other groups seeking to win public acceptance and to justify past performance, the transsexual movement has found a polite way to describe itself. Its practitioners now avoid speaking about "sex-change" operations. They label their work "sexual reassignment." The title stresses what transsexual patients say in describing their own perception of their condition. With almost monotonous unanimity, they claim that they are members of one sex trapped within the bodies of the other sex. By this metaphor for complete frustration, they are not suggesting that their sex organs were anomalous at birth. Transsexuals are not hermaphrodites, one or both of whose sexual glands have the characteristics of both sexes. Transsexuals are physically normal. While some in the transsexual movement theorize that during their mothers' pregnancies a glandular accident occurred, which predisposed them to identify themselves as members of the sex whose organs they lack, no one has been able to find any evidence of so vagrant a calamity. Naturally, the psychoanalysts give no credence to this organic theory.

In order to provide a rationale to explain the transsexual explanation, Dr. Benjamin insists on the difference between "sex" and "gender," a distinction unrecognized in standard dictionaries, which consider the terms synonymous. He claims that "sex" refers to gross anatomical differentiation—the presence of a penis, for example. "Gender," on the other hand, is meant to refer to the sense of sexual identity

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felt by everyone. While sex and gender are harmonious for most people, Dr. Benjamin and his colleagues believe that for a significant number there can be genuine disharmony. To "be" a physical male and to consider yourself a woman is not necessarily a delusion, nor need it be a mere figure of speech by which a patient seeks to describe his or her overwhelming unhappiness. It is, rather, a serious effort to explain the strong desire to change sex through surgery. There is, Benjamin points out, no way to change gender through psychiatry.

Anyone who has met postoperative transsexual patients will be struck by the eerie success often achieved by this operation. Even those observers who come with strong predispositions to use the masculine pronoun in referring to an apparent woman who was (and chromosomally still is) a man, the woman's appearance usually makes such rigidity impossible to sustain. Successful transsexuals—by no means all are successful—do not appear as camping homosexuals, but as restrained, ordinary females wearing the clothes, hairstyles, and makeup appropriate to their sex. Their voices tend to be deeper than that of the average woman, but, by definition, the voices of half the women in the world are deeper than that of the average woman.

There should be nothing astonishing in the fidelity with which the male-to-female transsexual resembles a genetic woman; after all, males have been imitating females on the stage and in religious rites since time immemorial. However, transsexuals—unlike impersonators—are not giving a performance in which artistic irony requires recognition of its synthetic

nature. Transsexualism purports to be the real thing, a true transformation of sexual identity.

The female-to-male reassignment is more difficult and less convincing, for the obvious reason that an effective penis cannot be constructed, though it is surely the essential symbol of masculinity. Nevertheless, amputation of the breasts, removal of the uterus and ovaries, thus forever suppressing menstruation, and injections of testosterone make significant changes in the female appearance. The injections actually increase the growth of hair on the face, so that biological women produce beards and moustaches. The observer is likely to feel that even the most successful of female-to-male transsexuals fall short of their intentions. Masculinity seems somewhat overdone, as though to compensate for what the surgeon has not quite been able to fabricate.

PROponents of sexual-reassignment surgery cannot help admitting that the success of their procedure depends on the care and insight with which they select their candidates. Here, sexual reassignment is open to the most severe attack by its professional opponents. In most surgical procedures the doctor who is to perform the operation decides whether it is necessary or not, basing his decision on a set of rather objective criteria: surgery hurts, costs, takes up time, entails dangers, and produces changes (sometimes not the anticipated ones) that may be irreversible. It is now commonplace to point out that unnecessary operations are performed daily and contribute significantly to the high cost of



American medical care. But the very description of an operation as "unnecessary" implies that an objective standard exists against which the usefulness of a specific operation can be judged.

The less successful transsexuals demonstrate all the ills of personality and character with which our age is familiar. Some are spectacularly promiscuous ("I want to get used to my new toy," one said to her doctor); others turn to prostitution. Drug addiction and alcoholism recur. No one has been able to follow up the patients rigorously, for reasons that include the variety of the hospitals and clinics where the operations are performed as well as the instability of some of the patients. Doctors active in the field insist that the results in a substantial majority of the cases are at least "satisfactory."

Most cosmetic surgery (a term that must encompass transsexualism) falls into a different category, unless, like other reparative surgery, it is undertaken to repair accidental injury or congenital gross defects. Cosmetic procedures to produce "happiness"—face-lifts and nose straightenings—are performed by *prescription of the patient*. In sexual-reassignment surgery, basic alteration in human identity is made irretrievably, perhaps with disastrous results, while the decision over whether or not to make it is not based on apparently objective criteria. How can such a decision possibly square with the professional injunction to do no harm to patient as the first rule of medical conduct?

In response to this challenge, posed as often by the surgeons to themselves as by those with outspoken misgivings about this use of surgery, the Sexual Orientation Scale has been developed. Dr. Benjamin originated the first such scale in open imitation of the Kinsey scale, which classified men by the extent and frequency of their heterosexual/homosexual activity. Dr. Benjamin's scale, however, includes only those men who engage in transvestite activities or who consider themselves confused, to one degree or another, in both sex and gender. The Benjamin Sexual Orientation Scale—which might better be called a scale of sexual discomfort—divides such males into six classes, of which only the fifth and sixth should be considered serious candidates for surgery. Classes 1, 2, and 3 include transvestites, ranging from those who occasionally wear the clothes of the other sex to private to those who are only comfortable when "cross-dressing" in public. Class 4 includes people who conceive of themselves as members of the gender different from their sex, and who are therefore transsexual, but who are able to live with their frustrations. Classes 5 and 6 are uncomfortable transsexuals who

demand to be operated on; they are distinguishable only by the strength of their demand for surgical change.

Obvious to Dr. Benjamin when he composed this scale, and still obvious to those who use it, is the fact that no sharp distinction separates adjacent classes; people can slide from one to another of the classes, while the strength of the desire for surgery may represent the personality of the patient more accurately than it reflects an objective need for surgery. Even more significant, the knowledge that operations are being performed, and that society is more tolerant of what was once considered totally unacceptable, may encourage some to refuse to live with frustrations that they might otherwise have found bearable.

In any case, most transsexual surgeons now require that the sex classification of a prospective patient be followed by a period of dressing and living in the role of the sex to which the patient expects to be reassigned. This, like the ordeal that squires aspiring to knighthood had to undergo, causes the somewhat uncommitted to change their minds. Cross-dressing is a difficult and lonely occupation. Those who try to remain in familiar locales usually find themselves objects of curiosity, speculation, and laughter, and many surgical candidates move away from familiar jobs and familiar parts of the country to a place where they expect to be operated on. Thus they appear from the first day in their new role.

"In sexual-reassignment surgery, a basic alteration in human identity is made irretrievably, perhaps with disastrous results, while the decision over whether or not to make it is not based on apparently objective criteria."

Making the transition

THE FACT THAT NO ONE knows their true sex does not by any means cause all problems to disappear during the cross-dressing period. To lend support to candidates during this ordeal, the former Erickson Educational Foundation—a private agency devoted to popularizing and simplifying what might be called the transsexual way of life—issued a pamphlet entitled "Guidelines for Transsexuals." Its major aim is to prevent embarrassment during the cross-dressing period by instructing men dressed as women how to use the women's toilet, what to say when asked about one's preferences in menstrual napkins, and other mundane facts of life, which suddenly become arcane secrets when one crosses the frontier of sex. There are also legal problems, because in many places it is illegal to wear masquerade. The Erickson Foundation obtained a physician's letter certifying that the clothes of the other sex are being worn not for deception but as part of a recognized medical program.

In addition to its services for transsexuals and their families, the foundation has provided "valuable assistance" to at least one legal scholar who set to work to determine the rights of those who had transsexual operations to demand that their official identity papers, such as birth certificates, be altered. In short, the foundation has acted as advocate for transsexuals and would-be transsexuals. In this role it has been augmented by a significant number of gender-identity clinics, generally attached to institutions where transsexual operations are performed, and engaged in counseling candidates for surgery. The presence of such gender clinics offers the services of psychiatric professionals in the evaluation of candidates for surgery.*

What this psychological counseling amounts to—other than practical advice on how to prepare for the ordeal of cross-dressing—is somewhat vague. Transsexuals tend to resist it, according even to the most sympathetic observers of sex reassignment. Dr. Charles L. Ihlenfeld has written that the resistance is probably engendered by the transsexuals' feeling that the psychiatric physician harbors a prejudice against people who wish to change their sex. "My own feeling of identification with a male patient changes," Dr. Ihlenfeld has written in the *Journal of Contemporary Psychotherapy*, "when I see that the patient is truly transsexual and desires hormones and castration. . . . I suspect that similar feelings have turned off many other doctors when faced with similar bizarre desires of the transsexual."

Dr. Ihlenfeld's feelings have been transmitted, directly or indirectly, to a younger, or at least newer, generation of gender-workers, who sternly school themselves against any personal reaction to the transsexual's "bizarre desires." Thus, Deborah Heller Feinbloom, former director of Gender Identity Services, Inc., urges all of her colleagues to strip themselves of that old feeling that they know the difference between right and wrong. The price demanded by Dr. Feinbloom for successful counseling seems to be nothing less than the abandonment by the counselor of any notion of his or her own as to what's good or bad in human health.

The Erickson Foundation, originally set up by a Baton Rouge businessman, Reed Erickson, to explore psychology and other more or less occult subjects like transsexualism, has recently closed its doors and been absorbed into the Janus Information Facility of the University of Texas Medical Branch at Galveston. It continues its work on behalf of self-diagnosed transsexuals, and is supporting an effort by Dr. Paul Walker of the university to develop, in connection with five other doctors, a code and set of standards for admitting a patient to surgery, and regularizing the practice in general.

"We must exert caution," she writes in *Psychiatric Opinion*, "in our application of such medically basic terminology as 'healthy,' 'sick,' 'normal,' 'abnormal'—and even 'male' and 'female'." Can Dr. Feinbloom mean this? Can it be part of the therapeutic process to wipe out judgment from the mind of the practitioner, an erasure that would leave the surgeon unable to distinguish between cancerous and noncancerous tissue, or permit him to assume that tuberculosis is a new, sophisticated state of good health?

IF DR. FEINBLOOM IS RIGHT about transsexuals, their resistance to counseling as a preliminary to deciding whether or not to undergo an operation appears to be grossly greater than the opposition of other patients to prior discussion of the merits of proposed surgery. A patient who is told that his gallbladder must be removed seems willing to discuss the matter with one or more surgeons, without asking them to forswear any opinion as to what constitutes a sick or healthy gallbladder. But Dr. Feinbloom gives us no basis for understanding why transsexuals should resist exploring the indications for the operation. We have already noted that having one's sex reassigned is more serious than having one's nose straightened, which should make discussion in advance more welcome, not less.

In fact, the transsexual procedures are very complicated. To reassign a sexual male into a female is the simpler of the two operations because it involves removal, for the most part, while reassignment in the opposite direction presents a major problem in new construction. The male patient is first treated with female hormones to depress the growth of facial hair, promote the development of the breasts, and shape the pubic hair in a more nearly female pattern. Under general anesthesia, the shaft of the patient's penis is removed (leaving the skin), the scrotal sac is opened, and the testicles removed. The penile skin is turned inside out—"like the finger of a glove," to quote several medical authorities. This tube of skin is then inserted into an incision between the legs, becoming a quasi vagina. The urethra is curtailed, and brought down to a position approximating that found in the human female, anterior to the entrance to the new vagina. The skin of the scrotal sac is then split, and modeled into a replica of vaginal lips.

There is a tendency for the newly created quasi vagina to grow together; postoperatively, the patient must dilate it with a prosthetic device three hours a day. There is also characteristic difficulty in postoperative urination



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corrective surgery on both the urethral opening and the synthetic vagina is not uncommon. There is no effort to insert ovarian tissue in the new female, who must continue the feminizing injections for the rest of his/her life. To supplement breast development, silicone transplants (now preferable to injections) are frequently added.

In the case of the far less frequent female-to-male reassignment, breasts are amputated, ovaries and uterus are removed, and the vaginal passage sealed off. Some patients insist on a penis, manufactured from a strip of abdominal flesh, through which the urethra is run, extended with a surgical tube. Unfortunately, for the sake of verisimilitude, this structure is incapable of erection, although some prosthetic devices have been tried which can be erected by squeezing a bulb in the trouser pocket.

This parody of natural life does not produce a full transformation of the patient's sex. Squeezing a bulb in the pocket can hardly inspire anything like the vast complex of emotions that surround the process of male arousal. And the pseudovagina, unconnected with the whole genital system of a woman, and incapable of self-lubrication, is also a synthetic artifact.

Of course it is true, as the apologists for the transsexual movement stress, that many natural men and women suffer from psychological and organic disorders that make their own sexual activities less than perfect. Dr. John Money, a professor of the Johns Hopkins University Medical School who has specialized for years in transsexualism, submitted to the New York State Supreme Court an affidavit in support of his former patient, which contains these words: "For all intents and purposes, Dr. Richards functions as a woman; that is, her internal sex organs resemble those of a female who has been hysterectomized and ovariectomized. . . ."

Dr. Money's statement, stripped of what appears to be medical obfuscation, tells us that the transsexual operation does not transform a member of one sex into a member of the other; it merely terminates the patient's full physical membership in either sex. This, in turn, may help to explain the resistance to counseling on the part of prospective transsexual patients. They are concerned not so much with the problem of becoming members of the other sex—a mysterious matter about which counseling might be extremely relevant and helpful—as with obliterating the stigmata of the sex to which they reluctantly, even hatefully, belong.

A number of psychoanalytically trained psy-

chiatrists who have had contact with transsexuals explain the resistance of surgical candidates to preoperative counseling on even more suggestive grounds. Dr. Charles Socarides, clinical professor of psychiatry at the State University of New York Downstate Medical Center, believes that all male transsexuals suffer from a very early strong feminine identification with the mother, from which they have never recovered. This failure to mature is always accompanied by intense anxiety, which the patient solves for himself by trying to change his sex entirely, or by homosexuality, or transvestism, or fetishism. To explore his motives with a therapist would distress the apparent adjustment he has already made for himself. Dr. Socarides believes that the urge to change one's sex is always accompanied by deep conflicts which the patient tries to disavow by insisting on how well he knows himself.

Dr. Vanik B. Volkan, professor of psychiatry at the University of Virginia Medical School, where sex-reassignment surgery is carried on, notes that in all of the transsexuals he has studied there are "contradictory feelings about having surgery," which the transsexual makes "pitiful attempts to deny" (the quotation is from a paper entitled "Psychiatric Aspects of Surgical Treatments for Problems of Sexual Identification," prepared by Dr. Volkan in collaboration with Dr. Stanley Berent). On the one hand, the doctors write, prospective transsexual patients refer to their penises as "useless, unwanted, and repugnant"; on the other hand, they harbor a hidden wish to keep them and to resolve their own gender-identity problems by some means other than surgery.

It is the conclusion of Volkan and Berent that enlisting in the cause of transsexualism itself offers these patients the chance to conceal in organizational enthusiasm their anxiety over the loss of their genitalia. Psychotherapy brings out the hidden conflict, and makes them confront their own anxiety and depression; these evidences of unhappiness revealed by self-examination are made all the more bitter by the fact that "sex-change surgery has become relatively easy to secure." No wonder, then, the doctors say, that transsexuals are reluctant to embark on the much-needed psychotherapy, or to "persist in it." No wonder they urge others to join them.

All of this is true, no doubt, and the doctors may also be correct in saying that the same psychological tests that reveal the deep conflicts also give rise to optimism that transsexuals are capable of resolving their identity with the sex into which they were born. Yet

the doctors' argument runs into the counter-argument that successful results of psychiatric treatment of transsexuals are not yet apparent. While the transsexuals might yet be helped by psychiatric treatment in the future, when a successful method has been developed, it cannot be said to exist at present.

The danger to society

SINCE THE TRANSEXUAL operation is, as even its defenders proclaim, a desperate procedure, used only for unhappy people who insist upon it, the presumption that performing the operation is humane cannot be overcome by the assertion that some still more humane prescription may be proved in the future. Some transsexuals become psychotic immediately after the operation, but the transsexual operation can be opposed flatly only by those who suggest that performing it always hurts victims other than the transsexuals themselves, and that this resulting harm outweighs the happiness described by satisfied patients.

Are there then innocent bystanders (they need not be totally innocent) for whom injuries can be discovered, to offset the happiness justification of those transsexual operations that would otherwise be called successful by the patients?

Many transsexuals admit that their parents claim to be very unhappy at proposed sexual reassignment. Should the unhappiness of parents, then, be taken as a contraindication of surgery whose purpose is the creation of happiness? Probably not. These are the days in which the travails of parents are not taken very seriously. Furthermore, everybody knows that something wrong in parental attitudes—tangentially, at least—caused the gender disharmony of the transsexual patient. Since parents are, therefore, responsible for this mess, their unhappiness could readily be set aside for the sake of the transsexual child.

The case of the *children* of the transsexual patient cannot be so easily dismissed. (In fact, some transsexual surgeons refuse to operate on patients who have even been married, to say nothing of those with children.) There are well-known transsexuals, Renee Richards among them, who have been parents, who continue to talk with emotion about the children whose "father" (in most cases) they were, and who are now left to make their own peace with the discovery that their father has become a woman—that, in a sense, they have no mothers and no father. This discovery would appear to be deeply troubling, no matter

how close the relationship between parent and child was or allegedly remains. While some children can emerge from this experience with their egos intact, the risk of inflicting hardship on what must be considered an innocent participant in the matter would seem to outweigh the happiness benefit for the patient himself (or herself). The ethical question of so preferring the happiness of the patient to the likely mental conflicts of the child cannot be ignored; surely the medical profession should generally forbid sexual reassignment to those who have become parents, and the legal profession should forbid the change of sexual identification on legal documents of those who have become parents.

The current view of the rights and mutual obligations between spouses is passing through so difficult a period of reexamination that no one can pontificate with confidence on the duties owed by a transsexual patient to his or her spouse. One curious feature suggests itself. Since marriage is forbidden between members of the same sex, what happens, as a matter of law, if one parent, without fault by the other, undergoes sexual reassignment and demands to be legally reclassified as a member of the same sex as the spouse? Is the marriage automatically dissolved? In the event that the transsexual spouse becomes a woman, can he/she be required to pay alimony to the ex-wife? The question may be merely symptomatic of a host of legal and communal problems that arise when a fundamental human characteristic, which society has always taken to be fixed and immutable, is suddenly, at the behest of a group within the social order, decreed to be no longer immutable. The fact is not that society has agreed that the postoperative transsexual has actually changed sex; rather, society, in a halfhearted way, has not bothered to argue about the claim.

IN THE BROAD FIELD of sexual relations in the United States, two contrary tendencies have appeared. The simplest is a trend toward nondiscrimination between the sexes, such as that called for by the Equal Rights Amendment, which would seem to bar any law that treats men and women differently. The more complicated response is the affirmative action program, which intends to atone for past errors by discriminating in favor of those who were previously discriminated against. Women, although not a minority group, are regarded by the government as victims of past (and present) discrimination, and therefore a fitting group to be favored by present discrimination. Without arguing the merits

"Transsexualism accepts as its moral maxim the notion that the right to pursue happiness is paramount, whatever the social cost that results from it."

of the proposition, one can ask whether transsexuals who become women of their own free will should be entitled to participate in the same equalizing procedures as those who were born women. Before one answers hastily that there aren't enough transsexuals to make a difference, the basic question of the justification for affirmative action must be settled: How can affirmative action on behalf of any women be justified when what had been preordained by nature becomes a matter of choice? If blacks are entitled to affirmative action on their behalf, should similar entitlement be extended to whites who simply claim to be black and who, when challenged, point to people like the late Walter White and say, entirely correctly, that he was no darker in skin than they?

Of course it will be argued that no one would undergo transsexual surgery simply to take advantage of the benefits of affirmative action in favor of women. But could it not be true that members of one sex desire to become members of the other sex not merely because their physical organs have become repugnant to them, but because the role of the other sex has come to seem less difficult than the role of their own? Surely this attraction for sex change would first make itself felt in those whose own sexual role was most difficult because of a family background that undermined their own masculinity or femininity. As individuals slide up the Sexual Orientation Scale in response to external pressures, so transsexualism becomes more attractive as the role of each sex becomes more difficult for its natural members.

If this is true, the principal victim of transsexualism is, then, society as a whole. Under the pressures of technological change and the clear trend of present culture to disconnect sex from procreation, together with the egalitarian impulse that seems determined to obliterate distinctions, even those based upon sex, the traditional roles of both men and women are subject to a vast and complicated transplantation. Women, while not free of their traditional (and organic) connection with pregnancy and postnatal nurturing, are now told that they must graft onto their old role new careers. The pressures are serious, and as they grow in intensity, many young women resist them first by hating men, then by refusing to discriminate against women as lovers, and then by seeking to become men—to identify with the symbolic enemy. For them, transsexualism opens the end of the scale of sexual orientation and assails the fundamental reality that every human tradition has associated with sex: its immutability for each person.

Men, not yet freed from their traditional responsibility as providers and traders on behalf of the family with the external world (and the subject of humiliation when they fail), must also now demonstrate their own gifts for nurturing, for those traits of sympathy and warmth that have generally been described as motherly. And when this new double role becomes difficult, do they not also flee from permanent (or sometimes even transitory) heterosexual attachments, and find themselves imitating, and perhaps turning into, the enemy: the other sex that has put them into the position they now find so uncomfortable?

If these hypotheses have merit, the acceptance of transsexual surgery as a legitimate medical procedure for altering sex imposes several heavy responsibilities on the social order. First, it urges society to connive at the falsification of records, all in the pretense that a medical miracle has in fact been accomplished, one that changes not the appearance of sex but its reality. Second, in justification for this falsification, it seeks to make the determination of sexual identity a far more complicated process than in fact it is. The transsexual movement uses rare exceptions to cast doubt on the rule, as though the existence of patients who have lost a leg in surgery somehow destroys the definition of man as a two-legged creature. Third, transsexual surgery loosens the sense of sexual identity, and makes more general the unhappiness that accompanies the ensuing doubts. Transsexualism accepts as its moral maxim the notion that the right to pursue happiness is paramount, whatever the social cost that results from it. The confusion that follows is already apparent.

While these questions hover over a society deeply troubled by the roles of, and the relations between, the sexes, no serious study of the impact of transsexualism is being made by any institution. The surgeons and their colleagues, mesmerized by their alchemist's power to transmute humans as if they were metals, plunge—the word is apt—into their work. The Janus Information Facility assures the nation that all liberal, tolerant people should recognize the right of transsexuals to have themselves ovariectomized or castrated and to proclaim themselves transformed. One may have the utmost sympathy for those whose unhappiness has driven them to take this bizarre step—and for whom medical science has not yet provided another answer—but surely the time has come for an adequate appraisal not merely of the individual cases but of the social implications for what looks to be a contagious disease that has its carriers but no epidemiologists. □



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I WANT YOU I NEED YOU I LOVE YOU

THANK GOD I got to save Elvis Presley in time. When I think that might have happened if I hadn't gotten him... well, it makes me sick to think of it. I'm sick, so sick and desperate that I feel I might lose my mind. If anything ever happened to Elvis I'd die—I mean my life would be over. The best part would be over, that's for sure. That's why when I heard that bad shape he was in I knew it was my mission to get to him, to reach that sweet shy kid underneath that beautiful face and beautiful body, it was my divine purpose to save him.

I was only eleven or twelve when I first found out about him, but don't worry dear reader, this will not be a trip down that particular memory lane. Who cares how I first heard of him, just like who cares where everybody was when they heard President Kennedy was killed? It's always a boring story when they want to tell where they were on November Twenty-second. I happened to be looking at my skin in the mirror when my interrupted Hayden's Ninety-ninth Symphony, so the first thing I saw was my own horrified face. That's the only reason I mention it. I'm not going to say what I did next or what I was wearing, who I saw that day or what my friends said and did. Who cares anyway? We're all specks in the universe, aren't we? Not even specks, probably. Oh



deemed by their slight humor.

A thuggish girl named Karen from my sixth-grade class was visiting me one afternoon with a silly, giggling, chubby girl named Elinor. This tough, thuggish girl who had just moved to Long Island from a tough part of Brooklyn knew all about rock and roll. Her older brother had black wavy hair and blue eyes, was a poor student, and dressed to look like a hood. Instead of trying to be Ivy League, as was done in our little suburb, he wore tight black pegged pants and a black leather jacket. In no time he became all the rage. Karen was bored at my house and kept asking where my records were and I told her that all I had in rock and roll were Seventeen and Rock Around the Clock. "Come on," she said, "What about Heartbreak Hotel?"

"What is a heartbreak hotel?"

"Come on, you've heard of Heartbreak Hotel. It's the big thing. It's number one."

"I never have heard of it and I don't even know what it is."

God it makes me sick to think about infinity. I'm not going to then. Why should I face things that will drive me insane? We must all get on with the business of life, mustn't we? Eat, sleep, buy groceries, ride buses, get old, and drop dead. That's what life is all about anyway, isn't it?

Just let me say one or two things though about the beginnings of Elvis Presley. They will be re-

A story by
Julie Hecht

Julie Hecht is working on a novel. Her story, "Love Is Blind," appeared in the October 1977 issue of Harper's

Julie Hecht
**I WANT YOU
I NEED YOU
I LOVE YOU**

"What? And you're supposed to be so popular."

"Come on, don't tell me you never heard of *I Want You*? *Elvis* is?"

"What is it?"

"WHAT IS IT? *What is it?*" Karen was screaming and Elinor was giggling.

"It's *him*, not it!"

"You mean it's the name of a person?"

"Yes, stupid, it's the name of a gorgeous handsome singer! Everyone has his record in Brooklyn! You're gonna faint when you see

Karen got her loose-leaf book and opened it up, and inside, instead of having notes and assignments, she had pictures of this person Elvis Presley. I didn't expect that a girl like Karen would have a picture of anyone I would be interested in. She got Cs in spelling and Ds in reading and conduct, she had a pool table in her finished basement and her parents owned a beauty parlor. But when I saw the picture I was stunned, and I immediately admitted that Elvis Presley really was the cutest I had ever seen. It was the clearest truth, he was the cutest, although maybe too much of a hood for me. I wasn't sure what that hood look meant and I thought it might mean something bad.

When we went back with Karen to her house so we could hear the record I was surprised to see that it was not a real record. "It's a forty-five, dopey!" she said. It was a tiny, thin record with a big hole in the middle and it had to be played with a big red plastic cylinder on the phonograph spindle. "Rock Around the Clock is on a normal record," I said.

"Seventy-eights are out now," Karen said. "Nobody knows anything in this town."

I didn't really understand Heartbreak Hotel. I thought it must be about a sleazy rooming house in some slummy part of town down South or somewhere. And I didn't know why such an adorable-looking boy would sing about such a thing. It frightened me to picture the hotel, dark and gloomy, with peeling yellowed wallpaper and bare light bulbs swinging in the long hallways on the way to the public bathroom. But then there was something about that special voice and the way it went down to those low gasps, crying, "lonely, lonely" all of a sudden from the high sweet voice of pure youth on the "heartbreak hotel," and the way he breathed those heavy deep breaths, moaning, "be so *lonely*, baby, make you so *lonely*, baby, be so *lonely*, baby." There was something frightening and exciting in that line but I didn't know what it was.

I guess we listened to the record over and

over that day about ten or fifteen times. I see pictures of his sweet yearning face was one thing, and to hear the song was another but to watch him sing that song was something else. I now know that it was sex. I didn't know what sex was at the time: I'd heard of it and knew the facts, but I didn't know the feeling. It was when I got to see Elvis Presley on television that I learned the feeling. I'm afraid I thought it was love. But it was love. Elvis Presley was the first male I loved and I'll never love anybody the way I love him. I'm intelligent, I'm high class, I have degrees in higher learning, I have a trained mind, I'm an original thinker, I wear horn-rimmed glasses (for driving and movies), I buy designer clothes from Bloomingdale and antique clothes from all over. I'm thin and flat-chested, I'm a modern young woman, and I love Elvis Presley, I always have. I love him harder than I love my husband and harder than I loved John Kennedy. I love him so hard it makes me sick to think of him, makes me cry to hear him sing.

It was Don't Be Cruel that pushed my excitement to an unbearable pitch. It was that what they call "the beat," the beat, the voice and the way he said, "*Baby*, I really love you *baby*. *Baby*, it's still you I'm thinking of." I wanted to hear him sing it again and again, but instead there was a commercial and some stupid comedy act that wasn't a bit funny. When I heard I Want You, I Need You, Love You I left the world of reality. I could feel myself slipping on the "Ho-ho-hold" the "Hold me close hold me tight," slipping and drifting quickly under his spell. When he sang, "I thought I could live without romance uh-uh-un-til you came to me," I knew that he was just kidding around on the "until" "Ho-ho-hold me close" was serious, though so serious that as soon as I'd hear the feedback of guitar that preceded it, the excitement would sweep over me—a soft dark velvet wave in my brain rolling over everything else that had ever been there. "You're like Papa's lov's dog," my sister said.

YES, THE MEMBERS of my family were harsh with Elvis, they were cruel. My father had never had patience for any kind of emotional singing or any emotion, for that matter. When he came into the room and a female singer was emoting and moving and twisting intense out of feeling for some love song, usually pretty bad, I have to admit, he would just stand there holding his pipe and say to the TV, "Is something wrong with you, Miss

you in some kind of pain?" And then would not let us watch *The Hit Parade* peace. "Snooky Lanson?" he would say. "Snooky Lanson? Am I hearing correctly? at kind of human being, for any price, I'd allow himself the indignity of being 'ed Snooky? A grown man, Snooky. Why 'd you turn the goddamned thing off?" You can imagine what he had to say for himself when he saw Elvis. "I guess he has of those spastic conditions, poor fellow." "He has the Saint Vitus dance disease," said mother. If they dared to speak while he was I said "Shhhh!" and "Wait!" a few seconds and then I'd scream, "Shut up everybody!" They were a good-natured bunch in those days so they did shut up, but they all ended around to watch. I'd look around at mother and my father and my older sister and my family; and my home—American antiques and paintings and Oriental rugs—and I think what a worthless bunch they were, how wrong and out of place they were, how I were my family and our home compared to Elvis Presley. They were just nothing. I'd go up to my pink room and lie in my bed and think about him.

I'd spent the summer of 1956 lying on the floor of the front porch playing *Don't Be a Baby* and *I Want You, I Need You, I Love You* over and over. My sister would be lying on the couch, reading, and my mother would be in the kitchen cooking. "You know, I can't even understand the words of these songs," my sister would say. "It's ridiculous, isn't it? What is he saying after by, it's still you—um blub blubblub?" or by, it's still you um glub glub glub?" I think it's 'Baby, it's still you, dig it up.' "Dig it all, not 'dig it up.'"

When I looked on Karen's album cover I read all the words printed: "Baby, it's still you—I'm thinkin' of."

Well, at least that makes sense," my sister said.

AT NIGHT IN OUR ROOM at our summer house my sister and I would occasionally talk before we fell asleep. We had very narrow beds in a tiny room, and a chest of drawers was between the beds so I couldn't see her face, just the shape of her body in the dark under the white summer sheet. There were two bookshelves over our beds, and I had pasted some color pictures of Elvis to the bottom shelf on my side so I could look at his face at any time before I fell asleep when I woke up. My sister liked to tease me with these pictures. "He's just a cheap, vul-

gar, greasy hood," she'd say. "He's ignorant and low class and cheap."

"I bet he's sweet and kind and he's just kidding about being a hood."

"I'm sure he's lacking in intelligence also."

"I read in a fan magazine that there's a contest to win a date with him. You write an essay on why you want a date with him and the best essay wins. You know, in school I always win for the best composition."

"A twelve-year-old girl does not win a date with a twenty-two-year-old."

"Why not? I look fourteen. I could wear make-up."

"I'd tell them your age."

"Why? Why couldn't I have one date with him?"

"Look, even if you did, by some chance, win, out of all the millions of girls, mostly mature teenagers, millions all over America, which is very unlikely with all that competition, you couldn't go. Daddy would forbid you."

"Why?" I cried.

"Because Elvis Presley is just a low cheap hood. You know what? If I were walking down a dark street alone at night, and I saw him, without knowing it was Elvis Presley, coming toward me, I'd have to cross to the other side."

"Why?"

"I'd be afraid of him, that's why. I'm afraid of hoods and so are you!"

"I'm going to enter in secret."

"What would you do on the date? What would you talk about to a twenty-two-year-old low-class hood?"

"I can't think of anything right now."

"Oh, this is just so stupid, there'll probably be a chaperone anyway. They're not letting any young innocent girls be alone with a sex fiend like that. He's not your type, you know. He likes cheap slutty girls like those stupid baton-twirlers and he wouldn't understand you. You'd have to cut off your long blond hair and get a pageboy fluff. You'd have to wear lipstick, pink lipstick."

"Don't you have any man you admire from afar?"

"Yes, I do. Senator Kennedy. But you've never heard of him. I'm saving his picture in a book. He's being carried out of the hospital on a stretcher and he's so cute."

She switched on the light and took out her book with the newspaper clippings. "Who's the beautiful woman?" I said.

"Well, that's the drawback. He's married. And here's a picture of them with their newborn baby, Caroline. See, he's more our type."

"He is really cute but in a different way."

"It's more subtle, it's not just raw sex."

"What could ever have been more important to me than Elvis Presley?"



WHEN *Love Me Tender* came to town my friends and I decided to be first on line. We got there at 10 A.M. for the twelve o'clock show and we planned to stay all day. Actually the movie did not come to our town but to Far Rockaway, a shabby town near our richer, cleaner suburb. As it turned out we were second in line. Some tough older girls, natives of Far Rockaway, were ahead of us. It was winter, January 11th, and my mother kept saying to take hot soup, more sweaters, more food, more of all those kinds of things. We knew that food intake was not possible on such an occasion. My mother also said we were going much too early. "You'll freeze out there for two hours. Take turns, let Daddy wait with you in the car until the time." That was out of the question. What would one want with a father at a time like that?

By eleven the line was long, going all the way around the block, and we were cold and tired. I was surprised to see my father drive up in his dark green Buick. "Oh God, what does he want?" I said. "Mommy sent this blanket," he said. He had with him a small dark-blue plaid blanket with a fringe around the edge. It was the blanket that covered my baby carriage in my baby pictures in our album. I couldn't bear to see it there at the opening of *Love Me Tender*. I just looked at it in revulsion, although it was a beautiful thing and I wish my mother would let me have it now, and I couldn't believe what a stupid bungling thing it was to do, to send that blanket. It was just completely out of place. From age one to twelve is a whole lifetime, I thought, and I was right because it was my whole life. But now, twelve years ago I was twenty. At twenty, almost two twelves had gone by. Twelve years is not so long ago now, I was almost the same as I am today. I guess my parents thought they had just gotten the blanket twelve years ago and had been using it for this or that purpose ever since. Too bad I didn't understand anything then. "Oh, Daddy," I said. "I don't want *that*."

"Mommy says you'll catch cold."

"I'm not cold. Nobody here has a blanket."

"They take blankets to football games, don't they?"

"This isn't like a football game."

"Just take it, so I can say I gave it to you. You don't have to use it."

"Oh, Daddy!"

"Oh, Daddy. oh, Daddy—just fold it up and hold it," he said. I took it and watched him walk off in his brown felt hat and his black-and-green-checked reversible lumber jacket. I thought he was some alien being.

When he had driven away, Karen and Elsie did some stupid things with the blanket. They put it over their heads, they wrapped it around their hips, they did a bullfight with it. After while we sat down on the sidewalk and when we got cold we covered our legs with it.

We sat in the first row and we could hardly see his face. Then we moved to the fifth and finally to the tenth. Too bad it was a Western. Wasn't everything a Western in those days? Or half the things anyway? He didn't fit into a Western and I didn't see why they couldn't make a movie of him as his own size. The movie was really disappointing. The score, though, was so beautiful, to this day I cannot stand to hear it. I always cry. What am I crying for, for him or for me? For my childhood or his youth, I can't be sure. I guess they were together. There was something so frustrating about that movie. We got to see him and stand at him up close and in detail but it wasn't enough. It just made me want more of him, the real Elvis in flesh and blood.

"Would you be one of those girls who touch his clothes and touches his skin?" my sister asked when I got home.

"I don't like to be in big wild crowds," I said.

"Then you'll never get close enough to meet him."

"Fan," my father said, "comes from the word *fanatic*. Do you realize that?"

"How could you sit through it for eight hours?" my mother asked. "That's how people get sick, breathing in all those germs in the movies. Go drink some orange juice."

It was nighttime and I drank juice only for breakfast. The whole day was gone, it was dark when we came out of the theater. It was a lost empty day of my life. I saw him and I saw him but I didn't really see him.

FOR MY THIRTEENTH BIRTHDAY my father gave me an album called "Elvis." One thing about her is that she always gets people exactly what they want, even if she hates it herself. It was the last present I've ever gotten and I still have it. It looked beautiful on the cover, in profile—color—mouth opened, head back singing, wearing a lavender shirt. He was holding guitar and his forehead was wrinkled so intensely.

"My God," my sister said, examining the picture. "He has light-brown hair, not black. See for yourself. He must dye his hair black."

My sister always knows the inside story about people before everyone figures it out, but nobody believes her. She's the one who

ld me, "Jacqueline Kennedy has naturally nky hair. She has it straightened. I can see always growing out frizzy, like a Negro's." Next she told me that John Kennedy had any girl friends, some of them college age, id one of them Marilyn Monroe. I didn't be- ve any of these things.

When my sister was in college I read a page her college humor magazine with a long t of awards to famous people. "To Elvis Presley: The Most Odious Bellow of Puberty." "What does pooberty mean?" I asked. "Pewberty, silly. *Pewberty*. I can't wait to ll everybody how you pronounced it. It eans age of sexual maturity. Adolescence. enage."

"Oh, how disgusting." The next summer at night in our bedroom, e said, "I have a confession to make to you." "Yeah, what?"

"Remember you used to tell me how sexy vis Presley was?"

"I never said 'sexy'."

"But it's what you meant."

"I did not."

"Well, 'cute', 'adorable', 'beautiful', 'hand- me', how you thought he was just so great?" "Yeah, so?"

"Well, I've thought it over and I've listened a lot of his records and I've come to the nclusion that you were right. Some kids at pool got me to rethink my position and now mderstand."

"What? They like him in colleges?"

"The best colleges have a group of intellec- als and beats who understand him in a way."

"Not the real way though, I bet."

"I do. I really am getting to love him."

Who needed her to love him? was what I ough. Who needed all these intellectual llege kids adding themselves to his first true ns? I tried to talk her out of it, but just for ite, I felt, she was insisting on joining up th me and my friends. She knew I didn't e it and she persisted. There was something didn't understand in the way she was talking out him; it was a kind of secret private voring of his qualities in a way that seemed o enjoyable and even bad. She and her in- lectual college friends must have all done me sex by then and talked about how sexy was and how he just exuuuuded sex from ery pore, every note, every expression, ev- ything, sex, sex, sex. That's what they did those best colleges at the end of the Fifties guess.

When Elvis got married, in 1967, my sis- er's roommate, an intellectual filmmaker, said me, "Have you seen his wife? I can't be- ve it. She looks exactly like him." She said

this in a mean way, although by then I was advanced far enough along in life not to be bothered. What did it matter to me anyway whether Elvis Presley's wife looked just like him? I was old enough to get married myself by then and did marry a few years after he did. I knew he was in another world, wore white satin suits, jeweled capes, black leather suits, ate thick steaks and drank Coca-Cola. There was no future for us together, I was sure. I had read the year before that when asked why he didn't marry, he had said, "Why buy the cow if you can get milk through the fence?" Now I'm sure he didn't say that, but at the time I thought it was true. I was going through a cynical and bitter phase I guess.

I'd already met John Kennedy by 1960 and that was keeping Elvis off my mind. Not just met, but met and exchanged pleasantries with.

"Pleasantries indeed," said my sister's boy- friend. "Everyone in Cambridge tells me what he's like. I want you to see it was more excit- ing than you thought."

It was more exciting than I thought. Mainly because he's not around anymore, old and gray, divorced and scandalized, to compare the golden moment with. The John F. Kennedy moment. I spent one of his half dollars today. I had to use all my change to buy an Elvis Presley record, what could I do?

That's right! We're not to dwell morbidly on those days, are we? People are simply marching forward with the 1970s now, expect- ing the very worst. Though they cannot imag- ine them because their imaginations fall far short of the task, as things happen they take them in stride, knowing our present times are composed of a series of dreadful events. Go forth, men of the world, lead your own little lives; work, fail, succeed, buy a Harris tweed sports jacket, discover new restaurants, grow your hair long, cut it short, and come home, sit back, and watch the news.

I WAS LUCKY, though, because I listen to the news so much and so hard that I hap- pened to hear all the little warnings and reports of Elvis Presley's health problems. From time to time we hear of this or that famous person being hospitalized for an "un- disclosed ailment," and we have learned to expect that soon it will be announced that that person is dead. Of course if it were a harmless ailment it would be disclosed. Yes, there is only one ailment that is not disclosed, but no one need worry for fear it will be mentioned here. No, we have gotten together for a good time, for an old-fashioned tale with a happy ending. That's why when I heard Elvis Presley

"He wouldn't want to meet you because you're not cheap. He likes his women cheap."

was in trouble I moved fast. I was lying on the Oriental rug doing my exercises when I heard that he was "hospitalized with intestinal difficulties." I quickly got up. I looked at the announcer's face to see if he knew more than he was saying, but it was Rolland Smith on CBS and he didn't even care.

Two days later I heard a report they said he was feeling even worse—"intestinal blockage." Now I have listened to enough of these news stories to know that one or two things follow that—one is surgery, and the other is death. In this case they said nothing about surgery, only that he'd be released the next day. That is always a bad sign, as we all know. I wondered whether someone like Elvis Presley did not have people around him who were smart enough to keep the hospital from giving out such information. How dare they discuss his digestive system on national TV? I thought that perhaps since Elvis is such a completely honest and innocent boy he might have just said, "Tell 'em the truth." He might not be sophisticated enough to be thinking of how things sound and how they will be interpreted. This is an ugly world, Elvis, I wanted to tell him, especially the world of newscasters. But he must have known all about that, mustn't he?

After these two health reports I heard a critic give a review of an Elvis Presley concert and he said many bad things about Elvis, how awful he looked and how he didn't look himself, and then he topped it all with, "Come on, Elvis, YOU ARE FAT. Shape up, be the idol you once were, you're just fat now." Does anyone ever wonder how Elvis Presley might feel hearing something like that, that particular thing, YOU ARE FAT, announced to him over the airwaves for millions of people to hear? Isn't there any compassion for him anywhere, and doesn't it occur to anybody that he needs help?

The next night a movie was on television showing him on tour in 1970. What could I have been doing in 1970 that was so important that I had missed this film? I never even knew he looked like that, that he'd let his thick straight hair fall forward into his face and that he was so thin the dimples in his cheeks had become huge deep dents. I didn't know his lean hard body slipped around underneath his white jumpsuit, which was loose and tight in different places and opened bare down to his waist. Why did I give up on him just because he wore white jeweled jumpsuits and capes that weren't 100-percent cotton or probably any part cotton at all? Surely his underwear was cotton, but it looked as if he wasn't wearing any.

He was a scared sweet boy who was nervous

and breathless before he went on stage. I took songs that I hated, songs from Tom Jones and junk like You Don't Have to Say You Love Me, he took these songs and put them through himself, through his mind and through his body and through his voice, and they came out beautiful. He was magic. I was a god, not just a king. What could even have been more important to me than Elvis Presley?

I don't know why I wasted my time in college reading existentialism when there was Elvis. I should have put all my energy into meeting him. Why didn't I?

I can't be blamed for the 1960s, when there was poor Elvis making all those terrible movies, and neither can he. But it's no wonder he had to take some brief respite from my adoration of him. I can't help it if at age fifteen I didn't know what to do about Elvis Presley. Couldn't I have learned? . . . no, all was forbidden to teenagers in 1960. I believed that. Believing and truth-telling are the bad habits of youth, they lead nowhere. They've led me here, sitting in an old flannel nightgown with a crocheted blanket around me as I stare at him in black-and-white TV when I'm just two years over thirty. The time was here and now it's gone. You see, that's the trick of life, isn't it cruel? The Time of Your Past. Touch them while you can, Elvis Presley and John Kennedy too.

I went into the bedroom when the film was over and I said to my husband, "I have to help get Elvis on a better diet." But he didn't hear me because he was sleeping. Snoring to me. My husband watches football and drinks beer. I went to Radcliffe and I love Elvis Presley. We come from Alabama and we sell apples. He didn't apply to Harvard but he went to Yale. What good does any of it do us, if we cannot get to Elvis? That he might die and John Denver should live; why should a rat, a snail, a roach have life and he no breath at all?

The next day I said to my husband, "I have to go to meet Elvis Presley now."

"Don't you think you're going too far?"

"John Davidson is healthy but Elvis Presley is ailing in Tennessee."

"I thought it was John Denver you hated."

"Aren't they the same person?"

"Your wit is intact anyway."

"They might as well be the same person. No. one is a natural ass and the other worships at it."

"So what?"

"I have to meet Elvis Presley. My sisters wish so hard she had met John Kennedy."

"So you're both nuts. The doom and gloom sisters."

IBM Reports

Information: protecting a valuable asset.

In a very real sense, information today has become a valuable asset.

Modern technology has made it possible to put information to work in many ways that help improve the quality of people's lives. For example, computers are helping apply information to provide better education, improved medical care, a cleaner environment and faster, more efficient service to consumers.

Information that has commercial value must be protected like any other asset. And, of course, personal, proprietary or confidential information must also be safeguarded. Safeguarding sensitive information has always been necessary, even when it was stored in file cabinets. Today, much information is stored in computers, and, in general, it can be made more secure than information stored by other means.

Effective security measures needed

However, as the cost of doing work with computers continues to decline, more information will be processed by computers and more people will be using them. This increases the need for effective measures to protect information from accidental destruction or unauthorized use.

This is a matter of great interest to IBM, because our business is providing products to record, process, store, communicate and retrieve information. Security is a key consideration in the development of those products. Basic security features are built into individual IBM systems to meet varying levels of security requirements. Additional safeguards are available to meet special needs.

IBM has, for example, developed identity verification techniques and other methods that can help control who gains access to the information within a computer system. IBM has also developed a cryptography technique and special equipment that can help safeguard information communicated by computer systems.

Management controls necessary, too

But quite clearly, technology alone cannot ensure the security of information in computer systems. Even more important are the controls and procedures that must be implemented by management and others responsible for the operation of systems. These range from the selection of a secure location for a system to well-designed rules spelling out who may use it and how it may be used. To assist in this area, IBM has sponsored several major studies, held seminars for some 22,000 computer users and distributed more than 700,000 publications on the subject.

IBM will continue to search for still better ways to safeguard information in the products we develop to help put information to work for people.



Julie Hecht
I WANT YOU
I NEED YOU
I LOVE YOU

I WANTED ELVIS to take me seriously, I wanted him to respect my mind. I didn't want to be just some annoying-crazy fan. Even though I knew those fans were treated well by him. I saw cheap slutty women, young and old, being touched and kissed by him at his concert tours. That meant he didn't have such high standards, he'd kiss anyone.

The girls and women with their breasts pushed up high out the tops and sides of their dresses would tell reporters how they had seen every concert, how they had traveled thousands of miles, how they had met him twice or three times, and how it was the most exciting moment of their lives. Perhaps these cheap low-class women knew something I didn't know.

"You have plenty of time to meet Elvis," my husband said. "He's young and you're even younger."

He was lying in bed in the style known as glued to the television, and he didn't even look away from his sports event as he spoke.

"Look, I'm in a hurry," I said. "It sounds as if he's really in trouble."

"Someone else can get to him."

"Who? I can get him a juicer, he'll go on a juice fast, I'll convert him to vegetarianism and exercise. Who else can save him?"

"Well, certainly not you. How could you get to him?"

"I could get famous. Fast."

"Fine. Go write pornography. I've been telling you that for six years."

"I'm sure he doesn't read pornography."

"Sure he does. Everybody does now."

"We don't."

"I have to get around to it."

"That's not how people feel about pornography."

"I want to keep it from you."

"Look, why can't I write the way I write?"

"It'll take too long to get famous that way. You have to be shocking. Be mean. Be the goddess of meanness."

"That wouldn't appeal to Elvis Presley."

"No, but you'd get on TV."

"But he wouldn't know how much I love him."

"Johnny Carson could introduce you."

"Elvis probably wouldn't want to meet me because he's so kind."

"He wouldn't want to meet you because you're not cheap. He likes his women cheap."

"He would have a different compartment for me."

"Why should he? What's in it for him?"

"Curiosity. He likes to know what's going on in the world."

"Not your kind of world."

"Well, maybe I could get cheap."

"You could never be cheap enough."

"I could wear a gold bikini."

"Now you're talking. And while you're wearing it go to your desk and write some pornography."

"Why won't you take this seriously?"

"Shhh. This is the most exciting moment of the game."

"Well?"

"Well what?"

"Why won't you take this seriously?"

"Hmmm? What? Take what seriously? Censorship? Because it's not really serious."

SOME NIGHTS after my husband falls asleep I creep out of bed and float in the living room so I can hear Elvis sing. I'm wearing my long flannel nightgown that's soft and faded light blue and sink down into the wicker armchair at the end of the big room where the sound from the speakers is intended to be best. I sit, just sit and listen. Sometimes I put my head back and I can feel the hard wicker edge digging into my head, but I don't care. It doesn't bother me. There's a window right behind me and across the street there's a rundown welfare hotel filled with junkies and drunks and loonies of every kind. I never used to sit in the chair because I know that at any moment one of these hotel guests might take a shotgun and begin blowing out the windows of my apartment building. But I don't worry anymore. It wouldn't be a bad way to go, to get my head blown off listening to Elvis Presley sing. Well, sleep when I can hear his voice, deep and hoarse and wild with energy, calling to me. One Night With You? Why sleep when I can hear that voice, and how can I sleep if I hear it when it isn't even playing?

Until recently I had never heard Are You Lonesome Tonight. I had never been to Karlo Records or Discorama or Discoman and I made sure to cross to the other side of the street when I got near Crazy Eddie's. I now I've been everywhere and bought everything. I have all his songs. I've talked to the salespersons at Crazy Eddie's, who must be from another planet, and I've bought a needle from someone who hadn't even been born when I first heard Elvis sing in 1956. She didn't exist in 1956 and I had to ask her when they'd be getting Live From Las Vegas. I was stunned when I heard Are You Lonesome Tonight and I had to cry as I listened. I had lived all these years without hearing him sing Are You Lonesome Tonight.

My husband has dared to dance around a lamp and snap his fingers to Elvis singing while I

ning alone in my room. I just look away kly, but I've felt a terrible hatred for and even a desire to stab him. I must con-my anger for I know I am a crazy bitch a violent temper to boot. WOMAN, 32, S MATE FOR DANCING TO ELVIS.

ither I devote myself completely to Elvis ley's music, give myself over entirely to r I never listen to it again. I know it has to be one or the other. Either I let his e sweep me away with him to a deep dark way place from which there will be no rn or I shut my ears and eyes completely.

I AUGUST I took the cue from my husband. We had to proceed, and go to our vacation ouse because it was costing so much to ent. I could have wasted the money. I d have stopped everything—gone to my i with my records and gone insane right . But it was summer, and we owe it to our- s to get the most out of summer. Fall too, pring we may all flip out. In winter deep essions are permitted for everyone. But in August, I had to buy corn. Slice toma- Cut basil. Bake peach pie. Ride a bike. n in the waves. Give the human body its ice at a healthy life.

hen I got back to the city I took out that rd my sister had given me many years re and I listened to it a few times. Or a hundred times. What difference does it e? There was no getting enough of him, cially now that I understood sex and it all out in the open to the degree that I lost all interest in it, I saw what a genius s was. I'd always known he was the King, he was the Greatest, but I'd never known . It was the feeling in his voice, in his t voice, the combination of sexiness and tness and fun—it was all in good fun. ept when he sang Love Me Tender—then was sincere, sweetly sincere, but his deep t voice still had the promise of fun and Sex, not as we all know it today, but as imagined it at age twelve in 1956. That's beauty of Elvis Presley, when I tried at twelve to have a fantasy about him it was confusing. It was a vague hazy picture of ss, an embrace—a long intense embrace, 'be a fifteen-minute embrace—it was his e, his face, his beautiful long tall body, smile, his wonderful special voice that held ything in every note. There had never a voice like that. I didn't know what e after the kiss, it went on forever. I k I was wearing a long white chiffon night- n that blew in the breeze, but what was he ring? Black chino pants, and that lavender

shirt, I think. The collar was not turned up. **"I'm his. He's mine. He's ours and he's no one's. He's here and he's gone."**

I HAVE TRIED TO LIVE a normal life. I've tried, I've tried to blot it out, shut it away, but something pulls me to him. He pulls me to him, his voice, his face, his eyes, his hands, his legs, his body, his sweet smile. I'm his. He's mine. He's ours and he's no one's. He's here and he's gone.

But I live in the real world. Who are the people of the world? What are the things in the world and how are they connected to the brain? The brain, in part, is composed of metal spokes, and immediately upon arising the spokes begin whirling.

None of the things they said about Elvis Presley were true. I mean none of the bad things were true, not true at all. He did not dye his hair. It was light brown but he did not dye it; it just photographed black. He was very tall and not fat, but weighed a trifle more than he should have. Those pictures of a bloated puffy person were not him, they were not even a person at all, they were those inflatable dummies that you pump up, it was a cruel trick of his many rivals and detractors.

Elvis Presley is alive. I did save his life. He did get a juicer and he juiced organically grown apples and carrots and spinach and wheat grass and he got thin and healthy. He grew his own vegetables, went jogging and bike-riding and swimming. He remarried his one true love, his wife Priscilla, he swooped down with his long lean body, down to the green grass, and lifted up his little girl into the blue sky and swung her around as they all three laughed and jumped for joy. They had two more babies, a boy and a girl. Priscilla went to art school and became a great primitive painter, and they lived happily ever after. It's a wonderful world. My wish came true.

I did get to touch him. I touched his hands, I touched his face, we hugged, we kissed, I kissed his hands, I kissed his face, I touched his face, I touched his arms, I touched his eyes, I touched his hair, I saw his smile, I heard his voice, I saw him move, I heard him laugh, I heard him sing.

We're the best of friends now and he sometimes tells me that I saved his life, but I know it wasn't just me. It was all of us, all his fans, his crazy teenage fans. I was just one of millions. We wanted to save him, we needed him, we loved him so much. I was just a little crazier than most, smarter too, and because I understood his greatness I knew he had to live, to last, to be happy, to thrill millions, and I couldn't let anything stop me. □

HARPER'S
MAY 1978

CATHOLICISM BERSERK IN THE HOLY LAND

by Jim Hougan

Jerusalem Poker, by Edward Whittemore. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$10.95.

WHO, THEN, IS Edward Whittemore and why isn't he famous? Obviously, he's a man capable of epic romance, who proved himself four years ago with the publication of *Quin's Shanghai Circus*, a counter-thriller of enormous ambition, wit, and tenderness. He is, in fact, one of only a half-dozen novelists my wife will let me buy in hardcover. Whittemore's second book was *Sinai Tapestry*, though, and it was a disappointment: a bizarre and often brilliant conundrum, it left the reader with little more than hints and guesses. Marvelous characters, situations, and settings were established and as suddenly abandoned. As a novel it seemed to be a case of arrested development, as if the author had tired of his own imagination before the reader had—or, more likely, he'd simply thrown up his hands and cried, "It's too much! I'm insane!" Predictably, reviewers scratched their heads and set the book aside without a word. What did they know? What did I know?

Now Whittemore has published his third novel, *Jerusalem Poker*, and the news is very good indeed. It turns out that *Sinai Tapestry* was the first in a projected quartet of novels revolving around those same characters and themes, which only appeared to have been abandoned. *Sinai Tapestry*, then, was an overture rather than a failed symphony. *Jerusalem Poker* amplifies its predecessor, fleshing out the skeletal framework of a fabulous adventure. The second novel is redeemed and made whole by the third.

For those who haven't read Whittemore, he presents himself as one of the last, best arguments against televi-

sion. He's an author of extraordinary talents, albeit one who eludes comparison with other writers. His sensibility bears a remote resemblance to that of Tom Robbins (*Even Cowgirls Get the Blues*) and his world view (if that's the term) reminds me of Joseph Heller before he blundered into therapy. And yet, because Whittemore gives us some reason to have hope for his characters, his humor is not so much black as it is dark blue. Unlike Tom Robbins's, his

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perspective is more universal than rational: that is, he doesn't remind constantly of the 1960s. Another writer with whom Whittemore is sometimes compared is the alleged Thomas Pynchon. The comparison makes sense, because Whittemore, like Pynchon, is a fine writer who can imagine characters and conspiracies that are bigger than both of us, dear reader. Pynchon, however, is a novelist who sometimes (in *Gravity's Rainbow*) writes too big. He sets out, self-consciously, to do Literature in the same way that a prospector might stalk his quarry through the Mekong Delta: step after step.



step, he moves forward without a twig until BANG—another once lies dead on the page. The or of *Jerusalem Poker* is not so what's it about? Well, it's like

THE OTTOMAN AND Hapsburg empires have collapsed; the nineteenth century has ended, and its successor has come with the usual inaugural blood- (World War I). On a cold day Jerusalem, with "snow definitely in air" (a temporal blizzard on the phorical level, lads), three exiles Arab, a Jew, and a Christian— out cards in a dirty café. Thus be- the Great Jerusalem Poker Game will continue for twelve years and rmine which of the three heroes gain clandestine control of "every- s Holy City." For Cairo Martyr, a -eyed black whose shoulder is the porary refuge of an albino monkey n to bouts of onanism, Jerusalem stepping-stone to a vengeful sacre he aspires to commit in Mecca.

Munk Szondi, scion of a matri- al investment-banking firm run by read *Sarabs*, the city is a battle- in his underground war to create a eland for the Jews. And for O'Sul- a Beare, Jerusalem is the crossroads sentimental quest for love and then ey, a quest that leads him on a ch for the 3,000-year-old "Sinai le"—a precursor testament that ap- ently contradicts every religious be- ver held by man or woman. Nat- ally enough, there is in all of this usual transvestism, trafficking in raonic mummy-dust, bartering of ts (*Those used for sodomy, he add- solemnly*)... plus the odd stig- a, Jewish shogun, koto in the desert, assassination in the Balkans. We're ling here with the world of *intel- nce*, after all.

sewhere, however, a mad Albanian ist of enormous wealth and tran- idential paranoia is rapidly going ne as he inhales mercury fumes in course of alchemical experiments igned to provide him with the Phi- pher's Stone. He is Nubar Wallen- n, founder of the Albanian-Afghan red Band. An elite strike force of rosexual peasant boys whose mili- tic revels are brought to a sudden

halt by the decapitation of Wallenstein's lover, an alcoholic Afghan prince. Finding it prudent to leave Albania, Nubar takes residence in a Venetian palazzo beside the Grand Canal. The sole heir of "Madame Seven Percent," herself the architect of a successful multinational conspiracy to divide the oil reserves of the Middle East among a handful of firms, Nubar is also the founder and Top Bongo of the Uranist Intelligence Agency (UIA)—a private apparatus of criminal literary agents-turned-spies. In an effort to fathom the secret nature of the Great Jerusalem Poker Game, while at the same time pursuing the Stone with unusual vigor and viciousness, Nubar targets the UIA against the Holy City's cardplayers. Unfortunately he has little inclination to read the intelligence reports written by the secret agents of Dead Sea Control. Instead, he haunts the plazas of Venice by night, haranguing nervous passersby with lies about the Albanian-Afghan Sacred Band (conveniently renamed, in the days after his lover lost his head, the All-Afghan Sacred Band). It's giving little away, as they say, to reveal that Nubar comes to an unhappy end in the palazzo as the Great Jerusalem Poker Game draws to a close in 1933.

That's a rough sketch of what the book's "about," which isn't a very useful way to describe it because *Jerusalem Poker* takes place within the framework of its predecessor novel, *Sinai Tapestry*—a book that spans centuries and sets the mysteries spinning (*Who is Plantagenet Strongbow? Why has he written a thirty-three-volume study of "Levantine sex"? What relationship does he bear to the Sinai Bible? Why is his son running guns in a hot-air balloon above the desert? And—by no means finally—why are the Wallenstein males, fathers and sons through the centuries, all insane when no one of them happens to be related to another? And how can this be?*). This first half of the quartet, then, sets in motion an epic of profound invention, one that promises to be as fascinating and self-contained as *Lord of the Rings*.

WHITTEMORE IS MORE easily compared with Tolkien than with other writers who come to mind. His novels remind me of the tragic hilarity of Buster Keaton and,

in a way, of the Watts Towers—those implausible and bathetic spires in Southern California, cement assemblages of graffiti and broken glass. His books are sorrowing delights, reflective and heavily plotted. The milieu is one with which readers of espionage novels may think themselves familiar, and yet it's wholly transformed—by the writer's wild humor, his mystical bent, and his bicameral perception of history and time. As this suggests, the contradictions in *Jerusalem Poker* and the other novels are wholly intentional. The author appears to be a... well, a sort of berserk Tantric adept of catholic experience and Catholic upbringing: the Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost, and the two Marys are very much at large in all his books. The world they operate in is a timeless one in which historical events are repeated ad infinitum: the same crucifixions and massacres are carried out against the same innocents by the same lunatics for the same reasons—nasty sex and filthy lucre—forever and ever, amen. The massacre at Mukden (in *Quin's Shanghai Circus*) is one with the butchery at Smyrna (in *Sinai Tapestry*) and with the periodic rape of the Holy City by various barbarian armies (in *Jerusalem Poker*). Only the names and the uniforms change. Time, then, is seen as a continuum in the literal sense of the word and, in the context of Whittemore's florid vision, anachronisms have the force of revelation. Thus, one of his protagonists, the formidable Irish rebel and gunrunner named O'Sullivan Beare, can be found on a nostalgic journey flying a Sopwith Camel across the deserts of the Sinai while wearing the uniform of a Crimean War hero, his only cargo a wicker basket of fresh figs and bottles of home-brewed Erse poteen dated A.D. 1122. (As for the character who's 3,000 years old, an antiquities dealer garbed in a Crusader's helmet that sends an almost continuous shower of rust into his weeping eyes, his story is even more complex and the reader would do well to sort it out himself.)

This isn't to say that Whittemore is without fault. His romanticism occasionally descends to the sentimental. The relationships between characters and events are frequently so byzantine that expository passages sometimes serve only to remind one that the author is writing in four dimensions while the

reader has been left in the third. Moreover, Whittemore *does* tend to go on a bit at times. And as for his apparently al regard for the "unbroken sensual wheel . . . revolving through time," I find it no more convincing than Céline's inverted politics or Yeats's obsession with the phases of the moon. But these are mere cavils, obligatory in a review.

If Whittemore was no more than an "entertainer," his novels would be worth their price. But he does something more difficult than intellectual vaudeville. He assassinates the banal, revealing the authentic current of madness that courses through human affairs, reminding us that the fantastic is ubiquitous, invisible only because we've shut our eyes to it. Listen to Stern and O'Sullivan Beare:

Who was I?

Well, I'll tell you then. The very article, that's who you were. Himself.

Who's that?

God. Now how's that for a case of mistaken identity? It beats Strongbow by more than a little and as I've often said, we have to give Haj Harun credit, we do. When he limps out there into the desert to find his way to Mecca, he sees the sights. Well this sight, and none can match it, occurred at dawn. You were up in your balloon running guns and when you came down at dawn to hide out you nearly landed right on top of Haj Harun, who naturally thought you were God coming down to reward him for his three thousand years of trying to defend the Holy City, always on the losing side. It must have been around 1914, remember it now? A broken-down old Arab in the desert at dawn tottering on spindly legs? His eyes permanently feverish with dreams from the Thousand and One Nights? And you coming down in your balloon and him prostrating himself and asking you if you would tell him your name? Remember?

Yes, I do now.

Well how about that then?

Stern smiled sadly. He stared down at his feet and said nothing.

Well?

It's not funny, whispered Stern after a moment. To be rewarded by a petty gunman in a balloon. It's not funny. Not when you have faith the way Haj Harun does.

Hold on there, said Joe, you're getting it all wrong. Not rewarded by you, rewarded by God. Listen, you've never seen eyes on this earth shine like Haj Harun's when he talks about meeting Stern in the desert at dawn. Stern, he murmurs,

and his whole face glows with strength enough to defend the Holy City, always losing of course, for another three thousand years. Stern, he says, God manifesting Himself at dawn in the desert for me. And I told Him, he says, that I knew God has many names and that each one we learn brings us closer to Him, and I asked Him His name that day in the desert at dawn and He deigned to tell me, finding some virtue in my mission, even though I've always failed. Stern, he murmurs, and he's ready for anything, and nothing can stop him now or ever. And I tell you that's the way he saw it out there so that's the way it was, and you're the one who did it, Stern.

Eyes that shine like that, it's enough to make a man cry. So you've got to give him his due, Stern. He worked for that moment to come, and it finally did come, and he deserved it. And God turns out to be a gunman crossing the desert in a balloon in 1914? What can we say about that. If that's the way it is, then you and me, we just have to accept it. We might prefer another vision of God but that's the one that came to the man who deserved a vision of God. Me, I've always known Haj Harun more than the rest of us. You would argue with that, would you?

No.

TWO PASSIONS

by Ella Leffland

I Hardly Knew You, by Edna O'Brien. Doubleday, \$7.95.

Nine and a Half Weeks: A Memoir of a Love Affair, by Elizabeth McNeill. E. P. Dutton, \$7.95.

THESE TWO CONFESSIONS are interesting for the questions they raise, disappointing in their absence of answers. Not that a work of fiction or a personal memoir should offer up the psychological equivalent of a mathematical equation, but that the characters involved should be real enough to draw the reader inside them for exploration and surmises of whatever human truths are there. *I Hardly Knew You*, the rambling thoughts of a woman awaiting trial for the murder of her much younger lover, and *Nine and a Half Weeks*, the precise recollection of a sadomasochistic affair, are both lit up in a celebration of honesty; yet both leave us feeling that the celebration has been no more than a thin feast of haws.

O'Brien's novel at least intends some whys, which we know if only by way of the introductory quotation: "A mother is only brought unlimited satisfaction by her relation to a son;

that is altogether the most perfect, most free from ambivalence of all human relationships—Sigmund Freud. This statement, even if quoted ironically nose-thumbing at male presumption, would nevertheless seem to suggest something central to the book. There is also, later, this elaboration by the heroine Nora: "Oh to be loved by him [her son]. Incest raising a little tattered head. It must be the nearest thing to birth, to couple one's own, to reunite"; and she is drawn to an obvious surrogate for her son, his best friend Hart. There is limitless Freudian satisfaction to this relationship, and no freedom whatever from ambivalence, but apart from this ironic and tenuous link the incest suggestion of incest now vaporizes into thin air.

Other supposedly driving forces smoldering urges evaporate in the same way. Nora often refers to her hatred of her harsh father, whom she sees as a vision hacksawed and incinerated. She reminds us that her harsher ex-husband she hates even beyond such visions and that her lovers have all been foolish, small-souled fools of the first order. She tells us of the "juvenile delinquency" when [my girlfriends and I] thought we would be carried along on the prodigious pinion of man's valor, that men have proved to be "the seducers of our dreams," and that she should perhaps say I am proud

Ella Leffland is the author of two novels, Mrs. Munck and Love Out of Season. She is currently working on a novel entitled Rumors of Peace.

ilant to have killed one of the opposite sex, one of that breed to whom we owe nothing but cruelty, deceit, and asp's emission." But these stamblers, these deceivers and asps, have no faces, bodies, or voices, and their dark wrenching influences, have never taken root in our minds. It is an earlier, passing reflection on her crime that seems the truer one: "I have paid ... one of life's little sweetmeats." For although Nora sees herself as a nibbler of sweetmeats. She is an earlier, passing reflection on her crime that seems the truer one: "I have paid ... one of life's little sweetmeats." She is an earlier, passing reflection on her crime that seems the truer one: "I have paid ... one of life's little sweetmeats." She is an earlier, passing reflection on her crime that seems the truer one: "I have paid ... one of life's little sweetmeats."

There is an innocence and simplic-

ity here that characterize Nora in all her activities; far from being torn and burning with the grievances she keeps mentioning, she seems to have attained a state of pleasant hedonism, in which such grievances can only ring hollow. They are technical underpinnings, scattered reference points. Nora herself is a scattering of reference points that never merge.

Part of the reason is the rambling quality of her thoughts. She meanders around her past, touches on this, fingers that, wanders on. There is such a sketchiness to her tale that when she describes at length a largely irrelevant vacation in Italy, we are annoyed to be presented with so obvious a space filler—although the setting is beautifully evoked, and perhaps she should have placed her entire story there rather than in the bodiless environments of two places she calls London and Edinburgh.

NORA IS A HIGHLY qualified and sought-after restorer of old masters, but like everything else this work seems of no particular importance to her. Essen-

tially lackadaisical, a taster, a skimmer, she brings to her affair with the boy Hart a somnambulistic quality, a sipping laziness. Yet it is here that her honesty shines in on herself with the glare of a fluorescent light. She is not tenderly concerned with his youth; she wants to reflower, and she also wants to batten on his supposed wisdom. For he is, in spite of his sapling freshness, an aged and saintly figure, "grave, as old and timeworn as a pumice stone," and lovingly she tells of his "long Christlike face, his soft shoulder-length hair, and his mouth like the lips of a beautiful purse that opened wide to be deploved of its contents."

If there is incestuous passion here, or a long-banked and suddenly flaring retaliation against all men, it doesn't come through. She is merely using someone else's body for various self-serving purposes. This is refreshing in its plainness, and you might even say that she has achieved a retaliation against her stamperders in that she has turned the tables and herself become an exploiter. Only there are really no tables to be turned; she has always been blessed with the instinct to take, and she beds Hart with the same prime-rose pleasure she has bedded others.

There is nothing wrong with this as such, but it figures as the chief flaw in the book: that a lover important enough to kill is no different from the previous ones, no less dim and featureless. Hart's youthful attractiveness is mentioned, but never once brought to life. His Christlike properties remain a mystery, revealed neither through what he says (and he says almost nothing) nor in what he does (he doesn't do much, either). We are hard put to believe that this cipher could worm his way into any woman's erotic dreams, much less arouse in her the urge to murder. But the murder of a cipher cannot be much, and this one is realistically committed in a spirit of irritation. It is an almost ludicrous scene, yet here again resolutely honest in its absence of high drama or deep feelings.

If O'Brien had been consistent in her portrait of an instinctive, rather conventional, and rather dispassionate enjoyer of good things, we might have learned what such a person was all about. Or if, instead, she had chosen to make real a driven woman torn by old wrongs, we might have learned what that kind of person was all about.



What we do learn about is a bundle of sketchy contradictions that don't add up to fish, fowl, or a breathing hybrid. O'Brien's is a beautiful prose, but in this case it adorns a void.

THE FIRST TIME WE were in bed together he held my hands pinned down above my head. I liked it. He was moody in a way that struck me as romantic; he was funny, bright, interesting to talk to; and he gave me pleasure." The second time, he blindfolds her with a [redacted] and she feels she has found an extraordinarily skillful lover. In their following encounter he uses the scarf to tie her hands together. Later that day he sends her thirteen roses, and the affair is on.

Here on the first page of *Nine and a Half Weeks* we are already beset by whys. Why does she like to have her hands pinned down, to be blindfolded, to be tied? Or put another way, What is a masochist all about? What does this woman's enjoyment of pain and humiliation actually consist of? How does it affect her life, her feelings toward men, toward herself? What have her past experiences been? We read on to find out, and are instead subjected to or treated to—depending on the viewpoint—a work of well-written pornography. It is a crisp account, often humorous in a wry way; there is no wallowing in perversity for perversity's sake, no lurid harping on details. The details are all there, but democratically enumerated, as in a report. The report is of a self-contained episode set like a grotesque jewel in a vacuum.

The man and woman, nameless, without past experiences or present lives, and almost without physical characteristics, exist solely as master and slave, and solely within the four walls of the man's apartment. We know that they are young, that he is some kind of executive and she perhaps a buyer. We know that she has never before suspected herself of unsatisfied masochistic desires. We know that he owns an abnormal number of pastel shirts and sober suits.

He is the more interesting of the two, if you can think of Heinrich Himmler as interesting. As a perpetrator of abominations, Himmler was an anti climax of the totally colorless, a methodical and fastidious crank separated from

normal human experience as by a glass wall. If he felt no pity for his victims, he felt no bloodlust either; he was supervising a necessary and admittedly repugnant job. This monster of dissociation is reflected in the *Nine and a Half Weeks* man, whose handcuffs and beatings and variety of enforced humiliations are undertaken with a cool, joblike meticulousness. True, the high points make his blood churn, whereas it is doubtful that Himmler's ever moved, but there is the same sense of systematic labor toward a desired end, of detachment and a fastidiousness slightly offended.

If there is more to him than that, if he is in fact bright, funny, interesting to talk to, we have no more than the woman's brief word. In a wish to drive home the sheer claustrophobic sexuality of the affair, she has forsworn the elements of personality, and we know the man only genitally speaking; an icily libidinous Pavlov training his rat.

Similarly, we know the woman only as his property, his thing, his toy, of which position she has a clear under-

standing, unclouded by self-pity, self-loathing, or hatred for her partner.

I loved it. I loved it, I loved it, I loved it, I loved it. . . . I was there to be done to. If control was out of my hands, I, in turn, was allowed to be out of control. . . . I was flooded by an overwhelming sense of relief at being unburdened of adulthood. . . . There was only too voluptuous luxury of being a bystander to one's own life; an absolute relinquishment of individuality; an abandoned reveling in the abdication of selfhood.

This is a fascinating insight into the moving forces of a masochist, but the problem is that a masochist is more than a masochist; she or he is a person living in the usual accumulation of traits, habits, interests, needs, hopes and memories, and only applied to the totality is any kind of insight meaningful. Applied to someone described exclusively in terms of her sexuality is a useless illumination, blocked from roots and ramifications, a light bulb shining in a closet.

SPACES FOR THE WEARY AND GLAD

by John Fischer

Body, Memory, and Architecture, by Kent C. Bloomer and Charles W. Moore. Yale University Press. \$15; paper, \$5.95.

FOR FIFTY YEARS architects, sociologists, and city planners have been scolding us ordinary Americans for our stubborn infatuation with the freestanding, single-family house. These experts argue, correctly, that such a house does not use land, building materials, streets, and utilities with maximum efficiency. It would be much more rational, they point out, to house people in many-storied towers (as prescribed by Le Corbusier and Mies van der Rohe) or in anthill cities (as in the more recent dreams of Paolo Soleri). But most Americans have refused to listen. As soon as they can afford it, they willfully insist on fleeing from high-rise urban apartments to homes in the sub-

urbs or in smaller towns. Hence the crisis of the cities—the depopulation of the old urban core, the loss of middle-class taxpayers, and the resultant threat of municipal bankruptcy.

Is it possible that the experts could be wrong and that ordinary Americans have been right all along? Indeed it is—or so claim Bloomer and Moore in the most heretical book on architecture published in many years. The reaction to it in the professional journals and the big, prestigious architectural firms are likely to range from irritation to apoplexy.

For these authors contend that the choice of a home is not a rational matter, but one of feeling. The traditional single-family dwelling—usually built without benefit of architects—fits the emotional needs of most American families because it is attuned to the human body, both in scale and in its arrangement.

John Fischer is an associate editor of Harper's.

ents. Like all of us, the house puts its best face forward to the world, with door for mouth, windows for eyes, and roof for forehead. Its back is quite different, without any formal array of windows and doors, and its "attention" is all the expected anal implications, to service, trash removal, and privacy." The fireplace is still the heart of the place, even though the heat now comes mostly from the basement; near it are gathered the family treasures—the favorite picture over the mantel, the star rug, the easiest chairs—and it is the site of family rituals, from bedtime stories to the hanging of Christmas stockings. The attic is where we store our memories and fantasies: bundles of old letters, children's toys that may someday amuse a grandchild, the old party dresses that youngsters can use for playing grown-up. The lawn outside "recalls the personal envelope of space that we usually try to maintain around our bodies, and of which any violation or infringement is acutely resented." In sum, the house is "the one place of the world around us which still speaks directly to our bodies as the center and measure of the world."

IN ITS BEGINNINGS all architecture—public buildings as well as private homes—derived from this "body-centered sense of space and place." The portico of a Greek palace is where the king sat to dispense justice, framed by columns that suggested his majesty and power. Early Christian churches were patterned after the body of the crucified Jesus, with the transepts as arms and the sanctuary as head. In Moslem, Spanish, and Mexican cultures the heart of the home was not a fireplace, but a fountain within a walled patio; in Japan it is the *tokonoma* alcove containing the family's finest scroll. Similarly, different societies used domes, arches, and pagodas in varying ways—but all are proportioned to a human scale and all memorialized a special place, whether it was sacred, royal, or simply a public market.

With the coming of the industrial revolution, this body-centered architecture began to be pushed aside by new concepts, thought to be more "scientific." Fortresses, for example, were no longer designed by artists like da Vinci, but by engineers like Vauban;

the new ones were militarily far superior, but they lacked the charm of, say, the Alhambra. Factories were built to accommodate machinery, not people, just as railway terminals were planned to fit trains rather than passengers. Eventually the new concepts were codified by the Bauhaus, Le Corbusier, and a long train of their disciples into the doctrine of Functionalism, which remains dominant to this day.

Its end product, as the authors see it, is "a world increasingly full of uncaring, unmemorable, even hostile environments." Its archetype is the modern skyscraper, a shaft of glass and aluminum designed with little or no relationship to its site, its surroundings, or human scale. It is supremely functional, if you grant that its prime function is to produce the maximum of rentable space permitted by zoning laws. From the outside, it is hard to tell whether it is an office or apartment building. In either case, it is a kind of filing cabinet for human beings.

AS MANY PEOPLE do not feel happy in filing cabinets. The extreme example is the prize-winning Pruitt-Igoe housing project in St. Louis, Missouri, functionally designed to contain the largest possible number of poor families at the lowest cost. It proved so unlivable, so hostile to healthy community development, that the authorities finally decided in 1972 that the only solution was to raze it with dynamite. Urban landscapes far less forbidding than Pruitt-Igoe still drive their tenants in growing numbers to drift away to those irrational, uneconomical suburban houses so despised by the urbanol-

ogists. And in the past two decades even giant corporations have been forsaking their downtown towers for more campuslike settings in the countryside.

Bloomer and Moore do not argue that the freestanding house is the only setting for humane living. The row houses of Philadelphia and Baltimore, the townhouses of San Francisco, the crescents of Bath, the squares of London all provide relatively high densities with a sense of place, identity, and comfortable scale. These are the qualities that the Functionalist dogma so often ignores—and that can be regained by a concept of architecture that once again focuses on emotional and bodily needs.

The credentials of the authors are impressive. Bloomer teaches architectural design at Yale, Moore is a practicing architect who also teaches at Yale and at the University of California in Los Angeles. One of his best-known works is Kresge College at the Santa Cruz campus of the University of California, to my mind perhaps the most satisfactory academic setting ever built. The authors develop their theses with an erudition I have hardly hinted at, drawing on body-image theory, the history of aesthetics, and even ballet for what it tells us about body movement. The examples they cite, of architecture good and bad, range from the Acropolis to Stonington, Connecticut, from Monte Alban to the Hyatt-Regency Hotel in Atlanta. And nearly every page of the book is wittily illustrated with cartoons, drawings, and photographs. If the coming generation of architects—and their clients—pay attention to it, America may someday be a much more agreeable place. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

by Jeffrey Burke

The Inconvenience of Living, by Marvin Cohen. Urizen Press, \$8.95; paper, \$2.95.

One of the short pieces in this collection is titled "How Barry Tamed the Past, and Brought It Up to Date"; another is "Quiet: Confusion at Work"; a third, a somewhat risqué exercise, is "Legs; Why Not?" One piece begins,

"Bob has just died. Does that make him less dead than Peter, who's been dead for sixty years?"; while another digresses on office workers ogling a secretary: "Those bluffing, blustering, hustling busters with the gruff guilaws and their boom-or-bust go-ahead guff of industrious stuff and the guts not to muffle it in their puffing rut."

Jeffrey Burke is copy editor of Harper's.

There is no generic peg for this sort of material. Marvin Cohen calls these short fictions fables, parables, thoughts—labels that cover monologues, dialogues, meditations, and verbal monkey bars. It is philosophy that doesn't take itself seriously, language that does, artful humor whose imitation of nature combines the sublime and the ridiculous in equal parts. One loses patience with indisputably good puns, with situations too insubstantial to support even Mr. Cohen's virtuosity, but with such a variety of winning and reasonable madness, one does not easily lose in-

Other People's Letters: A Memoir, by Mina Curtiss. Houghton-Mifflin, \$9.95.

Mina Curtiss is making a bid to become the Helen Lawrenson of literary scholarship. In 1947, while working on her edition of Proust's letters, which earned her renown in academic circles, Professor Curtiss sailed to France in search of the people connected with the correspondence. She constructs a narrative base in large part on her own letters and her journal of the time, occasionally appending an "Afterthought, 1977." The writing vacillates between coyness—for her affair with a Rumanian prince: breezy sophistication—for the sitting rooms and salons of servants and aristocracy; and exuberance—for the discovery of literary treasure (which led her to a biography of Georges Bizet). One can excuse a certain amount of self-advertisement when a serious scholar looks back on the relative anonymity of her dry trade. Nevertheless, Professor Curtiss is so shrilly determined to substantiate the thrill of it all that she dampens what little enthusiasm one might have summoned for these obscure corners of literary pursuit.

Kalki, by Gore Vidal. Random House, \$10.

Kalki is an unlikely mixture of jeremiad and satire, with most of the Seventies' peculiar fruits and nuts tossed in. Several years from now the world has not improved: its inhabitants are no less eager to follow the latest religious showman, in this case Kalki, né Jim Kelly, Vietnam-veteran-turned-divinity. With some borrowed Hindu trap-

pings, illicit drug money, and inspired PR, the cult of Kalki thrives, its slogan—THE END OF THE WORLD—curiously catchy. They love it in L.A., New York, and Washington, sites for Vidal's light dissection of show business, publishing, the press, and politics, symptoms of a country in decline. Vidal's chronicle—"After all," he wrote in a recent essay, "every realistic novel is historical"—is as believable as several weeks of random newspaper clippings. It's all very amusing . . . until the world does end and Vidal gives a chilling preview of the billions of rotting corpses, of civilization halted mid-gulp. How the End is accomplished and what is left by way of consolation must, for the sake of suspense, be left unrevealed. Suffice it to say that Vidal sacrifices nothing to plausibility.

There are sacrifices, however, on the literary side. For obvious reasons, *Kalki* is cast as a journal of events before and after the End as written by one of the survivors, Teddy Ottinger, professional lesbian and famous test pilot, whose previous writing experience was limited to signing copies of her ghost-written autobiography, *Beyond Motherhood*. Her persona broadens Vidal's critical vision, but he insists on acknowledging its deficiencies by having her accompany each lapse into the standard clichés of bad writing with a parenthetical nod to the ghostwriter, H. V. Weiss. One gets the point the first few times: after that it's an annoying tic and uncharacteristically self-conscious of Vidal. A larger problem, though, is that very element of plausibility, which, in a realistic novel, has more to do with what is possible than with what is probable. Vidal leans too far to the latter and dilutes whatever moral intention he might have had. Prophecy of this sort seems more suitable as the victim rather than the vehicle of satire.

Metropolitan Life, by Fran Lebowitz. E. P. Dutton, \$8.50.

Fran Lebowitz's humor does not whine with neuroses or exploit race, creed, and color: she doesn't sound like a stand-up comedian or like hand-me-down Woody Allen—all of which may explain why she can be both funny and a pleasure to read. At her best she is literate and imaginative, an intelligent writer in touch with the

small insanities of life. She reveals respect for Art, Science, Literature, and Manners by her satiric appraisal of current offerings—principally those of the small world of Manhattan. So her is a refreshingly old-fashioned sensibility, such as finds Dean Swift comforting. It is unfortunate, then, that more than forty pieces in this her first book—many of which appeared originally in *Mademoiselle* and Andy Warhol's *Interview*—represent a collection rather than a selection of her work, hasty gathering with the emphasis on quantity, and a more than acceptable portion of typos, poor grammar, and faulty diction. The material has the good and bad earmarks of deadline pressure, such as snappiness, tactility, overwriting, and that which will too obviously be tossed off. Where was the winning editor? Cast a tolerant eye on *Metropolitan Life* for the price that's in it.

Farewell Companions, by James Plunkett. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, \$10.95.

James Plunkett's Ireland of the Twenties and Thirties is a country with its spirit ebbing, its battle cry of nationalism reduced to a nostalgic sigh for the old martyrs of 1916, its old Gaelic tongue, the old anything. Plunkett's previous novel, *Strumpet*, describes the labor struggles and political insurgency in Dublin between 1907 and 1914. The picture is grim but it is one of a people alive and on the verge of gaining a measure of respect. Here Plunkett paints a grim picture of the aftermath, when a people stores away its banners until the annual parade, content to raise to after toast to the past. That paralyzing effect was a favorite complaint of other Irish novelists, James Joyce: Thomas McDonagh, the central character in *Farewell Companions*, is very much like Stephen Dedalus of a lesser writer right down to obvious imitations in *Portrait*. Tim meanders through childhood and adolescence with several other young men and women, in thrall to the various pieties of their parents and parish priests, stark representatives of adulthood's apparent lack of promise. Some go off to World War II; most settle into tedious jobs. As the novel ends, Tim, who has poetical ability, inquiring mind, and professional co-

retence on the viola, enters a seminary. May the stasis be unbroken.

Mr. Plunkett covers the range of Dublin humanity—from poor to not so poor—in all its lyrical affection for local politics and pubs, music, sports, and conversation. In the mysterious character of O'Sheehan, who believes himself the reincarnation of Ireland's legendary hero Oisín, Plunkett brings out the queerness and romance of Irish myth. He is a graceful writer with an impeccable sense of structure and narrative. By the commercial standards embodied in book-jacket copy, *Farewell Companions* is a good novel. But one has to question the wisdom of putting so much talent and effort into such an intolerably dreary period in Irish history; unless—dread possibility—it, too, goes by the name of “the good old days.”

After Midnight, by Michael Grumley. Scribner's, \$8.95.

Michael Grumley has put together eight detailed descriptions of life on the graveyard shift. There are hospital workers, an assembly-line foreman, a disc jockey, salesgirls in a Las Vegas club, a minister in San Francisco's Fenderloin—real people with real jobs that end when most others begin. And that's about it. A sociologist might find such variance from the norm inherently interesting; the general reader needs more than a procession of anecdotes to be convinced. Grumley's omniscience is often astonishing, but it macks too much of the well-worn notebook or tape recorder. The result is an unrelieved flatness, notes elevated to declarative sentences. The disc jockey's informal call-in show is reduced to an agenda of spoken exchanges; the foreman's male lover is a distraction rather than a cultural curiosity.

Whatever hybrid of interview-profile-vignette-reportage this may be, it cries out for a human voice, preferably the author's. In some instances this objectivity works in the subject's favor. The rhythms of the life of a North Carolina shrimp fisherman possess a quiet strength that stands on its own; and the description of the San Diego Zoo after hours is simply a fine zoo tour. More excursions like that and less reverence for the almighty, arid fact would have made this a better book. □

AT HOME

by Mitchell Goodman

They are scared of one another. They hold still year after year, eyes somewhere else. Careful, careful (don't say it). She goes light and dark, light, dark, light, the clouds coming and going, he is warm then cold, they are trying to hold the world together but it wobbles, it is worn, there are such big pieces bitten out of it, it's time to bake bread to fill up the hollow places—you grind the flour, I'll knead the dough—if they could but think of it. They build a bridge of smiles, it falls, they hang on, his mind blurs in the stiff face of her anger, her lips tighten but it jumps out of her: You idiot, don't do that! / God damn it, I know what I'm doing. She needs to bite off his head before he cuts off her legs, *I hate you*, she's a bitch, he's a fool, they're circling one another, the ceiling comes down, the walls close in, the windows darken—an eclipse: the color goes out of the world, stop feeling sorry for yourself, I'm not, you are, OK I am, who else is there to feel sorry—sorry, sorry, sad, no song and no dance, no time, the woods waiting to be walked in and they're locked in this room, he doesn't know what she wants, she wants him to *take* her, to be more romantic, imagine that, even the trees are scared, they huddle and whisper, you can almost see the great mushroom blooming out of the city, the tons of flesh vaporizing and she wants romance. RO-mance—this may be the last summer of our lives. There is the smell of fear in the room, her face knots up she is shouting, her teeth flash, her body is strong and stubborn, she stands there a pillar of ripe flesh, a woman dressed in her rage who wants to live her life and doesn't know how, and he can't tell her, men and women are dying on the production line, the small farmers are being forced to join them, bread and moonlight and roses—and now she is a witch, she rides dark horses straight at him, he runs from the room to see if there is still a world out there in the twilight, the growing dark.

IN OUR TIME

by Tom Wolfe

And That's the Way It Is



"... while the first refugees made their way out of the beleaguered Old Quarter after being trapped between government and rebel forces for eighty-three days. They told of mass graves into which - victims of the meningitis and typhus epidemics, the amputation shelling, and the fanatical execution raids, were thrown indiscriminately. ... Alice?"

"Chuck, the dismembered body of a retired prostitute. ..."

THEATER

THE GREAT GRAY WAY

the period pieces of the future

by Martin Duberman

SERIOUS PEOPLE rarely go to the theater in New York anymore. They might dutifully accompany a child to *The Magic Show* or insist on out-of-towner to the latest sical sensation—even as they wearily know, having seen *A Chorus Line*, that the best they can hope for is technical brilliance in the service of fatuous simplicities. The hardier can still lure out occasionally to see the city's current designee as "most promising new playwright"; but when they're home raging against what has turned out to be yet another bit of trivialized trivia, the conviction deepens that our theater is without ambition and ought to be allowed to seek the level to which it aspires: a wing of the commercial entertainment industry.

Has it ever been anything more? It can be argued that theater in America has always been tied to mass taste, which—at least since Shakespeare's time—rarely coincides with art. Yet it never persists of a golden age in this country during which plays of stature regularly appeared and audiences generously nourished them. The results of the Bicentennial celebration, when institutional theaters throughout the country felt obliged to revive some "im-

portant" American play, cast considerable doubt on the authenticity of any golden age. The assembled offerings proved embarrassingly thin: moralistic melodramas, sentimental comedies, high-toned historical epics of alarming illiteracy. This may be why little effort was made during the Bicentennial to resurrect the works of Maxwell Anderson, Sidney Kingsley, Sidney Howard, or Robert Sherwood: having been once hailed as towering literary figures, their now-obvious mediocrity became too painful to confront. Perhaps for a comparable reason, Lillian Hellman—always so astute in matters of career management—refused permission, except in one case, for the revival of any of her plays.

Attention during the Bicentennial focused instead on writers for whom large claims had never been made and whose occasional play could therefore be resuscitated with the justification that it was "a significant period piece" or a "lighthearted entertainment." Thus we got *The Secret Service*, by William Gillette, *The Adding Machine*, by Elmer Rice, *The Scarecrow*, by Percy MacKaye, *The New York Idea*, by Langdon

Mitchell, and *Craig's Wife*, by George Kelly. All turned out to be from periods of no relevance to our own and of an entertainment value just this side of outright slumber.

More surprising was that revivals of some of our certified heavies—Clifford Odets, Thornton Wilder, S. N. Behrman, Arthur Miller, Edward Albee—came out looking perilously akin to the mainstream tradition, however superior to it in narrative complication or character development. George S. Kaufman, of all people, appeared fresh and sturdy in comparison with the others—perhaps because Kaufman was always clear-sighted about the dimension of his talent and never indulged that ruinous penchant among American playwrights (Albee being the foremost example) for grandiloquent—and explicit—statements about "the meaning of life."

The Bicentennial "celebration" of our theater stopped just short of turning into a mass funeral pyre only because Eugene O'Neill and Tennessee Williams remained, somewhat shakily, on their feet—O'Neill simply because the debate about his talent has long since ground to a stalemate, with opinions polarized and adamant. My own view has always been that his reputa-

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Elizabeth Van Tallie

tion is inflated; none of the recent revivals of his work that I've seen has changed my mind—nor, to judge from the reviews, the minds of his genius-mongering champions.

With Tennessee Williams, on the other hand, the debate has sharpened; he's been subjected to far more scrutiny over these past two years than any other playwright. Almost the entire corpus of his work was revived, often in multiple productions, often badly; the Kennedy Center's disastrous production of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* probably did him the most disservice. Still, *Streetcar* and *The Glass Menagerie*, even when performed under mediocre auspices, unmistakably retain their power. How much else of Williams's work will survive is problematic. Perhaps *Summer and Smoke*. Almost certainly not the equally touted *Sweet Bird of Youth* or *Night of the Iguana*, both of which now seem badly compromised by overheated theatrics, creaky structures, and forced lyricism. Certainly there is no hope for any of his work from the past two decades.

In all, not much of a theatrical heritage. Perhaps we should never have left the British Empire. Perhaps we should accommodate ourselves to the fact—whatever its mysterious source—that our important literary talents have always found fiction and poetry more congenial forms.

FOR A BRIEF PERIOD in the Sixties, it seemed otherwise. There was a sudden surge of theatrical vitality, and from several quarters. The emergence of black playwrights and of an institutional theater, the Negro Ensemble Company, eager to nurture them, seemed for a time enormously promising. The two major talents were Charles Gordone (*No Place to Be Somebody*) and LeRoi Jones, but the first fell silent and the second turned his energies elsewhere. The Negro Ensemble Company still survives (no small feat) but in recent years has had scant impact. This past season it stirred some renewed interest with the production of two plays by Gus Edwards, a newcomer. The better of the two, *The Offering*, was hailed with that hyperbole which is the occupational disease of drama critics who, after spending endless evenings watching puerile drivel, understandably fall into

instant rapture over a few literate lines, an offbeat characterization, or the hint of a special vision. For me, less subject to comparable nightly pressure, *The Offering* seemed little more than a shaky and self-conscious mismatch of (bad) Beckett-like word poems and an overemphatic naturalism that has long been characteristic (from Lorraine Hansberry to Lonnie Elder) of mainstream black theater.

But Gus Edwards did look like a titan when compared with the other highly publicized work this season by a black playwright—Philip Hayes Dean's *Paul Robeson*. Rhetorical, folksy, vacuous, the play was more than an artistic failure. It was a political disgrace. Robeson's sustained commitment throughout his life to radical social change—for which he paid dearly—was shabbily diluted. And James Earl Jones's performance in the role contributed to the dilution. Mannered and elocutionary, he hovered close at times to an obsequiousness that offensively caricatured Robeson's granitic integrity. The night I attended, the audience gave the play a standing ovation. Which tells us a lot about who goes to the theater these days and what values they want to find confirmed there.

The second strong infusion of energy in the Sixties came out of the innovations of the "physical" theater, as it was then known: Joe Chaikin's Open Theater, Judith Malina and Julian Beck's Living Theater, the San Francisco Mime Troupe, and—on a much lower level of interest—Richard Schechner's Performance Group. Today, ironically, only Schechner's troupe survives in something like its original (and ever more tedious and mechanical) form. The others have either disbanded (Open Theater), degenerated into trite sloganeering (S.F. Mime), or gone into exile (Living Theater).

How much those groups were tied to the ethos of the Sixties and dependent on its energies became sadly evident this season in Chaikin's production of *The Dybbuk*. It resembled nothing so much as a sequel, less expertly done, to *The Exorcist*. The intricate body movements and vocal sounds which had served the Open Theater so well in its masterwork, *The Serpent*—and far less well thereafter, when Chaikin began increasingly to repeat himself—were, in *The Dybbuk*, mere

mannerisms, mechanically inserted to the staging, serving no purpose other than to break the narrative line, dilute the play's already limited dramatic resources. That the melodramatic old chestnut can still evoke a certain amount of pity and terror became apparent only because of Sonia Zolna's performance as Freyda; her authenticity unmasked the adolescent tugging being indulged all around and clarified its destructive effect on the play's integrity. It reminded me the comparable demolition job Job Worth did last year on André Serban's misguided production of *The Cherry Orchard*; by playing Madame Raskin with full-out emotion she broke through the ice-cold veneer Serban imposed on the play and revealed extent to which his "radical reinterpretation" was in fact a subversion.

With the demise of the "new" theater, concern for mere technical fact ("Broadway know-how") has resurged and solidified its traditional sway. Elements meant to serve the script—lighting, costumes, sets, et cetera—have increasingly supplanted it. The attempts during the Sixties to reexamine the basic elements of theater—text, rhythm, performers, audience, space—and their interrelationship have all but disappeared. The only experimental ground of note that exists, Richard Foreman's Ontological-Hysteric Theater, is ingenious and witty enough, but its painful pictorial adjustments do not seem to carry any profoundly innovative implications.

Most of the "important" playwrights whose work first appeared in the Sixties have continued to write. But their courage and outlets for serious work in the theater have shrunk to insignificance. The attitude of the Kennedy Center—that dutiful creature of the cash culture—is typical of today's institutional theater. It judges success by the length of its subscription and the number of tickets sold, and it is content to employ its resources in serving as a booking house for banal musicals and comedies en route to Broadway. A few regional theaters do occasionally take a chance on a new play. A few workshop groups in New York still struggle, under impoverished conditions, to give playwrights a hearing (for example, the Interart Theater this year formed Susan Nanus's intricate

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EATER

name *Where Memories Are Magic*! *Dreams Invented*; and Playwrights rizons staged Anne Commire's fine pt *Shay*—which had been shunted n hand to hand for years).

PLAYWRIGHTS—the weak, neurotic beasts—do need productions to survive and develop; need some confirmation of their th; need the feedback that only fessional collaborators and live audiences can provide. This season, three he more prominent talents from the ties—John Guare, Sam Shepard, Maria Irene Fornés—did finally full-scale professional productions New York, after having waited up five years. All three, sadly, proved unpromising. And for much the same son: there seemed no advance, or n consolidation, of their talent. Pers they had been overpraised too n. Perhaps they worked too long in ilitating isolation. No one can say sure; all theories about creativity (the lack of it) are of dubious validity—none is susceptible to proof.

I thought Guare's new play, *Land- ve of the Body*, the best of the three; e retains, even if he has not ex- ded, an impressive ability to convey bizarre flounderings of contempo- y life. Few of the critics agreed. In *New Republic*, Stanley Kauffmann, ose judgment I ordinarily respect, ounced that Guare had "been pam- ed so long, one can doubt that [he] v has enough discipline to organize 'modest talent into a realized play.' " enough discipline? If that were so, e would long since have deserted profession that yields such minimal ards for serious work. Pampered? as waited four years to see his rent play mounted—and given the ernal state of the theater he may well it a decade for his next.

f any playwright has been pam- ed, it's Sam Shepard. When his first y was done in 1964, Shepard was nty-one years old. Since then, he's l more productions and the most istently good press of any play- ight of his generation. And to my d he has scarcely deserved it. His v work, *Curse of the Starving Class*, ms no exception. It is yet one more his nightmare slices of American e, the metaphors stale (Corporate nities Take Over The Farm), the

ugly vision impervious to nuance. Shepard, I suspect, would like to think of his play as the theatrical counter- part of punk rock (he has always been involved in the music scene). I hate to disappoint him, but I think he has closer ties to Thornton Wilder: high- flown allegorical allusions in tandem with unacknowledged sentimentality. Ten years ago, in the *Boy on the Straight-Back Chair*, Ron Tavel worked the same genre (the horrors of every- day life in America) with more in- ventiveness, deeper sympathy for the afflicted, fewer cheap shots, and much less attitudinizing. Tavel hasn't had, until this spring, even a minor New York production.

Irene Fornés's new play, *Fefu and Her Friends*, has drawn either raves or pans, almost nothing in between. The raves have predominated. Michael Fein- gold, the often astute chief critic of the *Village Voice*, wrote one of them: "'Fefu' is the only essential thing the New York theater has added to our cultural life in the past year." I must assume that a compound of languor and stilted disconnection is the essential in- gredient "our cultural life" has gained —for that is all I can find in *Fefu*. The

characters suffer from endemic malaise, but its source is shared neither among themselves nor with us ("What is wrong?" "Everything"). The predom- inant form of communication is windy monologue, punctuated by yawn-inspir- ing pronouncements ("Hallucinations are real, you know").

Fornés is known in the theater world for her generosity, for the long hours she has spent trying to get other play- wrights produced. For that reason alone, I'm glad she had a hit (*Fefu* was the hottest Off-Broadway ticket in town). Fornés is also known as a strong feminist. I'm much less glad (as a fellow traveler) that her play is being promoted as a "feminist statement." For I fail to see its contribution in that regard—and think it's more likely to be a disservice. Fornés's women are given to pondering such propositions as "If people are swept off their feet, are the feet left behind?" or to portentously announcing that "a woman's entrails are the heaviest things on earth." To be sure, these are *Thirties* feminists—but we are listening to them in the Seventies. The complacent foolishness of much of what they do and say may not be the least important

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ELM

by Geof Hewitt

Big George came to see the old elm fall.
He's got a nickel says she's
"A hunnert-fifty years at least,"
But no one wants to count the rings with George.

Balanced over the notch and a too-low backcut.
The tree is held off the house by its hinge
And a rope coiled around its house-most limb,
Then casually hitched to the huge flatbed truck, precaution

Turned necessity. This mammoth truck had
Brought a crane that kept the highest limbs
From crashing loose as the operator's boy dangled
Like a monkey, cutting quickly, proving himself

Ignorant of fear. Maybe six, maybe eight full cords
From that operation alone;
The boy swills a beer, his specialty used,
Leans against the idling crane.

Now two saws work the undercut,
Weaken the hinge with the flatbed revved
In the direction the tree must fall.
These guys know what they're doin', predicts George,

Who is right more than half the time.
I got a nickel says the house won't get hit.
No one wants the bet though, even when that elm
Starts shaking back and forth, big truck digging dirt.

George's eyes bulging, his mouth a-stutter,
The qualified cutters scattered,
One saw on fire.
The house placid, rope lashing

Elm, reputations, lives, a house in balance,
Everything is on the line, and whomp,
Down comes crashing, we measured the stump,
More than six feet in diameter of elm.

THEATER

reason so many established male critics have found so much to cheer about.

THE REAL CRITICAL ballyhoo and much of the theatrical excitement of this past year centered not on the few works produced by Sixties' veterans, but what is being widely hailed as a "brilliant" new trio of young male playwrights—Thomas Babe, Albert Innurato, and David Mamet.

Of the three, Thomas Babe seems the most interesting, by a shade. Not because he's had less media attention—though ordinarily that's a good rule of thumb to follow in ranking critics' choices—but because in the context of our theater's penurious imaginings, Babe's insistent aplomb carries some intrinsic appeal. His first two plays, both done at Joseph Papp's Public Theater, seemed merely ambitious (*Kid Champion* had its moments though they were hard to locate in the debris of a misconceived production). But Papp, as is his wont, kept the faith, loyalty, not judgment, has always been his strong point. For once, he seems to have patted the head of a live toddler. Thomas Babe's new play, *A Prayer for My Daughter*, is a decided advance.

The play is set in a police precinct. Two officers interrogate, with predictable brutality, two suspects in a murder case: Jimmy, a young bisexual drug addict, and his protector/guardian, Simon, a middle-aged, professor-sounding gay man. Simon periodically refers to Jimmy, who has a baby of his own, as his "daughter." Kelly, one of the police officers, also has a daughter. (You divine early on that we're in for a lot of prayers.) Kelly's daughter keeps phoning the station threatening to kill herself—and ultimately does so. Kelly's reaction to the threats is at once distraught and engaged: he tries to get others to intervene but backs off from going to his daughter's aid himself. In an ambiguous way, Simon continually counsels and protects Jimmy—but ultimately sells him down the river to save his own skin. Thus, Babe seems to be saying, does the predator male—straight or gay—use and then destroy the female (including the female within himself) after she is no longer serviceable to him, or tries to get too close to him or threatens to detonate his control.

he theme is bold, hip—and strained. The play works at all (and a fair amount of the time it does) owes a great deal to the production. Robert Innaurato directs what is an essentially lyrical piece as if it were *French Connection*. Fortunately, his swift pacing rushes us past the set of fancy rhetoric, and his natural-stage inventions dilute and obscure the more self-indulgent moments of mystical evocation. Two of the four plays, moreover, are splendid. Alan Ayckmore plays Jimmy with tender total commitment, and George Nardone's portrayal of Kelly is marvellously finespun and understated. In climactic scene together, in which stark-naked Jimmy curls up into Kelly's lap, is a wildly implausible whammy of filial/sexual reconciliation that shouldn't work at all, yet the eye is lulled by the ear—and the scene is this side of parody.

Babe is not always so lucky. The play full of jarring false notes. The "tougher" parallels are drawn—and drawn—with a heavy hand. The cops sometimes talk like Ph.D. candidates (it's kind likely to fail their orals). That is a futile block," says one character. That is "heretical, mendacious shit!" shouts the other. These lies from character may be designed (put the best gloss on it) to reveal multiple personas we all harbor beneath our one-dimensional masks. If so, the technique is clumsy; the scene shifts in style mostly register annoying anomalies.

All that said, there are still aspects of the play to admire. When Babe manages to control his affection for Deepak, he can write powerful dialogue. The same can be said for Sam Shepard, who is best at what he apparently considers least worthy: "realistic" language and interchange). There's even a positive side to Babe's penchant for metaphysics. Though it too often comes across as forced allegory, the underlying desire to take large chances is attractive; he is alone among the new playwrights in imaginative daring, in attempting something more than surface derings. He also has an offbeat comic sense—as when he has one of the cops dealing with absorption Mailer's *Prisoner of Sex* and quoting aloud from it as a kind of bible of sex manuals. Babe can tone down his elevated oratorics (which won't be easy, since

the critics favorably disposed to *Prayer* tended to praise it for its "philosophical depth"), he has a promising future.

I AM LESS SURE ABOUT Albert Innaurato's potential, though most of the critics seem to feel it's unlimited. *New York* magazine, for example, called Innaurato's play *Gemini* "a stupendous verbal circus... his control over simultaneously ongoing lines of action is somewhat akin to Bach's mastery over fugues." Bach, no less. Such overwrought praise is in the long run destructive to a playwright, not only because it encourages him to view himself as a finished monument, but also because he becomes a setup for equally quick demolition. Faddism is endemic in our culture, and tastes in theater shift with a velocity equal to that of the restaurant and disco worlds. Given to belated spasms of guilt, theater critics often compensate for their initial hyperbole by savagely lashing out at a playwright's second work, though equally often it's superior to the first. This is one reason why many of our promising writers for the thea-

ter never develop. It requires unusual strength of character to survive the quick alteration in image from world-beater to has-been, and to develop the patience needed to inhabit the fertile middle ground of uncertainty.

Gemini is the better of Innaurato's two works produced in New York this season. That doesn't say much, since the second, *Ulysses in Traction*, was semidroll trivia, and his teleplay, *Verna: USO Girl* (also shown this season, on PBS), was such a mechanical stockpile of romantic clichés that I began to expect a cameo by, or at least a screen credit for, Barbara Cartland.

Gemini originated at the Circle Repertory Company, an Off-Broadway group that has the most distinguished record in New York—far better than Papp's—for introducing worthwhile new plays. Among its past productions have been Mark Medoff's *When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder?*, Edward Moore's *The Sea Horse*, Jules Feiffer's *Knock, Knock*, and half-a-dozen plays by its resident guru, Lanford Wilson. *Gemini* is among Circle's biggest commercial successes; within a few months of opening, it moved to Broadway and has been playing to packed houses ever

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since. But its artistic merit seems to me dubious.

Gemini is set in the backyard of a row of tenement houses in a working-class district of South Philadelphia. The story centers on Francis Gemini-niani, a scholarship student at Harvard, home to spend the summer with his father (his mother having deserted years ago) and a wacky assortment of neighbors straight out of Mad Comics. Francis gets an unexpected visit from two of his classmates: Judith, his girlfriend, and Randy, her younger brother. It soon develops that Francis's real affections have long been secretly directed at Randy. "I—I think I'm queer," Francis blurts out to Judith early in Act I. What follows is a tangled merry-go-round whose outer mechanics Innaurato expertly controls but whose inner life rarely resonates above a guffaw.

Laughs are frequent enough to establish Innaurato as a genuinely gifted comic writer. Grotesqueries is his forte. The best example in *Gemini* is Herschel, a mountainous teen-ager next door who is "into" Transportation. Herschel is contrived and bizarre—yet believable; more so than most of Innaurato's other grotesques.

The play's exaggerated theatricality, its breathless (and nicely timed) antics and pratfalls, fail to conceal basic flaws in construction. Too often static monologues—awkwardly introduced, insufficiently motivated—are used to fill us in on information Innaurato has been unable to convey in any more integral way. He further interrupts the narrative flow by pausing for show-off turns—some overly cute or irrelevantly literary lines, sometimes an extended "bit" (like an argument between Judith and Francis over IQ testing).

These set pieces and asides do more than disrupt the play's momentum: they create distrust for the playwright's integrity. He seems willing to rob his own characters of coherence in order to get off a quick gag, to risk knocking a scene off-center rather than forgo some circus byplay. The more Innaurato opts for secondary surface effects, the more we begin to wonder if he has any pressing primary purpose. The play's cheap ending confirms all earlier misgivings.

It first seems as if the play will end with Francis sitting moodily alone on stage, having just let Judith and Randy

leave for Boston without him. His isolation, ambivalence, and sadness seem an appropriate summation for what we have been led to believe are the essential ingredients of his feelings about being "queer." But instead of the curtain falling, Francis suddenly rises—jolting us with the rousing cry, "Jesus! What am I doing!" Bedlam breaks loose on stage. Francis packs his things, his father presses cash into his hand, Herschel rushes away to head off Judith and Randy, the assorted neighbors whoop with joy. Within minutes, a reunited Judith and Francis go off into the sunset as Francis's father bellows out the triumphant last line—"I think they're going to make it!" Curtain. Roar of approval from the audience. So much for the psychosexual dilemma we had presumed to be at the heart of Francis's character—and the play. Having sold his own play down the river, Innaurato must have been startled indeed at Ross Wetzstein's attack on it in the *Village Voice* as "gayist" (i.e., "chauvinistically" antiheterosexual). Well, you can't please everyone, try as you might.

WE COME NOW TO David Mamet, the third and by far most heralded of the trio of new luminaries.

Of his three plays produced this year (probably an unprecedented number), *American Buffalo* was the first to open (on Broadway). The critical reception was—well, tumultuous. "A gripping and exciting play which provides the richest and best qualities of the theater experience," Martin Gottfried wrote in the *New York Post*. Clive Barnes exclaimed in the *Times*, "The man can write!" A number of critics likened the excitement of Mamet's Broadway debut to the opening of Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* The play won the Drama Critics Circle Award for best American play of the 1977 season. Soon after *American Buffalo*, *A Life in the Theater* opened at one of Off-Broadway's largest houses, the De Lys. Again the reviews were overwhelmingly favorable, and the play seems settled in for a long run. Mamet's third play, *The Water Engine*, opened this past January at Papp's Public Theater (though it originated elsewhere), got all but unanimous raves, and was quickly transferred to Broadway.

Mamet's biggest commercial success to date—*A Life in the Theater*—is the same time his least characteristic play. Ordinarily he works from an oblique angle of vision, in flat tone. *Life* is all surface flamboyance, shtetl gags and gimmickry, lush language and posturing—in short, closer to a French farce than to the Beckett-like minimalism to which Mamet more typically aspires. The play is a duet between two actors—the older one a stereotypical ham, the younger a stereotypical studio grunter—and is structured as a series of alternating backstage and onstage "bits." At its best, *Life* is a mildly amusing diversion; at its most frequent worst, it is a tedious, offensively banal caricature of what drama life in the theater is actually like.

The sheer awkwardness of the play surprised me, since Mamet is the most technically proficient of the new writers. In *The Water Engine* he manages skillfully to juxtapose a 1930s radio play about an idealistic young inventor pursued by the evil forces of corporatism with the inane chatter of a "Century of Progress" tour guide—and, in addition, intercuts ominous injunctions from a chain letter, which the actor takes turns in reading out. Where transitions in *Life* are amateurish, abrupt or nonexistent, in *The Water Engine* Mamet (aided by a brilliant young director, Steven Schachter) interweaves his triangulated tale with such dexterity that we're absorbed in the intricate shifts of time, place, and mood. Initially, that is. Once we catch on to the alternations in rhythm, the play's fascination rapidly evaporates. Schachter's stunning production—especially the marvelous simulation of radio sound effects—keeps us from lapsing into outright boredom. Eventually anger takes over instead—that so much is being put at the service of so little. Mamet has subtitled the play *An American Fable*. Well, yes—if you believe our culture (like our theater) is less than an allegory of emptiness.

Something more is going on in *American Buffalo*. Something to do with people. The play has three characters. Don, a man in his late forties who runs a junkshop; his crony, Teach, a middle-aged petty criminal; and Bob, a street punk in his early twenties, who runs indeterminate errands for Don and halfheartedly listens to his homi-

r who your friends are, and who
ted you like what"). Like Babe
Innaurato, Mamet is attracted to
lumpen underside of contempora-
rife. Unlike Babe, he finds no lyrical
fundities in it. Unlike Innaurato,
inds no resources for humor in it,
esque or otherwise. He finds robots.
l invents for them a suitable robot
uage. Sample dialogue:

JOE: I got him all spotted.

Pause

TEACH: Who?

JOE: Some guy.

TEACH: Yeah?

JOE: Yeah.

TEACH: Where's he live?

JOE: Around.

TEACH: Where? Near here?

JOE: No.

TEACH: No?

JOE: He lives on Lake Shore Drive.

TEACH: He does.

JOE: Yeah.

hey are preparing, you see, to steal
eputedly valuable coin collection.
y never do. Why? Apparently—as
dialogue attests—because no one
get up the energy. They prefer to
around and repeat each other's
que nonstatements, for diversion
asionally converting declaration
to") into query ("No?"). They
y, now and then, languorously col-
. We're never sure about what. And
soon cease to care. Perhaps Mamet
yet another fabulistic moral in
id. I refuse to guess at it. Two can
y at his game.

t should be noted, however, that the
e is a highly mannered one, full
falsity. If Mamet believes that by
tening his tone to a deadbeat monot-
he has captured the authentic low-
rhythm, he should be encouraged
spend more time on the streets. If,
seems more likely, he believes that
emptying language of content and
r he will automatically uncover
per subtexts, he ought to reread—
s clear he has read them once—the
e masters of unspoken resonance,
ckett and Pinter. Silence *can* be
quent speech, banal words can trans-
te into subtle metaphor—but only
en the surrounding context has been
perly prepared. When it has not
n, we have self-consciousness and
edom. In both, *American Buffalo*
ounds. □

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POLYESTER DREAMS

Youth gropes for an answer.

by Philip Terzian

ISOMETIMES THINK abundance is the curse of art. By that I mean it might not be a bad thing if sometimes the pen would run out of ink or the typewriter out of ribbon, and the creative (or, more properly, the commercial) urge would pass, leaving us deprived but contented. Like the Wonderfilm Company of *Vile Bodies*, whose cameraman always forgot to put in a new roll of film, our esteem would grow with every movie not made, our heritage become richer as quality pushed out quantity. If only second thoughts would occasionally prevail, or, in the case of *Saturday Night Fever*, if the very idea had stayed buried between the pages of *New York* magazine, whence it came and where, surely, it belongs. Perhaps it is a measure of our times how movie ideas originate: Langland may have dreamt a marvelous dream among the Malvern Hills, but *New York's* reporter visited a disco in Brooklyn a year or two ago, and was moved by a vision so awesome that now it is before us on the silver screen, and not likely to go away soon.

Settling in to witness *Saturday Night Fever*, I thought at first I had forgotten to bring along my glasses. Happily, I found them eventually, but in any case it didn't matter, for what I couldn't see in these moments I could hear, and what I heard was the faint, ominous sound of the future, a future

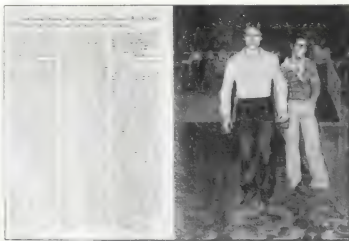
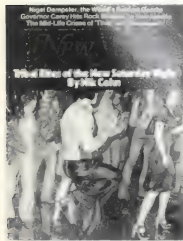
ignorant of the past and yet redolent with it. For what is *Saturday Night Fever* but *Marty* in another borough of New York, or *Kitty Foyle* gone north from Philadelphia? It intrigued me for a few reasons, none of which has much to do with the cinema, but something to do with why people go to the movies, or, better yet, why people make them. Here was a film that turned somersaults to be contemporary—a sooty urban saga of lives of quiet desperation, integrity amidst conformity, youth groping for an answer—and yet, but for the language and some of the scenery, it was an old-fashioned yarn, in some respects too old-fashioned and clumsy for its own good, because with each parallel it drew with old Hollywood the more absurd it seemed.

I was astonished that we could have come so far and moved so little; nearly everything in it was predictable, and sometimes laughably so. Its hero grinds out his days as a paint-store clerk; in the good old days he would have been a woman, a clerk at Woolworth's, who, instead of saving up for a skintight shirt, would have looked wistfully at the hats in a shop window. Manhattan—elusive, glamorous, repellent Manhattan—beckons across the river; shift things slightly westward

and you have the small-town girl boarding a bus for Chicago. What that means, I suppose, is that whereas movies lately seemed to have turned principles on their head, now they're straightening up again and adjusting their hair with a blow dryer. I should have thought our national passion for novelty would rebel at this, but on the contrary it seems to have struck a responsive chord. How do you measure success? *Saturday Night Fever* not only is making money but has held much of the critical community in thrall, reminding me of Henry James's remark that the "critical sense is so far from frequent that it is absolutely rare. Who is out of step?

The circumstances are familiar. Tony Manero, nineteen, suffers through week at a Bay Ridge paint store in order to join his friends on *Saturday Night* at the disco, in this instance wondrously strobe-lit '60s emporium called, appropriately enough, 2001. His family is close-knit and insufferable, the first of many sledgehammer symbols. His father, who believes in the system, is, of course, unemployed and unable (unwilling?) to recognize his poorly paid faith has rewarded him. Tony, in his unlettered fashion, struggles through it. For him, the paralyzed future is laid out too clearly: his low clerks are aging victims of inertia, his friends are foulmouthed and c

Philip Terzian is assistant editor of the *New Republic*.



That which should have been the final resting place for the idea of *Saturday Night Fever*: the pages of *New York* magazine.

ensional, obsessed with the usual ventures of nineteen-year-olds; Bay is a vision of middle-class squa- Surely there is something better this. Only at 2001 is the circle ten, and there Tony blossoms. It not be everyone's idea of glamour, it is certainly *Saturday Night* er's: a universe of flashing lights, o music, styled hair, and wiggling as; loud voices, crude voices, bi- e clothes, cheap taste, and cheap rations. An archaeologist of the re will wonder how *Top Hat* and *Friday Night Fever* could have been e in the same century.

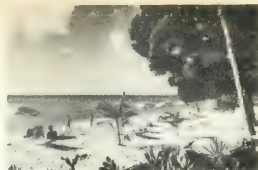
CURIOUS INCONSISTENCY runs through the movie. On the one hand we are invited to revel in the disco rites and enjoy what we see, but on the other it is a lie and, for good or ill, it has to somewhere. The process of suffering release in Brooklyn consumes tiny minutes or so, and encompasses, could imagine, whatever the point have been of the *New York* art—that was its inspiration. How re- ring, really, that such hackneyed es should be played and played in to new, uninitiated audiences. ies have always dealt in truisms: ey can't buy happiness, love con- s all, cruelty demeans the perpe- or as well as the victim. In this ance it is shown that while we may tappy as we dance our legs off, we really only dancing our cares away, wing ourselves to be intoxicated t the illusion of contentment. I'll e the dancing, but that leaves us i no plot.

he developments are inevitable. y may be coarse, but he is not id, or at least not so stupid as he as, and he comes to realize that e is a nobler world out there, a ld with purpose and satisfaction, ty and nobility, a world where e are humans and not things, et ra, et cetera, and to get there one t cross the Verrazano-Narrows lge. His vehicle is a slightly older an, not very attractive, striving to above Bay Ridge. Tony has some -disguised potential; slowly and at reluctantly, she cultivates him, as cultivates her, and soon, spiritually ot physically, he is out of Brooklyn ver. And we are out of the theater.

What have we learned? Nothing. I venture to say, that we did not know before, or at any rate had not been told before, which is something else. An ancient theme, a happy ending. Ten years ago Tony would have grown up in Manhattan and striven to thrive in Brooklyn, but these are the '70s and we are once again following Darwin's charted course. It is comforting, in a way, that after our cultural civil war we should find ourselves content to applaud so simple and banal a theme. It is disheartening that we should see it all again before our eyes; as with *Rocky*, I should have hoped for a slight variation on the theme. But that is entertainment. The music is different, the clothes are different, little things here and there show some years have passed, but the melody is the same.

John Travolta (Tony) is a fable for our times. There used to be a kind of informal process in show business whereby an actor started out in vaudeville or on the Broadway stage, moved to Hollywood, and ended his days peacefully as a television judge or a huckster for instant coffee or aspirin. Now it is all backwards. Travolta comes to us from a television situation comedy and, having parlayed the challenge of a disco dancer into dramatic recognition, will sooner or later be playing King Lear. I confess to finding his appeal mysterious. He does not light up the screen; indeed, in a curious sort of way, he darkens it with his nebulous features and wooden manner. He isn't funny, he isn't romantic, he is neither urbane nor fancy-free. His face is devoid of expression. It has a kind of imbecilic repose that goes beyond the demands of his role; when he smiles he looks as though he has been told a joke he doesn't understand. Is this the future? H. L. Mencken thought we have a libido for the ugly. John Travolta seems the unhappy confirmation. How dull can our senses be when the likes of him should be thought to explode upon the screen, to drive his thorough blandness into a version of excitement? It is either desperation or bad taste; perhaps it is a matter of not knowing any better, or not expecting very much. I found myself giggling at his juvenile pathos and was the object of some intimidating glares when the lights went up. Some things, after all, are sacred. □

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PORTRAIT OF AN INTELLECTUAL

Beginnings: always beginnings

by Paul Zweig

WHEN I FIRST met R., some twenty years ago, I remember being struck by a slight awkwardness pervading all his physical movements. He was a tall, bulky man, and possessed a great deal of personal authority; but the way he walked, bending forward, holding his floppy leather briefcase high up under his arm, the way he shuffled his feet when we stood talking on a corner, seemed curiously boyish; and this kept me from noticing the air of completeness, of finality almost, in everything he said: as if his words were merely the visible part of a structure that had been labored privately until it was unanswerable.

He lived in a couple of tiny, book-lined rooms, to which I was invited now and then to have supper with him and the woman he was living with at the time: a bony, paper-skinned person, who pursed her lips like an inquisitor. What I remember most about those evenings—in fact, about all the early years of our friendship—was a dryness in my throat, and an exposed, slightly foolish feeling, as if I'd been talking too much. Whenever I was with R., I seemed to have opinions on everything, especially on things I'd never thought about before.

Although this may sound strange, only recently have I learned that R. has a brother, that his parents are living, that he goes to see them occasionally. I rarely met any of his friends, nor was I clear about what sort of writing he was doing, or intended to do. Even the problem of his eyesight never really struck me. Yet R. had very bad eyes,

worse than anyone I'd ever known. He wore thick glasses, one lens of which was doubled by a second even thicker lens underneath it, magnifying that eye to the point of making it grotesque.

It was hard not to notice R.'s eyes. Because of them, he had been forced to give up working on a Ph.D. and make his living teaching in a commercial high school. He had a great love for the visual arts, and would often travel quite far to see certain paintings. His knowledge of church architecture in particular seemed inexhaustible to me. Yet when we visited a museum together, I noticed that he had to go right up to a painting to see it properly, and then move his eyes all over it, as if recomposing it mentally on the basis of a series of close-ups.

At the time, I saw this love of painting as a paradox in R.'s nature. It was the love of what was most precarious, most physically difficult: a kind of heroism. He was defying his sight to impose limits on him. One thing he wasn't doing was showing off. This was between R. and himself. Only now do I see how profoundly R.'s eyes influenced his life, by fostering in him an

elusive intuitive side that affected everything he did. It often seemed to me that R.'s senses could think, and his mind had absorbed color, personality, to the point even of concretizing his other main interest, which was political ideologies. When R. talked about "the state," "alienation," the theory of human needs, it was as if he were talking about people he knew better than he wanted to.

I suppose you could say R. was my mentor and I was his disciple, although even now it isn't clear to me what discipleship consisted of. He was substantially older than I was, and physically a lot bigger, and both of these things mattered in our relationship. Yet his size was a source of contradictory impressions: it added weight to his ideas, gave him a kind of physical resonance. But R. wasn't well-complexioned. His bulk, while not fat, was almost feminine. I, on the other hand, had been an athlete all my life, and of a lean physical grace that made me feel superior to R., although I considered this to be an unwelcome, somewhat shameful feeling.

I still don't know how old R. is. Recently I've begun to wonder if the difference between us may be smaller than I used to assume; maybe only three or four years. When we met, however, he was simply of another age: old enough to be silent when he wanted to, old enough to draw on his pipe, as if becoming less visible with each puff, old enough to tolerate, even encourage, talking, which increased nervousness. R. became more silent, more blind, by the smoke of his pipe.

There seemed to be nothing he was interested in, nothing he wasn't willing to take seriously. And there



Stan Stark

Paul Zweig is the author of The Adventurer and Three Journeys, as well as several books of poetry.

traordinary paradox in the man of his interest. His entire nature seemed personal distance, a kind of detachment; he may have been lost in inaccessible person I had ever yet the image I had of him was a man whose arms were opened to embrace life. His reserve didn't things out, but made them leap that distance with a rush; so that I was with him, I, too, felt more sensitive to a wind of existence that blew in R.'s presence, all of life were convoked before while he rubbed his hands and feet, or drew his lips around his with a stern reflective look. For some years, R. published severity polemics about contemporary arts. They were mordant, almost festive in tone, demolishing the clichés of critical thought with swipes of anathematized warfare more than pertinent. The books gained R. a circumlocution of notoriety, but he wasn't ed. He seemed unwilling to talk to them to me, implying that they all right, of course, but not what really meant to be doing. The real lay ahead, he seemed to say; and books, which were good enough, gentle and clear-sighted enough, not even the beginning of it.

AROUND THIS TIME, a pattern developed in our friendship. Periodically, R. would drop out of sight. His phone would be disconnected. Letters would come stamped "Addressee Unknown." My own life went through changes—I moved to another city—and R.'s disappearances seemed a natural part of it. After a year or two—once it was years—I would start thinking of him, wondering if he had begun important work he meant to do. Finally, I wanted to talk with him; not wanted to, needed to, would make some phone calls, leave messages for him with publishers, and usually I would locate him in some private, furnished apartment, with a dozen books lined up on the floor against one wall; a bachelor kitchen with some canned food, coffee, and a desk, under a window, with cards on it, and sheets of paper covered with his methodical handwriting in an uncomfortable-looking arm-standing in no relation to any-

thing else in the room, where he did his reading. A woman would be orbiting in some undefined relation to him. An ascending order of projects would be under way, with actual work being done on the least of them, which was almost finished; and the others, especially the main one that would plunge its roots into R.'s whole being, well advanced conceptually but not quite being written yet. At various times the main project was an autobiographical novel, a historical novel, the biography of a great revolutionary figure. For a time, it wasn't a book at all, but the prospect of becoming a lay analyst. R. was superbly fitted for every one of these projects. When he talked about them to me, it almost seemed that I had read the books, that I had experienced the solidity of R.'s approach as an analyst.

At some point during these disappearances I had stopped being R.'s disciple. We were equals now. I felt that he admired me, maybe even looked up to me in some respects. Yet, truly speaking, our relationship hadn't changed. I still talked to him as to the only real listener. Of what he said, I took away his voice more than his words, his silences, his pipe-smoke invisibility.

It wasn't hard for me to see that R. was caught in a personal bind of some sort. Years had passed, and he hadn't begun the work he meant to do—might never begin it. The books he wrote didn't count for him at all. When, after a lapse of years, I managed to locate him again, it would turn out that his life was about to change completely, as soon as he finished what he was doing right then, a matter of weeks. Then he would move into a new apartment, give up his job, break at last with a woman whose demands had become paralyzing. Then his real life would begin: he could already feel it beginning. And as he talked, I was moved by the aura of possibility that arose, almost visible, in the smoky air of the apartment. I was stirred by the amplitude of R.'s capacity, the trace of a boyish smile on his face, as he bit his pipe stem and leaned back in his chair. Because I knew that what he said was true; that now, as so many times before, he had issued a call, and life had answered it, integral and complete, with none of it used up and none of it out of reach.

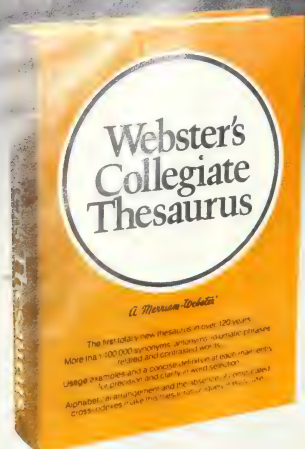
R. WAS NO LONGER a young man, his sight was more precarious than ever. He might even be going blind, as he intimated to me one day a few years ago. But he was about to begin, and everything was possible. No matter that it never quite turned out; that he found himself again involved in a smaller endeavor that didn't count. This view, as from a hilltop, of life's entire prospect, was real. Not a hope, that might be disappointed later, but something elastic and strong in its own right. With a toss of his mind, R. made everything new. This was his special talent—his genius, you might say—and it had nothing to do with any books he might write.

Several years ago, R.'s eyes took a turn for the worse. One eye was simply gone. The other, enlarged and frightening under its double lens, was so delicate that he had to have it treated with laser beams and ice, to strengthen the retina. After each treatment, his vision was blurred for days, during which time he couldn't read or write, or even walk in the street without precautions.

His life became a series of maneuvers in relation to the light. The half-shadow several feet from a window was usually best, and that is where his reading chair was located. On bright days, it was better not to go out at all. In what little work he was able to do, he was forced to depend on a collaborator for most of the research and legwork. Once, a doctor's mistake in prescribing medicine put him in the hospital for three months, with a major operation. "I understand what it is to suffer now," he said afterward, but so quietly, with his familiar high-strung laugh, that I almost missed it.

THE LAST TIME I saw R. he could count on a few hours most mornings for reading or writing, and a few more hours of reasonably comfortable walking around. The rest of the time he saw shapes. He had become pretty good at identifying what they were. They formed enough of a link to the visible world, so that one hardly noticed his difficulty. R. was keeping a form of relationship intact, although it didn't really serve him any more: the relationship of seeing. I had the impression he

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glance 369

glad *adj* 1 characterized by or expressing the mood of one who is pleased or delighted < he was *glad* to be on vacation >

syn happy, joyful, joyous, lighthearted

rel delighted, gratified, pleased, rejoiced, tickled; blithe, exhilarated, jocund, jolly, jovial, merry; gleeful, hilarious, jocular

idiom filled with (or full of) delight

con blue, depressed, downcast, melancholy; despondent, dispirited, heavyhearted, sadhearted, unhappy; forlorn, joyless, sorrowful, woeful

ant sad

2 full of brightness and cheerfulness < a *glad* spring morning >

syn bright, cheerful, cheery, radiant

rel beaming, sparkling; beautiful, genial, pleasant

con dark, dim, dull, gloomy, somber

gladden *vb* *syn* PLEASE 2, arid, elate, gladden, ify, brighten

AMERICAN MISCELLANY

did it because it required less explanation, was easier for other people to understand, and it was a more familiar sight, while he converted his life to another mode. "I'll probably finish my life blind," he said, "in a year, or ten years."

Meanwhile he was at work on a polemical pamphlet he wanted to finish because two projects lay just ahead. The first was a novel based on the American Revolution. It would tell the story of a loyalist to the crown who, later, increasingly cranky and isolated, perhaps even insane, would become a lone American monarchist. In R.'s conception, this man would be to the democracy what the fool in Shakespeare was to the king. Except there was no one in America to listen to his crazed wisdom. Finally his insight would become real.

R.'s other project was to learn to type, and to practice dictating on a tape recorder. He was going to make a record collection. He was going to cultivate the practice of meditation. These would be bridges into sightlessness. Now they would occupy him during those hours of each day when he could only half-see. He had always been a listener, he said, and he thought that might help him now. As a test, he asked me to read to him for an hour. He afterward said that he thought he was more comfortable with an actual voice than with the false concreteness of words on a page.

I realized that this was the first conversation we'd been having in twenty years; the same vista of possibility; R. drawing short puffs of air and pipe and leaning back, hands behind his head, as if already contemplating the result of his thoughts. This was what I came to R. for: this experience of a beginning; this lucid embrace in which all of life longed to rush, go, without qualification. R. was applying his genius to the loss of sight; he was making blindness into a beginning. And the beginning was in the darkness with us: thick, black; lights melting under the eyelids; except the eyes were to be open, and the black outside and black inside would be the same, the spheres joined along a seam that was R.'s life. It was a frightening vision, frightening because secure, oddly comfortable; not a handicap, almost a relief for being.

HARPER'S/MAY

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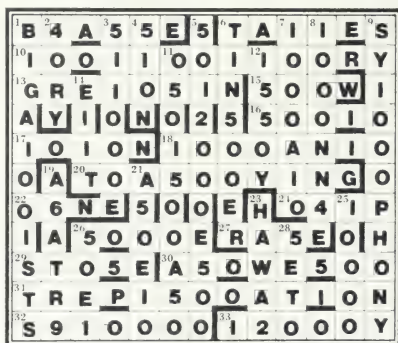
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Solution to the April Puzzle

Notes for "Not for Romantics"

Those letters which are also roman numerals—I, V, X, L, C, D, M—one or more which appeared in every clue answer, were to be changed to their Arabic numeral equivalents, including combinations.

Across: 1. bi(homonym)-valve; 6. tax(I)es; 10. Mimi-cry; 13. gremlin, anagram; 15. low, two meanings; 16. lox/LOX; 17. CIO-n-; 18. man-X; 20. to-a-dying; 21. ovine, V(I)P in "one"; 24. ox-lip; 26. doe, homonym; 27. rave, anagram; 29. sto-anagram; 30. a-v-owed; 31. trepidation, anagram; 32. six-mo; 33. MC-coy. Down: 1. big-a-mists; 2. iv(or)y; 3. lime, "I" in anagram of "elm"; 4. lion, no il(1), reversal; 5. di(mme); 6. tin-der(reversal); 7. Co.-ax; 8. co(nni, reversal); 9. s.-ym(reversal)-phony; 11. 0-void-al(1); 12. idly, hidden; 14. ex-l-t; 19. aviatrix, via-tri(p)-"ax"; 21. Alex, anagram; 23. Ha-wai(1)-I; 25. c.-O-O; 26. lei, homonym; 28. v hidden.

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PUZZLE

DIAMETRICODE

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby, Jr.
(with acknowledgments to Babs of *The Listener*)

This month's instructions: The squares projecting from the perimeter of the diagram contain the 26 letters of the alphabet. Imaginary straight lines through the central dot join these together into thirteen pairs. The answers to the 16 clues in italics are to be encoded before insertion in the diagram by substituting for each letter the opposite letter of its pair. Example: if letter A were diametrically opposite the letter P, and J were opposite Z, the answer JAZZ would be entered as ZPJJ. In other words, encoding is a process of 180° rotation.

Answers include four proper names. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 94.

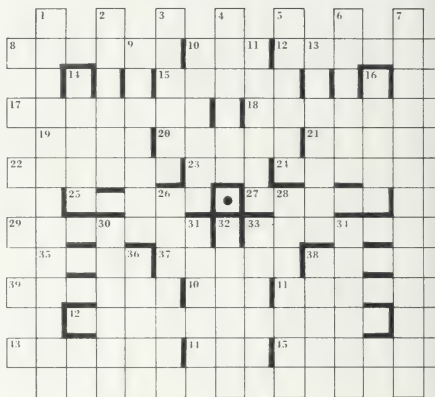
CLUES

ACROSS

8. Texan adults coupling in dome site (6)
10. Mideast ruler beheaded. That's a big laugh (3)
12. Bad scrape in a palisade (6)
15. *Put a section in broken stein* (5)
17. They work against the current black connections (7)
18. Unfortunately there's no logic in refrigeration (7)
19. *Capture sound waves* (4)
20. Caroline to Ted Kennedy: "It's pleasant around the East" (5)
21. Caps flipped during tennis match (4)
22. One famous tenor loses love—he fell victim to our star (6)
23. *Part of the butt has to be doctored* (3)
24. Phrase-maker, I'm needed to make more than one of this heavenly creature (6)
25. Church might fascinate (5)
27. *Rule legally* (5)
29. To get source of energy in University, I am run ragged (7)
33. If in nasty feuds, scatter (7)
35. *Composure left after talk of love* (4)
37. High-class shop assumes nothing to be a booze joint (5)
38. *Man, for instance, becomes deceived if in doctor's grasp* (4)
39. Where juries are called incompetent—even U.S. (6)
40. What gives heart-to-heart awareness (3)
41. Violent attack after consuming the last piece of sodden pancake (6)
42. *Bright ideas deluge science graduate outside* (11)
43. That man's in top demand (6)
44. *Lacking recoil* (3)
45. To yell "Ouch" is immature (6)

CONTEST RULES

Send completed diagram with name and address to Diametricode, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10016. Entries must be received by May 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened will receive a one-year subscrip-



DOWN

1. Reacted badly about monopoly that is oblique (5-8) *(see instructions)*
2. Gene is man in the play with female lead (6)
3. Part of the deck in luxury liners (6)
4. Where meat is kept rare, chopped up with ends of dill (6)
5. Changes the furnishings for upcoming Jewish service including ring (6)
6. Circle a curl messily about the eye (6)
7. Switch trains, omitting one place (13) *(see instructions)*
9. *Those odd Old English footwear—how pointed!* (3, 4)
10. *Fantastic lunar shot orbits Earth initially* (6)
11. Half-pint with Hi-C first shows evidence of drinking (6)
13. *Count accepts aid awkwardly, but without hesitation* (7)
14. *Do one adaptation for Greek theater* (5)
16. *Beneath fur this would be a bit of frippery* (5)
26. Scenery in "Columbo": apples (7)
28. Five bucks support whale (7)
30. Wooziness from angina—use aspirin (6)
31. *Orally gets instructions in Brooklyn for cuts of meat* (5)
32. Old call to action—one large painting lifted (6)
33. *Flavorful, thanks to the filthy place* (5)
34. Cook goes about sick and ruffled (6)
36. *Storyteller's familiar ending* (4)
38. Wagnerian heroine and performing seal (4)

tion to *Harper's*. The solution will be printed in the June issue. Winners' names will be printed in the July issue. Winners of the March puzzle, "Headhunting," are Mrs. E.A. Weinman, Wilmington, Delaware; Robin Kay Willoughby, Buffalo, New York; and Daniel Lewis, Corte Madera, California.

Russia in Entropy

by Christopher S. Wren

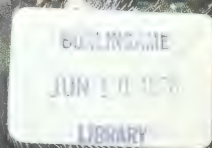
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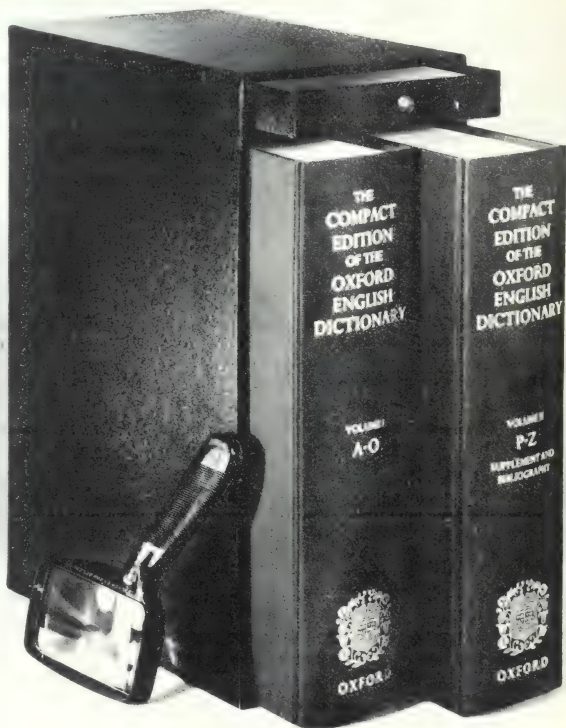
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LETTERS

Taxes and tithes

Senator Moynihan ["Government and the Ruin of Private Education," April] distorts the meaning of the First Amendment and what the Supreme Court has said on government aid to religious education.

The Moynihan-Packwood bill, providing tax credits of up to \$500 per child for tuition-paying private and parochial school parents, represents an attack on the public school system that seeks to turn back the clock, to recreate a multitude of class-oriented schools, and to offer inferior educa-

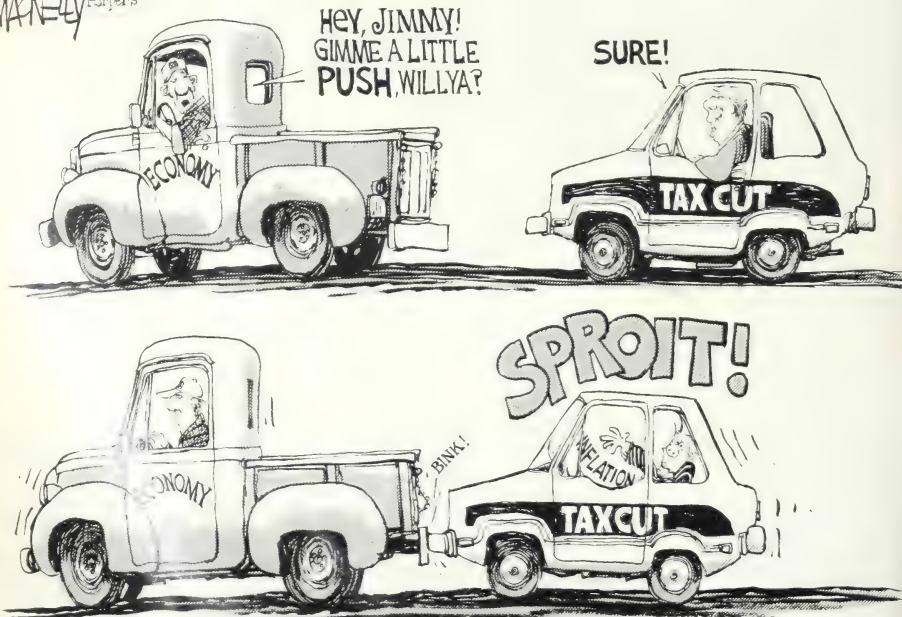
tion—if any—to a huge percentage of the nation's children.

Senator Moynihan seeks "diversity, pluralism, variety" and properly sees these as important to our children "in their early years, when their values and attitudes are formed, their minds awakened, and their friendships formed." Bravo! But while a proliferation of private schools may provide greater diversity in American education generally, how will each individual child experience variety if Catholics go to Catholic schools, Lutherans to Lutheran schools, and Jews to Jewish schools? How is diversity attained if students are rejected—as they are

and will be by the private schools—because they are handicapped, because they are not super-achievers, because they have behavior problems, or simply because their parents cannot afford the tuition even with the \$500 handout? And how do we maintain the necessary "diversity, pluralism, variety" (not to mention quality) in the public schools if they are left only with those turned away by the private schools?

That is inevitably what would happen. Moreover, a tuition tax credit of \$500 will launch an annual battle for more and more government funding. And if it is proper for the federal

MALCOLM KAPLAN



vernment to fund nonpublic education, why should not the tax dollars state and local governments similarly be diverted to private and religious enterprise? Senator Moynihan admits that the tax credits he proposes are not sufficient." He says they are a necessary beginning." I submit that could be a beginning to which there would be no end, except in the bitter kind of parent-vs-parent conflict every year at every governmental level. cannot think of anything more divisive for American society.

The Moynihan-Packwood bill, unfortunately, has garnered support because of what many in Congress see as a tax revolt on the part of the middle class. To be sure, that revolt exists. It is there because of inflation, because of unemployment, because of increase in the payroll tax for Social Security, because of the unwillingness of Congress to enact tax reform and, not least, because of the failure of the federal government to support public education at levels sufficient for to fulfill the public's expectations. to attack the inequities afflicting the middle class by attempting to destroy every public schools that have been a major factor in creating our middle class is more than foolish—it is downright dangerous. The effort should be defeated in the Congress or, if it is not, vetoed by the President.

ALBERT SHANKER
President
American Federation of Teachers
New York, N.Y.

Senator Moynihan's article promoting his and Senator Packwood's bill contained serious distortions of fact and omitted important considerations. The plan is unconstitutional as applied to sectarian elementary and secondary schools. So ruled the Supreme Court in the *Nyquist* and four subsequent decisions in 1973 and 1974 involving almost identical state legislation. In the thirty-one years that it has been dealing with the subject, the Court has been remarkably consistent in ruling against almost all but the most peripheral and welfare-oriented forms of tax aid for parochial schools.

Senator Moynihan may not agree with the Court's rulings, but he cannot claim the Founding Fathers for his view. They sought in the First Amendment not merely to ban the establish-

ment of a single church, but also to prohibit a multiple establishment or any law "respecting" such an establishment. Since parochial schools are integral parts of their sponsoring churches' mission and exist primarily to provide religious teaching, the Court's rulings against tax aid for them are consistent with the thinking of the authors of the First Amendment.

The New York Senator makes much of the failure of Congress to pass an "antiparochial" amendment in 1876. (It passed the House 180-7 and the Senate 28-16, just shy of the needed two-thirds.) Historian Anson Phelps Stokes said the amendment failed because of a widespread feeling "that existing constitutional guarantees were adequate [and] that the matter... would best be left to the states," whose constitutions all banned aid to sectarian schools.

Senator Moynihan says that the issue is no longer a "Catholic issue." Why, then, were the bill's chief architects five Catholic priests—Father Donald Shea, head of the Republican National Committee's Ethnic/Catholic division, Fathers Virgil Blum and Edward Spiers of the "parochial" lobby group, Citizens for Education Freedom, Father Charles Whelan of Fordham Law School, and Father James Burchaell of Notre Dame University?

Senator Moynihan accuses the Carter Administration of breaking a campaign promise. Yet candidate Carter promised only to look for "constitutionally acceptable methods of providing aid to parents whose children attend parochial schools." The tuition reimbursement plan is not "constitutionally acceptable."

Senator Moynihan conveniently overlooks these facts: that his bill would aid private schools which tend to be denominationally homogeneous or segregated; that it would aid schools which serve proportionately only one-third as many black children as public schools do; that it would aid schools serving families with average incomes considerably higher than those of public school parents; that his bill would result in four times as much federal aid going to nonpublic as to public schools; that on the college level his bill would provide 60 percent more aid per student to private colleges than to public colleges, even though the former are at present able to spend

35 percent more per year per student than the latter.

Nor can Senator Moynihan legitimately claim popular support for his plan. In ten statewide referendum votes in the past decade, the citizens of New York, Michigan, Nebraska, Maryland (twice), Oregon, Idaho, Washington State, Missouri, and Alaska voted solidly against even minor forms of tax aid for parochial schools. In the past three years the voters of Washington State, Alaska, and Nebraska rejected proposals to give tax aid to private colleges.

Senator Moynihan writes of declines in nonpublic school enrollment, ignoring the facts that Protestant schools have grown in the past decade without tax aid and that the decline in Catholic school enrollment from 5.6 million in 1966 to 3.2 million today was found by President Nixon's Commission on School Finance generally to be unrelated to economic factors.

The Packwood-Moynihan bill is a serious threat to public education, to the First Amendment principle of separation of church and state, and to the American dream of a society in which the centrifugal forces of class, creed, race, and ideology, which could pull our country apart, are not allowed to feed at the public trough.

EDD DOERR
Educational Relations Director
Americans United for Separation
of Church and State
Silver Spring, Md.

The ultimate responsibility for interpreting the Constitution rests with the Supreme Court. Those who disagree with a particular decision can resort to constitutional amendment to overrule it; they should not disregard a current Court judgment and proceed as if it had never been handed down. When such a path is followed by Congress it is particularly unfortunate, for each of its members takes an oath to support the Constitution—and this means the Constitution as it is interpreted by the Supreme Court. After all, if Congress does not follow the Constitution how can we expect the people to respect and obey it?

Senator Moynihan recognizes the political and moral if not judicially enforceable obligation of Congress to follow the Constitution as it has been interpreted by the Supreme Court. He

claims that the Packwood-Moynihan bill does indeed comply with the constitutional prohibition of laws respecting an establishment of religion. He refers to "the opinion of the constitutional lawyers and scholars who testified [before his committee] that in their view there is no question that tuition tax credits are constitutional as a form of assistance to nonpublic elementary and secondary education." Senator Moynihan does not identify constitutional lawyers and scholars who so testified; perhaps, for the protection of the innocent, it was better that they remained anonymous, for I have grave doubts that any of them said what he reported they said.

The Supreme Court has held that appropriation of tax-raised funds or use of tax credits for the aid of "nonpublic elementary and secondary education" is constitutional, *if the education is provided in schools which though "nonpublic" are also nonsectarian*. Since, however, some 90 percent of the pupils who do not attend public schools receive their schooling at sectarian schools, the Packwood-Moynihan measure could constitutionally apply only to the schools attended by the remaining 10 percent. This I doubt the Senator intended. If, on the other hand, he meant to imply that the experts testified that the measure was unquestionably constitutional as applied to sectarian schools, I must in all candor express my grave doubts that they so testified.

My skepticism is based upon the decisions not only of the Supreme Court but of all the lower courts that in the past five years have been deciding the constitutionality of laws indistinguishable from the Packwood-Moynihan measure. The key decision was handed down by the Supreme Court in the 1973 case of *Committee for Public Education and Religious Liberty v. Nyquist*, holding the New York tax-credit law to be unconstitutional. Since that decision, all the state tax-credit laws that reached the courts were, without exception, ruled unconstitutional. These laws were enacted in California, Ohio, Minnesota, Louisiana, and, most recently, New Jersey.

These and other relevant cases, at least as I interpret them, hold that insofar as the Packwood-Moynihan bill relates to tuition at church-related elementary and secondary schools, it is

irremediably unconstitutional. It is also my view that, with respect to institutions at the college and university level, the bill is likewise unconstitutional, but it could pass muster if it were amended to apply to tuition at institutions of higher learning that, though church-related, are not theological seminaries, do not perform essentially secular educational services, do not require participation in or attendance at religious worship, and do not discriminate—before or after admission—on the basis of religion. (The conclusions I reach are in substantial agreement with those expressed in a letter recently sent to Sen. Edmund Muskie in his capacity as chairman of the Senate's Budget Committee and signed by Paul A. Freund, generally considered the nation's leading authority on constitutional law, Professors Lawrence H. Tribe and Andrew L. Kaufman of Harvard Law School, and Prof. Gerald Gunther of Stanford University Law School.)

Senator Moynihan ignores many decisions upon which my conclusion is based. It is surprising that he makes no reference at all to the *Nyquist* decision, which is far more closely related to the constitutional question treated in his article. I consider it surprising not because he is a member of the United States Senate—it would be too much to expect that a politician furnish ammunition to his adversaries—but because for a long time he was a member of the political science faculty at Harvard University. Had a student submitted to him a paper discussing tax credits for parochial schools without even mentioning the *Nyquist* decision, I am sure he would have received a failing grade, and rightfully so.

Some constitutional controversies are never ended. Among these are contentions such as Senator Moynihan's that the Supreme Court has sadly misinterpreted the true meaning of the First Amendment's Establishment Clause. In the 1947 *Everson* decision, severely criticized in the Moynihan article, the Supreme Court interpreted that clause as barring governmental aid to all religions. That, says Senator Moynihan, was wrong. Instead, the clause was meant to forbid the elevation of one sect or church as the governmentally established religion of the United States—to forbid preferential

treatment of one sect over others. Since his measure treats all sects equally, it does not violate the Establishment Clause.

This narrow interpretation was first presented to the Supreme Court in brief quoting from the publication *Proofs of Religion and Education Under the Constitution*, by James O'Neill, then a professor of speech at Brooklyn College in New York. Though rejected explicitly or implicitly by the Supreme Court and almost every Justice who sat on it from the time of the *Everson* decision to the present, this argument was championed by a number of constitutional lawyers and scholars, among them Walter Berns, upon whom Senator Moynihan relied heavily. The controversy grew so heated that the American Council on Education commissioned Leonard W. Levy to make a thorough study and report on the validity of the conflicting interpretations. (Levy was the first incumbent of the Earl Warren chair in constitutional history at Brandeis University, author of the Pulitzer Prize-winning *Origins of the Fifth Amendment*, and probably the nation's leading authority on constitutional history.)

In due course, Professor Levy presented his findings to the council. He concluded that, while the evidence was in some measure conflicting, on the whole it indicated that the Supreme Court was historically correct in holding that those who drafted the clause and those who adopted it in the Congress and the state legislatures intended that it should bar nonpreferential aid to all religions no less than preferential aid to some.

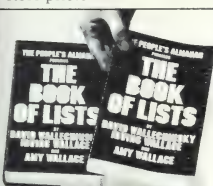
The council paid Professor Levy for his work, but for reasons never made public it decided not to publish his findings. It may be no more than coincidence, but the council favored aid to church-related educational institutions; it therefore might not have been happy with Professor Levy's conclusions. For those who may be interested, the report was published as an article and can be found in Professor Levy's book *Essays on American Constitutional History*.

Senator Moynihan's reliance upon the abortive Blaine Amendment of 1876 as evidence that without it public aid to church schools would be constitutional hardly withstands e-

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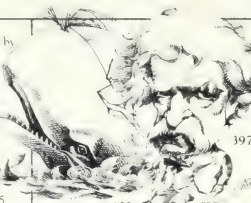
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the scrutiny. The proposed amendment provided that

no State shall make any law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; and no money raised by taxation in any State for the support of public schools, or derived from any public fund therefor, nor any public lands devoted thereto, shall ever be under the control of any religious sect or denomination nor shall any money so raised or lands so devoted be divided between religious sects or denominations.

The First Amendment, made applicable to the states by the Fourteenth, Senator Moynihan argues, could not have been intended to forbid government aid to parochial schools. Otherwise the Blaine Amendment would have been superfluous. But those who proposed the Blaine Amendment did not have prophetic vision. They could not foretell in 1876 that in the *Everson* case seventy years later the Court would hold that the First Amendment's freedoms, including freedom from laws respecting an establishment of religion, were applicable to the states no less than to the federal government, so that the Blaine Amendment was unnecessary.

What I find most disturbing in the Moynihan article is the more than implicit equation of opposition to parochial school aid with anti-Catholic bigotry. "Why," he asks, "should the anti-Catholicism of the Grant era be given a seat at the Cabinet table of a twentieth-century President?"

Sitting at that Cabinet table is not only Attorney General Griffin Bell but also Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Joseph Califano. If Mr. Bell were the only member of the Cabinet expressing the view that the Packwood-Moynihan measure is unconstitutional it might be ascribed to the long-attributed anti-Catholic prejudice of the Southern Baptist churches to which Mr. Bell belongs. The same opinion, however, was expressed by Mr. Califano, a devout Catholic.

Joining in the Supreme Court's opinion in the *Nyquist* case—which, as I have observed, invalidated a measure similar to the Packwood-Moynihan bill—was Justice William Brennan, who is also a Catholic. One of Justice Brennan's predecessors on the

bench was Justice Frank Murphy, another Catholic who joined in the *Everson* opinion forbidding governmental aid to finance educational services in parochial schools beyond transportation (later expanded to encompass loan of secular textbooks). And the same strong position against the constitutionality of aid to parochial schools is shared by Justice John P. Stevens, who though not himself a Catholic is married to a Catholic and is the father of three daughters who were educated at Catholic schools. I refer to these men to indicate how unfounded is Senator Moynihan's assertion that opposition to his measure on constitutional grounds manifests anti-Catholic bigotry.

The majority of Americans do not favor aid to parochial schools beyond what the Supreme Court has held constitutionally permissible—and that does not include tax credits for parochial school tuition.

LEO PFEFFER

Professor of Constitutional Law
Long Island University
Brooklyn, N.Y.

SENATOR MOYNIHAN REPLIES:

Professor Pfeffer has impeccable credentials as a staunch opponent of all government aid—federal or state, direct or indirect—to church-related schools (and colleges) and to the persons who attend them. He eloquently argued his position before the Senate Finance Committee during our recent hearings on tuition tax credits.

Mr. Doerr is a sincere and dedicated man who—along with a number of his colleagues from Americans United—also testified at the Senate hearings, and ably presented the major points contained in his letter. The Committee was not persuaded then, and by the time this exchange is published it is possible that Congress will have shown that it, too, disagrees with Mr. Doerr's interpretation of the Constitution.

It should be emphasized that these conflicting views of the constitutionality of tuition tax credits are necessarily somewhat speculative. The Supreme Court has never ruled on a federal statute of this nature, and the state programs that it has reviewed differed in many substantial respects from our proposal.

There is little point in matching "experts." Suffice it to say that the consti-

tutional scholars who believe that Supreme Court would not object to our legislation are equally eminent and eloquent. Some share my view that the Court has been wrong in a number of its recent decisions. Some do not. It is not necessary to agree with the position to find our proposal constitutional. Of course we may be wrong. But we will all comply with the Court's ruling, whatever it may be. Indeed, the legislation provides for an expedited review of the constitutional question in order to end any uncertainty as quickly as possible. Unless the Congress—which also has a responsibility to interpret and apply the Constitution—adopts such legislation, the Court will never have an opportunity to review.

Mr. Shanker is an old and dear friend, with whom I find myself in agreement on most matters. As will be clear, we do not agree about the importance of federal aid via the system to the parents of children who attend private schools.

Return to sender

We loved your postcard story "Where You Were Here" in the March issue but wish to correct several errors of omission and commission.

All the new postcards that appeared in the March issue were published by Artists' Postcards, Inc., and produced by the Publisher's Center for Cultural Resources. The artists' original works are now traveling around the United States in an exhibition developed by the Smithsonian Institution Traveling Exhibition Service.

JOAN K. DAVIS
President
Artists' Postcards, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

ERRATUM:

The photographs accompanying John Peters's article ["Panama's Genial Lepot," April] were taken by photographer Elizabeth Ames.

Goldberg variation

I disagree with one section of Michael Ledeen's article ["Improvisation on a Theme by Henry Kissinger," April]. Mr. Ledeen says, in passing, "The human rights campaign, which was to have been the keystone of

Carter Administration, has been diluted so much that Arthur Goldberg did not even mention the Soviet Union or Czechoslovakia by name when he spoke of violations of the Helsinki Final Act at the outset of the Helsinki Conference last fall." I assume that Mr. Ledeen meant to say the Belgrade Conference. In any event, it is difficult to determine what the phrase "at the outset" means in this context. If it refers to Ambassador Goldberg's opening speech at the Belgrade Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe, it is technically correct but nonetheless totally inaccurate. That is to say, while Ambassador Goldberg, in his opening speech at the Belgrade Conference, admittedly did not mention the Soviet Union or Czechoslovakia by name, he did give fair warning, in unmistakably clear language (clear to the Soviet and Czech delegations, if not to Mr. Ledeen), that during the review portion of the conference he intended to call a spade a spade, to name names, and to cite chapter and verse on the issue of human rights. This he did repeatedly and very effectively during the ensuing weeks—to the great discomfiture of the Soviet and Czech delegations.

Ambassador Goldberg's frequent interventions and those of other members of the U.S. delegation on Soviet and Czech violations of the human rights provisions of the Helsinki Final Act are a matter of public record. It would appear, however, that Mr. Ledeen neglected to review them before writing his article. Had he done so, he could have saved himself the embarrassment of signing his name to the misleading statement quoted above.

As a consultant to Ambassador Goldberg at the Belgrade Conference, I was privileged to attend all of the plenary and committee sessions and all of the U.S. staff meetings. On the basis of that experience, I feel it my duty to state, for the record, that Mr. Ledeen is not the only reputable commentator who has misstated himself concerning the U.S. delegation's performance at the Belgrade Conference. Since returning from Belgrade, I have made it my business to watch for articles, columns, and editorials on the conference in the American press. I regret to report that, with few exceptions, they betray a lack of information about what took place. Mr. Ledeen's article does great injustice to Ambassador Goldberg and the

U.S. delegation. If Mr. Ledeen thinks that the Soviet and Czech delegations failed to get the point, or if he thinks that they took it all in stride, he is just about as wrong as wrong can be.

REV. MSGR. GEORGE G. HIGGINS
United States Catholic Conference
Washington, D.C.

MICHAEL LEDEEN REPLIES:

It is indeed heartwarming to see the dedication and loyalty of the Reverend Monsignor Higgins to his friend and colleague Arthur Goldberg. But his criticism is rather like the lady who, when accused of stealing a pot from her neighbor, replied, "In the first place, I never took the pot; in the second place, it was a very old pot; finally, it was in better condition when I gave it back than when I took it." Thus, Msgr. Higgins: It is true that Goldberg never mentioned the Soviet Union or Czechoslovakia by name in his opening speech (my statement): but Ledeen is "just about as wrong as wrong can be."

The point made by the United States at Belgrade was perceived around the world: We intend to "imply," not to spell out. If human rights were a serious theme in American foreign policy, it would not be necessary to infer it from our officials' speeches: it would speak for itself.

Reviewing Burchett

I read Wilfred Burchett's indignant review of Frank Snepp's *Decent Interval* ["Dubious Hindsight," March] with great interest. His glassy-eyed adulation of the Vietnamese Communists and his revulsion at America's role in Southeast Asia make him sound like a mild-mannered pacifist with a passion for humanity and justice.

He doesn't sound at all like the man who, in 1971, sued the Sydney, Australia, magazine *Focus* for libel when it reported that he was a KGB agent. Sydney is one of the toughest places in the world in which to defend a libel suit. Australian libel laws, unlike our own, do not provide virtually complete protection to publications; defendant newspapers and magazines frequently settle out of court. Burchett was sure that *Focus* would settle or, failing that, that he would win. But *Focus* didn't settle, and Burchett lost the case—thanks in no small part to the testimony

of former Australian prisoners of war who met Burchett while they were interned in North Korean camps. They described his efforts to assist their captors in extracting false confessions. One Australian prisoner, hoping perhaps that an English-speaking Westerner would show him some compassion, told Burchett, "Excuse me, my brother was killed here. I would like to see his grave." Burchett's reply, according to the testimony of ex-Private Derek Kinne, a Royal Northumberland Fusilier and winner of the George Cross for gallantry in the prison camps, was, "If you want to see his grave, beg."

Burchett, the man you choose to use as a moral litmus test for Snepp's book is also the man who, in 1949, called Jozsef Cardinal Mindszenty a "miserable, intriguing, ambitious little man." Somehow, your description of him as "a left-wing . . . journalist" and "friend of Ho Chi Minh" doesn't tell it all.

The fact that Burchett can possess a record so barbaric and despicable and still find a market for his wares reflects the inability of the likes of *Harper's* to distinguish between left-wing journalists and committed propagandists.

Who did your review of *The Divine Comedy?* Satan?

J. A. REHYANSKY
Charlottesville, Va.

For Wilfred Burchett to review a book on the American side of the Vietnam war is too far out to figure. Madame Binh or General Vo Nguyen Giap would have been preferable: both of them were honest, avowed enemies.

Burchett's activities in Korea caused many to view him as not only a left-leaning reporter but an actual Communist agent. Since that time he has done nothing to convince anyone otherwise. Unlike our side, the others can use reporters for agents as standard operating procedure and no one says a word about it. Burchett has been giving aid and comfort to the enemy for a long time.

Snepp's book mentions one quaint incident: that we left the computer, tapes, and operators with all the data on Vietnamese who sided with us. A list of 5,000 Koreans employed by the U.S. was left back in 1950. Maybe someone who fled Seoul was working in Saigon and felt it was our policy when leaving a nation helpless before rampaging Reds.

LETTERS

With friends like us, who needs enemies? And with reviewers like Burchett, who needs *Harper's*?

JOHN P. CONLON
Newark, Ohio

Not too many months ago I began to read *Harper's* again. There seemed to be a new balance in the making; even William Buckley remarked on it in *National Review*. Then the March issue arrived. It's amazing how two words—a name—can revive old wounds and commitments.

I didn't read Wilfred Burchett's review, nor have I read Snapp's book. Instead I wondered how you might have paid your reviewer. There must have been a choice of currencies. And who will be your next surprise? Perhaps someone as learned and significant as Jane Fonda will evaluate the latest book on the intricacies of our national security posture. This would be in keeping with the precedent of your most recent editorial judgment.

Please cancel my subscription immediately. Issues due me would probably be welcomed at the address of your choice in Hanoi or Pyongyang.

JOHN A. B. RIDDIFORD
Wallingford, Pa.

WILFRED BURCHETT REPLIES:

Mr. Riddiford's acknowledgment that he read neither my review nor Snapp's book indicates a type of closed mind that made McCarthyism possible in the United States, and makes intelligent discussion impossible now.

J. A. Rehyansky did read the review, but apparently not the book. Had he done so, he would have realized that essentially I was quoting Snapp's appreciation of "heroic Vietnamese Communists" and his "revulsion at America's role"—not expressing my own. The thrust of Snapp's book is "revulsion" at the abandonment of thousands of CIA-hired assassins!

Rehyansky's reference to my libel suit against *Focus* is demonstrably incorrect. At the time I started legal proceedings, this Australian magazine was the official organ of the Democratic Labour party, a rough parliamentary equivalent of the John Birch Society. It had reproduced some gibberish from the interrogation of a Soviet defector, Yuri Krotkoff, by Senator Eastland's Internal Security Subcommittee. Krotkoff claimed that the French and

Indian ambassadors to Moscow and a dozen other lesser diplomats had been recruited into the KGB. Having named John Kenneth Galbraith and Jean-Paul Sartre as KGB agents, he added my modest name to the list.

These sensational "revelations" went unreported in the world press, but Krotkoff's references to me were read into the Australian parliamentary record by the Senate leader of the Democratic Labour party, and were reproduced in *Focus* as a news story. Therefore I sued.

During the ten-day legal proceedings in 1974, the presiding judge of the Supreme Court of New South Wales refused to allow the type of allegations made in Rehyansky's letter to go to the jury, on the plea of "truth and public benefit." Incidentally, by what means Rehyansky could interpret my expectations of the results of the case leaves me baffled. I won the case in the sense that the wild allegations were disallowed by the judge, and the twelve-member jury found that I had indeed been defamed. I lost technically because the jury found that the defamation was covered by parliamentary privilege. (This part of the verdict was later overturned by an appeals court on May 20, 1976.)

My appreciation of the character of Cardinal Jozsef Mindszenty in 1949 was based primarily on a long interview I conducted with him as correspondent of the London *Daily Express*. I found him reactionary, anti-Semitic, and obsessed with the idea that Hungary should be liberated by (essentially) United States armed forces. Mr. Rehyansky will doubtless recall that after living for fifteen years in seclusion in the U.S. Legation in Budapest, the Cardinal was relieved of his post as Primate of Hungary by Pope Paul VI on February 5, 1974.

As for my "barbaric and despicable" record: McCarthyism had its repercussions in my own country, Australia. As a result, as with a number of distinguished U.S. citizens, I lost my passport, specifically because of my opposition to Australian participation in the Korean war. When a campaign was launched to restore my passport, it was supported by the cream of the Anglo-Saxon world's intellectual community, by many distinguished politicians of widely differing political persuasions, and by recognized international organi-

zations. The first act of the Labour government elected to power in Australia in December, 1972, was to restore my passport. At the risk of being considered immodest, I think few journalists in similar circumstances would have had such rapid and universal support!

One of the publications for which I write in the United States queried the State Department last year as to the veracity of allegations similar to those made by Messrs. Rehyansky and Conlon and implied by Mr. Riddiford. They had been resurrected by the Honorable Larry McDonald of Georgia (described as the youngest member of the National Council of the John Birch Society) in a statement read into the *Congressional Record* of October 13, 1977, the day before my arrival in the United States on a lecture tour. They were repeated in the Hearst papers and in the *New York Post*, the newly acquired toy of my compatriot, Rupert Murdoch. In a specific reply to charges of being a "KGB agent" or of "brainwashing" or otherwise mistreating prisoners of war, Kenneth L. Brown, Deputy Director of the U.S. State Department's Office of Press Relations, wrote:

We have no evidence that Mr. Burchett is guilty of these actions, and he himself strongly denies the allegations. We are aware from press reports and political pamphlets that in 1974 Mr. Burchett filed suit charging libel against an Australian senator who made the allegations. We understand from press reports that the court in this case found that Mr. Burchett had been "defamed." We also understand that he had to pay court costs since the senator made his charges during open proceedings of the Australian Senate. We have no evidence to suggest he was ever judged guilty of these acts in any court of law.

Mr. Conlon's statement that "unlike our side, the other side can use reporters for agents" is mind-boggling in view of the allegations that at least 400 American journalists, including Cyrus Sulzberger and Joseph Alsop, worked for the CIA. I consider that any links with intelligence organizations are incompatible with the work of a journalist. Indeed, I sometimes think that a lot of my problems stem from my rejection of the CIA's offer, just twenty-five years ago, to enter its ranks

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THE AMERICAN BEDOUIN

On the seductions of barbarism

by Lewis H. Lapham

LAST MONTH in this space I remarked on the pandering of various American interests to the wealth and sham tyranny of the OPEC oil cartel. Toward the end of the essay I mentioned the self-defeating fantasies, of both a financial and a sexual nature, likely to degrade the American officials serving as courtiers in the entourage of an Arab prince. Several readers asked why I would bother to make such an observation. Surely, they said, I was not naive enough to complain about the more decorous ills of nihilism. If a few thousand people chose to engage in international banditry, that might be both deplorable and alarming, but what was the point of introducing moral questions into a matter of economic reality? The world, they said, is always full of greed and trouble, and the legendary American fortunes were made by men who knew how to take advantage of other people's misfortune. The sophistication of this argument suggested that the United States has reverted even further into barbarism than I previously had supposed. Even so, I think the argument worth answering, if only by way of a commentary on the ethos of the American bedouin.

As has been noticed by numerous columnists and real estate brokers, the Arab ascendancy confirms the superstitious belief, widely held within the moneyed oligarchies of New York and the feudal bureaucracies in Washington, that the power of money corresponds to the will of God. Americans at all times have been peculiarly subject to this superstition, but they lose what little remains of their skepticism when they see the coming to pass of their most extravagant fantasies. They

cannot help but be amazed by the miracle of the Arab triumph. They admire it because it is entirely unearned, because El Dorado rises in the desert as if by magic and thus offers another proof of the divine intervention that also conferred upon the faithful the Florida land boom and the market in computer stocks.

This debasement of the American mind has sinister results, not only for the United States but also for people elsewhere in the world who look to the United States as the sheltering force for stability, order, and freedom: The democratic idea presupposes the worth of human effort and reason: it implies a continuing process working forward in time, and it presumes that man, if not in this generation then maybe in the next, might learn to rid himself, at least in some small part, of fear, poverty, and injustice. The strength of the idea, which is the strength of the commonwealth as well as of the individual aspirations that make up the commonwealth, rests on the corollary idea of the citizen. The balance of self-government falls apart unless a sufficient number of people relinquish the sovereignty of their immediate desire to the task of making laws, gardens, and families.

The nomad regards himself as an aristocratic predator and looks with contempt on the work of cultivation. Dwelling within the tent of his own narcissism, he lives not so much in a world of thought and imagination as in a world of reverie and fantastic dream. No matter that all life, all science, all art depend on organization. To the bedouin, organization implies stasis and death. He associates it with authority, dying, sickness, and cities. This attitude of mind is currently very much

in vogue in the United States. By way of illustration I would offer lists of characteristics affiliated with the nomad and the citizen, and I would invite the reader to decide which list more accurately portrays contemporary American society. As follows:

NOMAD	CITIZEN
wander	build
innocence	experience
power	authority
pleasure	happiness
journalism	literature
polymorphous	heterosexual
barbarism	civilization
wish	will
passion as truth	truth as passion
war	peace
celebrity	achievement
magic	science
certainty	doubt
pornography	drama
legend	history
violence	argument
whore	wife
dream	art
banditry	agriculture
prophecy	politics

Obviously both sets of characteristics can be found within any society, as well as within any individual, at any and all moments of time. Throughout most of its history, the United States has been fortunate in that it could employ the vagrant impulse in the service of the national interest. The United States is a nation of immigrants, and American history is the chronicle of their wanderings: first as discoverers and pioneers, later as frontiersmen and fur traders, bargemen,

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THE EASY CHAIR

cowboys, prospectors, bandits, vagabonds, robber barons, steamboatmen, and bounty hunters—all of them traversing a vast and fertile wilderness, drifting down the great rivers and westward across the Great Plains. Who else is the American hero if not the man who goes forth on a ceaseless quest? Melville sends Ahab voyaging through the oceans of the world, and Thoreau sets out on a journey into the wilderness of self. Between them they mark out the trail of American literature. Mark Twain sails down the Mississippi, and Huck Finn lights out for the Territories. Hemingway outfits hunting expeditions and goes in search of the perfect phrase, the perfect truth, the perfect kill—which, in the end, requires the killing of oneself. The popular entertainments, whether mounted as political fable or as violent melodrama, present the wandering hero in the caricature of the gunfighter, the private detective, or the investigative journalist. The archetypal man on horseback (sometimes known as John Wayne or Humphrey Bogart, at other times taking the alias of Gary Cooper, Clint Eastwood, Norman Mailer, or Woodward and Bernstein) rides into the dusty, wooden town (i.e., Abilene or Washington, D.C.) and discovers evil in even the most rudimentary attempts at civilization. The villains invariably belong to "the system," which, as every herdsman knows, represents authority and the loss of innocence. The hero appears as if he were a god come to punish the sin of pride and to scourge the wicked with a terrible vengeance. After the requisite number of killings, the hero departs, leaving to mortal men (i.e., shopkeepers and fellahen) the tedious business of burial, marriage, and settlement.

Like other politicians before him, Jimmy Carter borrowed what he could of this persona in his campaign for the Presidency. The political candidate traveling thousands of miles in pursuit of public office appears as a romantic figure somehow comparable to the knight errant. The immense labor of the campaign endows the office with a temporary meaning that, once attained, it ceases to possess. The traveling excites sympathetic interest, but the administration of the public trust (unless discovered to be criminal, and therefore allied with banditry) inspires boredom.

MUCH TO everybody's disappointment, the old American frontier closed down its warehouses and faro games in the early years of the twentieth century. The succeeding generations could make do for awhile with the Roaring Twenties, the Depression, and World Wars I and II. But after 1945 the horizon no longer receded into a blue distance. Too many people had become too prosperous, too weighted down with possessions. They had been brought up to believe that they should go on pilgrimage or crusade, but they couldn't figure out where to go. Obviously Vietnam was the wrong place, and at Woodstock it rained. The present generation of nomads, largely urban and affluent, contents itself with the pursuit of pleasure and the excursions made possible by alcohol, pornography, and drugs. What else is the consumer society if not a devouring horde, grazing off the available grass, transforming an oasis into a desolation, and then moving off to next year's greening of America? The so-called gay movements stand in line of succession to the hoboes of the 1930s and the strolling minstrels of the 1960s. The bedouin is always in flight, if not from the railroad police or the narcotics agents then from his own loneliness and anxiety; like the homosexual, he finds solace in any fugitive encounter that will relieve his fear of the void.

Most Americans believe that movement, in and of itself, means something, and they confuse the freedom to come and go with the freedom to think and act. About one family in every five moves its household every year. Unknown numbers of people reside in trailers or vans. The poor come north on the rumor of employment or government money; the rich go south on the rumor of tax reductions and eternal youth. Farm children drift into the cities dreaming of wealth and celebrity; city children trek into the countryside with the vague idea of talking to bears. The American bedouin conceives of democracy as a pastoral existence. If not the abundance of nature, then surely the abundance of government will provide the people of the caravan with limitless pasture and privilege.

The prosperous nomad imagines himself blessed by fortune, and destined, by right of his innate sweetness, to a heroic journey only slightly

less eventful than the wanderings of Odysseus. More often than not he travels at somebody else's expense. Consider the troupe of actors and marabouts who transport their babbling prophecies from talk show to talk show, from camp followers going to Washington to root around for patronage and spoils of university graduates traveling on trust funds, and business executives feeding on the fat of corporations. The gaudiest of the tribes, sometimes known as "the jet set," shifts its tents from New York to Hollywood to Palm Springs, always with the hope of discovery in next week's love affair or tomorrow's repetition of a conversation between Jackie Onassis and Truman Capote. Much magnified by the gossip-mongering of the media, the gilded figures of celebrity bear witness to the magnificence of Allah's favor.

Their restlessness communicates itself to the lower reaches of society and helps to make the market exploited by travel agents and the peddlers of sexual illusion. The advertisements in the windows of the media offer plans of escape—from anxiety, boredom, old age, children, time, and the prison around the self. High-powered automobiles hold out, as do divorce and religious conversion, the promise of freedom. On freeways all over the country people defy the speed limit as if they were defying the laws of gravity, imagining that maybe somewhere west of Toledo at 100 miles per hour they might attain lift-off from the sphere of their sorrow. The airlines hold out promises of romance in the Bahamas or Honolulu, where, after many years in the sand, the weary bedouin might rest himself beside the fountains of a Muslim paradise. Like the primitive nomad or the devotee of movies, the tourist trusts nothing so much as his visual perception. Often he understands little or nothing of what he sees, but he expects to be constantly astonished, to return from his travels with the assurance that the mere fact of having made the passage or seen the movie confers great honor upon him and his camel.

In the metaphysical regions, the American bedouin wanders in search of the soul's oasis. The holy city of absolute truth shines in the eternal sunlight beyond the next range of abstractions. In New York or Los Angeles, as well as in Houston or Cheyenne, me-

change travelers' tales about their journeys into Freud or Zen. They conceive metaphysics with geography, and they speak of their newfound philosophies as if they were places on a map. Like the twice-born President, they assume that because once they were foolish they therefore have become wise.

The man who spends his life taking postgraduate courses exists in the endless summer of adolescence. Ceaselessly declaring the inadequacy of self, he cannot renounce the self, and so he remains forever dissatisfied—with towns, landscapes, women, and political philosophies. Instead of asking, Who are they? or, What is this? he asks, over and over and through a thousand novels of confession, Who am I? This question accounts for the strident and self-indulgent character of what passes for American literature (cf. the work of Carlos Castaneda, Erica Jong, et alia), as well as for the waywardness of American foreign policy and the fondness for electing politicians who offer themselves as prophets in the wilderness. The desperate need for celebrity tests to the misfortune of a people who have lost the knowledge of time and time future. They inhabit the isolation of the present. Who can verify the worth of their presence except the companions traveling with them on the same journey? Of what use is the judgment of posterity?

DURING THE LAST generation, the nomadic spirit of the consumer markets has weakened the institutional structures of American intelligence and government. Almost indistinguishable from the holy ten of the television talk shows, the takers of public policy wend their way back and forth across the country to attend ceremonial councils in the multi-colored tents of the Ford Foundation and the Aspen Institute. They bring news of what they have seen in the desert, and because somebody noticed a strange light in the sky the sheikhs decide that the caravan will travel by a different track. The energy crisis succeeds the water crisis, which succeeded the missile crisis, which succeeded the environmental crisis, which succeeded the racial crisis. The idea of a victorious nation gives way within the space

of a few seasons to the idea of a nation betrayed. Abundance becomes scarcity, conservative becomes liberal, big becomes small. One year the Soviet Union appears in the dowdy costume of an old bureaucracy; the next year it presents a "new look" of fierce, totalitarian chic. The best and most forward-thinking people revise the laws of the United States as if they were shifting around the tissue paper in the background of a fashion photograph. They do so without thinking that perhaps they might damage the machinery of government, and their light-mindedness has an unsettling effect on the other nations of the world. Who can be sure that the policy of the United States, like the worth of its currency and the presence of its army in Vietnam, will not vanish like so many nomads in the desert? What can be expected of a society that ignores or abandons the old, the young, the poor, and the sick? How else can this be explained except as the attitude of the bedouin toward the people who cannot keep up with the caravan?

I ask these questions because I hope to find people who can answer them. Certainly the imams of the media, like the lawyers and muftis who advise the government and the corporations, have no interest in disturbing the dreams of the wandering horde. They rely for their profit on the weakness of the national memory. Cities rise on the foundations of imagination and morality, but imagination and morality need to be cultivated over sustained periods of time. Who or what can restore the American vision of the future and prevent the American desire to build from being contravened by the whoring after Arab money?

The world waits for the United States to rouse itself from the seductions of barbarism. The world waits and grows anxious because if the United States cannot put aside the things of a child, then who can prevent the desert from engulfing the city of Western civilization? The American bedouin sometimes reminds me of children in a theater, suspended in the excitement of an endless overture, waiting for the curtain to go up on what they imagine will be the musical comedy of their lives. But life, as Francis Bacon long ago observed, is a theater with no audience. □

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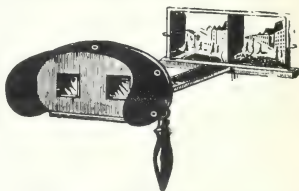
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TECHNOLOGY'S MINOR MOMENTS

The hidden benefits of not succeeding

by Samuel C. Florman

WHATEVER happened to...? Something that once filled the stage of our daily lives has vanished so completely that we are amazed, and we turn our confusion into a game. We call it trivia.

Lately, I have found myself asking this question about technologies. An automobile commercial appears on television, and I wonder: Whatever happened to the rotary engine? I see a scuffed shoe and ask: Whatever became of Corfam?

So many wondrous inventions, materials, products—entire technologies—that were the center of attention just a few years ago seem to have dropped from sight. For a while new technologies were appearing in such profusion that many intellectuals feared the process had escaped from human control. Even those observers who rejected deterministic theories had to admit that the phenomenon was somewhat unsettling. Inventions seemed to take on a life of their own, dependent more upon the cleverness of the product than upon any demonstrated human need.

But now they are gone—some of the very technologies that most astonished us—and I find that the occasional recognition of their absence is a peculiarly intense experience. I feel like the Proustian narrator who steps on an

irregular flagstone and is suddenly flooded with memories of Venice; except that my mindscape is filled with engines, waves, wires, and miraculous materials.

Recalling failed technologies would be no trivial pastime if it served to show how wrong is the widespread notion that technology conquers all. A look at such failures might, paradoxically, give us just the sort of psychological lift we need.

IAM NOT REFERRING to failures of style, like the Edsel, nor to the myriad everyday mishaps that are endemic to technological development (and are a necessary part of technological progress), nor even to those intriguing failures that are of special interest in scientific and engineering circles. The Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers devoted the October, 1976, issue of their journal *IEEE Spectrum* to the topic—under the headline “What Went Wrong?”—but most of the failures they discussed (e.g., automated zip-code-reading equipment, 3-D radar for air-traffic control, thermoelectricity, two-way cable TV) were scarcely known to the general public.

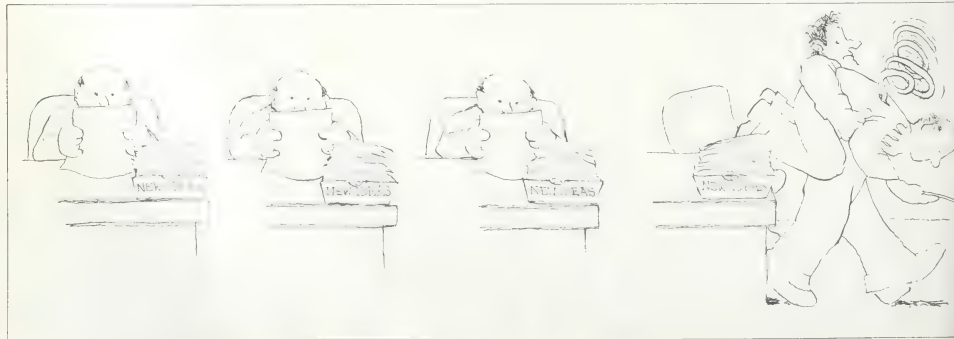
Nor do I refer to technologies that are familiar only through anticipation,

items such as moving sidewalks, plastic houses, automated stores, and trains that travel at 200 miles per hour. These developments were among those promised to us by the editors of *Changing Times* when, in 1961, they looked ahead to the world of 1975. Other experts envisioned imminent breakthroughs in electric cars, farming and mining in the ocean, and roofed-over cities. Such forecasts tell us more about the art of futurism than about the success or failure of particular technologies, which cannot be said to have failed if they have not yet been seriously tried.

No, I refer only to those technologies that actually existed and mesmerized us all, launched on a flood of press releases, advertising, and go-go financial speculation, seeming to create their own markets, and even to evoke appetites that had not existed before.

It may be thought anachronistic to label as failures those brilliantly creative engineering achievements which happen to become commercial disasters particularly when many of them are likely to reappear sometime in the future. However, when industry has gone all out to nourish a product—spending millions, risking reputation, and rousing the public with the vaunted

Samuel C. Florman is a contributing editor of Harper's, and the author of *The Existential Pleasures of Engineering*.



nces of American salesmanship—only give up and acknowledge defeat, then is reasonable to say that the product s “failed.” Further, since industrial s are held by their critics to be the eedy handmaidens of a demon technology, when they abandon a new product on which they have just spent a ndle, the myth of invincible technological advance is itself discredited.

NE OF THE MOST spectacular technological debacles of recent years has been the rotary engine, which hummed its way to our subconscious on the wings of sales campaign launched by Mazda otors in 1970. When the first rotary-engine Mazdas went on sale in California, 86,000 people poured through eighty-seven showrooms in three days. The engine was a consumer's delight, well as an engineering triumph.

The inside of the rotary engine looks credibly simple, a triangle rotating within an oval casing. (More precisely, the casing is a two-lobed epitrochoid; the beauty of the invention lies in its ingenious geometry.) The spaces between the outside of the triangle and the inner surface of the casing act as moving chambers of variable size in which the stages of the power cycle take place. Ignition occurs on one side of the triangle, the second side, turning, forces exhaust out through an opening in the casing, while at the third side air-fuel are being taken in and compressed. The spinning triangle is attached to the end of the crankshaft. This is in marked contrast to the conventional automobile engine, in which a number of pistons go up and down through a four-stroke cycle, transmitting power to the crankshaft through individual connecting rods.

The rotary also differs from the conventional automobile engine in that it has no valves. The fuel-air inlet port and the exhaust port are opened and closed at the appropriate time by the passage of the triangular rotor itself. Less vibration, less noise, less than half as many parts as a comparable V-8 engine, and less than half the weight—a combination of improvements almost too good to be true. Mazda's parent company in Japan, Toyo Kogyo, had been perfecting the engine for a decade, ever since negotiating a license in 1960 with its German patent-holders. Nearly

500 design modifications had been evaluated, and 5,000 engines tested.

Admittedly, engineers had not quite solved the problem of maintaining a satisfactory seal where the rotor comes in contact with the casing, and the consequent slight leakage, along with comparatively low combustion temperatures, resulted in disappointing fuel economy and excessive emission of pollutants. But, in 1970, this flaw was not seen to be particularly significant.

Soon after the first Mazdas appeared on American highways, General Motors decided to develop a rotary engine of its own, and agreed to pay \$50 million for nonexclusive rights to the existing patents. The license agreement was signed November 11, 1970, a date that promised to loom large in the history of technology. A year later, according to the *Chicago Tribune*, the top people in the automotive industry were predicting that by 1980 there would be “a complete changeover” from reciprocating piston engines to the rotary type. Science writers of the nation were enthralled. *Popular Science* featured a “Sneak Preview!” of GM's new rotary engine for the '74 Vega; *Scientific American* ran a feature story on the engine; *Fortune* announced that it heralded “a new automotive age”; and the *New York Times* profiled its aging inventor, Felix Wankel.

The stock market reflected the public's enthusiasm. Curtiss-Wright Corporation, a deficit-plagued aeronautical manufacturer, had, in 1959, acquired exclusive North American rights to the engine, and so was a beneficiary of the General Motors licensing deal. During the first half of 1972 Curtiss-Wright common stock rose more than 45 points—from 13 to over 59—and a *New Yorker* cartoon showed an old man asking his broker, “Do you think I might have time to make it big on the Wankel engine?” In the toy market, models of the engine were a big seller.

In 1973, Mazda sales reached 119,000 cars, and the company's advertising budget approached \$15 million. The piston engine, mocked in animated commercials for going *boing-boing* instead of *hummm*, seemed to be on its way out. The first General Motors rotary models were awaited eagerly. Ford and American Motors hurriedly signed license agreements.

By mid-1974, however, everything had changed. The oil embargo suddenly

made fuel economy—the rotary engine's weak point—a factor of critical importance. Mazda sales dropped precipitously, and Ford shelved its rotary project after having spent more than \$10 million (“A total waste,” said Henry Ford II). The *Wall Street Journal* reported that the rotary had become “a sputtering engine.” But General Motors was not ready to give up. In addition to having already paid \$40 million of its \$50 million licensing fee, the company was estimated to have spent between \$250 million and \$300 million on development costs. According to the automotive editor of the *Christian Science Monitor* this was “too much money to simply write off—even for General Motors.”

By the end of 1974, however, GM had decided to “postpone” introduction of its rotary engine. In addition to the fuel-economy problem, it was found that hydrocarbon emissions continued to exceed anticipated federal standards. Finally, in April of last year, swallowing its pride and a loss of untold millions, GM quietly closed down its rotary engine development program.

GENERAL MOTORS is not the only corporate giant to have been embarrassed by a highly touted technology that failed. Corning Glass was among those companies which invested heavily in an ill-fated development called *fluidics*. This mellifluous term, which *Popular Mechanics* in 1967 called “the next household word,” made its public debut that same year in a full-color feature in *Life*. The visual presentation was lavish, and the text was exuberant: “Already hundreds of U.S. companies have gambled millions of dollars on the future of fluidics... an overdue idea.” The concept was appealing—using liquids or gases to perform functions, such as switching or amplification, that are ordinarily performed by electronic devices.

It is a characteristic of fluid flow that any liquid or gas—say, a jet of air—moving through a tube will, if it comes to a Y-shaped fitting, cling to one surface of the tube, and thus travel down one arm or the other of the Y. If a second small jet (the “control jet”) is injected at the neck of the Y, it can, with a small nudge, make the first jet (the “power jet”) jump to the opposite

arm of the Y and back again. Thus a simple switch device has been created that has no moving parts. If an aptly enlarged chamber is provided at the neck of the Y, so that the air cannot cling to a side surface, then the jet will tend to flow equally into both arms of the Y. In this case, a small jet injected from the side can regulate the amount of flow into each of the arms. The device now can perform functions of proportional control and amplification. By building networks of tubes, with an assortment of intersections and chambers, fluidics engineers created ingenious control systems that, for a while, appeared likely to prove superior to their electronic counterparts.

Manufacturers set to work etching delicate patterns into glass, plastic, and ceramic blocks. But they were doomed to frustration. No matter how they struggled to miniaturize their product, they could not keep pace with electronics engineers, who were beginning to move into a microscopic realm. Transistors became incredibly tiny and even more inexpensive. Also, alas for supporters of the new technology, electricity moves at almost a million times the speed of air jets. Unable to compete in size, price, or speed of operation, fluidics became virtually obsolete almost before its boom could get under way: not quickly enough, however, to save a lot of people from losing a lot of money.

While the rotary engine succumbed to a suddenly changed environment, and fluidics was done in by the rapid evolution of a competitive technology (both reminiscent of the problems once encountered by the hapless dinosaur), sponsors of other failed technologies have no comparable excuses. Xerox, for example, assuming that people would pay a high price for rapid transmission of mail and other documents, invested heavily in a machine called the LDX (for long-distance xerography). In the mid-Sixties, electronic facsimile transmission (called *fax* by knowledgeable investors) seemed to be a technology whose time had come. But none of the devices produced to date—some of them marketed at great expense and with much hoopla—has appealed to the average businessman, much less the average homeowner. The failure of fax to establish a mass market shows that there are limits to our sense of urgency. Someday—probably not until telephone

transmission technologies improve—a smaller, speedier, and much cheaper fax machine will be developed successfully. Until that time, if we are willing to wait for the mailman, we are apparently not in as much of a hurry as some Xerox executives assumed.

Nor is our love of sensational gadgetry without its reasonable limit. Holography, which recreates objects three-dimensionally in space before our incredulous eyes, was expected to see widespread use in advertising, sales displays, instructional systems, 3-D movies, and many other fields. Du Pont and the Battelle Memorial Institute poured a lot of money into this technology, only to find out that, for now at least, it appears to be a spectacular oddity that cannot make its way in the marketplace.

The du Pont name is associated with another famous loser, the miraculous material Corfam, which, instead of taking American consumers by storm, served to convince people how much they preferred natural leather.

Other wizards of alchemy have been similarly disappointed. Titanium, a metal with a very high strength-to-weight ratio (and a name that sounds at once like a giant and a fairy queen), was for a while touted as the ideal material for almost every conceivable product. Except for such products as airplanes and rockets, however, its special attributes did not offset the high cost of obtaining it and shaping it, so with the mid-1970 decline in the aerospace industry, the titanium boom was abruptly ended.

These are a few of the technologies that flash into my mind at unexpected times. There are others—ground-effect machines (vehicles that run suspended on magnetic fields or cushions of air), factory-built housing, automated mass transit systems, ultrasonic dishwashers, thermography, superconductivity, weather modification... so many disappointments, and so much money lost by so many smart people.

EACH OF THESE technologies has come across the desk of Walter Cairns, manager of the new product venture arm of Arthur D. Little, the well-known Cambridge, Massachusetts, think tank. It is Cairns's job to select inventions that can be developed successfully—i.e., for prof-

it—and he ruefully admits that he has been carried away, on occasion, by glamorous technologies that never lived up to their press notices. "A technology comes along," he says, "which is darned fascinating that you just can believe that it isn't important. Also, technologies become fashionable. Someone says the magic words, 'future growth area,' and everyone wants to become involved."

Overall, however, Cairns's record has been one of success, achieved through hardheaded insistence on a likely payoff. Out of every 1,000 ideas proposed to Arthur D. Little, from sources both within the organization and outside, Cairns and his staff select only sixty worthy of developing. Out of these, only twenty find manufacturing companies willing to invest seriously in their commercialization, and within four years about ten of these twenty are likely to be abandoned, meaning that of the proposals originally evaluated only about 1 percent are destined for success. Viewed from Cairns's office, technologies seem anything but the implacable force they are often assumed to be. On the contrary, they seem frail and vulnerable, like performers waiting anxiously in a theatrical agent's anteroom.

Many amazing things can be done, but so what? Are they things that the public wants, and can they be done for a price that the public will pay? Engineering has been defined as doing for \$1 what any fool can do for \$2. The definition could be amended to specify that even the \$1 must be a price that will attract a buyer.

Of course, the system does not work neatly in accordance with classic economic theory. Between the inventor and the public stands the corporation, preventing a pure interchange between creative skills and consumer wants. It often said that big businesses deliver only those products that promise easy profits, and slyly withhold many products that would benefit the public. But when looked at closely, corporate distortion of the ideal supply-and-demand graph seems to come less from canny greed than from human frailty. The "calculating" executive is more likely to be thinking of his own problems than of the ways in which his company can balk the public.

Myron Tribus, director of the Center for Advanced Engineering Study at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology,

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hose career has included service as
assistant Secretary of Commerce and
a senior vice-president at Xerox,
eaks knowingly on the subject: "In
oving innovative ideas to production,
e answers to human questions are
ten more critical than the technical
blems. Who may lose position with-
the firm? Who will have to change
ork habits? Who will appear to be a
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ho risks reputation in backing the
ea?"

More often than the public imagines,
e fate of a new technology depends
on the erratic behavior of the people
o make their living as corporate ex-
utives. Some observers of the auto-
otive industry make much of the fact
at one of the most ardent admirers
the rotary engine was a professor of
ineering at the University of Mich-
an, whose father happened to be
lward N. Cole, president of General
otors. Cole's resignation was followed
GM's abandonment of the engine.
very technological failure, like every
ccess, is surrounded by a cloud of
trigue. A gossip column devoted to
e shadowy world of the executive
ite would do much to disprove the
eory that technologies have a life of
eir own.

STORIES OF failed technologies
are seldom told in the mass me-
dia. Success is what sells—along
with disasters (which are usual-
accidents rather than evidence of
ilure). Nurtured on a diet of moon-
ots and oil spills, pocket calculators
id power blackouts, we begin to feel
at we live in a world of genies. (Who
ill do a study of the vast influence
repeatedly wielded by science writ-
s?)

So when I unexpectedly recall a
iled technology, my reaction is ambiv-
ent. After the initial surprise and
sappointment, there comes a sense of
tisfaction. If promising technologies
in suffer fatal blows from unexpected
rcumstances, if they are subject to
ial by whim and second-guessing, and
they are buffeted in the marketplace
ong with other ideas and social
rces, then there can be no technologi-
il imperative. This means that we are
ill—however precariously—in control
our own destiny. □

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RUBBER TOMATOES

The unsavory partnership of research and agribusiness

by Peter Schrag

COBY LORENZEN'S tomato-harvesting machine and the "hard" tomato developed by his colleague Jack Hanna at the University of California at Davis aren't likely to achieve places in the ranks of epochal American creations. Almost no one outside California's Central Valley has ever heard of them, and even among those who have, hardly anyone regards them with much enthusiasm. "Hard" tomatoes are designed to ripen simultaneously and to withstand the beating of the machine process; they "taste like rubber," one California legislator says.

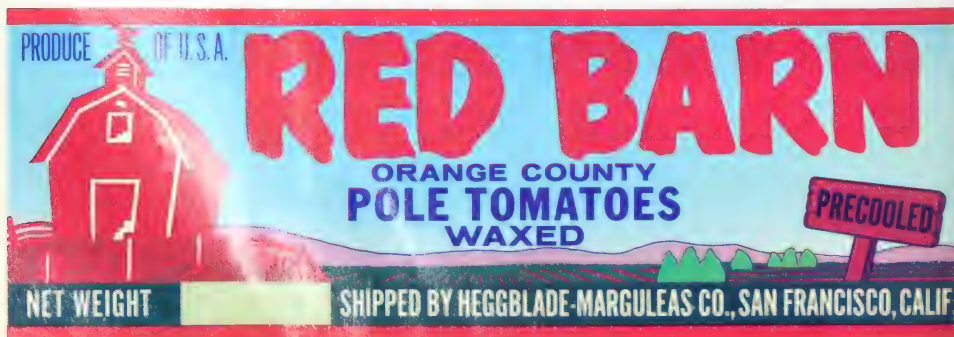
In the past year, the machine and the tomato have become symbols in a festering controversy that raises fundamental questions about the cozy relations between corporate agribusiness, the chemical industry, and an enormous university-based agricultural research establishment supported every year by more than \$500 million in federal and state tax funds. In theory it is the farmer and the consumer who benefit from all the research, and the farmer who helps decide what research

will be done in the first place, but in many parts of the country, the "farmer" is likely to be Tenneco, the Southern Pacific Railroad, Safeway, Union Carbide, or an association of millionaire growers of cotton or rice or sugar beets. In California, as in many other states, a few hundred dollars from these "farmers" often buys several thousand dollars' worth of tax-supported research—what the *Wall Street Journal* once called a "tax-paid clinic for a major industry"; it appears to buy the continuing loyalty of a major state institution, one that has always been closer to the big operators than to the small farmers and itinerant farm workers who are being destroyed by that research; and it provides certification and legitimization for fertilizer, pesticides, herbicides, fungicides, and scores of other chemicals produced by private industry. According to the United Farm Workers, the tomato harvester has thrown 32,000 people out of jobs in the past decade; similar devices now being developed to pick

Peter Schrag's most recent book is Mind Control.

lettuce and grapes, among other crops, are likely to eliminate 130,000 more jobs in California alone in the next ten years. While the figures are debatable, what is certain is that outside money does buy research and new devices, and that the money can come only from those who have it. In the words of Roger Garrett, an agricultural engineer at the University of California at Davis who, with a \$13,500 grant from lettuce growers, built a mechanical picker, "The machine won't strike. It will work when [the growers] want it to work."

THE CENTER of the controversy is the University of California itself, more particularly its Agricultural Experiment Station, a name that suggests a run-down shack at the edge of a stubbled cornfield and a few sacks of fertilizer but which in fact represents a \$52 million operation employing some 2,000 researchers, technicians, and "support personnel" on three campuses and nine field stations working on everything



pest management to the problems of frozen turkey semen. Salaries and overhead are paid out of state and federal funds, but those funds are rarely sufficient to cover the equipment, travel, and other expenses involved in research for which they were initially hired. As a consequence, almost every researcher has to accept funds only from conventional granting agencies—from the National Institutes of Health, for example, or the major foundations—but also from the “marketing orders,” organizations of growers that are authorized by law to levy a tax on their crops for promotion and research (in effect a sales tax on milk, peaches or eggs); from groups like the Cannerymen’s League; and from private corporations: Chevron, Monsanto, Union Carbide, Stauffer Chemicals, Hercules, Procter & Gamble, Mobil, Shell, Searle, du Pont, Pennwalt, Ciba-Geigy, Rohm and Haas, and Upjohn, and scores of other corporations that manufacture agricultural chemicals, sell seed or fertilizer, or process the food grown throughout California’s highly productive valleys.

Corporate donations come in small amounts, \$1,000 to one researcher, \$2,000 to another; collectively they amount to more than \$2 million a year. (Another \$2.5 million comes from the marketing orders.) In 1976–77 twenty-seven chemical companies or agricultural-chemical divisions of oil corporations gave researchers at the University of California Experiment Station or its Extension Service more than 250 separate grants totaling nearly \$500,000. In most instances, though not all, these grants were given for tests of particular products under specific conditions on a particular crop: “malonobenzoate spider mite control on dry beans,” “dylox on grapes.”

In theory, the results of the tests are available to anyone who wants to see them; it is the university’s policy not to do proprietary research. Reports, however, are rarely published—“Who’d be interested?” to quote a university official; generally they are submitted only to the company sponsoring the project, which, in many instances, is the only possible beneficiary. Without an extensive search through the university’s records it’s hard even to find out how many such projects are actually going on, who is running them, and who pays for them. Even if a re-

searcher finds a particular product dangerous to the environment or to the farm workers who use it, the danger is often reported only to the sponsoring company. The researchers insist that the companies are absolutely scrupulous about reporting unfavorable results: what most of them seem not to know—or care about—is that pharmaceutical divisions of some of the same companies have been notorious for withholding from the Food and Drug Administration and the public data on dangerous side effects. “You have to trust the manufacturer to report the results to the appropriate agencies,” a university official says. “There’s a lot of debate about ethics, but ethics are pretty hard to regulate.”

In the official view of the university, tests of new products are marginal. James B. Kendrick, Jr., the university’s vice-president for agricultural sciences, says that such tests represent, at most, a sideline to more fundamental work; that people not engaged in basic research don’t get promoted; and that researchers perform them only

when they are consistent with their other interests. But Kendrick acknowledged that “sometimes established scientists will change the direction of their research because the availability of funding influences selection of research subjects,” and that without outside money a lot of work couldn’t be done at all. “You have to gear your research to the funding sources,” an assistant professor of plant pathology at U.C. Davis stated in a campus study of research practices. “The university gave me an office with no tools. I had to go where the money was... which was the chemical companies.”

A plant pathologist at Berkeley who tests fungicides for chemical companies said that his only interest is in the services he provides to those who may eventually use them—gardeners and other growers of ornamental plants—and that the services to the manufacturer are only incidental. Many concede, however, that the money given for “squirt gun pathology” also helps support other work. Some are certain that the reason pesticides have been



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UBBER TOMATOES

dangerously overused in the past generation is that there is always money—and a researcher—to try them out, and that, at least until recently, there is too little money for the more basic, and often more costly, job of testing alternative forms of pest control. There are dinosaurs and dimwits in this business," said Robert van den Bosch, a Berkeley entomologist and one of the leaders in the drive for what's called "integrated pest management." "Not many people are corrupt. It's simply that this is the way it's always been done. It's a brotherhood—people who've gotten free trips to national meetings, who get invited to dinner or fishing trips to Baja—they're buddies. There's some deliberate malice, but mostly people simply can't assess the effects of what they've been doing. We've been locked into agrichnology so long we've lost our view of what we're supposed to be doing and what we are. The small farmer thinks I took DDT away from him, and he's the biggest casualty of the university's research policies, along with the honeybees, the pelicans, and the Chicanos."

CALIFORNIA is far and away the nation's leading farm state; it produces roughly 20 percent of the country's cash crops—more fruit and vegetables and nuts than any other place on earth—and its Agricultural Experiment Station is far and away the largest in the world. What makes the research controversy particularly acrimonious here is that many of those crops, unlike Kansas wheat or Iowa corn, have, until recently, been hand-harvested by a succession of underpaid and generally unorganized imported workers—Chinese and Japanese at the end of the nineteenth century, Okies and Chicanos in the twentieth. Beginning with the introduction of the tomato harvester in 1965, however, mechanization began to cut into these jobs—cut into them at the very moment when farm workers began to organize and wages began to go up. (And, of course, *because* wages began to go up.) Lorenzen and Hanna had been working on the mechanical harvesting process for years without much interest from growers, until, in 1965, Congress ended the bracero program, and it was no longer legally pos-

sible to import seasonal workers from Mexico. "I'd seen nationality after nationality in the fields," Hanna says, "and I felt that someday we might run out of nationalities to do our hard work." By 1969 every processing tomato in California—the tomatoes that go into cans or ketchup or sauce—was picked by machine. Now another refinement developed at the university—an electronic device that separates ripe from green tomatoes in the harvesting process—is eliminating still more jobs in the fields, and similar machines are being developed for other crops. "The thing that drives growers to mechanize," says Charles Hess, the Dean of Agriculture at U.C. Davis, "is the fear of a strike." Incidentally, however, the tomato machine also drove more than 3,000 of the 4,000 California farmers who had once grown processing tomatoes out of the tomato business, and it fairly well eliminated Ohio and New Jersey as major processing-tomato states. The machine was simply too expensive or fields too small for the modest growers to use it. As a consequence, the small growers turned to other crops or sold out to larger operators; the farm workers turned to the union and the union to the legislature. "It's either mechanize," a university public relations man said in 1966, "or get out."

Although the attack on the university's research is directed specifically at the effects of mechanization, it goes generally to what the union and other liberal organizations regard as the university's "institutional bias" in favor of the growers. "The best thing the university could do," says Michael Linfield, the UFW lobbyist in Sacramento, "is to stop hurting us." The university has sponsored seminars on ways to deal with farm labor and farm unions that, in the union's view, were really courses in union-busting; its researchers have crossed UFW picket lines to test mechanical harvesters on farms that were being struck; it has steadfastly refused to assess or consider the social or economic impact of its new machines; and it has consistently filled its agricultural advisory committees with representatives of the growers, the food processing industry, the chemical companies, and, just recently, with token members from environmental and consumer organizations. No representative of the state's 250,000 farm

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workers (of whom some 30,000 are members of Cesar Chavez's union) or of its 70,000 cannery workers has ever sat on one of those committees. Although Kendrick says the UFW has been invited to join some of those committees, the UFW claims that the invitations have been perfunctory, and, in some cases, were not received until after the meetings in question were held. Given the history of the university's relations with growers and its treatment of farm workers, Kendrick said, "they may have some reason not to trust us."

The farm workers have continued to press not only the university but also the California legislature to deal with the mechanization issue. For the past two years they have been pushing a bill to tax university-developed machinery and allocate the proceeds to the retraining and resettlement of unemployed farm workers. Currently U.C. researchers are working on some two dozen projects related to mechanization, supported by nearly \$1.5 million in state and federal funds, and, in the next ten years (as the union figures it), those machines are likely to take over much of the harvesting now done by hand in grapes, lettuce, peaches, cherries, apricots, melons, strawberries, olives, apples, and celery. In the case of the lettuce harvester, Linfield said, "the taxpayer will certainly pick up the tab in increased displacement and welfare costs. And what will he get in return? Nothing. The harvester will lower production costs by, at most, 1 percent per head of lettuce." In response the university asserts that in the long run mechanization creates more jobs, and better jobs, than it eliminates, but Kendrick acknowledged that no one had any solid data and that, in any case, the people who get the new jobs usually aren't the people who've been displaced by the machines.

Clearly the university now puts most of its resources into the search for better and more efficient means of production; yet the UFW may still come to regret the day, should it ever arrive, when the university seriously begins to study the social and economic impact of its technological developments, and when it begins to send out sociologists, social workers, nutritionists, child development experts, and other well-meaning folks to teach farm work-

ers how to feed their families, find jobs, raise their children, and run their lives. For the moment the UFW has no reason to worry: Kendrick says that the problem of the displaced farm workers is "the responsibility of some part of society's institutional arrangements," but not the university's. "The university can retrain unemployed aerospace engineers," he said by way of analogy, "but other people have to take care of the sweepers."

The fundamental question is not mechanization but an anachronistic system founded on the Jeffersonian premise that a nation of small farmers requires state and federal research assistance to develop new crops and techniques. The Hatch Act of 1887, which allocates federal money to state agricultural experiment stations, was aimed not only at "the efficient production, marketing, distribution, and utilization of farm products as essential to the health and welfare of our people" but also at "the development and improvement of the rural home and rural life and the maximum contribution by agriculture to the welfare of the consumer." In the ninety years since its passage, and particularly in the past generation, agriculture has come to resemble the rest of American industry; the "rural home and rural life" in California looks more like life in the suburbs than that on the family farm of myth and sentiment. The average California "farm"—usually called a ranch, even if it produces nothing but chickens or peaches—comprises more than 550 acres, and even a "family farm" of 160 acres of fruit trees or grapevines is worth close to \$750,000. Yet the subsidy continues in steadily increasing amounts and in the consistently close association between the university and the growers, who are prime beneficiaries of that subsidy.

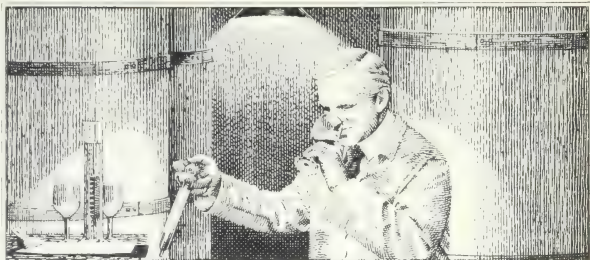
Through the marketing orders, the growers give more than \$2.5 million a year to the university's research. The money does not simply go into a general research fund; it is earmarked for specific studies and specific solutions to specific problems: "causes of irregular growth of iceberg lettuce"; "mechanical and chemical harvesting of citrus"; "control of weeds resistant to tomato herbicides"; "development of shipping containers and handling systems for California lettuce." Each of the projects supported by market-

ing orders—some 150 or so—is negotiated and commissioned in discussions between representatives of the growers and the university committee specializing in that commodity, the turned over to a particular research or department. According to Milton Schroth, Kendrick's deputy in administering research funds, no individual is ever forced to do research he doesn't want to do; people are, however, "encouraged" to take on projects in which they are not particularly interested. There are also times, according to Schroth, when a research project in which the growers are interested may be turned down as inappropriate, but for the most part the traditional friendship and social compatibility between growers and university researchers make collaboration easy. The money that researchers get from the marketing orders is theoretically "public" money because the marketing orders are theoretically state agencies that have the power to tax all produce marketed by growers in their particular commodity.

But no one denies that those groups—the Milk Advisory Board, the Walnut Marketing Board, the Cling Peach Advisory Board, and two dozen others—are staffed and controlled by growers serving their own interests. The \$2.5 million they contribute each year to research buys an estimated \$12-\$15 million in university research time and facilities; it also supports with research assistantships some 300 graduate students, each of whom knows exactly where his or her stipend is coming from. "We farmers," says Fred Heringer, president of the California Farm Bureau, "are used to using the university as our private research facility."

KENDRICK SAYS he's damned if he does, damned if he doesn't. When he became university vice-president for agricultural sciences ten years ago, members of the regents and the legislature were complaining that industry wasn't paying enough for the research it was getting from the university. Since then Kendrick has helped increase the contributions of the marketing orders from \$280,000 a year to the present \$2.5 million. Now, he says, the same people are complaining th-

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Despite the wealth of sophisticated equipment available today, there is no substitute for the judgment and care of a dedicated winemaker.

At no time is this more apparent than during the critical days of fermentation, for it is at this stage, the birth of the wine, that taste, character, aroma, body and color are in large part determined.

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When the grapes arrive at our crusher, a State Agricultural Inspector measures sugar content and physical condition. But, in addition, our winemaker checks and tastes for grape quality.

If our winemaker feels a particular lot of grapes does not measure up to our requirements, he will reject them.

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The Right Yeast

Since fermentation results from the natural interaction of yeast with the sugars and acids in the juice, the selection of the right yeast from the many available to our winemaker is crucial.

Not only is it up to the winemaker to determine the proper yeast strain to begin the process of fermentation, but he must also select the precise quantity. Too little, and the juice will ferment too slowly and the wild yeasts naturally present on the skins may again become active. Too much, and the juice will ferment too rapidly and develop a "yeasty taste." The winemaker must select exactly the right yeast, in exactly the proper quantity, to yield a wine whose flavor is true to the grape, with all the desirable taste characteristics in balance.

The Constant Vigil

Now begins a vigil that will remain unbroken for 72 to 96 hours.

Because fermentation creates heat, temperature must be carefully controlled—otherwise the delicacy of the wine may be irrevocably destroyed. Through years of experience we have determined that 70 to 75 degrees F. is the ideal for a red wine of true excellence.

and this is the maximum Gallo winemakers permit.

As the liquid ferments in the presence of the skins, each passing hour brings changes in flavor, in color, in aroma, and in body which the winemaker monitors constantly, partially with sophisticated instruments, but primarily through his own highly developed sense of taste and smell. At each tasting, our winemaker must be able to call to mind all the various vintages of his past and how they tasted at each particular stage. He must mentally compare them and predict precisely how this Zinfandel will taste when fully mature. This talent we have found to be more than an acquired skill; it is, rather, a rare gift.

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As the juice ferments, skins and pulp float to the top, forming a "cap" vital to the wine's development. This is because the skins are the repository of the cells which eventually determine the character of the finished wine.

If the wine is to achieve its true peak of flavor, color, body and aroma, the cap must not be permitted to dry out and harden. Therefore, we designed a system that circulates the fermenting wine over the entire surface of the cap. The winemaker must determine exactly how often and for what duration the fermenting wine will be circulated over the cap. These are critical decisions—too much circulation will draw less desirable flavors from the skins, too little will cause the wine to be lacking in body and color.

When his tasting tells him the wine is fermented to the precise degree that augurs a superb Zinfandel, he halts the process by lowering the temperature. He then has the wine carefully drawn off and removed to the cooperage for aging.

Now, finally, the wine can rest. And so, for the moment, can our winemaker.

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Ernest and Julio Gallo, Modesto, California

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growers or the chemical companies give the university in their pocket—we bought it for a few cents on the dollar. In speeches and press releases, Kendrick also talks a great deal about the need to increase the world's production of food and fiber, and about growing populations and hungry people. At the same time, under direction of the marketing orders that can set production quotas, California growers are not directly benefited by the university's research systematically plowing under excess crops in order to keep prices up, while steadfastly refusing to give away the surplus even to the neediest of the charitable causes. If you press Kendrick on the contradiction, he relies that what he is really providing is a service to the people of his state, at what's good for its \$9 billion agricultural industry is good "for the entire system."

Kendrick's calm replies are a reflection of a man and an institution that know that, despite attacks, they are secure, that too many people and organizations are committed to them, and that nothing much is likely to change in the short run, or even in the long. American agriculture is too large and productive and its intricate politics too Byzantine for anyone to shake the basic system. Maybe someone could have developed a tomato grower that cost less than \$30,000 and that was efficient even in small fields, and maybe the entire agricultural research establishment could have been committed to the creation of a technology suitable to small, independent operators, but if that ever occurred to anyone, they never let on. The tall farmer, Kendrick said, is "at a terrible disadvantage" not because of a university's subsidized research, but because bigness in other industry, particularly the bigness of the industry that buys and processes farm products, makes bigness inevitable in agriculture. As to the subsidy for research (in Kendrick's view), it is like the federal subsidy for medical research, a service to the nation's requirements of health and nutrition, even the problems of American medicine and the enormous influence of the drug manufacturers—often the same companies that sell agricultural chemicals—it is hardly a cheering analogy. □

SOMEHOW, SCOTCH BOTTLED ELSEWHERE ISN'T QUITE THE SAME

Contrary to popular belief, many more brands of Scotch are bottled in America than in Scotland. They are bulk shipped and bottled here, often using municipal water.

The makers of Cutty Sark, however, remain adamant on the subject of Scottish Scotch.

To this day, Cutty Sark is distilled, blended, and bottled in Scotland, using the water of Loch Katrine. This results in a Scots Whisky of uncommon smoothness which is worth every penny you pay for it.

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It spells out exactly what you're getting right there in black and yellow.

Distilled and Bottled in Scotland
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RUSSIA IN ENTROPY

The revolution retires.

by Christopher S. Wren

ONE OF THE STURDIER political jokes circulating around Moscow tells of a train allegorically bound for Communism with three prominent passengers—Joseph Stalin, Nikita Khrushchev, and the Soviet Union's current leader, Leonid Brezhnev. When the train stalls, Stalin is the entire crew taken out and shot. The train doesn't move, so Khrushchev commands that the crew be posthumously rehabilitated and awarded country dachas. Still nothing happens. Finally, Stalin and Khrushchev turn to Brezhnev, who orders, "Pull the curtains out and pretend that we are moving."

Last November, when the Soviet Union celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution, the self-congratulatory slogans of the Communist party ("Glory to the Communist party!") were meant to convey ideology on the march. But however dramatic its origins, the revolution is showing the strains of its advanced middle age. "When I was young, the Soviet state was physically weak but ideologically strong," observed the dissident Soviet writer Vladimir Voinovich. "Now the Soviet state is physically strong but ideologically weak."

Mr. Brezhnev and his peers are not the Marxist visionaries limned by the Soviet press, but aging, tired men who hang on because they have never been provided with a decent alternative to power. Even after the unceremonious ouster, in May, 1977, of Nikolai Podgorniy, the seventy-four-year-old former Soviet president, the Politburo's voting members still average more than sixty-six years of age. Unable or unwilling to pass the mantle of author-

ity to a new generation, they have made caution their byword, deferring or ignoring decisions, resisting innovations, and buying Western technology and grain to avoid having to revamp the rigid, centrally planned economic system.

Pragmatism has become the Soviet Union's new gospel, and the party's own *apparatchiki* its evangelists. "Ideology is something to proclaim, to print in our newspapers," a Communist party member confided to me, "but questions are answered from the point not of ideology but of the stability of the state, not on whether it is bad or good but whether it will make the state more stable."

The message has drifted down to the rank and file. "There is no belief inside the party," my acquaintance said. "The basic belief is that now you don't live as badly as yesterday. But then tomorrow you expect to live a little better than today."

The Kremlin has become adept at masking the realities behind a facade of *pokazukha*, or show-off. Four million foreign tourists a year move swaddled in the cocoon of the state travel monopoly, Intourist, seldom if ever seeing the anxious queues for meat in the state stores, the bottles of vodka shared three ways among near strangers in the darkened alleyways, the restricted but well-stocked shops and other privileges reserved for the Soviet elite. In four years as a correspondent in Moscow, I visited all fifteen Soviet republics, with trips to Siberia and the Far East; yet a precise vision of the vast country, which spans eleven time zones, always remained just out of focus. "Russia is like a series of *matryoshkas*," one

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Russian friend said, referring to the wooden folkdolls that nest one inside another. "You have managed to see two or three *matryoshkas*, when we have a hundred of them."

Any foreigner who probes too deeply into the fabric of Soviet society is invariably charged with espionage. Within a year and a half, four resident American correspondents—George Krinsky of the Associated Press, Alfred Friendly, Jr., of *Newsweek*, Robert Toth of the *Los Angeles Times*, and myself—were labeled as spies in the controlled Soviet press. In my case, I was warned that my questions "were not those of a journalist." This, by Soviet journalistic standards, had some logic.

Yet four years of working and living inside the Soviet Union have produced some conclusions: that six decades of abiding paranoia about influence from the West and dissent at home reveal a lack of confidence in the system itself, a lack of confidence that extends to the Politburo; that the unwillingness to come to terms with the brutality of the Stalinist years has retarded the nation's political maturity; that the Marxist-Leninist ideology is hailed so shrilly because it no longer counts for much; that in imposing a new, "Soviet" identity on its citizens, the Kremlin has made them not quite Russian, yet not quite not.

Progress and insecurity

IN FAIRNESS, the accomplishments of sixty years of Soviet power should be acknowledged. A resolution by the party's Central Committee last year reported that as many goods were now manufactured in two-and-a-half days as were produced in all of 1913, the year often cited for prerevolutionary comparisons. The Soviet Union leads the United States—and the rest of the world—in producing oil (10.4 million barrels a day in 1976), steel (145 million tons), and coal (712 million tons). It has achieved nuclear parity with the United States. Illiteracy and unemployment have been virtually eliminated from what was once the most backward country in Europe, and citizens are now provided low-cost housing, free education, and medical care. "We have practically no unemployment or poverty," one Muscovite told me. "The man has a poor job that pays badly, but he is still employed."

Of course, some achievements can be quibbled with. In 1976, Soviet industrial growth slowed to 4.8 percent, with a mere 3.3 percent rise in productivity, as the nation's economic base broadened and an effort was made to stress quality over sheer quantity.

Soviet hockey players may play superbly, but their equipment is so shoddy that national teams take to the ice with Western skates on sticks. And whatever economic improvement average Russians enjoy must be weighed against an appalling lack of personal freedom.

If the most grandiose claims of the Soviet press were accepted at face value, it would seem even more surprising that "an advanced, full-fledged socialist society," as Mr. Brezhnev has called it, should act so insecurely about rivals abroad and critics at home. "Their fear here is the fear of anything that smacks of unorthodoxy, of anything that doesn't conform to the principles laid down," said a Western ambassador in Moscow. "They can't tolerate that sort of thing. They don't even understand it."

The Kremlin ideologists talk of a new "Soviet man" and a "Soviet socialist civilization," in an ongoing effort to reject the prerevolutionary Russian past. But the biggest difference, according to a Soviet historian, is that the leadership now conceals its privileges. "They no longer ride in a golden carriage. They go about in a Chaika limousine," he said. Moscow taxi drivers have nicknamed a new residential neighborhood for party officials "Tsarskoye Selo," after one of the estates of the czars. And during the Twenty-fifth Party Congress in 1976, I was told, four segregated buffets were set up, the highest for Politburo members and foreign party leaders and the lowest for ordinary delegates. At the celebration of proletarian solidarity, fraternization between tables was forbidden.

THE PERQUISITES of the new Soviet upper class, from chauffeur-driven cars to trips abroad, have become common knowledge in the West. But one Russian acquaintance familiar with the party's workings remarked that "when foreigners say that the Soviet elite has everything, it is not true. The elite ones are afraid because they know they can lose everything at once. So there is no self-confidence, up to the very top."

During my four years in Moscow, I saw three nominally secure Politburo members with full voting rights—Alexander N. Shepyin, Dmitri S. Polyansky, and then-President Podgorny—stripped abruptly of their party titles and dispatched to various levels of obscurity. When I visited the Central Asian city of Samarkand a few weeks after Mr. Podgorny had been dropped from the Politburo, but before he had formally lost the presidency, the lineup of giant Politburo portraits

the park included a conspicuously empty site that was the only reminder of Mr. Podgorny's long years of service at the Kremlin. Ironically, lower-ranking government employees have become insulated from such traumas. The flamboyant Nikita Khrushchev was dumped in 1964 because he sought to shake up the bureaucracy and make it more responsive. Riding in on the resentment toward Khrushchev's capriciousness, Mr. Brezhnev has avoided meddling in the system, at the price of inertia and even stagnation. Nothing can be accomplished without reams of paperwork. Decisions get bucked upstairs. Directives on economic reform run out of steam before they reach the plant managers in the provinces. The Kremlin itself seems to be making few decisions. The new Soviet constitution, adopted in October, 1977, probably was intended to assure Mr. Brezhnev his niche in history, rather than to introduce basic revisions of the 1936 constitution enacted under Stalin. A new national anthem was given a less buildup. It turned out that only a few references to Stalin were expunged; the rest of the lyrics and the music remained intact. When they announced that our new hymn would be sung over television, we turned on our set and couldn't believe our ears," one woman told me. "It turned out to be the same

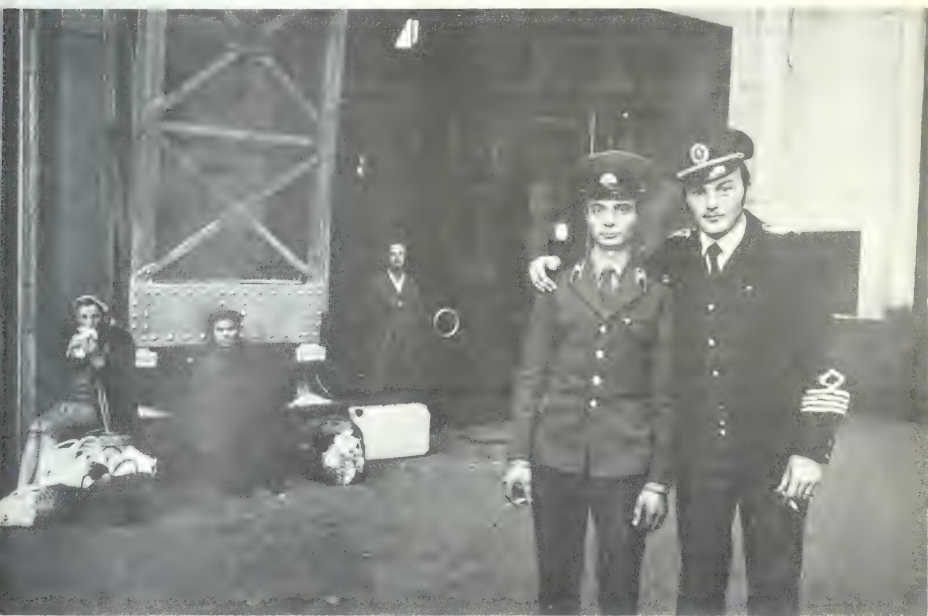
old hymn with a few words changed. They couldn't even make a decision on that."

When the Kremlin flatly rejected two arms-control proposals that U.S. Secretary of State Cyrus R. Vance brought to Moscow in March, 1977, one local theory was that the Politburo couldn't put together any counterproposals at such short notice. Some Western defense attachés speculated that the Soviet military balked at further cuts in the mammoth intercontinental missiles like the SS-18, which form the backbone of the Soviet Union's nuclear arsenal. Other diplomats have sensed the same vacillation in Soviet foreign policy in areas such as the Middle East, where the strategy has been to dole out weapons all around.

The message from Moscow has been that everything under Communism works fine and that contentions otherwise come only from anti-Soviet renegades and their Western paymasters. Official criticism is confined to the lower echelons, seldom touching the party officials who give orders, and never the leadership, whose words carry the imprimatur of papal-like infallibility. After the disastrous Soviet harvest of 1975, Minister of Agriculture Dmitri S. Polyansky was fired and packed off to Japan as ambassador. (His predecessor, Vladimir V. Matskevich, was similarly reassigned as ambassador to Czechoslovakia after

"Riding in on the resentment toward Khrushchev's capriciousness, Mr. Brezhnev has avoided meddling in the system, at the price of inertia and even stagnation."

Two soldier friends requested that their picture be taken in the Moscow train station, despite prohibitions against photographing either the military or the station itself.



Photographs by Susan Meiselas/Magnum

the poor harvest of 1972; under the Brezhnev regime, political losers have at least a hope of ending up as ambassadors and not being annihilated, as they were under Stalin.) But Fyodor D. Kulakov, the Kremlin's party secretary for agriculture, was never even implicitly assailed, since this would have reflected on Mr. Brezhnev's policy of solving the agricultural problem with infusions of money—\$227 billion in the current five-year plan alone.

One result is that even greater reliance has been placed on the collective farmers' modest private plots, which account for a scant 3 percent of the nation's sown acreage but have produced nearly two-thirds of its potatoes, more than half of its vegetables, and slightly less than a quarter of its meat and milk. No effort has been made to give the 47,300 state and collective farms greater flexibility, for this would mean relinquishing authority from Moscow. Meanwhile, complaints filter in of farm machinery left outside to rust during the winter, of the lack of spare parts and the shortage of grain-storage facilities. Every autumn, the country is mobilized as if the harvest were some unforeseen emergency. Army units are deployed to help gather the grain, and students are pulled out of university classes to dig vegetables. One Western scientist visited the prestigious Institute of High Energy Physics at Serpukhov and reported that its laboratory personnel had to spend at least one day a week in the summer helping a nearby farm cultivate its cabbages. Yet no one is prepared to tinker with so unproductive a system.

Similarly, in Soviet industry a common practice is to revise the targets downward in mid-plan and then triumphantly announce that they have been more than fulfilled. Prime Minister Alexei Kosygin attempted some economic reforms in the late 1960s, but they faltered for lack of support. "You cannot rationalize this economy without taking some really drastic steps which would in the long run undermine the Communist party," a seasoned American diplomat explained. "This is a tough problem for them to face."

In conflict with the present and the past

SUCH FRUSTRATIONS have helped nurture the long-standing inferiority complex toward the West. To cite a few current examples, Soviet aviation authorities will not allow the Boeing 747 jumbo jetliner into Moscow's Sheremetevo international airport, purportedly because the airfield cannot accommodate it. More than one Western airline representative said that it was actu-

ally because the Soviet airline Aeroflot did not have a comparable plane to show off. Recently Aeroflot began having some airline tickets printed in West Germany, but at first inked out the telltale marks of origin before issuing them. The Kremlin has tried to bolster its own image at home by running down that of the West. The schoolboy son of a friend showed me his history textbook, which gave a detailed account of how blacks were lynched in the United States. In a nation that calls itself revolutionary, massive resources are devoted to maintaining a quarantine against outside contacts and ideas. A Western European diplomat who once drove from Moscow to Warsaw related how he watched green-capped Soviet border guards take apart an automobile, luggage, and finally a child's doll in search of something illicit. "What are you going to do when all the tourists arrive for the 1980 Olympics?" the diplomat asked the colonel in charge. Surprised by the question, the colonel replied, "We'll recruit more border guards."

The paranoia toward foreigners sometimes verges on the ludicrous. One sophisticated technocrat explained that he was afraid to meet Westerners because his boss was retiring in a year and it could hurt his chances of getting the job. The most deliciously outrageous assertion I ran across last fall in the youth newspaper *Komsomolskaya Pravda*. It told about an amorous American sailor named Robert who had sailed into Leningrad aboard a freighter, seduced three local young ladies and, after promising to keep in touch, sailed off again. The newspaper warned its readers that the sailor was only looking for girls to brainwash "in an anti-Soviet spirit," and therefore must have been a spy. "We think no one can have any doubts who Robert really represents and who he is working for," *Komsomolskaya Pravda* asserted.

Even the most routine information is available largely on a need-to-know basis. The press agency Tass maintains an entire section to classify for official eyes only the kind of news that would be readily available to any reader in the West. Recently, a British journalist friend tried to find out what were the most popular Soviet children's books. A librarian at the Writers' Union curtly assured him that she had the information but would not divulge it until he had arranged a formal interview through protocol channels.

Such a siege mentality has given the Soviet Union the mood of a barracks state. The national physical fitness program is named "Ready for Work and Defense of the U.S.S.R." In its competitions last year, a thirty-nine-year-old housewife, Valentina Bykova, was hailed



by the Soviet press for having tossed a hand grenade nearly 133 feet. Canvas-shrouded MiG jet fighters were routinely trundled at night past our apartment building on Moscow's busy Sadovoi Ring Boulevard, attracting almost no curiosity from late-evening strollers.

The Soviet Union has expanded its armed forces to 4 million men, given them some of the most advanced weapons in the world, and created a formidable deep-water navy. The unavoidable question, of course, is whether Moscow, having developed such military muscle, might someday be tempted to employ it as proof of its superpower credentials. Yet it struck me that the Soviet Union was preoccupied with its own security, particularly against China, and not with designs for aggression. For the present, one diplomat friend agreed, "if they ever have to choose between stability at home and adventurism abroad, they'll take stability. Things like Angola are cheap shots, but I don't see them conniving to take over the world. They are conniving how to keep things together at home."

"The message from Moscow has been that everything under Communism works fine and that contentions otherwise come only from anti-Soviet renegades and their Western paymasters."

THE REASONS BEHIND an inordinate passion for security lie in the past six decades of Soviet power, which have witnessed one cataclysm after another—revolution, civil war, famines, farm collectivization, the Stalinist purges, and the Nazi invasions. Soviet officials talk readily of the 20 million Russians who died in the second world war, but they say almost nothing about those who also perished in peacetime under Stalin, though the British historian Robert Conquest has estimated conservatively that they numbered 20 million also. "It is almost impossible to find a family who did not have someone in the purges, who did not suffer," said one Russian who himself was sent to the labor camps.

Yet when the Nobel laureate Alexander Solzhenitsyn produced his detailed study of the Stalinist penal system, *The Gulag Archipelago*, he was defamed, harassed, and finally arrested and expelled by the Kremlin. At the height of the press campaign against him early in 1974, I joined several other Western correspondents in visiting the *Pravda* commentator Yuri Zhukov, who agreed to show us letters against Mr. Solzhenitsyn that he said were pouring in from average Russians. Mr. Zhukov assured us that the excesses of that period had already been discussed by more honest writers and did not have to be exhumed again. On his advice, I made the rounds of bookstores in Moscow but could not find one book that referred even implicitly to the bloody purges.

The Communist party's efforts have been confined to disassociating itself from the brutality of Stalin. At a party plenum last May, Mr. Brezhnev acknowledged that "some" of the Stalinist years "were darkened by unlawful repressions and violations of the principles of socialist democracy and Leninist norms of party life. . . . The party strongly condemned such practices, and they must never be repeated." This offhand allusion to the extinction of millions of Russians was the strongest such comment that I came across in my four years.

The Soviet leaders have their own reasons for glossing over the past, since most of them got their career breaks under Stalin. Prime Minister Alexei N. Kosygin became mayor of Leningrad at the age of thirty-four after a purge of the city's higher echelons, though he was not involved in the bloodletting. But any serious examination of the past would also open up some larger questions that could imperil the stability of the current regime. "It would throw into doubt the whole basis of the system," explained the writer Lev Kopelev. "If it was possible to doubt about yesterday, then one could doubt about today and tomorrow."

This has meant wishing away the better part of four decades, if one also counts the Khrush-

chev years. A recent Soviet television special, capsuling each year since the revolution, is remarkable for omitting much more than it covered. The uninformed viewer would have concluded that Khrushchev never existed, that Stalin was mildly naughty, and that Brezhnev had inherited the mantle of succession from Lenin himself.

"The system has never achieved the democracy that other systems have," explained a senior Western diplomat who is now on a second Moscow tour. "Each transition presents a potential crisis. How can you pass power to the Politburo? How can you provide for succession in an oligarchy that keeps making all the decisions?"

Sixty years after the Bolsheviks seized power, a fear of the spontaneous persists. Brezhnev is undeniably popular with ordinary Russians, partly because his image is constantly polished in the Soviet press. (One political riddle asks: What has two long ears, four legs, and Brezhnev in the middle? The answer: television set.) A number of Russians I talked with agreed that Mr. Brezhnev could pull off 90 percent of the popular vote in a hypothetical election. But, a literary critic reminded me, "our leaders would have to start answering to the remaining 10 percent, and they don't know how."



*Lingerie for sale
in Moscow's
GUM arcade.*



An uncertain future

THE CURRENT STATE of the Soviet Union has contributed to the increasingly popular notion in the West that it is merely an extension of the old Russian empire. Some observations by the *marquis de Custine*, the French nobleman who visited Russia in 1839, seem uncannily appropriate today. He might have been traveling with Intourist when he remarked that "the server cannot visit places or look at anything without a guide; never being alone, he is trouble judging for himself, which is what they want. To enter Russia, you must deposit your free will along with your passport at the frontier."

But for all the seeming parallels, the conclusion seems too simplistic. Anatoly M. Ivanov, who wrote for the illicit Russian journal *Pravda* under the pen name of Skuratov, noted at the revolution triggered a deliberate campaign to substitute a Marxist philosophy imported from the West for traditional Russian values. In the process, two generations of Russian intellectuals were exiled or exterminated and millions of peasants were displaced. "Only when Hitler invaded Russia was patriotism resurrected in a military form," Mr. Ivanov

said. "Before that, the word Russia was virtually forbidden. Yet Hitler lost the war precisely because Russia existed."

The mathematician and historian Igor R. Shafarevich explained that, despite his dissident views, he agrees "entirely with Soviet power that the October Revolution was a break with the past." Dr. Shafarevich noted that the Soviet state now owned all the country's industry and businesses, employed all the farmers, had replaced the Russian Orthodox Church with an official atheism, and had imposed an ideology beyond anything under the czars. The distinctions extended even to the czarist and Soviet penal systems, Dr. Shafarevich said. He recalled how before the revolution a group of political prisoners had threatened to go on a hunger strike if their foreign newspaper subscriptions were interfered with.

"What was a relatively inefficient autocracy has become an efficient totalitarian state in terms of power," said one Western diplomatic observer. "The czars were autocratic, they were stupid, they may not have recognized human rights, but they were not totalitarian. There were many areas of human rights they stayed out of." Even under the czar, he said, a dissident could find work because there was more than one employer.

Western attention has focused on the very

"The uninformed viewer [might conclude] that Khrushchev never existed, that Stalin was mildly naughty, and that Brezhnev had inherited the mantle of succession from Lenin himself."



Moscow's well-hidden weekend bird market, also called the animal exchange, was found by following a young boy carrying a pigeon.

real plights of Jewish activists or Baltic nationalists, who are generally supposed to live under the Russian boot. But some Russians also complain of discrimination. Unlike the other nationalities, they contend, they have no separate party apparatus, no Russian academy of sciences, no distinct university or conspi-
cuous literary. One prominent Russian nationalist, Vladimir Osipov, is ill with tuberculosis in prison, where he is serving an eight-year sentence for political activities. "It is not nation against nation but people against the system," Dr. Shafarevich concluded.

The daily problems of Soviet life encourage such sentiments. "Nationalism begins when a taxi driver complains that there is no meat in the stores because it is being sent to Angola," said one Muscovite. Among intellectuals, some have looked to the Orthodox Church to rediscover their roots, while others have rejected "socialist realism" in culture for overtly Russian writers like the late Vasily Shukshin or Valentin Rasputin and artists like Ilya Glazunov. A number of acquaintances remarked that Western journalists did not bother to draw a distinction between what was Soviet and what was Russian. "The problem is that the West likes to talk about Soviet ballet and Russian tanks in Prague," one told me in a sudden outburst. "Don't you realize that it is the other way around?"

The Kremlin's concern over the democratic variant of "Eurocommunism" espoused by some Western European parties reflects the fear that the idea could ultimately infect the Soviet Union. Yet one Russian I knew saw Eurocommunism as another device for shoring up the legitimacy of Marxism. "It hasn't worked here, and now you applaud the French and Italians for wanting to try it out there," he said. "What you are telling us is that the Russian swine couldn't make Communism work and you in the West can."

UNDERCURRENTS like these may help explain why Moscow has devoted so much time and energy to harassing its dissidents, having dismissed them publicly as "a tiny group of nonentities who represent no one and nothing." Unlike its counterpart in Poland, the fragmented Soviet human rights movement has no real links with the workers. But its ideas do have ramifications for other educated Russians—writers, scientists, and teachers.

"Even though the system is stable, it is not secure," ventured Valentin F. Turchin, a dissident physicist who emigrated to the United States after having been kept jobless for more

than three years. Dr. Turchin likened dissent in the Soviet Union to a subterranean network of mushrooms under some moss forest bed. Periodically, the climate causes some to sprout and be picked off. Others lie inert, at least for the time being. "Those of us above ground may feel isolated and lonely," he said, "but those who are still below ground may dislike the regime more than we do."

But while Russians may grumble over the scarcity of food and consumer goods, they do not seem prepared to challenge the Soviet system, because, however imperfect, it was worse in the old Stalinist days. Clothes can now be found in a greater range of color and variety, more families have their own apartments, and the increase in private cars is giving Moscow its first parking problems. Moreover, a student remarked, "now at least you can live without politics. If you speak out against the system they can jail you, but not if you don't say anything. Before, they might have jailed you because you weren't politically active enough."

Whether the Soviet Union itself will mellow under the next generation of leaders is difficult to predict. With no precedent for an orderly transition inside the Kremlin, it is nearly impossible to say even who the successors will be. I have heard it argued that they could prove more dangerous internationally, because they would inherit the arrogance of total power but not the sobering personal acquaintance with war that Mr. Brezhnev and his generation have. "If there were a free election, I would vote for Brezhnev because he is the last of the believers," a social scientist confided. "I'm afraid of the people who will come after him, because they believe in nothing."

An older party member was more sanguine. Unlike his generation, he said, the party's younger *apparatchiki* "want to be powerful and nothing more. But they also like to travel abroad, they like comfort, and this is the root of our optimism. They too want stability and power, but they also want a good life."

Change is unlikely to be prompted from below. One friend spoke at length of the disenchantment he saw around him, but he doubted that anything would come of it. He recounted how last fall he had found some watermelons being sold on the sidewalk near Mayakovsky Square and had stepped into the lengthening queue. A passing drunk started berating the waiting customers. "Fools," the drunk shouted. "Sixty years of Soviet power and you are still lining up for a watermelon."

I asked what had happened to the drunk. "Nothing," my friend responded at last. "Everyone turned away. We couldn't even look each other in the eye."

MERLIN THE CPA

Auditing, accounting, and a pinch of alchemy

by Robert Davee

The auditor—a.k.a. CPA—is sad, for law-
ers are upon him. Embittered stockhold-
rs swarm about his door waving sheaves
of Penn Central, Equity Funding, and
other worthless stock certificates
that the auditor has “certified” to
be of value—some even of great
value. Congressional subcom-
mittees heap scorn upon his
lebens and credits, and de-
mand that he make known
his arts and mysteries.

The CPA has gone his
solemn way without let-
ter or hindrance, without
regulation of any kind
but that imposed by
himself. He would
seem to be endowed
with congenital vir-
tue, the lack of which
no one else notices
in him as much as the
knowledge that peas-
ants are poor sur-
prised Marie Antoi-
ette. And he has
erected for his pro-
tection a wall of rules,
standards, principles,
reinforced with mate-
riality. Unfortunately,
he neglected to lay the
foundation on bedrock.
Now he is besieged, tum-
brels roll in the distance,
and he is given over to
the lunatic babblings of a
threatened monarch.

The hollow nature of his
business is to seem to re-
veal while adding to confusion.
Transubstantiation and other ar-
cana are his meat and drink;
turning the readable into the unin-
telligible is his daily work. This is
best illustrated by the Annual Report
of any corporation. You will find first the
Doxology, a hymn of praise by Manage-
ment for Management. Thumb quickly past
those colored depictions of Our Activities at
Home and Abroad. You come now to columns
of dull figures and duller explanations thereof.



*This is the Annual Report. You cannot un-
derstand these columns. John K. Galbraith
admits defeat. Somewhere in these lat-
ter pages of confusing numbers you
will find the Benediction. It is al-
ways offered by a CPA. He calls
it a certification, and it is the
most important chant in his
liturgy, without which the
CPA might lose some sleep
when it is discovered, the
day after he has uttered
his Benediction, that the
corporation he certified
is kaput.*

The CPA has changed
little since A.D. 500,
for it was around that
time that the first
enduring accounting
principle was born.
During the Saxon
invasion of England,
a lowly bookkeeper
named Merlin was
charged by King
Arthur to make the
body count after
each battle. His first
report, graven in
stone, almost cost him
his head. He reported:

ENGLISH DEAD: MMC
SAXON DEAD: MCM

The king chased him to
his lonely tower, where,
it will be remembered, he
kept a remarkable store
of dragons' teeth, philtres,
roots, brews, and other al-
chemic appurtenances. After
drinking a concoction of such
stuff and consulting the stars, he
issued a revised report:

ENGLISH DEAD: XII
SAXON DEAD: MCMC

He was promoted to chief accountant. □

*Robert Davee is a certified internal auditor who has
worked with various accounting firms for more than
twenty years; he also has played viola in a number of
symphony orchestras.*

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Above this race of men stands an immense and tutelary power, which takes upon itself alone to secure their gratifications and to watch over their fate. That power is absolute, minute, regular, provident and mild. It would be like the authority of a parent if, like that authority, its object was to prepare men for manhood; but it seeks, on the contrary, to keep them in perpetual childhood: it is well content that the people should rejoice, provided they think of nothing but rejoicing. . . . It covers the surface of society with a network of small complicated rules, minute and uniform, through which the most original minds and the most energetic characters cannot penetrate, to rise above the crowd. . . . Such a power does not destroy, but it prevents existence; it does not tyrannize, but it compresses, enervates, extinguishes, and stupefies a people, till each nation is reduced to nothing better than a flock of timid and industrial animals of which the government is the shepherd. —Alexis de Tocqueville

THE WEALTH OF WASHINGTON

ECONOMICS is one of those subjects that become more interesting with the passage of time. In this respect it is unlike, say, metaphysics. Well do I remember my first day at university and my tutor handing me a copy of Paul Samuelson's *Economics*, with the request that I write an essay entitled "What Is Money?" Having no confidence that I could solve the mystery by the following week, I handed the volume back and inquired if there were, by any chance, alternative courses in Hegel or Kant.

Years later I moved to Washington, and by then I had become a more diligent student of money. Washington, as a city, has only furthered this financial education, because it is so rich. Among the largest cities in the country, it is the only one that can really be said to be booming. There is hardly a vacant lot without a new office building about to rise on it, or a deep pit being excavated within it, wherein

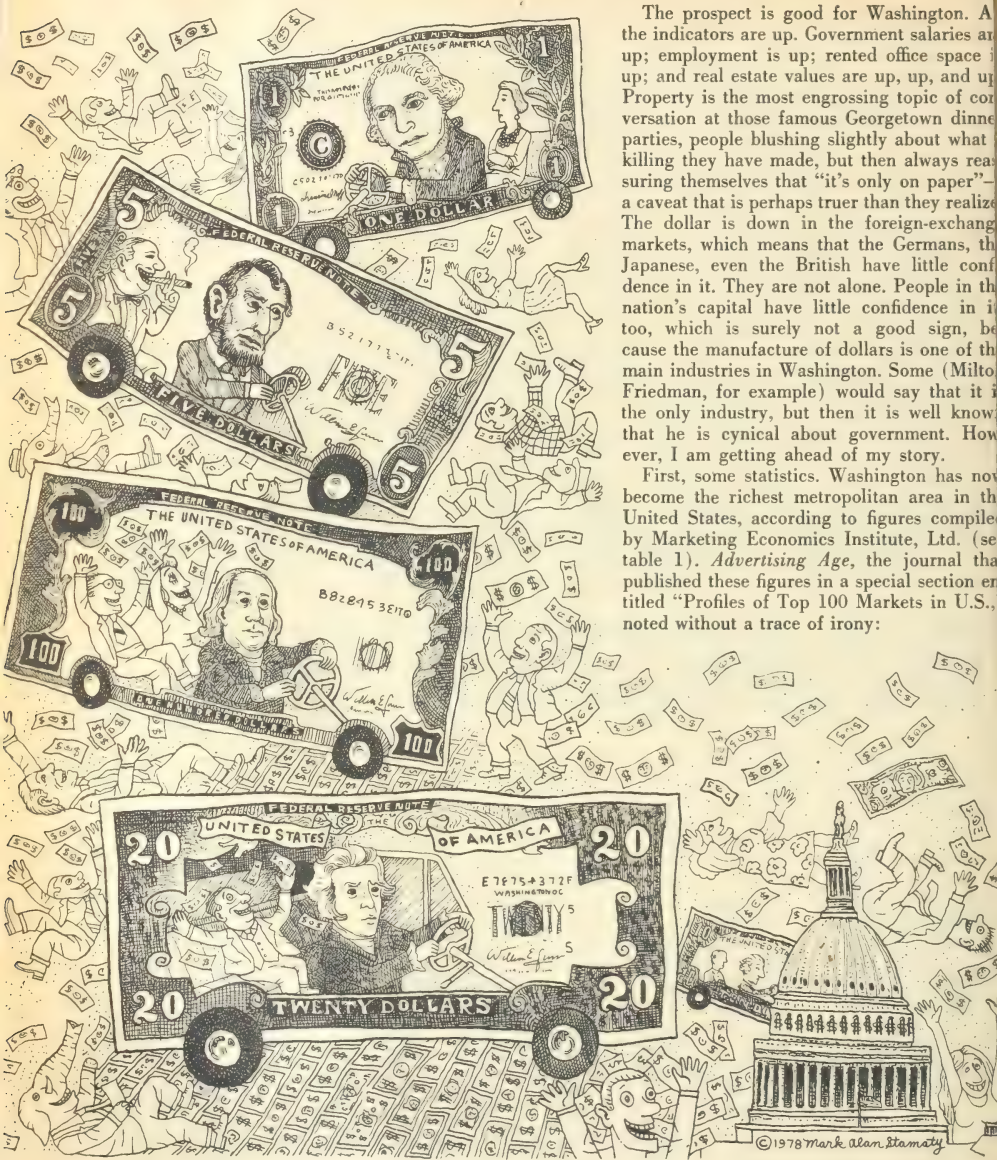
hard-hatted architects gaze at blueprints fluttering in the breeze, and plan for the future. Once built, the new office buildings (shaped like well-regimented ice cubes, obedient to stringent height regulations), fill up with dramatic speed—often with burgeoning regulatory agencies overflowing from their original premises, and simultaneously (on adjacent floors) with the lobbyists and lawyers who are hired to grapple with the new regulations. Sometimes the new government quarters are on a lavish scale, the new Senate Office Building being an example. Sen. William Proxmire has observed that it "would make a Persian prince green with envy." Originally scheduled to cost \$48 million in 1972, its cost has now risen to \$123 million, and it will be completed (perhaps) in 1981. It includes a "physical fitness center" (convertible basketball/tennis court), and a Senators-only dining room with a rooftop view of Washington.

by Tom Bethell

Tom Bethell is a Washington editor of Harper's.

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The prospect is good for Washington. All the indicators are up. Government salaries are up; employment is up; rented office space is up; and real estate values are up, up, and up. Property is the most engrossing topic of conversation at those famous Georgetown dinner parties, people blushing slightly about what killing they have made, but then always reassuring themselves that "it's only on paper"—a caveat that is perhaps truer than they realize. The dollar is down in the foreign-exchange markets, which means that the Germans, the Japanese, even the British have little confidence in it. They are not alone. People in the nation's capital have little confidence in it too, which is surely not a good sign, because the manufacture of dollars is one of the main industries in Washington. Some (Milton Friedman, for example) would say that it is the only industry, but then it is well known that he is cynical about government. However, I am getting ahead of my story.

First, some statistics. Washington has now become the richest metropolitan area in the United States, according to figures compiled by Marketing Economics Institute, Ltd. (see table 1). *Advertising Age*, the journal that published these figures in a special section entitled "Profiles of Top 100 Markets in U.S.," noted without a trace of irony:



Washington took the change of administrations in stride. Government, the area's largest employer, experienced few significant changes during the year. A few hundred upper-crust policy makers' jobs changed hands, but many of the newcomers were old Washington hands, and the transition hardly made a ripple in the housing market.

In fact, the transition improved the housing market, because most of the newcomers arrived from Georgia, and, in the Washington area, a good many of the outgoing Republicans agreed on to reap the benefits of having worked for the government. Thus more people were looking for the same number of houses. Real estate agents in and around Washington were definitely pulling for Carter on the night of November 3, 1976. In 1980 they will be on the Republican side.

Here are some more figures. Two Washington suburban counties lead the list of the "50 Richest Counties" as measured by the 1970 census (see table 2). By mid-decade, these counties were still doing very well in the rankings (see table 3), despite some fierce competition from Alaska, where, in addition to the Alaska pipeline then under construction, there were also high levels of federal spending.

I could provide more figures for the Washington area, but they would be superfluous. Suffice it to say that 25 percent of the area's employees are on the federal payroll. These people have managed, over the years, to evolve a system whereby they pay themselves well. As a result, *Time* magazine recently noted, Washington has become a "privileged ghetto, home of a pampered class all but immune to the disheartening tantrums of the economic weather." During the 1974 recession, unemployment in the capital was 30 percent below the national average.

The laws of supply and demand not only do not apply to Washington, they are turned inside out. Problems elsewhere in the country merely contribute to the wealth of Washington. The fuel crisis takes the shape of a new Department of Energy, where 19,000 bureaucrats under Dr. James Schlesinger's command will have \$10 billion to play with—roughly equal to the total profits of all the oil companies. Figures such as these are enough to make one wonder if the energy crisis can't be traced to some action originally taken in Washington; the recent history of price controls does nothing to allay this suspicion.

When considering the economic success of Washington, an innocent might conclude that this is indeed surprising, bearing in mind that those who come here to work in the government are mostly compassionate, public-spirited people—admirers of Franklin D. Roosevelt and his wife. So one surmises that it must be just an accident that they ended up doing so well. These were people who wanted to do good; who saw poverty and wanted to stamp it out; saw discrimination and determined to end it; saw slums and dreamed of humane dwelling spaces (solid 1890s structures built practically with slave labor, now rehabbed to perfection, filled with greenery and occupied by urban planning consultants). They saw all this opportunity for doing good, and yet, somehow, a good many of them ended up sipping French wines in the quiet of their pocket-sized Georgetown backyards, discussing real estate investments before retiring early to bed because they had next day an urgent "report" to write on the sad state of the economy.

"The lavish spending now going on in Washington might have warmed the heart of old Commodore Vanderbilt."

Lessons in economics

HOW DID THIS come to pass? To look, very briefly, at the broad canvas, one can see that in the course of this century one economic system has slowly but surely replaced another. Both are conveniently described by aquatic metaphors. The first system is sometimes described as "trickle-down" economics. According to this system, people were allowed to accumulate as much money as they were able, on the theory that they would spend it, allowing the benefits therefrom to "trickle down" to others who had not been able to accumulate so much. By way of an example, although it is an extreme one, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt put trickle-

TABLE 1

Richest Metropolitan Areas, Per Household Income, 1976

1. Washington, D.C.	\$27,702
2. Nassau-Suffolk, N.Y.	27,422
3. Bridgeport-Stamford-Norwalk-Danbury, Conn.	23,989
4. Houston, Tex.	23,672
5. Sacramento, Calif.	21,743
...	...
30. New York, N.Y.	17,615

Source: Marketing Economics Institute, Ltd.





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down economics to work when she employed thirty-three servants and sixteen footmen dressed in wigs and maroon silk breeches at "The Breakers," her summer "cottage" in Newport.

Unfortunately, trickle-down economics got a bad name in the end. Its heyday, as Milton Friedman has remarked, "was a period of the greatest progress in the well-being of the ordinary man that the world has ever seen," but still there was something about it that people didn't like. As a result, Friedman added, "it became enshrined in myth as the period when robber barons were grinding the poor people under their heels out of sheer malice."

The system worked as well as it did because lots of people worked hard so that they could build factories and end up with sixteen footmen in silk breeches, too. There was great economic growth, therefore, but there was also a flaw: the resulting wealth didn't trickle down to *everyone*, and thus it was "unfair." The system was efficient, it was conceded, but efficiency wasn't everything.

Along came the new system, based instead on fairness. There would be an unfortunate but necessary "trade-off" between efficiency and equality. Under the new system, people would still be allowed to make money, but after they had made a certain amount their earnings would be transferred to others who had made less. This money would be transferred as though it were water in a bucket. Then a very important discovery was made. In the process of traveling from the rich to the poor, the bucket leaked. Thus the "leaky bucket" economic system eventually came to replace the "trickle-down" system.

Here is an excellent description of leaky-bucket economics by Arthur Okun, an economist with the Brookings Institution and formerly chairman of President Johnson's Council of Economic Advisers. Okun postulates a program that takes away \$4,000 from each of several affluent families and gives the money

to another group, four times larger, of poor families. This transfer should, as Okun says, "finance a \$1,000 grant for the average low income family."

"However," he continues, "the program has an unsolved technological problem: the money must be carried from the rich to the poor in a leaky bucket. Some of it will simply disappear in transit, so the poor will not receive all the money that is taken from the rich. The average poor family will get less than \$1,000 while the average rich family gives up \$4,000."

That is a most instructive and lucid analysis, and it continues in that vein with a discussion of how much leaking is acceptable (10 to 20 percent for Okun, a respectable centrist unlike John Rawls of Harvard, who would not object to 99 percent leakage, or Friedman, who wouldn't want any). Nevertheless, there is one point in the foregoing that I must disagree with, much as I hate to argue with an experienced an economist: the money that leaks out of the bucket doesn't "disappear"—it waters Washington and transforms the arid regions of federal bureaucracy into a land of milk and honey.

Washington is right underneath the leaky bucket, and, I am tempted to add, the mansions are not being built in Newport anymore—they are being built in Washington. Not for individuals, of course—heavens no. There are no multimillionaires in the new scheme. That is precisely the beauty of it. Greed has been ostensibly eliminated from the picture and replaced by good works. This is what makes it so hard to point an accusatory finger at anyone. No, the new structures, on a much larger (although not grander) scale than the Newport mansions, are called "agencies" and "departments," and to be fair about it they employ far more people than The Breakers ever did. What's more, today's government employees evidently have a lot of money to spend.

The lavish spending now going on in Washington might have warmed the heart of old Commodore Vanderbilt himself. The expensive restaurants (\$70 or more a couple) are becoming harder and harder to get into. The nightly display of evening dress at the Kennedy Center keeps plenty of courtyards happy. Soaring property values have enabled plenty of residents (New Dealers, et cetera) to refinance their houses and spend \$10,000 more on landscaping their gardens. But this is all perfect. Money will be spent, and it doesn't matter who spends it. Let us look at the cause.

TABLE 2

Richest Counties, Median Family Income, 1970 Census

1. Montgomery, Md.	\$16,710
2. Fairfax, Va.	15,707
3. Nassau, N.Y.	14,632
4. Du Page, Ill.	14,458
5. Marin, Calif.	13,935

Source: Bureau of Census





THE WEALTH of Washington derives primarily from federal pay, which is high and keeps getting higher all the time. Federal pay is a complex subject, but worth trying to simplify. Since 1970 federal pay has been based on the idea of "comparability," meaning that federal workers are supposed to be paid the same as those doing comparable jobs in the private sector. To compute private-sector pay, the Bureau of Labor Statistics does a survey between January and April every year.

The Bureau of Labor Statistics reports its findings to the President's "Pay Agent," a triumvirate consisting of the Chairman of the Civil Service Commission, the Secretary of Labor, and the Director of the Office of Management and Budget. Another group, called the Federal Employees Pay Council, also has a say in the matter. The council consists of representatives of the largest federal employee unions, of which the most important is the American Federation of Government Employees, which represents 750,000 federal employees. Then there is a third group, called the Advisory Committee on Federal Pay, consisting of people from the private sector who represent the interest of taxpayers.

The President listens to all three groups, who may disagree with one another. The Pay Agent, for example, might recommend that the pay raise suggested by the BLS survey be held down to a smaller percentage—i.e., that the pay increase be "capped." There is every indication that this will happen this year. The BLS survey for 1978 has led federal employees to expect a raise of about 6.5 percent. But Carter's Pay Agent wants to hold it to 5 percent. When they heard about this threat, the Federal Employees Pay Council vowed to attend the next meeting with the Pay Agent wearing coal miners' helmets. This was meant to remind the White House that the recent coal strike was settled only after the miners got a wage increase of about 31 percent spread over three years. Federal employees, incidentally, are by law not allowed to strike. Postal workers, however, *did* strike in March, 1970, and as a result they got the collective-bargaining rights and the pay raise they were looking for. Unfortunately for many federal employees, however, there is often no identifiable service that they can threaten to withdraw from the public, and so the likelihood of "wildcat" strikes from them is minimal.

In other years the President may accept the

"comparability" figure, and if he does, then that percentage pay raise goes into effect in October, unless the Congress does something to stop it. Notice that Congress is thus put into the convenient position of "approving" government pay raises without having to vote on the issue or take any public action at all. It is automatic as long as the President accepts the BLS survey figure and the Congress does not act.

In Jimmy Carter's first year on the job, when pay-comparability time came around in October, 1977, and the recommendation was that federal workers all get a 7.05 percent raise, Carter signed on the dotted line immediately, unlike his two predecessors in the White House, who usually put up a fight. Carter evidently had no desire to get into a fight with the bureaucracy. Who knows, maybe he had visions of Watergate, and of the time that President Nixon's income tax returns popped up on the front page of a daily newspaper. The clandestine coupling between bureaucracy and press, which the First Amendment is said to protect, acts powerfully to ensure that all the President's men stay in the bureaucracy's good graces. If the President decides to be stubborn about holding down the pay increase this year . . . who knows what stories we may soon be reading in the Washington press.

The gentleman explaining the intricacies of federal pay to me was Ed Preston, an assistant director of the OMB and plainly a veteran of bureaucratic wars. Having listened to him, I pointed out that the problem with "comparability" was all the evidence that government workers earn more than those in the private sector. I cited some figures put out by the Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations that especially indicated this. Preston's reply suggested that if the government were an army it would be deficient in privates and corporals. More and more, the jobs government workers do are being defined in such a way that they correspond to upper-level jobs in the private sector. Here is what Preston said:

"The federal government has shifted to an increasingly professional, technical, and scientific work force. Twenty or thirty years ago we had essentially a government of clerks. But now, with moonshots, the space program, and so on, all that has changed."

Notice how this explanation makes a mockery of those miners' helmets. Anyway, I called Dr. John Shannon at the Commission on Intergovernmental Relations, the little-known

"The clandestine coupling between bureaucracy and press . . . acts powerfully to ensure that all the President's men stay in the bureaucracy's good graces."





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commission that had innocently contrasted civilian and government pay. I told Shannon that I had found his figures very revealing. "We got a real nasty letter from the head of the Civil Service Commission about that," he said. "They claim that the government is now made up mostly of atomic physicists and people like that."

It is, in fact, an extremely difficult matter to ascertain whether the correct functioning of government now really does demand the skills of highly qualified scientists and managers, or whether job descriptions have merely been inflated to give this impression: no doubt partly both. I spent an afternoon phoning the Civil Service Commission, being routed from one office to the next, but made little headway.

There is not even a simple answer to the question: What kind of work does, say, a GS-5 do? (See table 5.) In response to this question, Eugene Dahlman, assistant chief of the Standards Division, told me: "It varies from occupation to occupation. You can have a grade 5 engineer or a grade 5 secretary. The grade 5 engineer would be just out of school, of course."

This was peculiar, surely, because a grade 5 engineer is paid the same as a grade 5 secretary, on a scale of pay assumed to be "comparable" to that for work done in the private sector, and yet clearly engineering work is in no way comparable to secretarial work. How, then, can they be lumped together and be called comparable to anything?

Robert W. Hartman, an economist with the Brookings Institution, has pointed out that it is precisely this lumping together of various private-sector jobs into one pay rate that results in federal pay nosing ahead as it does. In March, 1977, a GS-5 clerical worker was paid \$10,677 annually, Hartman writes. At that time BLS investigators returned from their travels and reported their findings: The

salary for comparable jobs in the private sector was \$10,100.

Hartman comments as follows: "This finding—which a hard-nosed type might regard as an excuse for a pay reduction—was transformed into a pay raise under what is called the government comparability method." How was this achieved? "At GS-5, the private-sector secretarial wage was combined with technical jobs paying \$11,770, administrative posts at \$12,346, and professional slots at \$13,439 to reach an average survey salary for GS-5 of \$10,736."

This means, of course, that a GS-5 employee doing "technical" work (the recent engineering graduate, no doubt) would be slightly *underpaid* at this grade, but then he will soon be promoted to GS-7 (even-numbered grades are skipped by many employees at this level). Salary inflation in the government has been partly caused by grade inflation.

There are numerous other criticisms of the pay-comparability procedure. One is that in doing its survey, the BLS focuses on companies with 100 employees or more—the higher-paying companies. (According to the Chamber of Commerce, as many as 90 percent of U.S. businesses have fewer than fifty employees.) This criticism is conceded, but again with more than a trace of institutional arrogance.

"It is not feasible to find 'job-matches' in the smaller firms," Preston told me. "The federal government is so big that its functions are divided up into many parts. In a smaller firm one person may do everything. In the federal government one person may just write checks, another may just type; another may be a job analyst, or a specialist in various kinds of personnel problems."

Nevertheless, Preston said, OMB would be willing to include smaller firms in the BLS survey, "but the federal employee unions have opposed us bitterly on this."

TABLE 3

Richest Counties [over 50,000 pop.] Median Household Effective Buying Income

	1975	1976
1. Fairfax, Va.	\$22,321	\$24,050
2. Du Page, Ill.	21,814	23,486
3. Anchorage, Alaska	21,091	24,716
4. Nassau, N.Y.	20,738	21,725
5. Montgomery, Md.	20,674	22,012

Source: Sales & Marketing Management

I PHONED DR. SHANNON of the Intergovernmental Relations Commission once again the next day. He told me about a new book that had just been published by Princeton University's industrial relations section, and he seemed pretty excited about it. Apparently it was a hot underground item in the bureaucracy, with one or two copies circulating, as it were, in *samizdat*. Shannon said he wasn't even sure he could show me a copy, but he gave me the name of a friendly budget exam-





er, who agreed to see me, after he had ex-
acted from me a vow of silence as to his
identity.

He was seated rather nervously at his desk,
and as he spoke he seemed to be looking ner-
vously over my shoulder, worried that at any
moment Alan K. Campbell, the chairman of
the Civil Service Commission, might walk into
the room and catch him in the act of betrayal.

He pulled a dog-eared paperback out of his
desk drawer. It was bristling with paper clips.
He slid it cautiously over in my direction.
It was called *Equal Pay in the Public Sector:
Fact or Fantasy*, by Sharon P. Smith.

Evidently she had taken a different approach,
measuring not comparable jobs but comparable
people, as defined by such factors as age, edu-
cation, sex, location, and race. Her finding:
"The federal wage advantage was estimated to
be at least 13 percent and possibly as much as
20 percent in 1975."

The budget examiner took the book back
and handed me something else. He seemed to
be operating on the theory that he would be
safe as long as he didn't say anything. He
tapped his forefinger at a table in the middle
of a page. "Take a look at that," he said, point-
ing to some figures indicating the rate at which
people quit their jobs ("quit rates"—see
table 4).

"Since 1970, when they got collective bar-
gaining, the Postal Service's pay has skyrock-
eted," my man said, warming up a bit. "The
government can't go broke, and so that element
of discipline has been removed from collective
bargaining with the government. The unions

know that." This was obviously an important
point, and I decided to explore it later on.

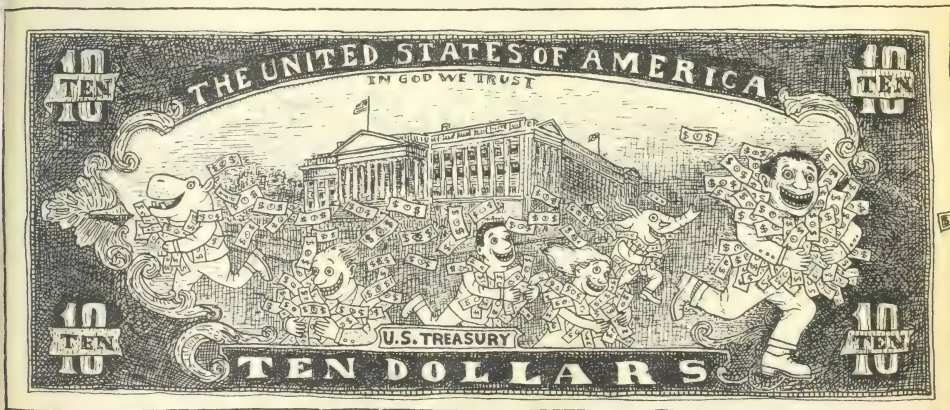
"Another thing," the budget man went on.
"Check with Civil Service and find out about
the queues of people trying to get into govern-
ment these days. Just tremendous numbers of
them." Using a paper clip as a thumb index,
he turned to a page of Smith's book and silent-
ly pointed again:

*If the comparability process suggests that
wages should be increased for a particular
group of government workers and yet there
are already long queues of individuals await-
ing such jobs, the increase is unnecessary
to attract the required manpower.*

I later called the Civil Service Commission,
and the information it provided suggests that
government pay increases could very easily be
halted completely for a number of years. (Car-
ter might also consider that such a public-sec-
tor pay freeze would undoubtedly do wonders
for inflation. The pressure that would be gen-
erated within the federal bureaucracy to cut
back on federal spending as a way of bringing
inflation under control would be something
wonderful to see. Alas, it is a pipe dream.)

It is a remarkable fact that in 1977 the
equivalent of the entire population of Texas
inquired about the possibility of a job with
the federal government (see table 6). And,
as Mike Causey noted in his "Federal Diary"
column in the *Washington Post*, these statis-
tics "represent only people who got through.
Nobody knows how many job hunters have
been frustrated by long lines or seemingly for-

"[In] 1977 the
equivalent of
the entire
population of
Texas inquired
about the
possibility of
a job with
the federal
government."





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ever busy telephone numbers, and have given up. They aren't counted in the statistics."

Before concluding my interview with the budget examiner, I asked him what he had thought of a recent newspaper column by Nicholas Von Hoffman entitled "Inflationary Trend of the Federal Payroll."

He threw caution to the winds and slapped his thigh. Then he lit up a pipe. "He was right but he didn't know it," he said, cackling away between puffs. Apparently there had been quite a bit of discussion about this column. Von Hoffman had made what was technically a mistake, saying that federal workers get raises "to offset the inflationary degradation of the dollar." In fact, of course, federal pay is not tied to the Consumer Price Index. But, bearing in mind the criticisms of comparability raised by Sharon Smith and Robert W. Hartman, the indications are that federal pay is soaring ahead of inflation.

Nevertheless, a letter of sharp reprimand from Alan Campbell of the Civil Service Commission was soon published in the *Washington Post*. His comments are highly instructive:

The reason income levels are higher in Washington (and they undeniably are) is not that government workers are concentrated here. In fact, only 12 percent of the federal workers are located in the Washington area. The reason is that Washington lacks basic industry. It has no docks, farms, oil wells, assembly plants, factories, canneries, blast furnaces, and the like. Hence it cannot be home to millions of American production workers who operate our massive industrial society, and whose relatively lower pay pulls the overall average salary down in other cities.

In other words, those "production workers" (lowly blast-furnace types) are paid less than government workers. People who work on docks, farms, and oil wells are simply not "comparable" to the people in Washington, who work on paper.

Campbell made a mistake himself in his letter. He noted that, whereas "the average household income in this area may indeed be

\$27,702," the average federal employee earned "only \$18,862 last year, and federal employee constitute less than 25 percent of the local work force. Obviously some other large and affluent groups in the area's economy are pushing the average up."

This neglects to take into account Washington's numerous working couples. Examples that come to mind are Mary King, deputy director of ACTION, and her husband, Pete Bourne, a psychiatrist lurking in Carter's entourage; and Secretary of HUD Patricia R. Harris and her husband, William Beasley Harris, an administrative law judge. Couples such as these have combined incomes approaching \$100,000, in some cases, which helps to explain why household income is as high as it is.

Campbell's statement also presumes that the nationwide average government employee grade level is the same as the Washington average. Needless to say, it is not. Most of the chiefs are in Washington, most of the Indians are in the provinces. The average Washington metropolitan area government salary was \$20,740 in 1977.

Nevertheless, Campbell is of course right when he says that there are many people in Washington who earn more than government workers; the burgeoning class of lawyers inevitably comes to mind (according to *Time* there are 20,000 of them in Washington, and all of them must surely get down on their knees every night to say a prayer of thanks to the Patron Saint of Lawyers, Ralph Nader); and then, of course, there are the lobbyists and the psychiatrists—there are more of the latter per square inch than anywhere else in the world thanks to government health insurance plans that seem to have been designed on the assumption that people will very likely go crazy working for the government.

There are also the consultants—the "belt way bandits," as they are sometimes called. These are the people who do government work for a fee. A large fraction of government work is contracted out these days, a fact that is always worth bearing in mind, because this is one of the main ways in which the true extent of government employment is disguised. (Defenders of the federal bureaucracy frequently also use the following argument: It is not the federal government that has grown, it is the state and local governments. This is true, but misleading. The growth of state and local governments has been very largely mandated

TABLE 4

Annual Quit Rates, 1972

Postal Service	6.7%
Federal Workers	8.4%
All Manufacturing	26.8%

Source: Douglas K. Adie, American Enterprise Institute



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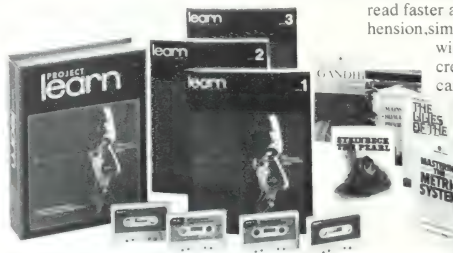
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y federal regulation and augmented by revenue sharing and "matching" spending arrangements.)

LESTER A. FETTIG turned out to be the man to see about contracted-out government. His office of Federal Procurement Policy in the New Executive Office Building overlooks the White House, with the Washington Monument and National Airport in the distance. Fettig (executive level 4: \$50,000 a year; see table 7) said that the government was now contracting out more than \$80 billion worth of work annually—about one-sixth of the budget. This expenditure is administered by about 80,000 full-time employees. In their book *The Shadow Government*, Daniel Guttman and Barry Willner point out that "the government has little precise information on many characteristics of the shadow bureaucracy." But in the upper echelons of those working "off the organizational chart," salaries range well over \$100,000.

Fettig told me that "60 percent of the money goes out on 'sole source.'" No competition, in other words. "We've become the modern contract state," he said enigmatically. As far as I could gather, his argument was that about \$30 billion of this could very well be done by the full-time government, while \$30 billion of current full-time government work could in

turn be contracted out. This would "reorganize" things without getting anyone too upset, which seems to be a Carter priority.

Fettig explained—and in the course of a couple of weeks talking to people in the Carter Administration I must have heard this ten times—that Presidents Nixon and Ford tried to reorganize things, too, but they didn't do it right. They didn't *go through channels*. They tried here and there to cut the Gordian knot: razor blades were quietly applied to red tape. Mistakenly imagining that when he became President it would be easy to get things done, Nixon was finally reduced to slamming his fist down on the desk and saying to Chuck Colson, "I want it *now*!"

Carter's people in the White House and at the OMB know very well what happened after that, and so they are proceeding carefully, cautiously... procedurally... as gingerly as a jackass eating briars. They are going to go through channels just as it says in the government manuals. Fettig further explained how brutally the Ford Administration went about contracting out government. "If they found they could save \$1 million by contracting out garbage collection, they would order it done," he said. "Let's say four jobs would be lost in the public sector. Then the employee unions would get upset and call the Congressman who represented these people..."

"The average Washington metropolitan area government salary was \$20,740 in 1977."

TABLE 5

Distribution of full-time federal civilian employees, as of March 1976 with examples of work done

GS-1	2,256	messenger
GS-2	25,256	file clerk
GS-3	99,330	typist
GS-4	174,146	senior stenographer
GS-5	182,211	engineering technician
GS-6	85,741	secretary
GS-7	127,553	computer operator
GS-8	27,790	computer operator
GS-9	139,334	buyer
GS-10	22,090	("not used very much")
GS-11	146,954	job analyst
GS-12	139,692	attorney
GS-13	107,310	chief accountant
GS-14	49,379	personnel director
GS-15	24,532	personnel director
GS-16	3,309	supergrades—
GS-17	990	supervisors, directors of bureaus ("no
GS-18	348	comparable jobs in private sector")

TABLE 6

	Numbers Seeking Federal Jobs		
	1972	1974	1977
Inquiries	6,649,867	9,061,363	11,921,964
Applications	1,758,348	1,788,932	1,671,119
Selections	183,267	231,410	151,614

TABLE 7

	Current Salaries	Executive Level Distribution	Examples of Who They Are
I	\$66,000	13	Cabinet members
II	57,500	49	Deputy secretaries, heads of large agencies
III	52,500	91	Undersecretaries, heads of smaller agencies
IV	50,000	357	Assistant secretaries and commission members
V	47,500	232	Unit administrators within large departments

Source: Civil Service Commission





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"But presumably four people in the private sector would get the jobs instead," I said.

"Yeah, but the Congressman doesn't know those other four will vote for him. But if he saves the jobs of the people who already work for the government, they will vote for him. There's a high discount rate."

That evening I bought a copy of the *Washington Star* as I went home. The following front-page story caught my eye:

POLITICS MAY PROTECT U.S. PAY RAISE

Fear of getting branded as "anti-labor" may deter the Carter Administration from trimming federal pay raises to fight inflation, according to high-ranking officials.

That was odd, I thought. Now the nuclear physicists were forgotten and the coal miners' helmets were back in place. On the one hand, at pay-comparability time, the government is composed of scientists and top managers to explain why the pay is so high, but at pay-cut time the work force is abruptly transmuted back into "labor." I was beginning to think that Jimmy Carter had a very slim chance of reorganizing this government.

THE NEXT DAY I had a drink with a friend of mine at one of those subterranean Washington bars that somehow contrive to be full of people already well into their second cocktail at five minutes past five. My friend landed a good job with the Carter Administration a little more than a year ago. He ordered a Bass ale and began: "A fourfold increase in salary does wonders, I'll admit." He told me that his job is to manipulate the press so that his boss, a Cabinet member, comes out looking good. It turns out to be easier to do this than he thought it would be. The daily press is the easiest, he said. "If someone writes something I don't like, then I don't return his phone calls for a week. They're always on deadline, so they need me." He then began to talk about the fringe benefits of government.

"The per diem travel allowance is generous," he admitted. "Seventy-five dollars a day in Paris. Forty to fifty dollars a day in the U.S. I bet not many people lose money on that. Then there's parking. It costs us \$5 a month, although normal Washington rates are \$4 a day. All the top people get parking spaces—in other words, just the people who could afford to pay the going rate. Then there

are the federal credit unions. I can get 7 percent on a savings account, and if I want to get a loan to buy a car, I pay 8 percent on the loan."

He thought for a moment and lit a cigarette. "We get no expenses for lunch," he said. "That's one of the drawbacks. Why do you think there has been all this fuss about the three-martini lunch? It's one of the few fringes enjoyed by the private sector but not by us. And according to the new conflict-of-interest laws I am not allowed to be taken out to lunch by someone who does business with the department. Luckily, the *New York Times* has no business dealings with us."

He ordered another beer. "Oh," he said. "Many hotels have government rates. Everyone tries to get into the Essex House in New York because it gives government rates—about \$35 for a double. It's very hard to get in at weekends."

I asked him why hotels had lower rates for government employees. (Essex House's standard rate is \$70-\$90 for a double.)

"It's a tradition in the hotel going back to World War II," he said. "Government per diem used to be very low then. But to justify higher per diems today, I notice, the employee unions talk about the high cost of staying in hotels."

"Anything else you can think of?"

"Sabbaticals," he said. "I know it sounds crazy. But the government is more and more filling up with professors and more and more seems to resemble a university. I have a friend at the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration who applied for and was granted a sabbatical to work on a dissertation."

My friend turned next to the complex subject of pensions and retirement benefits. "Basically," he said, "we pay 7 percent of our gross income instead of paying into Social Security." (Which is 6.05 percent at present and will rise to 7.05 percent by 1985. But then most private-sector employees also contribute to pension plans in addition to paying social security.) A recent change in the law raised the retirement age in the private sector from 65 to 70, but federal employees were exempted from any compulsory retirement due to age. This raises the specter of ending up with a government of octogenarians, or would it there were not several inducements built into the pension structure to encourage relatively early retirement. (Pensions, unlike salaries, do get an annual cost-of-living adjustment.)





"Oh, the biggie—I nearly forgot it," my end continued. "The WATS line. There's no use for anyone above about GS-11 level ringing a long-distance phone bill, because you call from the office. All you have to do is dial 8... It's a wonderful freebie. I'm involved with a girl in Boston right now and my one calls would normally be costing me out \$500 a month. It's better to call early in the day, I've found, because after 4:00 P.M. anybody suddenly realizes the day has gone by and they haven't called their mother yet. Nobody minds. It's not anybody's money..." With that appropriate "bottom line" I decided time to go. As we were getting into his car my friend told me: "I'm seeing a psychiatrist at the moment because I don't know when I'll be able to afford it again."

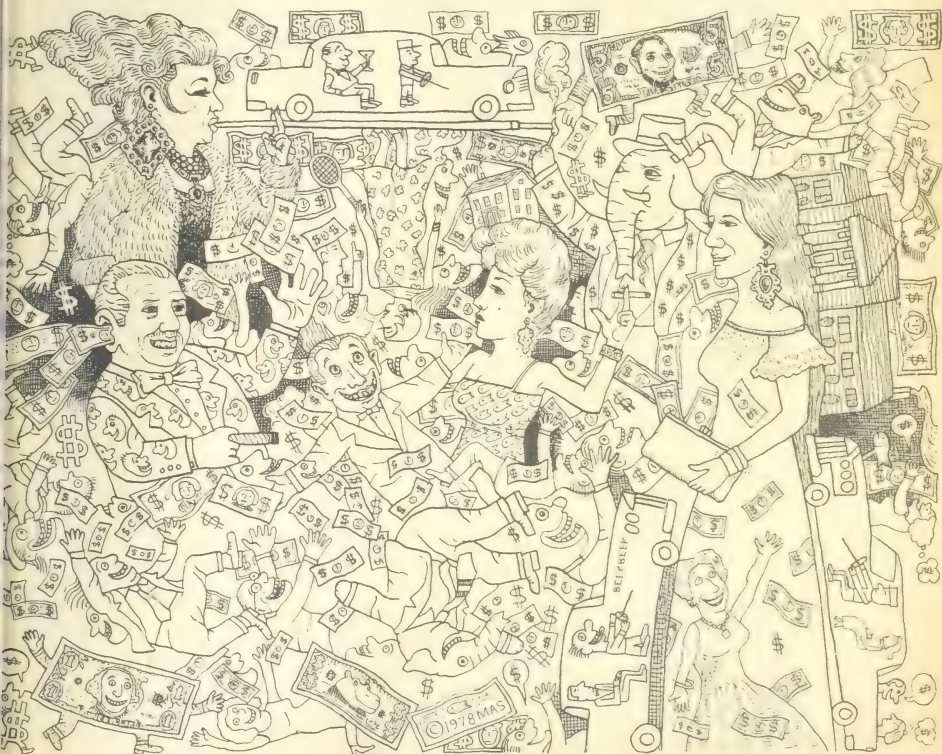
"How does the health plan work?" I asked.

"First of all, every government employee has a choice of about ten health plans to choose from," he said. "So you can figure out the one that best works in your favor. I'm on Blue Cross High Option, for which I pay \$9.50 every two weeks plus 20 percent of the shrink's fee, plus \$100 deductible."

He dropped me at my door and said he was going on to a function somewhere. "If you get on the White House invite circuit you never have to pay for dinner all the time you're in Washington. Ciao."

One fringe benefit he didn't mention was the near impossibility of getting fired, although this did not apply to him and the approximately 2,000 others whose jobs are classified as "Schedule C," meaning that they are political appointees. But for the vast majority there are now so many grievance procedures

"The bifurcation of government into labor and management is surely a sleight of hand intended to conjure up a vision of dark satanic mills, robber barons, and child labor."





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and courts of higher appeal that the story is told of the supervisor who, in trying to fire an insolent and indolent underling, spent so much time filling out forms and meeting with adjudicators over a period of eighteen months that he ended up himself receiving an unfavorable performance rating for neglecting his regular work.

According to an authoritative article by Leonard Reed, "Firing a Federal Employee: The Impossible Dream," published last year in the *Washington Monthly*, federal employees are fired at a rate such that, if carried over into the private sector, "a small business employing ten people would fire one person for inefficiency every 70 years."

BY THE TIME I went to see Carter's top reorganization man, Richard A. Pettigrew, and his assistant, Chris Matthews, I was beginning to appreciate the magnitude of the problem facing them. It was paradoxical that this should be so, however, because there could be no doubt that Carter and his reorganization team had the support of a large majority of Americans—perhaps as many as 80 percent of the voters. Certainly they had the conservatives behind them, and an increasing number of disaffected liberals. This was, after all, the issue above all others that had propelled Carter-the-Outsider into office.

Who, then, was against him on the issue? The answer can best be described as a "federal triangle." The term "federal triangle" in Washington refers to nine square blocks of government buildings lying between Pennsylvania Avenue and Constitution Avenue, but there is also a conceptual federal triangle, and it is important to understand, because the wealth of Washington essentially derives from it. Its three vertices are: Congress, the Executive departments and agencies, and the federal employee unions (see figure A).

In the first place, federal employees in the various Executive departments band together into unions. Skillfully appropriating the terminology of trade unionism, they dub themselves "labor" at this moment, thus again revealing the chameleon-like nature of the beast we are dealing with. These employee unions then "bargain" on such matters as fringe benefits, hours of work, grievance procedures. Just a minute, you may be wondering. With whom do they bargain? I wondered this my-

self and phoned the American Federation of Government Employees, by far the largest federal employee union, and I was routed to Mr. Dick Calistri. I asked him how this "bargaining" worked.

"Well," he said, "we sit down and we have a give-and-take. Maybe we're bargaining working conditions. . . ."

"Who's on the other side of the bargaining table?" I asked.

"Management!" Calistri said, in a tone indicating he was surprised that I could ask stupid a question.

What is this "management"? Everyone involved is on the federal payroll, after all. The bifurcation of government into labor and management is surely a sleight of hand intended to conjure up a vision of dark satanic mill robber barons, and child labor.

I asked Calistri who actually represent "management" at the bargaining table. May it was the political appointees. As these people really do come and go from government that would at least set them apart from the permanent civil service labor force.

"They're not necessarily political appointees," Calistri said. "They may be high-level civil service people."

That was what I had been afraid of. In other words, the difference between labor and management in government is one of degree (seniority), not kind. It was all beginning to look more and more like a shell game to me. No wonder government ends up winning no matter what.

The next "side" of the triangle is particularly important: the lobbying of Congress. Calistri told me: "That's our bag, really."

The question in my mind was, How important is the federal employee vote to the average Congressman? Ten percent of his constituency (approximately) may be on the federal payroll—which means that 90 percent are not. Therefore he shouldn't have to worry too much about the federal vote, should he?

"Yes, he should, and will," Chris Matthews told me in the Old Executive Office Building next to the White House. Before coming to work for the Carter Administration, Matthews who is young and commendably enthusiastic about the daunting topic of government reorganization (second only to "budget" in lack of reader appeal, he feels), worked for three years on Capitol Hill, and so is familiar with Congressional sentiment on the subject.

"Federal employees are a vocal, high-inten-





ty group," he said. "Government change affects them directly. They know exactly who to call on the Hill, and their voice is heard in the media if they decide to make a fuss."

At that point his boss, Richard Pettigrew, stuck his head in the door to ask about the progress of a memo. Pettigrew was Speaker of the Florida House of Representatives and helped organize Carter's Florida primary. Now he has been "rewarded" with this Sisyphean task. Matthews told him what we were discussing.

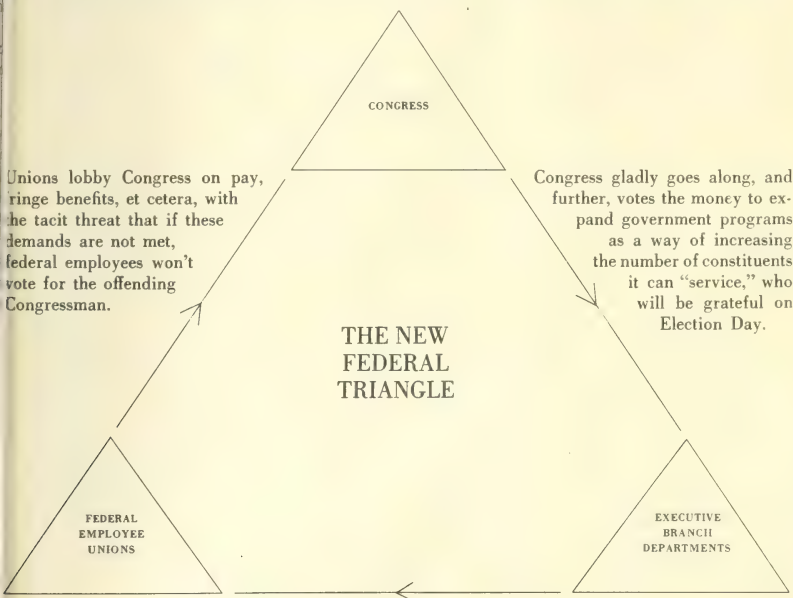
"All it takes is a well-organized group of voters who are all going to vote the same way on one issue—their own self-interest—and the Congressman will respond," Pettigrew said. Especially when they are as well-organized a network as federal workers."

After Pettigrew left, Matthews said: "You've also got to bear in mind that all the relevant legislation goes through the House Civil Service and Post Office Committee, and the Congressmen with high percentages of federal em-

ployees in their districts—such as Herb Harris of Virginia and Gladys Spellman of Maryland—always gravitate to that committee. And they shape that legislation. Same with the comparable committee in the Senate, which is where I worked for three years. All of those Senators had close ties to the federal employee unions." Once it emerges from these committees, such legislation is only amended on the floor in the most minor ways, if it is amended at all.

And this brings us to the third side of the triangle. Because they want to be reelected, Congressmen are generally on the lookout for ways in which to increase government programs. This is because enlarged federal programs enlarge the number of constituents that a Congressman can "service," thus adding to the number of voters who will be suitably grateful on election day. The result is a powerful ratchet effect, with federal programs and expenditures getting larger, but almost never smaller. To make matters worse, Congressmen

"Because they want to be reelected, Congressmen are generally on the lookout for ways in which to increase government programs."



Ever-increasing numbers of government workers, depicting themselves as "labor," band together into federal employee unions to combat management. Government thus bargains with itself, and government wins.

FIGURE A





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who routinely oppose this trend on fiscal grounds have been very successfully packaged by opinion makers, and labeled *Neanderthal: Heartless*. Their concern about abstractions like the soaring national debt has made it easy to dismiss them as "uncompassionate."

Congressmen are therefore ever on the alert for ways in which to expand government beneficence, and the precise ways in which they do this involve, as one might guess, expanding the definition of people who are alleged to be "deprived" by handicaps, minority status, shortage of money, or by broadening the boundaries of poverty, and so on. Public service job creation, such as the Comprehensive Employment and Training Act, is an example. The upshot is that as government programs expand, the Executive departments' budgets increase, and so do the number of federal employees needed to administer them. This increases the number of people putting pressure on Congress to increase their pay and benefits. And so on.

A cyberneticist will notice that the "triangle of forces" in this model is unstable. Each step tends to reinforce the next. There is no "negative feedback," and as is well known, such unstable systems have a short life-span before they collapse. An outsider observing our political system might well conclude, therefore, that its fundamental defect is that each Congressman separately has a desire to be reelected that is more compelling than his concern for fiscal stability. Each one therefore tries to get more than his share of the fiscal cake to spread around his constituency, and in fact all, or almost all, succeed in doing so. The "cake" is then artificially enlarged—or perhaps "inflated" would be a better word—with the overtime use of what is perhaps the government's prize possession, a printing press housed within the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. This press comes to the Congressmen's rescue by turning out what Milton Friedman has uncharitably described as "green pieces of paper."

One check to this unstable system, of course, is vested in the Presidential veto, requiring that legislative measures pass by a two-thirds majority, but President Carter scorned this so much in his campaign that to use it with any frequency would require one more *volte-face* on his part.

The currency thus inflated, it is not surprising that such well-known lawmakers as Senators Edward Brooke and George McGovern,

big spenders both, should have invested much of their own money in real estate, nor is it surprising that so many Congressional wives in Washington are getting into the real estate agent business (mentioned in a recent issue of *Dossier*, Washington's society magazine: Lee Hart, Antoinette Hatfield, Shirley Berman, Pat Derwinski). No doubt they have plenty of opportunity to observe the reason for the declining confidence in the dollar, which results in a rising confidence in land

Paper Cit

THESE UNWELCOME developments have come about little by little—so slowly that hardly any audible objection has been heard. The *Washington Post* will roar its thunder at *transient* Washington—the Presidents and their entourages who come and go at regular intervals—but on the subject of permanent Washington, the entrenched civil servants and their increasingly lavish emoluments, the *Post* has preserved a dignified editorial silence. One appreciates that they do not wish to offend the main body of their readers. Nor, indeed, would the many *Post* reporters who rely on the bureaucracy for their stories want to offend their sources. Perhaps this is why the *Post's* front page so often seems to end up looking like a hearty endorsement of greater government in the guise of news (Headlines from just one recent issue: "A UNEQUAL SOCIETY: Brutality, Bias Afflict Hispanics" and "CUTBACK THREATENS TO DISRUPT FAMILIES: A Squeeze on Federal Day Care Centers.")

Although the redistributors end up doing so well, the benign intent of redistribution masks its shortcomings; the redistributor carries a bucket of wealth, which slops all over his turn of route to the poor. Too bad. He didn't mean it to happen. (Daniel P. Moynihan's book, *The Politics of a Guaranteed Income*, does admittedly raise some doubt on this score. The attempt to construct a nonleaking bucket, in the shape of a "Family Assistance Plan," a Republican-inspired, minimum-income proposal, was opposed by the social-worker professionals. "The first hostile reaction to FAP came from the poverty program," Moynihan writes.) So there is no scandal, no "story" as far as the journalist is concerned. Redistributors are said to be motivated by fairness; trickle-down capitalists were motivated by greed. In this way





n, Washington's new class of newly rich, the town houses in Northwest and weekend has on the Maryland shore or in the Vir-
a Piedmont, enjoy an overwhelming re-
cal advantage over their capitalist pre-
essors. It's nobody's fault . . . nobody is to
me, nobody is responsible . . . everyone
ant well, everyone was compassionate, it's
system's fault . . . and besides, it isn't any-
ly's money.

FOR A FINAL opinion about the wealth
of Washington, I drove out to Rock-
ville in Montgomery County, Mary-
land, where I had a lunch appoint-
ment with James P. Gleason, the Montgom-
ery County Executive—a position comparable to
that of mayor. I drove out Wisconsin Avenue,
past the white marble Mazza Galleria housing
Norman Marcus and satellite boutiques (it
opened in November and is now almost fully
rented), past Lord & Taylor, Saks Fifth Ave-
nue, out further beyond the beltway and past
the White Flint Mall, which also opened last
year and has as its principal attraction Wash-
ington's second Bloomingdale's, and a few
minutes later arrived at the County Office
building in Rockville.

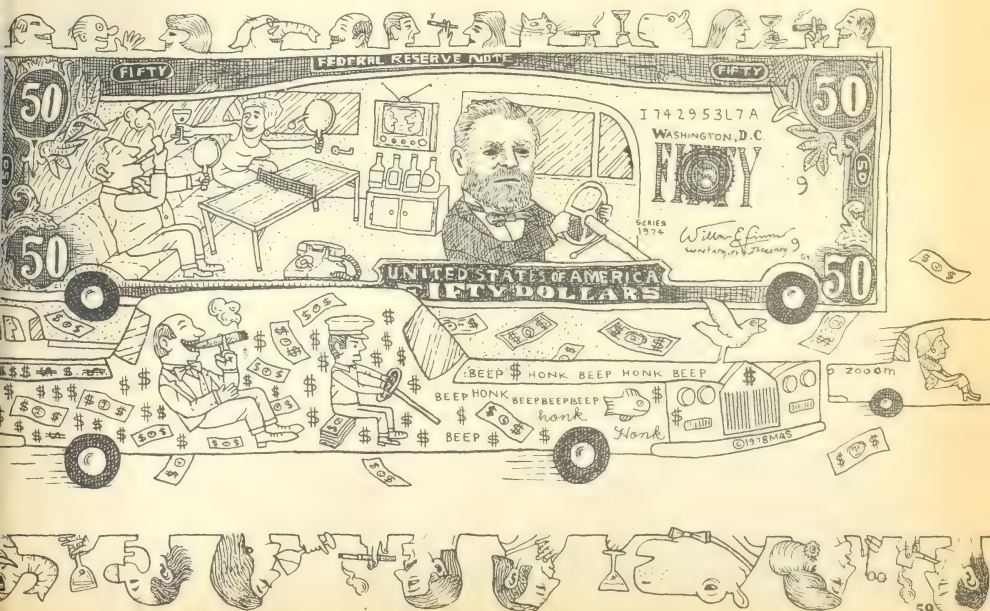
Gleason's special assistant, Charles Maier,
drove me to a nearby restaurant where we

were due to meet Gleason. On the way Maier
pointed out the Montgomery County jail, a
contemporary structure.

"The inmates have color TV and air con-
ditioning," he said. "Basketball. A little track.
We had a breakout the other day. They were
watching a rock 'n' roll show on TV called
'Soul Train.' Had it turned up real loud, and
they were all singing along with it. Meanwhile
some other guys banged a hole in a wall with
their weight-lifting equipment. Then they
jumped out. We caught one of the guys who es-
caped because he hid out in a police car. The
other one is still at large." He drove into the
restaurant parking lot. "Now they want a new
gym built," Maier said as we went inside.

Gleason, sitting alone, vaguely senatorial
looking, seemed to be weary of government
and its works. At the end of this year he re-
tires, having been County Executive for eight
years. He started on his career working as an
assistant to Senators Richard Nixon and Wil-
liam Knowland of California. He told me that
he has been under fire recently from the Equal
Employment Opportunity Commission because
Montgomery County, whose population is 7
percent black, has a police force only 4 per-
cent black. Even though the department has
been actively recruiting blacks on campus,
they have been sued because of this statistical
discrepancy.

**"Redistributors
are said to be
motivated
by fairness;
trickle-down
capitalists
were motivated
by greed."**





Tom Bethell THE WEALTH OF WASHINGTON

We ate some food and he changed the subject. "One-third of all money going into government is being redistributed today," he said. "In 1970 it was 21 percent. And boy, that is a change. One out of five people in the U.S. is now working for government. And government is getting so big that it is getting harder and harder for it to do anything effective. The tragedy of our times is that no one is really thinking about what is going on. That's the sin of it. . . ." He thought ahead to his retirement, when he hoped to do some writing, and then back to the time when he worked for Senator Knowland. After Knowland had retired he came back to Washington once and Gleason met him. "Remember," Knowland warned, "don't stay around here too long. It's not the real world. . . ."

This is the oldest and most tired of Washington clichés—not the real world—but there is surely an important element of truth to it. Bloomingdale's, Mazza Galleria, Saks, the Palm Restaurant, Sans Souci, all the private-sector enterprise that feeds on the huge volume of tax dollars pouring into Washington is real enough, but what contribution to productive endeavor do the government toilers themselves really make?

Contemplating bureaucracy, C. Northcote Parkinson enunciated his famous law, that work expands to fill the time available for its completion, with its important corollary, that

"an official wants to multiply subordinates, rivals."

All perfectly true, but it seems to me that government activity today is increasingly dominated by one of the most ominous trends of our time (and is no doubt responsible for in large measure): A person in our society will be paid more money, and be more highly esteemed, if instead of solving a problem materially he solves it on paper.

Don't work for an oil company—you might get your hands dirty. Work for the Department of Energy and ponder energy "policy." This is much more prestigious. You are a nurse? The pay is low and you change bandages. Better try and get on a health "task force" and write a memo on "health care delivery systems." You want to paint a picture? Hard work. Better go to work for the National Endowment and talk about creative partnerships at a meeting. Your salary is assured.

At some point in the complex Washington scheme, the problems jump across from reality onto a piece of paper. At that point they become much more pliable, remunerative, and status-laden (see table 8). And that is the sense in which Washington is not the real world. It is Paper City, where paper problems are confronted, ultimately being provided with paper solutions. The more of these problems can lay its hands on, the richer the city gets—rich with paper money, that is.

TABLE 8
New Federal Pay Schedule

Years in service	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
GS-1	\$6,219	\$6,426	\$6,633	\$6,840	\$7,047	\$7,254	\$7,461	\$7,668	\$7,875	\$8,082
GS-2	7,035	7,270	7,505	7,740	7,975	8,210	8,445	8,680	8,915	9,150
GS-3	7,930	8,194	8,458	8,722	8,986	9,250	9,514	9,778	10,042	10,306
GS-4	8,902	9,199	9,496	9,793	10,090	10,387	10,684	10,981	11,278	11,575
GS-5	9,959	10,291	10,623	10,955	11,287	11,619	11,951	12,283	12,615	12,947
GS-6	11,101	11,471	11,841	12,211	12,581	12,951	13,321	13,691	14,061	14,431
GS-7	12,336	12,747	13,158	13,569	13,980	14,391	14,802	15,213	15,624	16,035
GS-8	13,662	14,117	14,572	15,027	15,482	15,937	16,392	16,847	17,302	17,757
GS-9	15,090	15,593	16,096	16,599	17,102	17,605	18,108	18,611	19,114	19,617
GS-10	16,618	17,172	17,726	18,280	18,834	19,388	19,942	20,496	21,050	21,604
GS-11	18,258	18,867	19,476	20,085	20,694	21,303	21,912	22,521	23,130	23,739
GS-12	21,883	22,612	23,341	24,070	24,799	25,528	26,257	26,986	27,715	28,444
GS-13	26,022	26,889	27,756	28,623	29,490	30,357	31,224	32,091	32,958	33,825
GS-14	30,750	31,775	32,800	33,825	34,850	35,875	36,900	37,925	38,950	39,975
GS-15	36,171	37,377	38,583	39,789	40,995	42,201	43,407	44,613	45,819	47,025
GS-16	42,423	43,837	45,251	46,665	*48,079	*49,493	*50,907	*52,321	*53,735	
GS-17	*49,696	*51,353	*53,010	*54,667	*56,324					
GS-18	*58,245									

HARPER'S
JUNE 1978

*The rate of basic pay for employees at these rates would be limited by section 5308 of title 5 of the United States Code to the rate for level V of the Executive Schedule which, pursuant to Public Law 95-66, would remain \$47,500.



POETRY

THAT BRIGHT GREY EYE

by Hilda Morley

The grey sky, lighter & darker greys,
 lights between & delicate lavenders also
 blue-greys in smaller strokes, & swashes
 of mauve-grey on the Hudson— openings
 of light to the blue oblong off-center
 where the door to the warehouse shows—
 the larger smearings darkening deep
 into blues
 So alight that sky, late August,
 early evening,
 I had to
 gasp at it, stand there hardly moving
 to breathe it, using
 whatever my body gave me, at
 that moment attending to it,
 thinking:
 Turner he should have seen it.
 he would have given it
 back to us,
 not let it die away
 And that other evening, walking down Bank Street from marketing,
 the sky fiery over the river,
 luminous but
 hot in its flowering also,
 rich in color
 as Venice seen by Guardi—more aflame even,
 the sky moving in a pulse,
 its fire breathing in
 a pulse verging on danger—mane of a lioness affronted.
 That brilliance—the eye of the lion
 filled to the lids with flame
 And his eyes, Turner's, that bright grey eye
 at seventy-six,

“brilliant as
 the eye of a child”
 who grew his thumbnail
 in the shape of an eagle's claw,
 the better
 to use it in painting
 In Kirby Lonsdale, Yorkshire,
 where Turner first drew mountain-landscapes,
 I found Blake's *Marriage of Heaven and Hell*—sold for two guineas, 1821
 & Turner aged 46 that year
 & there I read:
 “And when thou seest
 an Eagle, thou seest a portion of genius.
 Lift up
 thy head,” says Blake.
 These afternoons now,
 late in September, '76,
 the sky, the river are lit up
 at the end of Bank Street, at Bethune.
 The pavement
 trembles with light pouring
 upon it.
 We are held in it.
 We smile.
 I hold my breath to see if
 the cashier in the supermarket
 will be gentle with the old lady who cannot
 read the price-tag on
 a loaf of bread.
 Then I breathe freely,
 for yes, she is helpful, yes, she is kind.
 Outside on
 the pavement, the light pouring itself away
 is the light in the eagle's
 eye— or the eye of a child
 (I saw it in a man's eye once:
 but he's dead now more than
 four years)
 Drawing heat out of
 surfaces,
 the light is
 without calculation,
 is a munificence now,
 is justified.

IBM Reports

Information: a matter of life.

When firemen respond to a blaze in Wichita, Kansas, they are likely to know in advance if there are any invalids in the residence who will need special help. The fire department's computer system provides instant information about where any of 400 invalids in the city live—information that can be relayed to firemen while they are speeding to the fire.

A citizen with an emergency telephones the police department in Hampton, Virginia. A computer-based dispatch system, which helps police handle some 250 calls daily, brings patrolmen to the scene anywhere within a 54-square-mile area in an average of seven or eight minutes—half the time it formerly took.

A patient complaining of chest pains is admitted to a small hospital in a remote Texas community. Electrocardiogram tests are taken and the results transmitted to a medical center in Houston. A computer-analyzed report comes back in minutes. Proper treatment can begin at once.

Concerned action becomes possible

Increasingly, in communities throughout the nation, the difference between life and death or injury is the same: information...information made possible, and usable, by modern technology.

Information technology is IBM's business: providing products, from modern computers to advanced office systems, to record information, store it, process it, retrieve it and communicate it.

Declining costs spur wider use

There are hundreds of companies in the information technology industry, and they are constantly developing new and better products—driving down the cost of using information technology at a startling rate. For example, just 10 years ago, it cost \$25 per month to store a million characters of information in an advanced IBM direct access storage system. Today it costs 50 cents.

It is this kind of progress that has made it practical for many more fire departments, police departments, hospitals and other organizations to take advantage of information technology and put it to use in new and caring ways.

In its research, and in the stream of products that flows from that research, IBM is searching for—*and finding*—still better ways to help put information to work for people.



SPANISH HARLEM



Dreams that money can't buy

by Earl Shorris

OF THE FEW ENDURING comforts of Western civilization none has more uses than the notion that the poor are wretched. Our cultural forebears in Athens used the idea to exclude the poor from matters of democracy by assuming that a man had to have conquered necessity before he could be free, and that leisure was a requirement for participation in the political process. Calvin instructed the faithful that the poor were despised by God as well as man, and Spencer carried on the tradition with his social Darwinism. The excesses of both capitalism and socialism, the invisible hand and the heavy hand, require the wretchedness of people without wealth; otherwise how can enough people be persuaded to do the work of the society or the state? No one has yet disproved Gunnar Myrdal's thesis that, in America, racism, the extreme statement of Western civilization's estimation of the poor, has an economic basis. The theory of the gook, which gave rise to the moral failures of colonialism, continues to operate in a virtually unchanged form. It has survived reform and even rev-

olution, because modern civilization requires the dynamic force of inequality in order to function; the poor must be wretched. But what if they are not?

Perhaps the theory of Jesus as political radical has some validity, perhaps both Pilate and the Sanhedrin recognized the danger to the structure of modern civilization in the astonishing notion of the poor having the greatest access to a rosy destiny. On the other hand, if the truth of heaven belongs in the credo of the Flat Earth Society and we have no destiny beyond desiccation, Pilate and the Sanhedrin were fools who did not recognize in the teachings of Jesus Christ the adumbration of an effective means of maintaining the status quo.

In the latter instance the ancient vision of an *axis mundi*, cosmological in Homer, Virgil, and Ruth Carter Stapleton, becomes earthly, the inviolate structure of modern societies; an axis running from Rockefeller to wretchedness, from the soft mouths of commissars and celebrities to the maws of the poor. But what if the axis of the world is not vertical? What

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if vice and virtue are distributed along a horizontal axis?

If one looked at the world and determined that the human spirit is distributed along a horizontal axis, the vertical axis of the distribution of wealth might at last seem to be not only unjust, but irrational, a failure of the very nature of the species. Should the poor prove not to be wretched, but merely poor, we would be forced to draw a distinction between comfort and happiness, to separate, in almost Cartesian fashion, the human spirit from the appointments of its house.

Such a distinction attacks the presumptions that have supported the comforting engine of the West, presumptions so vital to the way we live that no person of the middle or upper middle class can be objective about them. The baggage of our history and comfort cannot be discarded at the doorstep of the house of the poor. I cannot tell you what I found in Spanish Harlem without first telling you that I was born to think ill of the people there; for like you, I am always in the company of ghosts. Nor can I tell you that what follows proves the case against the idea of the wretchedness of the poor; it is merely evidence for comparison and consideration.

A moving spirit

AFTER THE WAR, when my grandfather was still proud of being the second man in our town to get a new Cadillac, he used to take me on long drives through green and gray Midwestern towns and golden fields—occasions of munificence and talk. History was on his mind.

Life began for my grandfather on the day his father abandoned him in Moscow. The streets were full of turmoil. My grandfather slept in cellars and barns and ate garbage. It was summer, and although he was only eight years old, he must have known that he could not have survived the Moscow winter, for he began his journey when it was still warm. He told me that he walked for three years until he came to Constantinople. From there he went west again, a stowaway or cabin boy on a freighter bound for Germany.

He hired on with an itinerant German tailor. His duties were to care for the horses, drive the wagon; and do any of the tailor's work he could learn; and in return the tailor would teach him to make clothes and permit him to sleep with the horses and eat the rejected portions of the tailor's meals. He said only this of his life with the tailor: the man beat him and forced him to live in such filth

that every night he had to scoop the lice out of his clothes before he could sleep.

In 1906 he went west again. When he arrived at Ellis Island he had sixteen cents in his pocket, but he was big and blond and ready to work at his trade. The immigration clerks told him he was welcome in America. There was work to be done; there were clothes to be made.

He worked. It was all he knew how to do. When there was more work than he could do alone, he hired someone to help him. And then he hired someone else. His tiny workroom became a factory, and that factory expanded to two and then three.

After the war he bought a building full of small apartments and a fish store. He painted all the apartments and repaired the plumbing, but for some reason he was most proud of having put rubber carpeting on the steep stairs so that no one would slip and fall.

The tenants in the building were all poor people. He worried about them, listening to their problems, helping them to find jobs. The role of landlord puzzled him; he felt responsible for the people who lived in his house. Then someone called him very early one morning and said that a lady named Bessie Mae who lived on the third floor had been found with her throat cut, and he never again climbed the steep stairs with the rubber carpeting.

As I grew up, the drives in the green Cadillac became less frequent, and then stopped altogether. He grew tired; he retrenched. When I came home after the Korean War, there was only a Pontiac in the driveway of his house. He was sitting on the sun porch, which had been furnished by a decorator. The gay floral prints of the fabrics and the bamboo furniture were unsuited to the tailor's helper; he sat narrowly on the couch, like an uncertain guest.

On that day he told me a new part of his history: he could not remember a word of the languages of his youth; Russian, Turkish, German were all lost. He was unable to write, other than to make the row of hills that he had once told me he used to keep forgers from copying his signature.

We sat quietly in the sun-filled room of his house that was decorated and maintained by strangers. Then he told me that he had never learned to read.

"I'll teach you."

"Yes," he said, "I want to read the newspaper."

I opened a newspaper and pointed to the first letter in the headline. I said the sound of the first letter, and he repeated it. We went on to the next letter and the next. We had not finished all the words in the headline when he

looked at his watch and said it was time for the news. He walked across the room and turned on the television set.

"You get the news better on television," he said.

There were no more lessons.

THERE ARE STREETS in Spanish Harlem that are more filthy and decayed than the worst streets in Mexico. The sidewalks are mounds of mud turned the color of filth, the buildings are burned, as desolate and gaping as the jaws of the dead. The center of Second Avenue is the open ditch of an abandoned subway construction project. Things breed in the dark corners of the bottom of the ditch. Why do I whisper to my grandfather, who comes with me, like the ghost of better times, that I am enthralled in Spanish Harlem?

On Third Avenue the women are parading with their children, visiting stores, heavy with groceries, admiring of the braided hair and ironing-scented dresses of their daughters, devoted to the hints of manhood in their whirling, skipping sons. At 106th Street there is a sudden odor of verbenas.

Bananas, plantains, dried fish, and roses are for sale.

Blue jeans, jumpsuits, salsa, ranchero, meringue, television, stereo, The Church of the Holy Agony, the McDonald's of the Spanish tile and the central fountain, the museum of orange panels and chain-link window screens.

Further west, in red-brick buildings like a series of corridors, at the place where the railroad tracks have fully risen from their beginning under Park Avenue, is La Marketa. Everything of the avenues and streets is condensed into rows of stalls that line the corridors of La Marketa. It is patchwork and mélange, red cotton, coffee, pale tripe, pink plastic, music, herbs, denim, saints, cement, chipped paint, splits of papaya, mangoes rouged in ripening, corn, fish shining on beds of ice, old men in boys' jackets, boys in old men's caps, women laden and women wishing; it is sewn, stapled, glued, crocheted, nailed together with music and desire so that on Friday afternoons and Saturdays it is the ocean of Puerto Rico in New York; it is a cooperative of competitors, dressed in lipstick and brilliantine, merged in myth and gossip, standing on the cold stone floors until its feet hurt, and then, upon hearing the next song, dancing.

In La Marketa, as anywhere, a store may be made of bargains or utility or beauty or uniqueness. The stall owned by Anna and her nephew, Marco, is made of music. It is no

"[La Marketa] is patchwork and mélange, red cotton, coffee, . . . saints, cement, splits of papaya . . . ; sewn, stapled, glued, crocheted, nailed together with music and desire. . . ."



"The stall owned by Anna and her nephew, Marco, is made of music."

more than a scarred counter the color of heavy cream, a glazed pottery saint who collects pennies, tiny girls' dresses crocheted by an old Dominican woman, candles and records, boxes full of records, records on sale, records along the back and side walls of the stall, records playing through the loudspeaker, records for every taste in the barrio.

Anna is the daughter of Domingo Figueroa, who did not let his blindness deter him from dancing whenever he heard music. She went to high school with the men who have become the stars of salsa. "Charley Palmieri, Eddie Palmieri," she says, beginning a litany of performers, "do I know them? Forget it! I know them all. I talk to them on the telephone." Her sons are both musicians—a drummer and a pianist and composer. But not Anna. "When I was fourteen years old," she said, "I wanted to be a dancing girl, but my mother and father said no. They were very strict with me." She dismisses the past with a smile of transformation, becoming the totem of music's gaiety. "Over here, I have one face," she says. "In the house, I have another face. Over here, is a happy face. We have to be like artists—they have two personalities."

A kerchief always covers Anna's hair. On Saturdays she wears pink plastic rollers under the kerchief, because she goes to a dance every Saturday night, always properly, always coming home in a taxi. She is forty-two years old and has been a widow for ten years. She would like to marry again, but only to a man of forty-six years or more. The man should be older than the woman, Anna believes, for if they are the same age, there will be conflict in the house, it will not be clear who is the wiser. She no longer offers advice to her married son, although he is only twenty-two years old, for he is married, and a married son is a man, capable of his own decisions.

After a while, Anna puts away the artist's happy face and tells of the hours she spends in her houses praying, of her conversations with priests, of the help she sought from a psychiatrist when she was very unhappy. The history of her life is a series of overcomings.

When Anna's father left Santurce, Puerto Rico, for New York, he was the owner of eight houses and a yard-goods store. Why did he leave the solidity of that life for unknown New York? His children charge him with ambition: "When a man has something, he always wants more." His family remained in Santurce. His wife ran the store, his children grew up. But life in New York did not produce more for Domingo Figueroa. Instead of riches, he found a grim job, and out of the job came an industrial accident that ruined him. Cleaning

solution splashed into his eyes. He went to a doctor, who apparently did not wash the cleaning solution out with the proper antidote. He went to more doctors. The illness devoured the houses and then the store. The doctors removed one of his eyes, then the other. Now ninety-four years old, without eyes, he waits out his time in a government hospital, visited by his children and grandchildren; a strong man, they say, still physically strong.

In 1948 the rest of the Figueroa family came to New York. Anna was thirteen years old. She begged to stay behind. "I wanted to stay with my cousin, Angelina, on her farm, but my mother said, 'When I go, you go.'"

Anna went to school in the barrio. She was a thin, romantic child who was not permitted to become a dancing girl. "I had my first boyfriend when I was fourteen years old," she said. "They sent him to Korea. He died in Korea. His name was Rafael. I named my second son Raf, but I asked my husband's permission."

While she waited for that first boyfriend, there was an older man named Domingo who became enamored of her. "Domingo said when I was fourteen years old that I would be the mother of his children. But he was older than me and in the merchant marine. And he was married." Anna married another man and had her first child. The marriage soured, Anna was divorced, Domingo's wife died, and when she was nineteen years old, she and Domingo were married. For fifteen years the family lived together in the barrio. There was enough money, they lived generously. Anna put on weight, she fixed her teeth with gold crowns; her house was always open, the neighborhood was her family. When newcomers arrived from Santurce, they stayed in Anna's house; when people were in trouble, they came to Anna. She developed a reputation for good luck, some people said she was clairvoyant. Everyone knew Anna, everyone knew Anna's sons: solemn Tony, the older one, and Raf, the charmer.

Domingo died in 1967, leaving Anna with a widow's pension and two young sons to raise. Often there was not enough money, and lack of money was not the only danger in the barrio. A woman tried to make her sniff cocaine, and she fought with fists and fingernails. She knew of alcoholics and womanizers. She knew the dangers to her sons. When she saw drug pushers in her building, she threatened to kill them.

With her brother and her nephew, Anna opened a restaurant. "It was on 110th and Madison. You know that block—hard. Forget it. But they never robbed us. They killed my

ther, because he had too many women. A n shot him with a gun. The night before I l a dream of my brother, Pedrito, that nebody killed him in the stomach with a fe."

The restaurant failed. There were debts. The shew went to work for the post office. An's mother died. Anna prayed and sang reli-us songs. There were jars of water in the ners of the room to catch evil spirits. She plied for a place in a city housing project, t when the approval came through it was an apartment in the Bronx. She paid the st month's rent, but stayed in her own apart-nt. The Bronx was too far, exile. "In the rrio everyone knows me," she said. "If I ed rice and I don't have money for a pound rice, they'll give me credit. People love me re; I don't want to leave."

It was Anna's idea to start the record store. r nephew Marco had a little money saved, ough to buy a few records and to rent a ggle stall in La Marketa. A business in La arketa is a risk. Most fail. Until recently, ost of the stores were owned by Italians and ws. Now, more than half are owned by Puer-Ricans. Four years ago, because Anna likes usic, they opened the stall. Marco stayed at s job in the post office.

The relationship of Marco to Anna is filled

with affectionate teasing, rich in hyperbole, the comedy of a romantic and a skeptic caught in the loyalties of success and family.

Anna: You need money, but money is nothing.

Marco: We need money, we need money to survive.

Anna: In the beginning, I give credit to everybody, like my mother did when my father had a store in PR. And nobody paid, and my mother and father fight.

Marco: She still gives credit to everybody.

Anna: In the beginning, I bought the records.

Marco: She bought all the records, one of everything, because she likes everything. Then the records just stay here. Now, I pick the records, the ones the customers buy.

The sale of a 45-rpm record earns them a gross profit of three cents; it's hardly worth the time and effort to make the sale. Yet Anna will spend a long time talking to one of the Santeros who buy the records. She even goes to their prayer meetings to make friends, building her clientele. "I don't tell problems to customers," she said, "but they come to tell me their problems, to ask for advice. Last week, comes over here a lady sixty-five years old and she had problems, forget it! She bought two forty-fives. The customers, they

"The relationship of Anna to Marco is filled with affectionate teasing, rich in hyperbole, the comedy of a romantic and a skeptic caught in the loyalties of success and family."



Anna Figueroa

leave me their telephone numbers and they tell me to call them. They want to come to my house. I do a lot of favors for everybody. I have a friend who owed me two hundred dollars for five years. Then he came and paid me. I asked him, "Who died?"

Marco is at once proud and scornful of Anna's generosity. He lives in a room in her apartment. When he came back from Vietnam the first place he went was to Anna's house. "I told her I was hungry," he said, "and I looked in the refrigerator for something to eat. But the refrigerator was empty. She didn't have anything to eat in the house. So I went and bought food for the house. Anna will help anybody, but she doesn't ask anyone for help."

For once, Anna and Marco agree: "If I don't have food," she said, "I don't eat. If I do a favor for you, I don't want you to pay me back. For what? If they ask me for a nickel and I have a nickel, I give it to them. Maybe tomorrow God will give me double."

Her days are made of charm and charity, arthritis and headaches in winter. She dreams of going back to Puerto Rico to build a house and live on a piece of land she owns there. "I never liked this country," she says, "never. I love the summer here." She lives in a building that people say is dangerous, but she is not afraid, her door is always open.

One language, two cultures

THE HOPE OF THE FIGUEROAS is in Anna's oldest son, Tony. When she speaks of his talents, she raps her knuckles on something wooden and says, "Thanks to God." His bloom was unexpected, for he was the solemn son, the one who earned the name "Dogface" by his eyes and his serious demeanor. He is the child of Anna by her brief first marriage and he is the child of the community of the barrio. The barrio defines him, guiding the music he composes and plays, editing the photographs he makes for a diary of his life among people, in places.

"We are bicultural but not bilingual," he says of his generation in the barrio. "You know those guys in the park, the musicians, the drummers. You hear them singing the same words over and over. It's because they can't improvise in Spanish. They can't think in Spanish. Sometimes some old guys will come around who can improvise words in Spanish. Then you hear them talk about the neighborhood, about life. They're beautiful. But the young cats, they just sing the same words over and over."

Puerto Rico became real to him only a year

ago. He had been unhappy, depressed, "trying to be independent, that's when I was in trouble. Then I got back with my family, I got back into being part of my family." He learned of his cousins, he went into the mountains and met farmers and an old man who earns his living as a witch, he saw the piece of land his mother owns and he found it exactly as his grandmother had told him it would be.

The culture in Puerto Rico made sense to him. There were the myths that distinguish the species: "The Cave of the Indians. Everybody knows those stories. It's like a kind of fairy tale. I don't know where you hear them, you just know them—about these two Indians, the cave did something wrong, so they had to live in the cave. They had some fish in a basket, like little tropical fish, and one day the kids were playing with the basket and they spilled it and the water that poured out, that's how the river started. I mean you hear those stories and those stories about the English pirate who lived in Puerto Rico and attacked the Spanish ships."

He seems not so much to have found a culture there as to have integrated the aspects of a culture: the plants that grow in the gardens of the barrio, the goldenrod honey and grits his grandmother used to cure him of a cold when he was a child, the presumed clairvoyance of his mother, his grandfather dancing, the life of a people in the streets, the domino players and the singers, the drumming in the Santero meetings, raw eggs, fish, the hatred of winter, witches and the strength of family. He photographed a horse that had bitten off a man's nose. He saw mountains and the little huts that are repeated now as communal gathering places in the empty lots of Spanish Harlem. He learned the names of gods and saw the stone cemeteries that represent them.

In Old San Juan there are cultural glories of venerability, the Old World transported to the New. In the barrio there are cultural terrors. Anna's son walks between, neither innocent nor destroyed. He is a man realized in the gracefulness of his hands, an impression of delicacy belying shoulders, an athlete's neck, an ink-brush drawing of a large man. No angels are evident in him. He leads troops of boy scouts through weekends of camping in New York's old mountains, and when he speaks of his troop of Puerto Rican scouts being turned away from a camp in New Jersey, he has no bitterness in his voice: there are other mountains. Delights come to him out of the community, he estimates life by its energies, always energies, as if accomplishment were no measure. When he taught painting to a group of fourteen-year-old children it was their energies and the energies of their

ors and visions that excited him; the world not formal, but ongoing, restless.

There are smiles as he speaks, rarely laughing. The earnestness of his childhood has not left him. When he speaks of the family of the neighborhood where he grew up, of the neighborhood women chastising him for misbehaving, he enacts the *cocolazo* of disapproval, rapping knuckles on his head and making a conking sound with his mouth. He comes close to laughter. To be wry is his pleasure. There is a sense of mischief in Latin American art, a comic credulousness from which optimism emerges not so much grow as escape.

A perfect world cannot exist in Tony's view, he is not a fool. He lives by a juggling of jobs, his wife works, a relative cares for their child. Sometimes he is a photographer's assistant and sometimes a teacher of photography. From eight in the morning until three in the afternoon he sits in the entry hall of a boys' club, a receptionist, reading at his sinecure, seldom interrupted. Or he can play the electric piano for a Latin jazz band or earn one hundred or three hundred dollars by photographing a band and for a record's album cover.

There have also been times without money. I was on welfare once. You go there and it's like the Gestapo. Those people there don't even look up at you, they just ask for your

papers. If you go for an emergency, they can get your landlord to wait for the rent. But Con Ed won't turn the electricity back on until they get the money. We had a baby and no electricity and the food didn't keep for the baby.

"The people at the welfare don't work hard. They take two, three hours for lunch, especially on Fridays. They don't care about you. The welfare takes away your masculinity. I hated it there. When people got inside the building, it changed them. It changed the way they talked to their kids. They cursed them. They hit them. As soon as they got out of the building, they didn't do that anymore."

Pride is the beauty and the danger of the Latin temperament, as everyone from Borges, who makes puzzles of it, to García Márquez, who makes miracles of it, to Hemingway, who killed himself after being infected by it, knows. Pride waits for Tony now. His photographs have been exhibited in Paris. The National Endowment for the Arts is subsidizing publication of a book of his work. He will be going to Puerto Rico soon for a one-man show. When his first photograph was sold to a national magazine, the forecast was made to him in the teasing of goodwill that he would soon be rich and famous.

He smiled. "Then I'll buy a pair of shoes."

"In Old San Juan there are cultural glories, venerability, the Old World transported to the New. In the barrio there are cultural terrors."



José Antonio Vázquez, Anna's oldest son

THE GHOST WHO GOES WITH ME to Spanish Harlem suffers dismay and surprise. The decrepitude belongs to another time, another place; it should have been buried before America. We enter an old building off Second Avenue. The floors have not been mopped, the walls have not been painted. The elevator screeches complaints, it cannot find the level of its stops. The hallways are as dark as bowels. Graffiti do not hold the paint on the walls, the writing skips at the cracks. An apartment door opens and the ghost over my shoulder is astonished by what he sees. A room of light, electricity burning like the sun over Borinquén, green leaves, a palm forest, rose walls of Caribbean dawn, birds of tropical colors perched in a cage, water pots, tiny fish of strange shapes and hues swimming in a tank, and music of the marriage of Africa and Spain in the New World. Puerto Rico.

The rents are too high in the brownstones and the tenements, but the rules are not so strict as in the projects, and one need not be so fearful in the elevators or on the stairs. Community exists in the old buildings, one has neighbors, human scale, until the pipes burst and the heat stops and the ceilings fall, and the buildings are left to die, to burn for the insurance or for the hot pleasure of spite.

The destroyed buildings bear no relation to those of bombed cities; the common simile is facile, but inaccurate. War leaves sudden rubble, abruptness, the contrast of spared structures, lonely, jagged walls in the shape of anger. The death of buildings in Spanish Harlem has the unclean surface of insidiousness, suicide. Metal sheets decorated with scrawls cover the entryways, the windows have been stolen, scratching sounds, as of things with sharp claws, come from the interiors, the roofs make darkness inside the cubes, detritus comes from without, an addition, the cells of despair growing.

A resurrection has come to these buildings, brought about by men who have themselves been resurrected from the darkness of drugs and self-destroying rage that culminates in unconquerable apathy. Across the street from the broken tenements a building has been stripped of its solid skeleton and begun again. The innards of it are a glory of men working, a tumult of sawing and hammering, an invasion of the city loosed into construction. The Renegades, the last Harlem gang that once fought in the streets, avenging rapes and insults with the makeshift weapons of the urban ghetto, are working on their fifth restoration of an abandoned building.

Eulogio Cedeño the master builder wears a

pencil behind his ear. An ex-con and former drug addict, he has tightly curled hair cut full, powdered with white plaster dust, like the hair of a young actor made up to look old. He puts his face up close when he speaks, a sign of aggression, he knows. Resurrection does not cure, it diverts. He is thirty years old.

"I come from drugs. High school dropout. Some people say, 'Once a junkie, always a junkie.' That's bullshit. I've proven that. I kicked cold turkey. I was sick for twenty-two days."

He arrived in New York when he was forty years old, and he grew up in the poorest section of the barrio. "The neighborhood has no economy. The stores are all closed. There are no jobs. We want to create our own jobs. We have to do for ourselves or we're gonna eat each other up. People have to get up and go around the corner if they want to get something done. What we're doin' we do from need."

"There has to be a vehicle, something you can identify with. We started in 1972. We did some community services, did one project. I felt good, so we did more. We started because we were already an organized group. The difference is in the leadership, the way they take the image and turn it. A lot of members got scared when we started. They didn't want the responsibility, they dropped out."

"I always wanted to help. I was vice-president of the Renegades. I was giving therapy to the brothers, using my own experience. We started with the buildings. I believe that from the house comes everything."

One-bedroom apartments in the first building they renovated originally rented for \$136 a month, but an increase in the interest rate on the loan they used to finance the project forced the rents up to \$160. Cedeño will be more careful with loan rates in the future. He will write his proposals with more foresight, he will negotiate. He plans to go back to school to study business administration.

He wears weariness on his face. Responsibility has picked the flesh of his cheeks, leaving hollows, a looseness under the skin. "Sweet commitment. In the community, we're solid. People stop me, day or night. If I see something messed up, like garbage cans turned over, I ask the people and they help me clean it up. That's the magic, you have to get involved. The barrio is a wonderful place."

"In New York people live alone, they don't know who lives next door to them. In the barrio people are living together, bringing activities into the streets. There's more freedom, more love, more humanness. Young people don't have so many hang-ups. You see a black

ry with a white girl, a white guy with a black
rl. You can feel it in the music."

He thinks for a moment, seeking a summa-
on. The Renegades are preparing the rooms
or plastering, putting up Sheetrock. Much of
the building material has been salvaged from
the original building. There will be exposed
rick walls in the stairwell. The once-beauti-
ful wooden floors will be sanded and varnished
again. The closets will be so big, so deep. The
master builder wishes to remain impassive, but
he is too proud. The psychiatric jargon learned
in a prison, the sweet words made for loan offi-
cers and the givers of grants rise in him, move
his lips, but are not spoken. Suddenly, he con-
cludes, "You can go on welfare or work for the
white man or do something yourself."

Struggling to teach and learn

THE PRECISE DAY on which the New
York City school system failed has
not yet been determined. It must
have been quite some time ago, how-
ever, if one may judge by the laments of the
citizens. Since then, hope has been abandoned.
The middle class joined the upper middle and

upper classes in sending its children to private
schools, the teachers became custodians of
people they believed were the whores and junk-
ies of the future, if not the present, and vital
opportunities for the black and Hispanic chil-
dren of New York City all but disappeared.
Among Hispanic children the dropout rate
prior to completion of the twelfth grade holds
steady at 80 percent. A large percentage of
graduates are functional illiterates. The waste
of human potential compares with that of the
underdeveloped nations.

Perhaps Awilda Orta knew in childhood
that the system was going to fail, for she want-
ed to be a doctor rather than a teacher. But
those were hard times. Awilda slept in a room
with three other children. Her father told her
to set her sights on something they could af-
ford.

It could not have been easy for him to deny
the ambition of his daughter. Awilda Orta the
woman has the massive grace of a Henry
Moore sculpture. She is radiant chocolate; her
face invites credibility. She has the presence
of a successful saint. How irresistible the re-
quest of Awilda the child must have been!
Yet the decision appears to have been made
from the wisdom of a man marshaling his re-

**"After a year of
Awilda Orta's
work the num-
ber of children
reading at
grade level
increased to
15 percent.
During class
hours the halls
are quiet, the
children study.
Nothing is
stolen from the
library."**



"There is no culture of poverty, there is only culture; and some people are rich and some are poor."—Awilda Orta,
Principal, Intermediate School 99

sources to the fullest, because all four of the children who slept in that room found their way into the middle-class world.

From that beginning Awilda the defender of her people emerged. "I still live in El Barrio," she said. "I had a good childhood here. The neighborhood was like an extended family, 119th Street to us was like a small town. Many of us have not left. The members of professions who are living here now are reinvesting in the barrio.

"If we had little when I grew up, we had each other. My father used to drink a cup of coffee and leave a little for my mother. It tastes better when you share." If she has a motto, something to describe what she believes to be the ethos of the barrio, it is that little Latin love story; her family as metaphor, the sense of community she wishes and builds.

"As a teacher I found a tremendous energy, a talent for education. Being a part of it recharges me. When I grew up, none of the schools had anything to do with maintenance of culture. Now, ours is among the best bilingual programs in the country. Now, we have fantastically high teacher morale.

"The kids we've been able to turn around, those kids are our future. They've got a chance. In the past very few of them had a chance. We've always had to build with great resistance of other people against us. I feel a sense of optimism now. We're building, but the down payment is a great deal of sacrifice, a lot of work that has to be put in.

"I remember growing up and my aunts were always saying they were going to win the lottery. We have that sense of the future, of good things ahead. When the bilingual teachers get together, we're always happy. We have that sense of optimism."

To her, people in the barrio are no different from those in the middle class. "If the poor take drugs or use too much alcohol, they're criminals," she says. "If middle-class people sniff a little coke, that's cute." She has been uptown and downtown; the middle class inspires no awe in her. "Our people are being moved out, burned out of El Barrio. I feel, and I may be paranoid, that it may be an effort to recapture a very vital part of the real estate of Manhattan and the lower Bronx."

A girl bursts into her office, speaking a stream of complaint. The girl is thickly made, verging on adolescence, unkempt in the planned manner of rebels. "I'm not going back to the class," she insists. "I don't care if you suspend me."

"We won't suspend you."

The girl has been left without an answer, she leaves the room. The principal has been

tested and not found wanting, the girl must return to class.

"She's fourteen," Miss Orta explains, "and her mother is thirty-one. They're in competition. I know the mother. It's a very difficult situation. The child is very bright, energetic. If we can only direct that energy."

This child, known in detail to Awilda Orta, belongs to the group of children who have been abandoned by society to Oscar Lewis's culture of poverty, to *La Vida*. But that thesis does not operate in Miss Orta's school. She sees another world, looking out on the barrio from that room where the shared coffee tasted sweeter. "I remember how strict my parents were," she said. "And I have parents coming now with fourteen-year-olds, asking how they're doing, worrying about them. There's a strong drive in the community, parents want their children to go to school, to succeed. You know, children here have only summer clothing. When there was zero degrees outside and ice in the street, the children came in their sneakers."

For all that Awilda Orta radiates into the school one must still ask what substantive changes she has made in her year as principal. The school, known in the neighborhood as Jailhouse 99, has the same walls and the same budget and most of the same teachers and exactly the same kind of children as it did when Awilda Orta got a truck and moved her own furniture into the principal's office, so she didn't have to wait until the school system got around to it.

A year ago, I.S. 99 ranked among the lowest in the district. Only 9 percent of the children were reading at grade level. The halls were filled with unruly children at all hours. Absenteeism was high, parents were trying to move their children to other schools in the district. After a year of Awilda Orta's work the number of children reading at grade level increased to 15 percent. During class hours the halls are quiet, the children study. Nothing is stolen from the library. When the school system said it would take two years to process a work order to change the electrical shop into an art room, the teachers did the work, moving the heavy shop tables and equipment themselves. And finally, the art teacher used her own money to buy bright yellow coverings for the shop tables. The children are learning photography and printing, as well as reading. They hold elections, perform plays. The principal has written to corporations, asking for the donation of a used cash register to help teach her children more usable skills. She goes to Washington to get grants for the school to increase its resources.

"The Board of Education has all of its monies already allocated," she said. "The school districts have no control over it. Too much money is wasted. Of the \$300,000 grant I just brought in, \$21,000 has to go to the city system for indirect costs, right off the top, even though they give me nothing but grief. The hood system is too big. It has to be broken down into smaller units, made manageable."

She fears now that the school has become too warm, too friendly, too much the school of the children and the teachers. The children do not want to leave upon graduation. She worries about how they will survive the radical change to the harsh world of the public high schools. Some of that shock can be avoided by getting the children into one of the city's two schools for gifted children. But not enough can go to these schools, she knows. Perhaps a high school could be added onto I.S. 99; she doesn't know yet how to solve that problem. Until now, the city has not seen fit to build a high school in Harlem.

In the hallways of the school, children wave to Awilda Orta. Some take her hand, some embrace her. Little girls, dressed to brazen the style of the streets of Spanish Harlem, kiss the principal of I.S. 99. They speak in Spanish or English, but not in the mixture of languages, not in Spanglish, the *lingua franca* of the barrio. Culture, one recalls her saying, not the culture of poverty. Perhaps discipline, too, for the purpose of being, not for its own sake, Latin discipline, made of embraces that could be withdrawn, of eyes that could harden, of issues that could become perfunctory; but not of the disapproval that strikes out against a child, not of the exclusion that wastes; there are no suspensions: a child can be more or less loved, but not unloved; no anger is of unbearable duration.

Order and a sense of purpose prevail in the halls of the old gray building. Everything about I.S. 99 runs counter to the prevailing view of the barrio and the New York City school system. Can it be solely the force of Awilda Orta's loving drive? Or is the community changing? In the teachers' lounge, a cluttered room that once housed the home economics department, opinions are offered. Vincent D'Amore has been a teacher for more than twenty years, a good union man, a New York survivor, with all the toughness of speech and the squareness of jaw and shoulders common to such men. He agrees with the other teachers that the separation between unionized teachers and administration has disappeared since Awilda Orta came to the school. "There's a camaraderie among the staff," he said. "We've gotten a boost from the community

itself. Last year, I volunteered my lunch hour to help in the cafeteria. You don't find many twenty-year teachers volunteering."

José Cruz and Lynn Lundeen are young men, both bearded; one is dark, Latin, the other has a blond beard and thinning hair, "In most schools there's a siege mentality operating. Not here," Lundeen says. He corrects papers while the conversation goes on around him, looking up now and again to comment.

"Miss Orta is one of the greatest women I've met to this day," says José Cruz. "She makes you feel like somebody. Most of us are young, we feel a family connection with each other. And there is a change in the parents' attitude toward schooling. Before, they were alienated. They couldn't even understand the teacher. I come from this neighborhood. Most of us do. We understand the problems students have. That's why the people in this school really go out of their way to help."

Otilia Bulerin, the school's family assistant, was ready to resign before Awilda Orta took charge of the school. She was ill and unhappy. She blamed her problems and those of the school on the administration—a principal who did not leave the principal's office, an unhappy staff, and very few Spanish-speaking teachers. "Then I met Miss Orta," she said. "I stayed. Now, I will not leave unless they throw me out. I've never been able to work as well, as comfortably. She listens to the teachers and the children also."

Mrs. Bulerin sees other changes in the barrio. "At 100th and First two years ago they had a circus there for one day. That night, they burned it, vandalized it, so they had to close up. Now, there's a farm in that empty lot. I have the feeling in the community that the community is trying to pick itself up. The older people feel needed, part of the whole. Now they see there is somebody else thinking about them. Not much, a token, but they're trying to do something for themselves.

"The people want more now, and they're trying to get it themselves. I'm so proud to be working here. I see something happening. I see people who want to help their neighbor."

Another side of Awilda Orta is revealed by the teachers: she makes demands, observing teachers in the classroom, advising them, the teacher among teachers, recalling her first days in class to calm the fears of a young teacher, making rules for the others, setting limits, setting goals, letting them know exactly what she wants.

Had she come to Jailhouse 99 too soon, Awilda Orta might have failed. If a different person had become principal of the school in the moment of optimism, the school might not

"There is a sense of mischief in Latin American art, a comic credulousness from which optimism does not so much grow as escape."

have caught the sense of the community. Neither the school nor the community can change alone, only the conjunction works. Perhaps the school system need not have failed, perhaps the funding of schools bears less on the result than we have all been led to believe. It may be that educational systems are affected more by spirit than by furniture. Of course, it can be argued that what has happened in I.S. 99 is anomalous, a miracle. If so, then evidence has been given that miracles are made of will.

IN EL MUSEO DEL BARRIO, a conical orange nose adorns the grotesquely predatory face of the Statue of Liberty. A battered suitcase lies at her feet. Dollars emerge from her dress. In one hand she carries a large electric light bulb and with the other she offers brochures in Spanish and English explaining the food-stamp program. In the rooms around her, human brains are sold on the cheap, defaced political posters and advertisements for salsa concerts crowd the walls; a shrouded body, that of a recent murder victim, lies on the floor of a dark corridor; a Caribbean forest holds altars and cemeteries, the stone gods of the Tainos. A window looks in upon a narrow bed and a crucifix in a dimly lit room. Confrontations. Arrive at the moment of being able to look at yourself, laugh, and go on.

The ghost of my grandfather deserts me in El Museo del Barrio. America is no country of rice and beans. Besides, he doesn't understand Spanish and he doesn't want to learn. He turns away. The young Hispanic artists who put this exhibition together are not surprised by the ghostly gesture. No one reviews their work nor treks to Spanish Harlem to visit a storefront museum with two broken windows and a three-legged desk in the office. The artists look to the community to learn their reception. A young woman who brings her daughter through the maze of environments for the second time pleases them. They study the comment of an old woman, who wrote in their guest book: "It lacks only the smell of rice and beans and the *pillo*" (literally, the mischief, but in the barrio an illegal tap on the wires of the hated Consolidated Edison).

Perhaps there are no critics because the critics could not know what to say. In midtown Manhattan desperation takes other forms; there, the slops of society belong to the powerful, who can make them into virtues. The poor lack the leisure to develop the art of hypocrisy.

The artists of El Museo del Barrio, graduated from Pratt Institute, Cooper Union, or

the Art Students League, one an architect, others having exhibited in Paris and the capital of Latin America, fear midtown Manhattan and the establishment of art. They have seen Andy Warhol and they have read about the Sculls; they prefer the storefront; admiring the old men who play guitars and sing to who pass them on the street, they want to exhibit their work in playgrounds and on street corners. They do not know what will become of El Museo when it moves to new headquarters on Fifth Avenue.

Cultural prejudice isolates them from the mainstream of American art, protecting them from the invigorating sting of criticism, controlling them in their own island life. The eternal influences come from Colombia, Argentina, Mexico, and Spain. Pablo Vengoechea, the young architect who designed the exhibition, speaks of Latin American novelists and the sense of fable one finds in the reality of Colombian jungle towns; the canyons of Manhattan and the farms of Nebraska have not reached him. The work of the artists of El Museo lacks both innocence and sophistication. It resembles the art of imprisoned men in the exposed construction of its restraint.

The people of the barrio are colonists who have been colonialized, as evidenced not only in their art but in the growing popularity of Santerismo, a religious cult based on the worship of a pantheon of glazed ceramic saints. Santerismo, which literally means the worship of idols, melds Christian, African, and Eastern religions with what may be remnants of Taino myth. Santa Barbara and the African goddess of the sea are combined, Christ finds an African analogue, Buddha has his place. This is the very essence of colonialism, the sign of culture breaking down. But all around it they are people attempting to revive the vestiges.

In an unwelcoming society the process that took my grandfather from sleeping in stables to driving a green Cadillac requires another step: cultural pluralism. The people of the barrio no longer expect to find gold in the streets; they know now that they must find it in themselves. Out of bilingual education and a desperate sense of community they are making the solid footing from which the leap into nourishing form of assimilation is possible.

For any person in the barrio to arrive at the sense of self that permits optimism requires overcoming the fate of the wretched poor. It is the enthralling classic struggle of heroes, a struggle one can sense now in the streets of Spanish Harlem. The tragedy of it is that once they have overcome the fate of the uptown poor they will have earned nothing more than the fate of the midtown rich.

"I'll have to take these for the rest of my life. Thank God."

by Sy Levin.

I'm an advertising copywriter. And I had an assignment to create a message about the cost effectiveness of pharmaceuticals. In other words, that you get back what you pay for them.

I was reviewing the literature when I realized it was talking about me. I have high blood pressure.

My doctor discovered it about six months ago. Today it's very much under control, thanks to a small tablet I take daily.

It's an expense and another daily "must," but when my doctor explained the alternatives, I knew I was ahead of the game.

High blood pressure can lead to kidney failure, stroke, or heart attack. Any of which could, obviously, mean long hospital stays and considerable expense. Or worse!

I consider this cost-effective-ness argument one of the strongest for continuing pharmaceutical research. My own experience is

only one example. For some ulcer patients, a drug that can reduce the need for surgery has recently been approved. So has another that dissolves pulmonary blood clots.

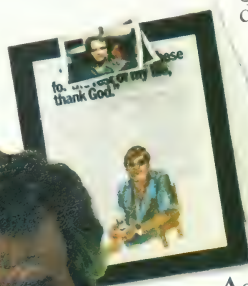
Research *will* undoubtedly lead to more breakthrough controls or cures. It'll save more suffering—and a lot of money.

Let's remember that—despite the need to hold down medical care costs. Let's remember that we dare not jeopardize research for better drugs and medical devices.

I'll remember it.
Every single day.

The
Pharmaceutical
Manufacturers
Association.

If a new medicine can help, we're working on it.

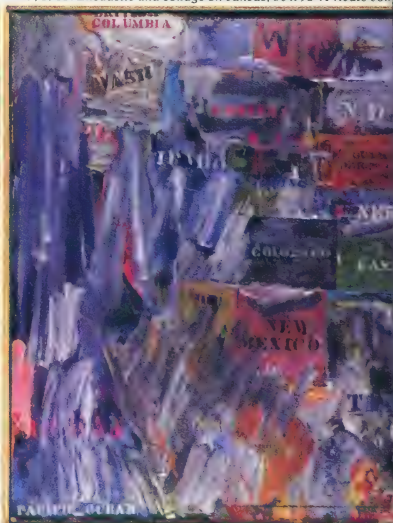


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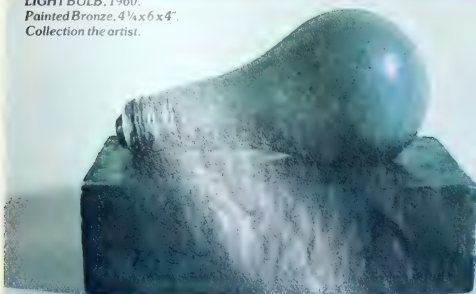
GRAY NUMBERS, 1960. Encaustic and collage on canvas, 67 x 49 1/2". Private collection.



MAP, 1963. Encaustic and collage on canvas, 60 x 93". Private collection.



LIGHT BULB, 1960.
Painted Bronze, 4 1/4 x 6 x 4".
Collection the artist.



object.

**Do something to it.
Do something else to it.
Do something else to it."**

That's a quotation from the notebooks of Jasper Johns, and you can see some of the classic results of his method on the left.

It's not a prescription for every artist; it's a description of the art of becoming, of a way of traveling from the known to the unknown.

And for more than 20 years, Johns has taken the journeys and brought back not merely things to see, but a fresh way of seeing the things we see.

That's one reason we sponsored this survey of the artist's work. In our business, as in yours, it's necessary to see fresh promise in familiar things, and to be reminded that our best guides in the journey toward the unknown are individual imagination, individual creativity and individual innovativeness. Sponsorship of art that reminds us of these things is not patronage. It's a business and human necessity.

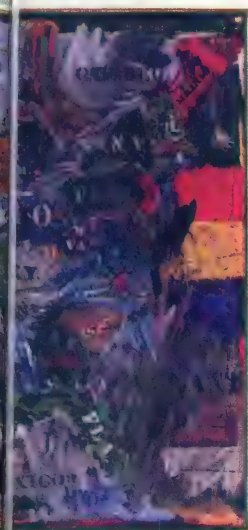
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"Jasper Johns," an exhibition organized by the Whitney Museum of American Art, New York, N.Y. appeared there from Oct. 18, 1977 to Jan. 22, 1978. Subsequent showings include: Museum Ludwig, Cologne, Feb. 12 to March 26, 1978; Centre National d'Art et de Culture Georges Pompidou, Musée National d'Art Moderne, Paris, April 18 to June 4, 1978; Hayward Gallery, London, June 21 to July 30, 1978; The Seibu Museum of Art, Tokyo, Aug. 19 to Sept. 26, 1978; San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, Oct. 20 to Dec. 10, 1978. The exhibition is made possible by grants from the National Endowment for the Arts and Philip Morris Incorporated.



FLAG, 1955. Encaustic on fabric, 42" x 60". The Museum of Modern Art, N.Y.



THE LASCIVIOUS HEDGEHOG



A short story

by Jaroslav Hašek

Jaroslav Hašek, author of the Czech classic *The Good Soldier Schweik*, had a Rabelaisian zest for satirizing the vagaries of man and beast. In *Schweik* he depicted the animal antics of the human species in uniform. In his comic sketches for newspapers and magazines he laughed at the follies of the civilian homo sapiens and at the dogs, horses, monkeys that aspired to emulate him.

Animals held a great fascination for Hašek. For a time he was the proud owner of a Canological Institute, a business enterprise devoted mainly to the theft, alteration, and resale of dogs. He also served as editor for the magazine *Animal World*, until his boss discovered that Hašek had been inventing nonexistent animals and publishing weighty treatises about their behavior.

In his short lifetime—he died in 1923, at age forty—Hašek wrote hundreds of comic tales under a variety of pseudonyms. The tale of the lascivious hedgehog was originally published in the Czech periodical *Humoristické listy* in 1908. A forthcoming issue of Harper's will feature Hašek's adventures as the standard-bearer of the Party of Moderate Progress Within the Limits of the Law. These are the first Hašek stories ever to appear in English translation. —Peter Kussi

IN A CERTAIN provincial hotel there lived a hedgehog (*Erinaceus europaeus*) who had been given a sacred duty to perform in life: to hunt cockroaches (*Periplaneta orientalis*). Unfortunately, this particular hedgehog was an utter immoralist. Rather than devoting himself to a systematic pursuit of cockroaches, in the manner of his decent, hardwork-

ing colleagues, he preferred to catch just enough of them to satisfy his bare nutritional needs. He abandoned himself to various vices; for example, he was an alcoholic, and regularly lapped up the beer when the innkeeper set out as a trap for insects. Under the influence of alcohol, the licentious animal was possessed by erotic fancies, grasping every opportunity to sneak into guest rooms to watch unsuspecting travelers undressing and preparing for bed.

During such ignoble forays his eyes glistened with uncontrollable passion. He completely neglected his responsibilities, in spite of the fact that the zoological textbook by Pokorný-Rosický, officially approved by the Imperial Ministry of Education (decree 13914, of June 25, 1894), clearly stated: "Hedgehogs are extraordinarily voracious animals. They are true friends of the human race, for by their nocturnal activity they efficiently eradicate roaches, crickets, mice, and similar pests."

The immoral hedgehog was thus behaving in a manner quite contrary to the instructions of Pokorný-Rosický. He let the roaches peacefully multiply, paid no attention to mice, listened serenely to the chirping of crickets behind the stove, and with a passion that grew each passing day, he pursued his nefarious ogling of guests in their dishabille. From a dark corner of the room, he would follow every step of the disrobing procedure with his little black eyes, and when he spied a traveler in the act of pulling on a nightshirt, the disrobed creature glowed with excitement. Overcome by

Peter Kussi has translated works of fiction, nonfiction, and poetry by Czechoslovakian writers, among them The Farewell Party, Milan Kundera, and Kundera's Life Is Elsewhere, which was nominated for the 1974 National Book Award for translation.



he clapped the tips of his quills together, his long out sensuously aquiver. When the guest finally blew out the candle, the shameless hedgehog sadly rolled himself up into a ball and waited impatiently for the morning light to illumine once again the traveler's fascinating contours.

It happened occasionally that a guest would light a candle during the night and, shoe in hand, hunt bedbugs (*Acanthia lectularia*) along the walls of the room. At such times, the hedgehog would rush toward the very feet of the agitated guest for a close look under the candle-lit nightshirt. Any pedagogue must surely consider such behavior an extraordinary example of oral turpitude, especially in view of the fact that the hedgehog was barely a year and a half old.

One night, he made his way into a guest room on the heels of the innkeeper, who was bringing up a bottle of wine from the cellar. The hedgehog hid under the table, and when the innkeeper had left, he crawled out. In the presence of a pair of beings—both fully dressed—he filled him with wonder. He crawled into a dark corner and listened for the familiar sound that signals the removal of shoes. In the meantime, he heard:

"This is awful, Mr. Stransky!"

"But madame, please . . ."

"No, I'd never have expected this of you, Mr. Stransky. Please go back to your room. Tomorrow I'll have to make up some kind of story. Don't you realize that a woman prizes her honor above all else? It was just an innocent flirtation with a husband's trusted friend. The poor man even suggested himself that you take me for a little trip. Surely you're not going to betray my husband's confidence? Well, answer me! Would you betray his confidence? I feel sorry for you, my dear friend."

The licentious hedgehog heard the long-haired crea-

ture sigh, and then the bewhiskered one say despairingly: "At least a kiss!"

There followed a noise which sounded exactly like a hedgehog biting into a cockroach. Our immoral friend, thinking that a colleague was present in the room, rushed out of hiding right into the petticoats of the long-haired being, who jumped up in fright. The bewhiskered gentleman announced the discovery of a hedgehog.

"Please, take him out," she begged. Heroically, devotedly, Mr. Stransky pounced on the visitor and, ignoring the quills, carried the animal out to the hall. When he tried to come back into the room he found the door locked.

"Madame, what are you doing? Open the door!"

"You go to sleep in the next room, like a good fellow. The door is locked. Good-night."

Then the immoral hedgehog heard the long-haired creature add: "Don't be angry. We can still be friends."

These were the last words the hedgehog ever heard in his life. For the bewhiskered gentleman vented his spleen by kicking him to a pulp.

Defenders of morality, rejoice.



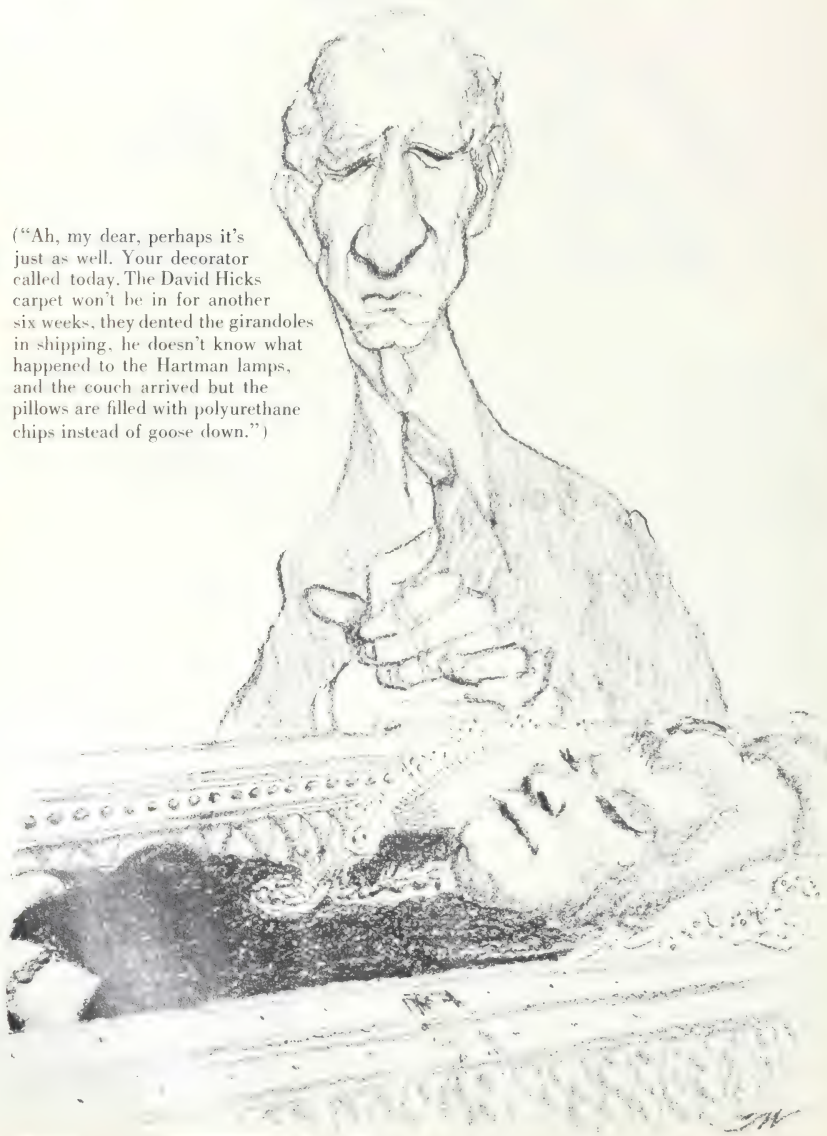
Frances Jettler

IN OUR TIME

by Tom Wolfe

Off to a Better Place

("Ah, my dear, perhaps it's just as well. Your decorator called today. The David Hicks carpet won't be in for another six weeks, they dented the girandoles in shipping, he doesn't know what happened to the Hartman lamps, and the couch arrived but the pillows are filled with polyurethane chips instead of goose down.")



THE DEBATE OF THE CENTURY (CON'T.)

by John Chabot Smith

Perjury: The Hiss-Chambers Case, by Allen Weinstein. Alfred A. Knopf, \$15.

FOR THIRTY YEARS the arguments about Alger Hiss and Whittaker Chambers—one convicted of perjury and the other a confessed perjurer whose testimony helped convict the other—have ebbed and flowed. They have been stimulated sometimes by Hiss's efforts to gain vindication, sometimes by new evidence or speculation presented by others, sometimes by changes in the climate of American politics. Always the arguments have excited passion on both sides, for not only was the case bizarre and melodramatic, but it came at a time when both the Cold War and the United Nations were getting started, and it influenced the subsequent history of both. The case became the launching pad for McCarthyism, and was used as vindication of the secret-police techniques of the Truman loyalty probes. It did more than any other celebrated spy trial of the period (1948-50) to frighten America into the idea that the Communists might "steal the secret" of our then brand-new atom bomb and give it to the Russians.

Without exaggerating the significance of any particular bit of history

as the "cause" of what happened thereafter, it is fair to say that we could not have arrived today at exactly the same combination of difficulties and dangers, domestic and international, if the case had not been handled the way it was by government, politicians, courts, news media, and the public.

NOW COMES Allen Weinstein, history professor on leave from Smith College, to give us what his publisher calls "the monumental and long-awaited book that tells the full story of the Hiss-Chambers case."

It is monumental, all right—nearly 700 pages tightly packed with print, including 565 pages of text, a 20-page appendix, 11 pages of acknowledgments and introduction, 85 pages of notes, bibliography, and index, and 16 pages of pictures.

It is "long-awaited," too, in the sense that Weinstein began gathering his material in 1969, and took his first leave of absence from Smith in early 1975. He had expected by that time to have access to FBI files and other secret government records, for which he was suing under the Freedom of Information Act. But the government held him up; most of the material did not become available until 1976 and 1977, after the Freedom of Information Act was amended. The government was then obliged to release the material not only to Weinstein but to Hiss and many others.

Weinstein's book was awaited with particular impatience by *Time* magazine, which had employed Whittaker Chambers for ten years, eventually as a senior editor, before he disclosed in 1948 his perjuries and his background of Communist espionage. Chambers was then obliged to resign, but *Time* gave him a generous financial settlement and committed itself to supporting his side of the ensuing arguments. *Time's* own reputation was at stake, and the stake grew larger with passing years.

In February of this year, jumping Weinstein's publication date by almost two months, *Time* devoted three pages to an announcement that his book found Hiss "guilty as charged," and that "on the basis of fresh evidence, a scholar concludes that he spied and lied." Chambers, in other words, was right, *Time* said again.

"This judgment will not go unchallenged," *Time* wrote, nor should it.

WEINSTEIN's judgments—and *Time's*—can be faulted on every page of *Perjury*, but the heart of the matter is on pages 356-368. At this point in his research, Weinstein had the answer to the most puzzling questions of the case in his hand, and didn't know it.

The "Hiss-Chambers Case," as he calls it, has defied explanation so far because nobody could believe Chambers had made up such an elaborate story out of whole cloth, nor was it

John Chabot Smith, author of *Alger Hiss: The True Story* (1976), covered the Hiss trials in 1949-50 for the New York Herald Tribune. His most recent book, *The Children of Master O'Rourke*, is about Ireland.

edible that Alger Hiss could have been innocent as he claimed. Surely Hiss must have done *something* wrong, as Hiss said, but Hiss wouldn't admit it. Surely Chambers must have told the truth *sometimes*, no matter how often he admitted lying. But Hiss wouldn't concede that anything Chambers said about him was true unless it coincided with his own recollections or records, and that wasn't often.

How could such things be reconciled with the real world? The easy answer in those days was that Hiss must be lying because the government and leading politicians of the day said he was. Even the two Supreme Court justices, Felix Frankfurter and Stanley F. Reed, who appeared as character witnesses on Hiss's behalf, had to say they knew nothing of the facts in dispute.

That answer hasn't stood the test of time, especially since Richard Nixon, the most persistent supporter of Chambers and attacker of Hiss, fell from popular favor. If Nixon lied about Watergate, people wondered, couldn't he have lied about Hiss and Chambers, too? The thought was unsettling to those who clung to Chambers even after abandoning Nixon. But by itself it didn't answer the big question: If Chambers lied about Hiss, why couldn't Hiss prove it?

Now we have an answer to that question, provided by documents that Weinstein claims to have examined but seems to have overlooked. It is clear from the newly released records that Nixon and Chambers were not, after all, the original architects of Hiss's destruction, nor were they limited to their own inventiveness in the way they accomplished it. The groundwork was laid for them by three other interested personalities of the day, acting for motives of their own: J. Edgar Hoover, director of the FBI; South Carolina Democrat James F. Byrnes (Congressman, Senator, briefly an associate justice of the Supreme Court, and later Secretary of State); and South Carolina's wealthiest and most influential "native son," Bernard M. Baruch.

Until the new documents were released, these three seemed to have had little direct involvement in the Hiss affair; now it can be seen that their roles were crucial, perhaps determinative.

It was they who first acted on the assumption that Hiss was guilty, with-

out telling him who his accuser was or what he was accused of, and without allowing him to reply. By their actions they put him in a false position from which there was no escape—he could not disprove the lies because he didn't know what they were. By the time he heard them, they were already accepted by most people as truth, on the authority of a Congressional committee better known to the public than he.

BEFORE TELLING this story as it is disclosed in the government documents, it is worth considering why Weinstein doesn't tell it in his book. Partly, perhaps, because it doesn't suit his purpose, which is to support the prosecution's case against Hiss wherever doubt is cast upon it. The story of Hoover, Byrnes, and Baruch undermines the very foundations of the case, so Weinstein misrepresents part of it and ignores the rest.

Weinstein makes no claim that the evidence he has assembled in support of his own position is conclusive; he describes it as "occasionally contradictory, sometimes spotty." He doesn't seem to have examined it very carefully, and he has left out some of the most significant new material. He credits five "former students at Smith" and three other persons with helping him in research, and describes one of them as functioning "more as a collaborator than as a research assistant."

He needed this assistance, for his first leave of absence from Smith had run out before the main flow of government documents began, and he went back to teaching for almost the whole of 1976 and the first half of 1977. He had his vacation time to look at the documents, but that was little enough to supervise the boiling down of some 40,000 pages into the relatively short space they occupy in his book. Weinstein pays less attention to these documents than to other material he got from former associates of Whittaker Chambers and alleged members of various Communist underground groups and Soviet spy organizations, though none of these people had anything useful to tell him about Hiss, and only one of them even claimed to have met him.

This is not the place to comment on the work of Weinstein's research assistants, except to congratulate them

on their capabilities and hard work. They were bound by the professional guidance, and the responsibility of putting their reports together he knew as his own.

The result is a sadly disjointed work in which research reports seem to have been pasted together without sufficient context or interpretation on the professor's part to make them useful. There is little or no critical analysis of the validity of the material quoted or the reliability of the sources; Weinstein's technique is to argue with every statement that seems to support Hiss, and accept every pro-Chambers statement without question. Where errors, inconsistencies, and perjuries in Chambers's part appear in the record, Weinstein readily forgives them, or ignores them altogether.

As Victor Navasky says in an excellent documented analysis in the April 8 issue of *The Nation*, Weinstein writes as "an embattled partisan, hopelessly mired in the perspective of one side, his narrative obfuscatory, . . . his standards double, his 'corroborations' circular and suspect, his reporting astonishingly erratic." Navasky finds Weinstein's work inadequate for a verdict on the case, but sufficient for "rendering a necessarily negative verdict on [Weinstein's] scholarship."

WEINSTEIN'S obfuscation of the facts about Hoover, Byrnes, and Baruch built upon his argument that in 1946—eight years after the period described by Chambers—Hiss was taking "a key interest in atomic energy matters that went well beyond the responsibilities" of his State Department job (which at the time was director of OSPA—the Office of Special Political Affairs, charged primarily with United States policy toward the newly organized United Nations). In other words, Weinstein suggests, not only was Hiss a member of Chambers's alleged spy conspiracy in the 1930s, he was still at it in 1946, and engaged in atomic espionage, no less.

Weinstein appears to rely for his argument on FBI reports of "technical surveillance" of Hiss in 1946—tapping his phone, opening his mail, maintaining a stakeout at his home and office, occasionally tailing him, and collecting gossip from unnamed informants, some

whom seemed to have known Hiss and his wife quite intimately. The FBI's conclusion, stated in a later report at Weinstein did not quote, was that espionage activities by Hiss were developed from this source."

Indeed, the full record of these events leads to a conclusion quite opposed to Weinstein's. It starts with a passage at Weinstein omitted from the FBI reports he quoted in support of his argument. The context runs as follows:

(Name deleted) was present on May 23, 1946, during a discussion between Alger Hiss and (name deleted) at which time they discussed State Department affairs. (Name deleted) indicated that he had a long talk with (name deleted) about getting a certain atomic energy man. The (deleted) stated that the conversation was largely concerned with plans for a coordinating center regarding atomic energy. Hiss at this time indicated that there were some papers on his desk at the office relating to the atomic energy matter as well as a draft of a speech for Baruch.

Baruch, the wealthy "native son" of South Carolina on whom Secretary of State Byrnes relied for friendship and support, was a man loaded with honors, enjoying vast public respect and generally regarded as above politics. He had been chairman of the War Industries Board in World War I, as his friend Byrnes had been director of the Office of War Mobilization in World War II—each was supreme boss of the nation's industry in wartime. Baruch had been an "adviser" to Presidents Wilson, Harding, and Roosevelt, as well as Truman, and in 1946 he was the U.S. representative on the United Nations Atomic Energy Committee.

In that position Baruch was carrying out State Department policy on atomic energy, and needed a constant flow of information and guidance from the State Department. It was Hiss's responsibility, as director of the Office of Special Political Affairs, to supervise the flow of information to Baruch and to help write his speeches.

The State Department's policy at the time was to try to get agreement for United Nations control over atomic energy, in the hope of avoiding the nuclear arms race that was then only beginning. The Russians had not yet developed nuclear weapons of their own, but the fact that they could not be

prevented from doing so, with or without the aid of spies, was well understood by Baruch, Truman, the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, and the atomic experts in the State Department.

Baruch was thus in frequent personal contact with Hiss in 1946, and used the material Hiss provided him without finding anything in it to suggest that Hiss was a Communist. He made only minor changes in style from time to time to make the speeches clearly his own. Yet Hiss and Baruch had met before, under very different circumstances, when Hiss was on the Nye Committee staff in 1934. This was a Senate committee investigating the conduct of the munitions industry in World War I, and Hiss used the occasion to grill Baruch so unmercifully about war profiteering that Baruch told his friends he was sure that young man was a Communist.

By 1946 Baruch had apparently forgotten the incident, or didn't recognize Hiss as that same young man; Hiss had forgotten it, too, and didn't yet know what harsh things Baruch had said about him. It was only after Chambers's charges were aired before the House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC) in 1948 that Baruch remembered Hiss as the Nye Committee investigator, and began denouncing him again.

Nevertheless, in 1946 the State Department's security office was making its own secret investigation of Hiss, because Chambers's still-secret charges against him had, in Weinstein's words, "received independent reinforcement . . . from two [his italics] additional informants, in fact, neither of whom knew Whittaker Chambers." Weinstein's reference here is to Elizabeth Bentley and Igor Gouzenko, a code clerk in the Soviet Embassy in Canada who had defected in 1945. Gouzenko had caused a sensation by announcing that the Soviet Union had an "agent" in Washington in May, 1945, who was "an assistant to the then Secretary of State, Edward R. Stettinius."

While neither of these "informants" provided any useful corroboration of Chambers's story about Hiss, they certainly "reinforced" it in the minds of Weinstein and J. Edgar Hoover. Weinstein assumes that the agent referred to by Gouzenko was Hiss, and relates that Hoover and Byrnes, who had succeeded Stettinius as Secretary of State

in July, 1945, made the same assumption. Yet Hoover is quoted as saying he had no direct evidence to support it, and in fact Hiss was not and never had been an assistant to Stettinius; in May, 1945, Hiss was in San Francisco serving as Temporary Secretary-General of the United Nations Conference.

Meanwhile Bentley, the "blond Red spy queen," as some of the newspapers called her, was being interviewed by the FBI for fourteen days in a twenty-one day period, and had her own spy stories to tell. The closest she came to corroborating Chambers's attack on Hiss was to give an entirely different version of the Communist "group" Hiss was supposed to have been a member of. She thought his first name was "Eugene" and that he had worked for Dean Acheson; the State Department concluded from this that she meant Hiss's brother Donald, who had been associated with Acheson at the time in question. Hoover assumed she meant Alger Hiss, but when Bentley was asked about it she said she knew of nobody by that name, and could tell the FBI nothing about him.

THUS THE CASE still rested on Chambers's sole and unsupported word, as it does today, in spite of the tangle of circumstantial evidence presented at the two trials and in Weinstein's book. But Byrnes didn't know that in 1946, and Hoover never admitted it. On the strength of the Chambers-Bentley-Gouzenko statements, Byrnes persuaded his boss, Attorney General Tom Clark, to authorize the "technical surveillance" that lasted from December, 1945, to September, 1947, after Hiss had left the department. Nothing useful—no evidence of espionage, nothing to confirm what Bentley, Chambers, or Gouzenko had said—was learned that way, as several later FBI summaries show.

At this point Byrnes was in a difficult position. He knew Hiss wanted to leave the State Department for personal reasons, because John Foster Dulles had talked to him about it in January, 1946. Byrnes also wanted to get rid of Hiss, because the charges against him were an embarrassment, whether true or not. The question was how to do it, and when.

Attorney General Clark apparently believed that Hiss could not be dis-

missed without a Civil Service hearing. Hiss's security office disagreed, and the department on March 22 that Hiss's appointment be simply "terminated at the discretion of the Secretary." But by that time Byrnes was going a different route.

Hoover didn't want a Civil Service hearing, because it would oblige him to disclose the "confidential information" he had against Hiss. Hoover didn't want Byrnes to tell Hiss anything about the accusations against him, because that would "alert him and ruin an important espionage investigation." Thus it was at Hoover's suggestion, according to Hoover, that Byrnes decided to leak the story, or part of it, to "certain key men in the House and Senate," and then tell Hiss that the accusations were coming from Congress.

The advantages of this technique were clear. It enabled Hoover to continue a secret investigation that looked promising to him without revealing how little he had to go on. It gave Byrnes a chance to strengthen his own political position by leaking the story first to his friends in Congress, so they could blunt the inevitable attacks that would be leveled against him and the State Department for "harboring spies and Communists." And it kept Hiss completely in the dark.

Accordingly, on March 21, 1946, Byrnes confronted Hiss with the rumors he said were coming from Congress. Several versions have been published of who-said-what on this occasion, and there are others in the FBI files; but the undisputed result was that Hiss went to the FBI, hoping to find out who was the source of the rumors, and found himself being cross-examined about them instead. His replies, as summarized by the FBI, became his famous statement of March 25, 1946, which was used against him both by HUAC and in the trials.

It was a neat trick. Hiss came away from his FBI interview with no idea that Hoover and Byrnes were the source of the rumors on Capitol Hill, or that they all stemmed from the unsupported word of Whitaker Chambers. He didn't know who Chambers was, or what Chambers had said about him, or even that a man named Chambers had talked to the FBI. This was the first step in preparing the traps laid for Hiss by HUAC, into which he was to step so blindly two years later.

MEANWHILE Hiss told Byrnes he would resign from the State Department if Byrnes wanted him to, but he didn't want to resign under fire. Byrnes apparently agreed, and Hiss remained in the department until the end of the year, while Hoover continued the FBI "surveillance" of him. Hiss was unaware of the surveillance, which helped HUAC prepare its traps even though it yielded no evidence against him.

When the time came for Hiss to leave the department, Byrnes wrote him the usual letter of regrets and praise, and used the occasion to commend Hiss in particular for "your loyalty as well as your efficiency." Relying on this cordial attitude, Hiss's lawyers asked Byrnes two years later to testify as a defense witness at the trials.

Byrnes never acknowledged these requests; instead, he offered his help to the prosecution. He told Assistant U.S. Attorney Thomas F. Murphy that he had some useful information, but he didn't want to appear as a prosecution witness because he was too vulnerable to cross-examination by the defense. How could he explain away his testimonial to Hiss's loyalty, or his decision to keep Hiss in the State Department, involved with sensitive atomic energy matters, so long after making up his mind that Hiss was a Communist spy? He might even have been required to tell the embarrassing story of how he and Hoover had deceived Hiss in 1946.

Murphy apparently didn't accept Byrnes's offer of help until after the first trial ended in a hung jury. Then, in preparation for the second trial, he

asked the FBI to arrange an interview for him with Byrnes, and to send along an agent who was thoroughly familiar with the case. This was done on August 30, 1949, and the proceedings were duly reported to Hoover by Edward Scheidt, agent in charge of the FBI New York office.

The report comments on Byrnes' "personal dislike" for Hiss, and deals at length with Byrnes's explanation of it. Byrnes had apparently first heard Hiss accused of Communist "tendencies" by Byrnes's sister, Mrs. Lenora Fuller, in the early 1930s, but hadn't put much stock in it at the time. Late in 1934, when Hiss was counsel to the Nye Committee, Byrnes began to think his sister was right, because of the "terrific blast" (in Byrnes's words) that Hiss had given Bernard Baruch about war profiteering.

Byrnes, according to the FBI, was irritated in 1934 that he personally followed his friend Baruch to the start to testify in his behalf. Byrnes, like Baruch, evidently forgot the incident after that, until they were both reminded of it by Chambers's accusations; then the recollection seemed confirmation of Chambers's story.

Of other evidence that Hiss had any "Communist tendencies" or connections, Byrnes had none, as far as the FBI report shows. Byrnes related, according to the FBI, that he had made only one inquiry of his own to check his doubts on Hiss's loyalty. That was when he asked Charles (Chip) Bohlen, head of the Russian Section of the State Department when Byrnes was Secretary, what he knew about Hiss. Byrnes

Evidence in Review

As this issue goes to press, yet another review of the legitimacy of Alger Hiss's conviction is contemplated—this time in the United States Court for the Southern District where Mr. Hiss was first tried. Victor Rabinowitz of Boudin, Rabinowitz & Standard, the law firm representing Mr. Hiss, announced that his client would file, sometime in May, a petition of *coram nobis* (Latin for "before us"). The petition derives from Anglo-Saxon law, and asks a court to review a decision to convict that a defendant believes was based on errors of fact.

For eighteen months, Mr. Hiss has been suing the government under the Freedom of Information Act for all documents in its possession relating to him. According to Mr. Rabinowitz, "it is in light of the documents released so far that we find the writ [of *coram nobis*] necessary. The petition has been postponed until now only because there have been so many hundreds of pages to study, and because they have been released so slowly."

The remedy is rarely sought; Mr. Rabinowitz says only about a half-dozen *coram nobis* petitions a year are filed in the New York court. Assistant U.S. Attorney Mary C. Daly confessed she is unfamiliar with the proceeding: "If Mr. Hiss files, we'll have to learn about it, but right now I just don't know how we'll respond."

—Ed

that if Alger were attempting to in information for the Russians he nt have attempted to secure highly idental information from Bohlen," FBI report says. But "Bohlen stated he of course knew Alger but that ad no personal dealings with him, did he have any connection with insofar as State Department work concerned."

here Byrnes apparently let the mat- drop. After all, Hoover was respon- e for catching spies; better for nes to take Hoover's word than try unction an investigation of his own.

WE STILL don't know the whole truth about Hiss and Chambers, even after the nine-year labors of Weinstein and his research assistants collaborators. But the truth re- ns the truth, whatever it may be. nks to the Freedom of Information and the documents it has obliged government to make public, we can y add this much to our knowledge he case: It was not only Chambers perjuror and Nixon the popularity- ker who contrived the miscarriage ustice by which Hiss was convicted. oundwork had been laid for them by self-serving actions of J. Edgar over and James F. Byrnes, not to tion the personal resentments of the pected "adviser of Presidents," Ber- d Baruch. By condemning Hiss urd, without revealing his accuser or accusations against him, they sealed fate before he or the public knew ything about it.

This is not a "conspiracy theory," as einstein likes to say; it is an observa- n of the way this bit of history hap- ned. It is based on documents Wein- in evidently overlooked, part of a ge volume of new documentation at deserves further study, from nolars less committed to their own eory of the Hiss-Chambers case, and ter qualified to study it.

Weinstein's book can make a good arting point, for those who are skilled finding their way through his "back- otes," as he calls them. These are not ue "notes on sources," for they hardly er identify the source of any particu- r statement, and they contain too any remarks beginning "See also," y which the reader is referred to ma- rial the author hasn't used.

To make matters more difficult, Weinstein's back-of-the-book notes are full of frustrations for the scholar. He uses one numbered note for each paragraph, though his paragraphs normal- ly run several hundred words and cover a variety of subjects. The numbers be- gin again at "1" for each chapter, and as the chapters average 163 pages apiece, the notes require from two to six pages per chapter, with no indica- tion at the top of the pages to help you find the chapter you want.

Each note covers so much material it is always difficult and sometimes impos- ible to determine which reference ap- plies to which statement. For example, note 71 to chapter X appears on page 629 as follows:

71. FBI surveillance logs, May 16-31, 1946, p. 53, #1364; Feb. 1-28, 1947, p. 15, #2326; FBI, SILVERMASTER. See also the fol- lowing logs on Hiss's interests in the atomic-energy field: pp. 44-5, #1210; p. 50, #1359; pp. 51-2, #1364; p. 59, #1447; pp. 39-41, #2294. "Henry Hill Collins, Jr., in contact with Alger Hiss," reads the "Synopsis of Facts" heading on a Sept. 1, 1946, report dealing with Aug. 1946 surveillance. "He [Col- lins] is allegedly requesting rec- ords, information, and reports at the State Department not directly concerned with his work." #1673. For his proposals to enlarge the scope of OSPA, see Hiss to Pas- volsky, Sept. 7, 1945, and Hiss to Rothwell, Nov. 29, 1945, OSPA files, NA.

Impressive, certainly, but not much help in tracking down the sources for Weinstein's statements about Hiss's in- terest in atomic energy in 1946, which is what the note refers to. Nevertheless, it was by checking this passage in *Per- jury* that I came upon the documents that told the story of Hoover, Byrnes, and Baruch. What other useful material in these documents Weinstein may have ignored or misrepresented we will not know until a more thorough and genu- inely scholarly work of research has been done.

Certainly this book does not meet the need: all Weinstein has done is pick out some bits he can use to support a disputed jury's verdict. Enough, per- haps, for Weinstein and *Time* maga- zine; but not for history, nor for jus- tice. □

HARPER'S/JUNE 1978

EVENING SERVICES EVERY FOURTH SUNDAY

by David Huddle

Dr. Gwathmey came 20 miles for Mrs. Frye and just 2 families. It was funny Grandma was almost too little to pump anything on that old organ except Now The Day Is Over, with her glasses slid down to the tip of her nose and her mouth all pursed up tight. Grandad sat in back, wouldn't stand or kneel or pray or sing but always too late said Amen because he'd built that chapel, then (for spite, Grandma said) painted it his favorite color: yellow. I had a blue shirt and wore it for Toots Pope. She had black hair and sometimes stood beside me outside in the dark. After Vespers our parents talked in soft murmurs, the air full of cricket and frog noises, summer wind, the smell of rain coming later.

THE PASSIONATE FEW

by Hayden Carruth

To a Blossoming Pear Tree, by James Wright. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$7.95.

Returning to Earth, by Jim Harrison. Ithaca House (distributed by Serendipity Books), \$2.50.

Cirada, by John Haines. Wesleyan University Press, \$7.50; paper, \$3.45.

In a Dusty Light, by John Haines. Graywolf Press (P.O. Box 142, Port Townsend, Wash. 98368), \$5.

Lucky Life, by Gerald Stern. Houghton Mifflin, \$6.95.

Thantog, by Keith Wilson. Salt-Works Press (Dennis, Mass. 02638), \$3.

The Indian Rio Grande, edited by Gene Frumkin and Stanley Noyes. San Marcos Press (P.O. Box 53, Los Cerrillos, N.Mex. 87010), \$4.95.

The Town Scold, by Judith Johnson Sherwin. Countryman Press (Taftsville, Vt. 05073), \$6.95; paper, \$4.95.

The Song of Songs, translated by Marcia Falk. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$4.95.

Collected Poems, by Dannie Abse. University of Pittsburgh Press, \$3.95.

NEVER HAS DULLNESS muscled its way into any art more rapidly than it has into American poetry in the past few years.

What seemed at the beginning of this decade a new flowering has turned already into so much broccoli. Academicism is what it is, neo-neo-neo-academicism; not that the schools are to blame or could have prevented it. But certainly the phenomenal proliferation of workshops and courses in "creative writing" has been a big contributing factor. Think of the thousands and thousands of "poets" who have been turned out, "finished" (as we used to say), perfected in literary decorum and politesse, but with nothing to say and as much like one another as the receiving line at Mme. Porter's cotillion.

Metaphor is what they believe in, presumably because it is what they have been taught. Metaphor is magic. Invent a new metaphor and immediately you have done something poetical; never mind the rest. Hence our deluge of poems beginning with lines like these:

The sky is as dry as baking powder...

The children vault the giant carpet roll of waves...

*In the cold kitchen of heaven
Daylight spoons out its cream-of-wheat...*

You see? One could find thousand more. And these are actual, though will not identify them or say as much about them. Academic criticism will do their work, no doubt, followed by academic prize-givers and grant awarders, and the outcome is foreseeable. I am feeling forlorn about what gives me a little hope are the older poets still writing as well as even and the few—very few—younger on with sense enough to see that the popular mode is not the best. But where these few be swept away on the flood.

In different circumstances one beat down on different criteria. Now I beat down on passion. It isn't metaphor that

Hayden Carruth is poetry editor of Harper



wrong, or any other particular device. No, a metaphor passionately assimilated into a poetic wholeness will work—why not? It has been done often. Let there be passion, along with content, and any stylistic propensity will flourish. I find as much passion in the poetry of Pope as in the best of Whitman, and equal dullness in their worst. A passionate vision, passionate concern: these make works of art. And works of art, as opposed to academic conveniences, are what move men and women to their own new passionate emotions and concerns. They keep life interesting. But passion cannot be taught, cannot be formulated; unfortunately, the invention of metaphors can.

JAMES WRIGHT'S *Collected Poems* was published in 1971 and at once became a cherished book for most readers of poetry. But it is no longer enough. His new book, *To a Blossoming Pear Tree*, contains poems dispensable to his work and our understanding, perhaps better poems than he has ever written before: poems chief of sorrow for the damage done to the world. Some, written during a time in Italy, catch moments of solace as well, in the light on a river ("Oh, stay with me a little longer in the rain/digress") or the recollection in Verona of Romeo and Juliet ("Not the strange enance of their loveliness, / But only the lovers"); good moments, moments of goodness. Yet sorrow prevails after all. "I am spending my whole life turning / My face away," he says; "And still in my dreams I sway like one fainting / And / Of spiderweb, glittering and vanishing and frail / Above the river." The glittering and vanishing and frail: a refrain, an era. For once the adjectives speak with the power of nouns, because Wright has that power in him, that passion, concern for words precisely chosen in a poem precisely conceived. His writing has the light as well as the poignancy of the old Italian towns he loves so dearly.

I think it important to define exactly the quality of Wright's sensibility because in superficial ways it resembles the qualities I complained of at the beginning of this review. Indeed, Wright may be "responsible" in part for the academic mode, though it isn't his fault if lesser poets imitate his technique without having his substance. Here is a

brief poem called "In Defense of Late Summer":

*I have called up this every
Variety of green foliage
To hide me from the gray,
The vast ocean that changes
From color to color so often
It will not stand and stay.
Like a dry swamp, endless
Wherever I look, it offers me
A million dead leaves, only
Occasionally fluttering
Against the shore out of reach.
I turn shoreward to find
Every variety of living green,
Only half a mile off I find one
Copper beech, nearly as maple
As a Japanese girl far from home.*

That last complex simile, ramifying into many sectors of meaning, from botanical to metaphysical, is a stroke of genius and characteristic of Wright: compression, unexpectedness. In a lesser poem it would be obtrusive. Yet here it is expected in its unexpectedness; it fits. Why? Because even in so brief a poem on so conventional a theme—the poet standing between sea and land, between death and life—passion is at work. How do we know? Because the language, in all its lovely modulations of sound and cadence, is written with care but not with study. Its very deliberateness establishes its urgency. For that is just how poets write—and people speak—in the surge of passion: deliberately and with controlled, instantaneous originality. Forced, far-out invention may be catchy, but it is emotionally flaccid. The passionate voice, on the other hand, rising in true experience, is spontaneous yet careful—caring would be a better word—and it has a resilience noticeable in all its elements: tone, grammar, syntax, rhythm, or whatever.

JIM HARRISON is of another but related breed, more bitter, tougher, rougher. A couple of years ago his *Letters to Yesinin*, a minor masterpiece, was hardly noticed; it was minor because its mood was so thoroughly bleak that probably it could appeal to only a minor segment of sensibility. But it was magnificently written, and I hope somehow it will still find its proper audience. Harrison's new book, *Returning to Earth*, seems not quite so successful—perhaps because it is more low-keyed—but still notable. It is a loose sequence of poems and *apercus* in which the poet gradual-

ly moves away from despair toward a tentative, tenuous acceptance of the natural world, his own world of farm and woodland in northern Michigan. Still, the old pain is dominant—alcoholism, a blind eye, sexual disillusionment, the wrack of the land. "At nineteen I began to degenerate," he writes, meaning, among other things, that then he discovered the degeneration of the world.

*Now the barriers are dissolving, the
stone fences
in shambles. I want to have my life
in cloud shapes, water shapes, wind
shapes,
crow call, marsh hawk swooping
over grass and weed tips.
Let the scavenger take what he
finds.
Let the predator love his prey.*

It is hard-boiled poetry, some of the best of its kind, and one is not surprised to know that Harrison has written very tough novels and many magazine pieces about sports and outdoor life. His poetic vision is at the heart of it all. To stay alive now is primitivism. And that is the hard best that we can know.

With John Haines we have a quieter voice, more introspective, yet the introspection leads always outward again to nature. Haines knows more than any poet alive about real wilderness, having homesteaded for years in the remote part of Alaska, living off and with the land. His love is fierce. Once he said: "I'd rather live in Alaska than anywhere, but I wouldn't work on the pipeline to do it. I couldn't." And in a poem:

*... now on the high tundra,
willows and water without end,
come shade and a noise like death.*

What shade? It doesn't matter: we know well enough—airplane, earth-mover, oil rig, quonset, they all cast shadows and they make "a noise like death." The last wildernesses are going. No indignation can serve now, only the countering creative urgency of art, the lyric voice. And then what is that worth? Sorrow behind sorrow behind sorrow, the song goes on. *Cicada* contains poems of the past six years, while *In a Dusty Light* is a smaller sequence written last year, a handsome hand-printed edition. Both books give us the mature work of one of our best nature poets, or for that matter one of our best nature writers of any kind, best because

he is so much more than a naturalist. . . . knows the ecological crisis as if as anyone, and he knows it is more so than that. It is a crisis of consciousness, of the human mind in ultimate confrontation with itself.

Gerald Stern's wilderness is more urban than natural, yet like many others he has carried his city anguish with him into the country, the sub-urbs, a life of children, lawns, cars, summer cottages, and the rest, our new classless class, the savage radical bourgeoisie.

*Tonight, in the dark living room,
my daughter is
playing "Malagueña" on her
warped piano.
After two weeks of dampness the
moist notes
float across the room trying to find
brotherhood
with anything that is crooked or
twisted or smiling.*

*I am over here in the garage
letting the mold take over;
I am getting ready for my own
darkness . . .*

So evening comes on. Who hasn't heard that anguish floating through the trivia of life, "Malagueña," melody of the end of the world? The darkness is what we face, each of us, crooked, twisted, smiling; but what a smile! It is extremely difficult to bring off the kind of poem Stern writes, doomsday among the tricycles and kittens. Most poets who try end up with trite magazine verse, predictabilities of faded irony. But Stern succeeds. His low-voiced, prosy syntax gives us direct statements, simple and true, moving almost monotonously toward the hysterical outbreak of silence, the twisted smile. But he draws back; he doesn't push to that catastrophe—not quite. Instead he resumes, again and again, poem after poem; he takes up the burden in spite of everything, like the daily editorialist in the *New York Times*, but with fitness and skill, so that the tone of every poem—well, almost every—is one more genuine, clear, compelling, right for its occasion. And because he is close to the dailliness of American life he speaks for us all in our own voices, not the prophetic or accusing voice of the exile.

*Everyone is into my myth! The
whole countryside
is studying weeds, collecting
sadness, dreaming
of odd connections . . .*

There is room for this voice, too, in the collective elegy.

Four poets, four elegies. They are four very different poets, I think, in temperament and consequent literary styles, but equally mature, working at the height of their powers, with many books behind them. I don't mean that some of their poems aren't funny, erotic, heroic, somehow affirmative. Naturally they write many kinds of poetry. But the prevalent tone is unmistakable. Again and again they sing—and they do sing, because singing is what they do and all that they can do—of the strip mines, peccant waters, fouled air, the earth dissolving around us. They take what consolation they can from momentary beauty, a flower in a weedy field, a young woman in a marketplace, the deep-rose twilight of Sonora, or even the peculiar sweetness of their own words; but momentary it is, fleeting, like everything else except the daily reawakening to reality. Christ, how terrible and necessary it is to know the minds of good men now!

I HAVE SPACE LEFT for only brief notice of a few additional books that should be brought to the attention of readers of *Harper's*. Keith Wilson's *Thantog* is a sequence of poems in priestly voices, heard from the ancient civilizations of the Southwestern Indians. "What need for priests/ and the Old Way when all is known,/ the path to destruction/shining so clearly ahead?" And he answers: "... still in the hills are the drums/ and some of the old words, never/ meant for meaning but for dancing." But dancing is a meaning as it evolves in Wilson's beautifully measured poems, some of which are also in a new anthology, *The Indian Rio Grande*, a book of poems from three cultures. Indian, Chicano, and Anglo, all Southwestern. In their introduction the editors write:

In a society characterized by competitiveness, narrow rationalism, sentimental piety, by the shoddy and fake, some people have turned in another direction, toward those values most overtly reified by the Native American. The better poets have not used these values to "play Indian" nor to disavow their own heritage, but with the desire to draw from what is most available in their time and place. Among the values

we speak of are a sense of the sacredness and unity of nature, an awareness of our relatedness to other animals, a sense of the spiritual inherent in the material, and of the mystery and appropriateness of all life.

It is an ambitious, passionate program. Not all the poets succeed in it, and the best of them it is a process, not achievement: regional poetry works against the national dullness and toward its own, still unclear, synthesis of understandings, elsewhere as in the Southwest (Millen Brand of Pennsylvania, David Budbill of northern New England, Tom McGrath of the upper prairies). It is a many-sided, collective effort, out of the mainstream, nonacademic, away from old cultural centers yet in this effort one sees at least the possibility of change and strength in American poetry of the coming years.

Judith Johnson Sherwin has in the past published a number of books that seem to me close to modish, but *The Town Scold* is different. The first part of a larger work to be entitled *Waste*, it is deeply feminist yet free of feminist clichés; it is the original hardship. Until we have all of *Waste* we can make no reliable judgment, but *The Town Scold* is a more than promising start. She writes of power and weakness, sources and resources:

*the sun
doesn't move the aspen leaves. it
seems
to move in them but if the air lay
still just once it would not move.
gently
a shift in the air will move
no other thing yet makes these
aspen leaves
shudder, they move by a union
of weakness, the thing they are,
with what the air
gives them to be, and the sun
that doesn't move the leaves, doesn't
move in the leaves,
makes them what we see.*

A strongly musical, absolutely lucid statement.

Marcia Falk's new translation of *The Song of Songs* is part of the larger effort poets today are making to break from the pedantry of scholarly biblical translation in the past century and give us new versions, more accurate than the classic ones (such as the King James, the Douay, et cetera), but in modern forms and idioms. I quarrel

Falk's choice of words and rhymes in few cases, but not many; the whole of it is right. The old *Song* brings us back to our sweetest history, far back far away, truly exotic and still with amorous and mystical desire. The Welsh poet Dannie Abse—what all I say? Humane, gifted, yes; but *Collected Poems* is an embarrassment. How quickly the passion fled in his voice, as page after page at us. But the old poems I have remembered for years are there, especially

"Anniversary," a marvel of its kind, if not worth the price of the book alone at least worth time for a glance when next you are in a bookstore.

Finally, to those interested in searching further into the poetry of James Wright, I recommend the current issue of *Ironwood* (\$2; P.O. Box 49023, Tucson, Ariz. 85717), which is devoted to his work and offers new poems, photographs, and many statements and essays by critics and fellow poets. □

HARPER'S/JUNE 1978

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Airships, by Barry Hannah. Alfred A. Knopf, \$8.95.

Only one of the short stories in this rare, stylish collection is "about" an airship, but the title is curiously right. These are stories energetically proleptic, romantic and dangerous, tinny and chivalric, somewhat alien to their proper element. We think we know the lie when we read Hannah's first sentence: "When I am run down and wrecked around by the world, I go down Farte Cove off the Yazoo River and take my beer to the end of the pier where the old liars are still snapping and wheezing at one another." Hannah is in fact, full of surprises. The slowing good old boys, the greasers and their pregnant brides from the mobile homes, are outnumbered by the assessed: the randy and love-raddled, those who swoon from nostalgia and violence, who die of longing. Hannah then gratifies our national passion for the grotesque, nudges ordinary life into black fantasy. But he has a romantic streak, a fondness for Mercutio and Jeb Stuart, and his most memorable stories verge on heroic obsession.

In "Return to Return," grace and retribution are embodied in French Edward, a tennis champion whose true antagonist is the kindly tennis mentor who debauched Edward's mother. Here is Hannah on Edward's style: "[He]

moved as if certain animal secrets were known to him. He originated a new, dangerous tennis, taking the ball into his racket with a muscular patience; then one heard the sweet crack, heard the singing ball, and hung cold with a little terror at the speed and the smart violent arc it made into the green." Hannah might have been describing himself as a writer: patient and instinctive, merciless, swift to dispatch. He is also radically funny. *Airships* is a book of tonic craziness and originality, a new seduction for readers who thought they had outlived the short story.—F.T.

The Great Fear: The Anti-Communist Purge Under Truman and Eisenhower, by David Caute. Simon and Schuster, \$14.95.

David Caute's views are un-American; they are British, and a good thing this is, on the whole. The anti-Communist repression during the Truman and Eisenhower years puzzles him. There was nothing like it, he points out, in Britain, which never trembled in fear at the Red Conspiracy, and never did much about the British Communists, and never suffered any grave consequences. So then what was the fuss about in America, he wonders, where there were fewer radicals and a far stronger economy?

He shakes his head at the otherwise

intelligent Americans who got hysterical about the presence of Communists. As to those Americans who were not otherwise intelligent—those committees of Senatorial crackpots like Jenner and McCarthy, those backwoods desperadoes like Governor Shivers of Texas, whose suggestion it was to make membership in the Communist party a crime punishable by death—he can only drop his jaw in transatlantic astonishment. Nixon, he observes, came on looking like a gentleman and a moderate in this atmosphere.

This brings up another advantage Caute enjoys in being British. He seems not the least bit inhibited by the caution Americans feel compelled to observe when characterizing one another in scholarly works. Caute is perfectly willing to call Senator Mundt a "die-hard reactionary" and the city of Peekskill, New York, a "stagnant, depressingly bigoted town," and he shrinks not at all from specifying which professional anti-Communists were psychopaths, which were habitual liars, and which were in it for the money. This is a blow against obfuscation, and well struck.

It is only too bad that he can't say more than he does about the deeper motivations of the purge. Perhaps these were too un-British to make sense of. He is very good at cataloguing the breadth and meanness of the repression, and at doing it with an honest and cleansing outrage. Other aspects of the event—the contending ideologies, the not-irrelevant matter of Stalinism, the nature and genuineness of the alarm that intelligent, not to mention stupid, people felt—these fall outside his scope. His book is large, but still less than complete. A truly comprehensive history of the great American purge is not going to be written until accounts from that era have finally been settled; and settling those accounts is a process that has scarcely begun. —P.B.

The Mutual Friend, by Frederick Busch. Harper & Row, \$8.95.

In his last years, Charles Dickens was not a happy man; a great man, of course, but physically—despite the practical and personal ministrations of his faithful tour manager Dolby—he was destroying himself with the strain of his reading tours in America and England. His genius brought him financial security, but it also sustained, as is

LOST AND FOUND

by Philip Levine

A light wind beyond the window,
And the trees swimming
in the golden morning air.
Last night for hours I thought
of a boy lost in a huge city,
a boy in search of someone
lost and not returning. I thought
how long it takes to believe
the simplest facts of our lives—
that certain losses are final,
death is one, childhood another.
It was dark and the house creaked
as though we'd set sail for
a port beyond the darkness.
I must have dozed in my chair
and wakened to see the dim shapes
of orange tree and fig against
a sky turned gray, and a few
doves were moaning from the garden.
The night that seemed so final
had ended, and this dawn becoming
day was changing moment
by moment—for now there
was blue above, and the tall grass
was streaked and blowing, the quail
barked from their hidden nests.
Why give up anything? Someone
is always coming home, turning
a final corner to behold the house
that had grown huge in absence
now dull and shrunken, but the place
where he had come of age, still
dear and like no other. I have
come home from being lost,
home to a name I could accept,
a face that saw all I saw
and broke in a dark room against
a wall that heard all my secrets
and gave nothing back. Now he
is home, the one I searched for.
He is beside me as he always
was, a light spirit that brings
me luck and listens when I speak.
The day is here, and it will last
forever or until the sun fails
and the birds are once again
hidden and singing, but for now
the lost are found. The sun
has cleared the trees, the wind
risen, and we, father and child
hand in hand, the living and
the dead are entering the world.

BOOKS

often the case with great men, neuroses of proportionate magnitude. In this novel, Busch's George Dolby makes us privy to the darker side of Dickens. Dolby creates ("...in the narratives I have perpetrated, in the guises I have made," as he tells it) the voices of Dickens's wife, Catherine—patient, simple, estranged and pensioned off in the end; of his maid, Barbara, reclaimed from a brothel, a household amusement; of his mistress, the actress Ellen Ternan, young, beautiful, innocent, untenable. The Inimitable is also given a chapter; Dolby speaks for himself in two. But then it is Dolby throughout: dogged, much-abused Dolby, at his master's beck and call, writing these odd memoirs at the turn of the century as he lies dying in a TB ward, primed with alcoholic concoctions given him by a black attendant named Moon. (Moon receives English lessons for his errands, and takes up the manuscript after Dolby's death, planning to rewrite it for the twentieth century.)

If this seems an impossible prescription for a novel, too ripe with "complication" (that essential diversion of Victorian fiction), nonetheless Frederick Busch deserves the benefit of the doubt. For one thing, the separate narratives—written in a creditable, though at times dense, nineteenth-century style—add up to a unique biography of Dickens, one that is apparently serious enough to merit scholarly acknowledgments in an afterword. (Busch is a professor of English at Colgate University.) For another, each character supplies sufficient information about himself to "perpetrate" additional biographies, providing a full complement of voices for the middle-class come-all-ye that rang through nineteenth-century England. In short, Dolby and Busch together manage a tour of the man, his life and times, and his embodiment of certain timeless themes: money, love, fame, loneliness, creativity. It's an ambitious project—one that Dickens, in his way, undertook time and again—and it makes for an anomalous, somewhat "busy" work of fiction. But let's throw civility to the wind. *The Mutual Friend* is a fascinating achievement.

—J.B.

Frances Taliaferro teaches English at the Brearley School in New York City. Paul Berman has taught American history at Brooklyn College, and contributes regularly to a number of magazines and journals. Jeffrey Burke is copy editor of Harper's.

Sanatorium Under the Sign of Hourglass, by Bruno Schulz; translated by Celina Wieniewska. Walker Company, \$8.95.

No, one protests: it can't happen that way Bruno Schulz says. It can't happen that the old pensioner gets swept off by a gust of wind into "the unexplored yellow space" of the sky, or that in other story Father paces so nervously that he climbs the wall and flies all the wallpaper "like a large gnat," that in a third story Father evades death by escaping to a permanent twilight of time. It can't be that Father turns into a crab, as Schulz has it in "Father's Last Escape," and then is tossed in a pot by Mother and served for dinner, only to crawl off plate leaving one boiled leg stuck in sauce and aspic. Much too horrible is too weird to contemplate.

But what can be done? Schulz has the strength to press these things into palpable reality. The power of his prose is so nearly magical that he can liken a summer night to "the core of enormous black rose, covering us with the velvet dreams of hundreds of petals." He turns lush and unexpected phrases with an ease that makes us gasp. Nor is this all. There is a his seriousness at work in his stories, refusal to shunt unacceptable vision off to some Middle Earth of the merely imaginary. Dream and hallucination he wants us to know, penetrate the everyday, like bedbugs quietly marching up a sleeper's thigh. The image is characteristic. He worries over this.

And inevitably the worry itself becomes palpable. He worries that time may play us tricks; he is worried that life may hold a restrictive clause. These are not unreasonable fears on the part of a Polish Jew in 1938, when *Sanatorium* first appeared. "Could it happen that time is too narrow for events?" Schulz asks. "Could it happen that all the seats within time might have been sold? ... For heaven's sake is there perhaps some kind of bidding for time? ... Don't let's get excited, don't let's panic. ..."

Yes, just like this it can happen. These stories are panicky indeed, most of them, and in their strangeness and their terrible anxiety they stick to the mind like that crab leg to the plate.

—P.

HARPER'S/JUNE 1979

Rediscover the courage of words in Harper's



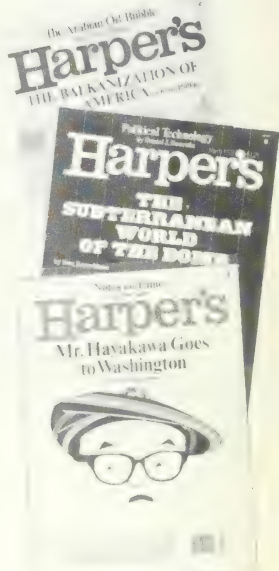
"As often as not these days I run across people who wonder why Harper's publishes so many criticisms of American art, government, and education. Not that they object to these criticisms, but they worry about the magazine's hope for the future. Why must the magazine dwell so much on the imperfection of man and the failure of his grand designs? Might it not be possible to cast a more cheerful light among the ruins?

I should remind the reader that I am by trade an optimist. As an editor I have no choice but to believe in man's capacity to learn from his failures. It seems to me that a magazine such as Harper's has an obligation to publish as many arguments on as many sides of a given question as there are people willing to declare themselves.

The argument going on in the country cannot be seen as the customary opposition between liberal and conservative, Left and Right, Democrat and Republican. It has to do instead with the division between people who would continue the American experiment and those who think the experiment has gone far enough.

The fearful majority needs to be opposed by an articulate and courageous minority, by people who live for others, and not the opinion of others, who believe that they can forge their energy and their intelligence into the shapes of their own destiny and their own future. I admire the courage of such people whenever I have the good fortune to meet them, but I have particular regard for those among them who choose to write magazine articles. I count it a victory to find writers who speak in plain words and who report what they have seen and heard and thought rather than what they have been told. "

Lewis H. Lapham
Editor



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GOODBYE TO CONGRESS- AND ALL THAT

On stepping down from public office

by Otis G. Pike

OVER THE PAST eighteen years I have made about 700 weekly broadcasts to report to my district on events in Washington, and in general, in good times or bad, as the bearer of good tidings or ill, triumph or defeat, war or peace, or just speaking of the little things in your lives or in Washington, I have enjoyed communicating with you, and have felt close to you.

The broadcast this week, in my eighteenth year as your Congressman, is the toughest I have ever had to make, because I am announcing that I will not be a candidate for reelection this year. The decision is final.

Because I consider those who listen to these reports as friends rather than just constituents or voters, I would like to talk to you about it. Why am I getting out? Let's first dispose of some things that aren't the reason. Physically, I feel great, and as far as can be seen, I have quite a few miles left on me. Politically, frankly, I believe we could handle another election, or several other elections, reasonably well. Any Congressman who complains about either his pay or his vacations has just plain lost touch with the real world. The job has been the most interesting job I have ever had. So why give it up?

There is no reason—rather an accumulation of a great many of them, which make me feel that this is the right time. In my fifty-six years I have enjoyed several careers. In high school and college days, I played the piano not very well in a not very good dance band, but we had a lot of fun. During World War II, I was a Marine Corps pilot. No one could ever call it fun, but it certainly wasn't boring. After the war I became a lawyer, and went home to practice law in Riverhead,

New York. Twenty-nine years ago this year I ran for public office for the first time—and lost. I continued to practice law and enjoyed that. Twenty-five years ago I ran again and won, and have been a public servant for twenty-five years. It's time to do something different—there's time for at least one more career. When the Brazilian soccer great Pelé retired, he used a lovely phrase—"A man can't play one game all his life." So that's one reason.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS is a long time to be a public servant. Eighteen years is a long time to serve in Congress. People in my district will vote this year who have never known another Congressman. Heck, how would they know whether I was good or bad if they never had anything to compare me with?

Last year was the first time in my eighteen years in Congress that my attendance in the House was not the best of all the Representatives from the state of New York. It was still pretty good, 96 percent, but it wasn't the best. In eighteen years I have never missed a vote because of illness; I've dragged myself to vote when I was sick. I watch the weather maps, and this week, as so many other weeks over the years, I went down to Washington a day early, just to be sure to be there. My motivation to do those things is slipping, and I won't give the people I'm representing anything less than my best, so I want to get out before I am giving them less than my best. So that's another reason.

People expect a great deal from their public servants. Public servants who like being public servants try very hard to give it to them, both because they want to help and because they want

to get reelected. But being expected to put in a full day's work at the office every day and a full night's appearance on the banquet or meeting circuit every night can get to be, and has come to be, a bore. I am simply unwilling to do it anymore, and that's another reason.

It may be just a sign of old, or at least upper-middle, age, but people bug me more than they used to. They are asking their government to do more for them, and are willing to do less and less for themselves. This is a broad generalization, and surely unfair to many people, but the people who write to their Congressman, and there are about 300 a day these days, are more and more demanding, and the demands get more and more shrill. No one "requests" or "asks" anymore, they "demand." The people who bug me most are people who are absolutely, positively sure that they're right on issues which to me are very close or troubling. I have often wished that I could see issues as clear and simple and one-sided as either doctrinaire liberals or doctrinaire conservatives do. Two-thirds of the Congress is completely predictable. It is more difficult being a moderate, being able to see some validity on both sides of an argument, and then having either to try to work out some suitable compromise or to vote for one side or the other. The compromise will be unacceptable to both sides. The vote will be troublesome because you're never all that sure you're right and half the people will be absolutely certain you're wrong.

In addition to being bugged on my

Otis G. Pike is the Democratic Representative from the First Congressional District of New York. This radio broadcast was published in the Extension of Remarks of the Congressional Record on February 14, 1978.

otes, on all my actions as a Congressman, and on every aspect of my public life, there is now abroad in the land the concept that every aspect of my private life should also be public property. Having fought and voted for years against people having their phones tapped, their mail opened, their tax returns publicized, their bank accounts examined—and for their right of privacy—I'm expected to give up all of my own. Public servants are people, too. I would rather give up my public life and get out of the goldfish bowl. So that's another reason.

LAST YEAR the Congress was in session 174 days. This means it was not in session 191 days, more than half the year. Last year the Congress voted a so-called ethics bill. Most of the bill I supported, but I opposed as hard as I could the one provision in the bill which said that I could earn, outside of Congress, only a minimal amount. If I take those 191 days when Congress was not in session and go junketing all around the world at your expense, I am ethical. If I go home and work in my law office, I am unethical. There were loopholes for certain professions. If I write a book, I am ethical. If I write wills or deeds, I am unethical. If I get \$100,000 a year sitting on my butt and collecting dividends, interests, rents, and royalties, I am ethical. If I work and earn \$10,000, I am unethical. Our new no-work ethic makes no sense to me.

Frankly, there are enough loopholes so that, by itself, there is no way that the new ethics can either force a Congressman out of office or even cut his income. Congressmen who control businesses can reduce their salaries, which are deemed unethical; increase their dividends, which are deemed ethical. Lawyers can be "bought out" by their partners, instead of earning money. Anyone in business can be paid rent, which is ethical, instead of a fee or salary, which is not. Wives and children can get money the Congressmen used to earn. I decline to play any of those games. My own ethics tell me to get out.

Again, this may be a function of age, but I feel increasingly uneasy with the never-ending fiscal irresponsibility of the majority of my own



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party, and the absolute indifference of political parties to inflation, the of our annual deficit, our national any obligation to pay our bills and balance our budget. The Republicans pay lip service to these things, and then vote overwhelmingly to increase defense spending, start new pension programs and revenue-sharing programs, increase tax credits, and increase tax cuts, every one of which must, of course, increase both the deficit and the debt. The Democrats vote to increase welfare programs, education programs, and health programs, and to recognize every national need except the need to pay our bills. In your community people who do not pay their bills are not well thought of, and in the international community nations aren't either.

In any event, neither the Democratic party nor the House of Representatives is a comfortable place for a Congressman who believes that people should work when they can, earn what they can, save what they can, pay their bills, and balance their budgets. And that nations should, too.

ONE OF THE THINGS I don't enjoy the way I used to is political campaigning. It was fun being the underdog—all my life I've loved underdogs, and I haven't been an underdog in years. Considering the fact that I'm a Democrat in Suffolk County, the last few political campaigns have been embarrassingly easy. It's probably just as well, for while I used to love to debate with my opponents and cut them up, I don't want to hurt anyone anymore, even my opponents. That old instinct for the jugular is gone. So political campaigns themselves have become a burden, rather than the delight they once were.

Another aspect of campaigning that I have come to dread absolutely is fund-raising. We run inexpensive campaigns, we have never had any kind of PR outfit, but we do need a little money. In what just might be some kind of a record, I will leave our nation's capital without ever having had a fund-raiser in Washington. The parade of daily fund-raisers in the Democratic Club or the Republicans' Capitol Hill Club in Washington, whereby the unions, corporations,

trade associations, and lobbyists are systematically though legally milked, is just so nauseating that we never did it. Instead, year after year, we have gone back to the same dear friends for political support. Some give money, others give great quantities of time and effort. They have given enough, and I simply can't ask them to give any more—so that's another reason.

At the risk of shocking some of my Democratic friends, I am tired of pretending that the accumulated wisdom of the ages has been secretly entrusted only to Democratic candidates and Democratic officeholders. Some Republican candidates are better than some Democratic candidates. Some Republican Congressmen are great; some Democratic Congressmen are not great. I would like to feel free to say so without being accused of treason or ingratitude; and that's another reason.

The work of Congressmen has increased greatly, and that's okay, so has our pay, but so much of the work is nit-picking trivia! As I make this broadcast, we have had thirty-four record votes this year, and 25 percent of them were so one-sided and non-controversial that we shouldn't have had them at all. We have already started the waste of time and money involved in useless record votes on such nothing issues as approving the journal of the previous meeting, going into committee to debate a bill, et cetera. At the end of the session we will count all the votes and brag about how hard we worked, but so many of the votes are junk that much of the time we are spending is boring and wasteful. The day-to-day operations of the House, the time we spend, the hours of our lives are to a large extent controlled by a small group of procedural nit-pickers, and the leadership seems powerless to do anything about it. No Congressman minds working hard on important issues, Lord knows there are enough of them around, but this Congressman is weary of wasting his time on drivel. That's a real reason.

There is another element that candor compels me to admit. I'll get a darned good pension if I retire, based on eighteen years of federal service in Congress and almost four years in the Marine Corps. And no way could I pretend that that's not a real reason, too.

There are other reasons, but I've

given you the most important. It isn't the big issues that grind you down—they're the challenge, the opportunity the fun of my life. It's the little thing that over the years take some of the joy from the job.

WILL I MISS IT? Lord, yes I'll miss it! Congressmen are treated, in Washington at least, like little tin Jesuses. Seven employees are there to fetch me a cup of coffee, get me a hamburger, look up things, take dictation, pamper me, flatter me, remind me to get a haircut, and generally ease my way through life. It will be good for me to have to make my own plane reservations and balance my own checkbook.

I'll miss seeing the Capitol dome out of my office window, seeing U.S. Congress #1 on my license plate, being able to park where other mortals can't, getting dinner reservations and concert tickets when other mortals can't, being called "Mr. Congressman," being recognized and asked for my autograph. It's a real ego trip, but I've taken the trip, and it's time to cruise on other waters. Serving people has been what I've enjoyed most and done best; seeking power and using power has never meant anything to me, and I probably haven't done it very well. I'm a lousy logroller, because I won't vote for things I don't believe in in order to get things I really want.

So there you have it. This broadcast has been about me, and it's been far too full of "I," "I," "I." You know how much I have loved being your Representative. I will always cherish the opportunity you have given me to participate in the great ongoing experiment of government by the consent of the governed. Thank you for consenting to me for eighteen years.

This is neither a funeral oration nor a goodbye. I'll be back next week and the week after and the week after that. This is just the statement that when all the weeks of the 95th Congress are gone, I will be, too. In the meantime, let's have some fun.

To all my Democratic friends and supporters—I love you.

To all my Republican friends and supporters—happy Lincoln's Birthday.

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Solution to the May Puzzle

Notes for "Diametricode"

Across: 8. hidden; 10. (S)hah; 12. anagram; 15. inset, anagram; 17. jet-ties; 18. anagram; 19. seas, homonym; 20. ni(E)ce; 21. hidden in reversal; 22. I-Carus(o); 23. ash; 24. anagram; 24. seraph, anagram; 25. ch-arm; 27. bylaw, two meanings; 29. U-ranium, anagram; 33. diffuse, 'if' in anagram of feuds; 35. coo-I; 37. sa(o)lon; 38. (M)isle (D); 39. venues, anagram; 40. (h)ear(t); 41. bli(n)tz; 42. B-rainstorm; 43. be(h)est; 44. shy, two meanings; 45. call-Ow. Down: center-cornered, anagram of 'reacted' around 'corner'; 2. f-actor; 3. queens, two meanings; 4. larder, anagram; 5. redoes, Se(o)der reversal; 6. O-ocular, anagram; 7. tra(l)ins-position; 9. toe sh(anagram)-O-E; 10. unreal, anagram of 'lunar' around 'E'; 11. Hi-C-cup; 13. readily, anagram of 'aid' in 'rely'; 14. odeon, anagram; 16. (fur)below; 28. fin-back; 30. hidden; 31. loins, homonym; 32. a-larum, reversal; 33. ta-sty; 34. frilly; 36. (familiar); 38. Elsa, anagram.

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We're Building An Ark

It doesn't really look like Noah's ark, but it's the same idea. The Nature Conservancy is busy finding and protecting the wildlife and plants threatened now by a flood of development.

As a non-profit conservation group, the Conservancy depends on members and contributions.

It is a big job, but since 1950, over 1.1 million acres have been preserved—home to millions of birds, animals, insects and plants, many rare or endangered—So far more than 670 Conservancy sanctuaries. The sanctuaries protect much more than wildlife. In the past, many life-saving medicines and all foods originated in natural sources.

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Researchers estimate that we now lose, for all time, one species each year. So much is at stake. Help build the ark while we still have time. We owe it to Noah, ourselves, and the future.

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PUZZLE

ABECEDARIAN JIGSAW

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby, Jr.

This month's instructions: Clues are listed in the strict alphabetical order of the answers. Each letter of the alphabet is the first letter of at least one answer. Solvers are to determine where the answers fit into the diagram.

Answers include five proper names, one of which is a trade name. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 98.

CLUES

1. Microscopic measure, possibly not grams (8)
2. Take possession of princess, 10 (5)
3. Singable arrangement for Asians (8)
4. Ostrich could become a group singer (7)
5. Child flipped about Republican sticker (4)
6. Sexy get-up: it's in the heart (6)
7. Greek translation of *Il Duce* (6)
8. Fake candy (5)
9. Bad smell . . . look first in outhouse? (6)
10. Kind of cracker served with meat but after . . . ragout! (6)
11. Harassed Englishman's ultimate character: laugh first (5)
12. Criminal who God heads off (4)
13. Area about one climbing glaciers (3, 4)
14. Cyrano, when screened, needs to be around company to be witty (6)
15. There's currency in Ohio city, first to last (5)
16. Antelope seen going west (but not east) in Duke University (4)
17. Grass skirt material? (4)
18. Sounds like spare mortgage (4)
19. German river runs back through troublesome area (5)
20. Half-done, we left post on the flight (5)
21. Normal religious object: Japanese camera (5)
22. Unintelligible for wedding . . . pop a question (6)
23. Shows soft periods following love (6)
24. Said this could make spirit in me (4)
25. Irish partisan beat up on manager (9)
26. Systematically arranged cargo in slips (7)
27. One who ignores danger is drunken sot and lush (7)
28. Hopes dashed in church seat for titillating movie houses (4, 4)
29. Quiz treat: punk rock (9)
30. Cover inside for rising cipher (4)
31. Brine and sweat are interchangeable (8)
32. Rock garden plants fringing sedge and mums (6)
33. Tenors make tears after short time (6)
34. Dug under a rank that's vulnerable (9)
35. Modern composer confused several endlessly (6)
36. Leave nursing doctor anew (4)
37. Non-sex oriented to rarer elements (6)
38. Doyle's silly songs for high voices? (6)
39. Green litter (5)
40. Prophet from Greenland(!) turns back (big chicken) (9)



CONTEST RULES

Send completed diagram with name and address to Abecedarian Jigsaw, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10016. Entries must be received by June 9. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened will receive a one-year subscrip-

tion to *Harper's*. The solution will be printed in the July issue. Winners' names will be printed in the August issue. Winners of the April puzzle, "Not for Romantics," are Donald W. Wilson, Austin, Texas; Elliott Zuckerman, Annapolis, Maryland; and Wright Neely, Champaign, Illinois.







